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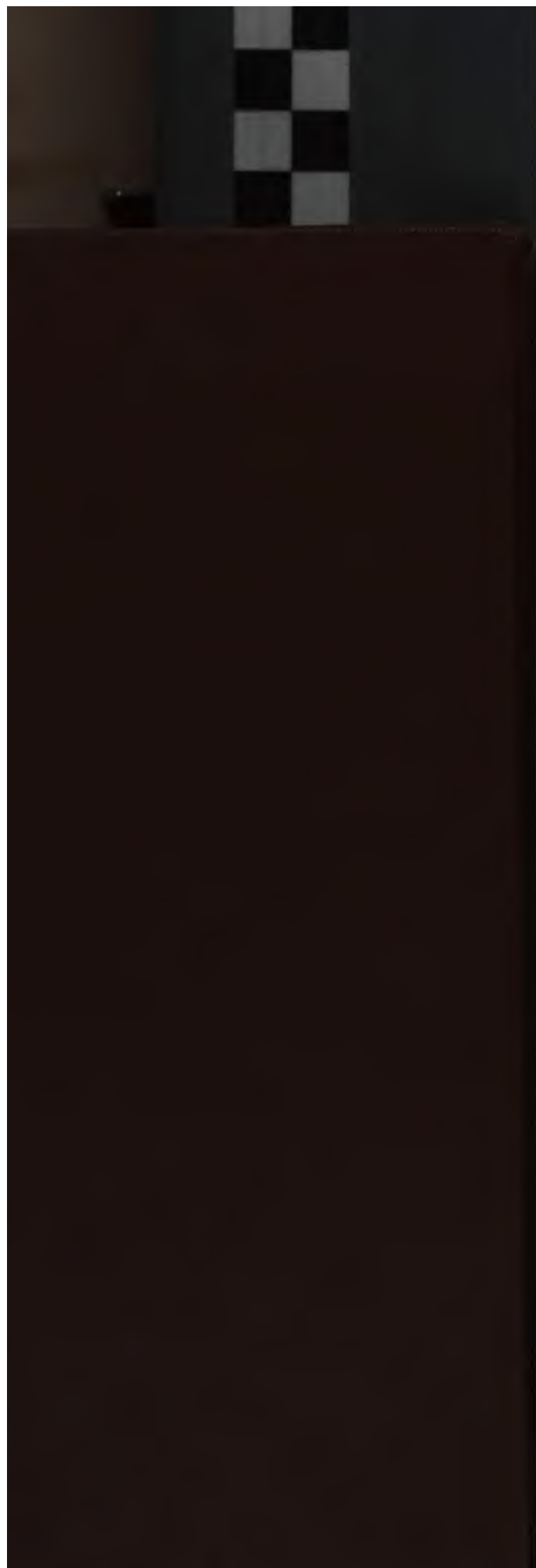
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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

M DCCC LV.

JANUARY.—JUNE.

(1855)

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἱρέσεων τούτων
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ
ἙΚΛΕΚΤΙΚὸΝ φιλοσοφίαν φημί.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.—C. vii. ED. POTT.
VEN. 1757, p. 338, L. II.

NEW SERIES.

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THE

Eclectic Review.

JANUARY, 1855.

- ART. I.—*Turkey; its History and Progress*. From the Journals and Correspondence of Sir James Porter, fifteen years Ambassador at Constantinople. Continued to the present time, with a Memoir of Sir James Porter, by his Grandson, Sir George Larpent, Bart., &c. &c. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1854.
2. *Histoire de la Turquie*. [History of Turkey]. Par A. De Lamartine. Tomes premier et deuxième. Paris: Librairie du Constitutionnel. 1854.
3. *History of the Ottoman Turks*. From the beginning of their Empire to the present time. Chiefly founded on Von Hammer. By E. S. Creasy, M.A., Professor of History in University College, London. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 413. London: Longman & Co.

THESE works derive no ordinary interest from the grand and singular spectacle now entrancing the attention of mankind,—of England and France combating side by side, against Russia, and on behalf of Turkey. The character of the Turks is a fundamental element in the 'war of giants' now waging in the Baltic, the Pacific, the White, and the Black Seas, and threatening at an early day, or at latest in the coming spring, to extend still further its lines of blood and fire, and spread around our planet its panoramic scenes of romance and horror. A supreme crisis in the history of the whole world invests with its own importance the study of the history, the characteristics, and the prospects of the Ottomans and their empire.

Sir George Larpent has rendered an acceptable and well-timed

N. S.—VOL. IX.

B

service to the public in the form of a pious homage to the memory of his grandfather, by sending to the press the observations of Sir James Porter, made during fifteen years' residence as British ambassador at Constantinople. Of all the forms assumed by the pride of family, or by piety for the memory of the dead, the most useful, worthy, and influential, is a biography, or the publication of the letters and writings of the deceased. The marble tablet, the lofty monument, and the gorgeous tomb, may gratify a vulgar pride, or assert a local importance, but a book containing the essence of the experience of a life is a monument doubly beneficial, both honouring the family which produces it, and instructing the persons who peruse it.

Sir James Porter was the son of a captain of a troop in the service of James II., who lost his property in Ireland on the defeat of the Stuart interest, and whose name was La Rogue or La Roche, which the family changed for the name of an uncle, who belonged to the successful party, called Porter. Of literary and theatrical tastes, James Porter, while in a house of business in London, studied the Latin, French, and Italian languages; belonged to a debating society called the 'Robin Hood,' and frequented the theatres. At the theatre he made the acquaintance of a young lawyer of the name of Adams, who afterwards became a baron of the exchequer. Born in 1710, by the time he was six-and-twenty, he had become acquainted, through Mr. Adams, with Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, and was employed by him in confidential missions connected with continental commerce. In 1741 he was associated with Sir Thomas Robinson, the British minister at Vienna, in supporting Maria Theresa, and after nine years' employment on the continent, was appointed ambassador at the Ottoman Porte. His embassy lasted from 1746 to 1761, and he owed to the fees he received from aliens, Jews, and Armenians, for British protection, the independence which he acquired. He was afterward British minister at Brussels for two years, and spent the last twenty years of his life in a villa at Ham, in the enjoyment of a pension of £1200 a-year. His general information and jovial humour, made his society agreeable to many distinguished members of what has been called the three aristocracies of London—the aristocracies of rank, of wealth, and of intelligence.

The works before us are compilations which have been produced to gratify the curiosity and interest excited by the war respecting Turkey and the Turks. Some of the facts and opinions of Sir James Porter have been disproved by more recent information; but no intelligent man can collect his observations on a nation during fifteen years without having to record facts of permanent value. The compilation which accompanies his observations

completes the picture up to the present time, and brings together many particulars which make the work one of useful reference for the wealthier readers of the newspapers. The financial and commercial information will be deemed valuable by those who wish to have a general view of the resources and capabilities of the Ottoman empire. Military and naval men are provided with an account of the organization and administration of the Turkish army and navy; and biographical sketches of Omar and Curschid Pachas, or Messieurs Lattas and Guyon, originally Greek and Anglican Christians, who have now attained high commands in the Turkish army.

M. de Lamartine's work is a brilliant narrative. In addition to a competent acquaintance with the modern works of greatest authority on his subject, by von Hammer, Caussin de Perceval, Mouradja d'Ohason, and Sir John Malcolm, M. de Lamartine has the advantage of having travelled among the populations whose history he recites, and of having seen the localities of the picturesque events he describes. The style of the historical publications of M. de Lamartine, and especially of this work, is easy, elegant, various, harmonious, coloured, dramatic,—combining in short almost every charm of the magic of words. Style is the gift of his nation: Frenchmen excel in making what they call *resumés* or abridgments; and M. de Lamartine is in this art a master in a country of masters.

'The Sultan Mahmoud,' says M. de Lamartine, 'wept when he learnt the news of the battle of Navarino,' that contradiction and suicide of the western powers. 'See,' said he, to a diplomatist, who was apologizing for the participation of his country in the cold-blooded murder of Navarino, 'see Europe, which I alone defend against the irruptions of the Moscovites, joins these Moscovites to annihilate me. Europe wishes, then, to be inundated and subdued after me?' 'It is true,' replied the diplomatist to the Sultan, 'but do not despair of Europe. The time will come when she will tardily recognise your efforts, and will burn in your seas the Russian vessels along with which they have burnt your ships at Navarino.' 'God is God,' said Mahmoud, covering his brow with his hands, and no doubt thinking of his son; 'may His will be done.'

M. de Lamartine's view of the Oriental question is very simple and peremptory. 'Shall Russia take the place of Turkey? The Ottoman empire must rest in its place, or France must lose her place. Thus says France; thus says England; thus says Asia, Africa, Spain, and Italy; and thus will Austria herself say when she shall soon become, if she remains inactive, the victim of an ambition which caresses her to suffocate her in her turn. This war,' he says, 'is not war, but the defence of peace. The sacred

principle for which France, England, and Turkey rush to arms to-day is this:—Shall Russia be permitted arbitrarily and with impunity to make war on all the world in an age which wishes for peace?

Our business is not to discuss the question of peace or war, but to obtain some glimpses of the characteristics of the Turks, or some correct conceptions respecting the elements of the Oriental problem, which will remain for solution after the best they can do has been done, by the victories of the sword and the treaties of the pen. Possibly, indeed, the war may cease sooner than is expected by the intervention of the German powers, but the appearances and the probabilities indicate one of those wars which remodel the globe, and which one generation begins and another generation ends. Yet the questions will certainly recur again and again, what are to be the future relations between the Greek majority and the Turkish minority on the banks of the Bosphorus? and what is the fate in store for Mahometanism in Europe?

Oriental scholarship and ethnological observation render it probable that the human family started, in their emigrations to people the globe from Tartary or Central Asia; and the three religions, it is certain, which have most powerfully swayed the destinies of mankind arose on the coasts of Syria and Arabia. The history of the Arabs commences with Hagar sitting weeping in the desert, a bowshot off from the boy she had laid under one of the shrubs, that she might not see him die of thirst, 'and God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water.' The wild, sarcastic, aggressive, defiant, and conquering spirit of Ishmael, is apparent in all his celebrated descendants, in Mahomet and the caliphs, and in their Tartar successors Othman and Timor, hordes and hosts of conquerors, who have been the scourges of a third of the population of the earth, planting tyrants of their race in China, in India, and in Greece, over the vast regions which stretch from Spain to Japan, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Straits of Malacca. There have been no conquerors surpassing these conquerors. The houses of Hapsburg, Romanoff, and Buonaparte dwarf when placed beside the tent of Ishmael. Every other imperial sovereignty, every other sword of terror, has been a petty thing compared with the symbols of the domination of the sons of the outcast from the household of Abraham. No other people have ever cast out so many nations. Conquest may be called Ishmaelism. However, a strange revolution is witnessed in their destinies in our day. The overturning hand of Providence which has laid low their power in India is simultaneously shaking it to its downfall in China and Turkey. Thoughtful men are asking each other with the same breath,—can the children of

Timor hold their ground at Pekin?—and is it possible the sons of Othman can preserve their despotism at Constantinople?

A word in passing on the religion of conquerors. Deism was the religion of Mahomet, Timor, and Buonaparte. We have heard a fanatical follower of the first Napoleon unconsciously repeat the doctrine which Timor taught at Samarcanda,—‘There is but one master in heaven, and there ought to be but one master on earth.’ The idolatries, superstitions, absurdities, dreams, and impostures prospering on human credulity inspire the deist with a contempt for mankind. This vast contempt is opposed to humane and Christian pity, and is already in the minds which feel it a source of indifference for human life—a species of mental massacre. Mahomet rebuked himself for feeling emotion at the grave of his mother because she had lived and died an idolater. Timor told his cavalry to trample to death under the hoofs of their horses the children who had been sent to implore his mercy, and who were the offspring of worshippers of idols. In the Parisians who seek the cure of their diseases from the bones of Saint Genevieve, Buonaparte saw nothing better than food for cannon.

Ishmael worshipped the god of his father Abraham. According to the Arabic historians Abraham made two visits to his son Ishmael in the desert, with the permission of Sarah, which was granted on the jealous condition that he should not dismount from his horse at the residence of the son of Hagar. On the first occasion Ishmael was absent, and his wife Amara came to the door. ‘Where is Ishmael?’ asked the patriarch. ‘He is at the chase,’ answered his wife. ‘Have you anything to give me to eat?’ asked Abraham, ‘for I cannot come down from my horse.’ ‘I have nothing,’ answered Amara; ‘this country is a desert.’ ‘Very well,’ continued Abraham. ‘Describe me to your husband, and tell him that I advise him to change the threshold of his door.’ Ishmael, indignant at the refusal of hospitality to his father, put away Amara, and took another wife named Sayda, from a different tribe. When Abraham came again his son was again absent. A woman, young, slender, and graceful, answered this time the call of the stranger. ‘Have you any food to give me?’ asked Abraham of his daughter-in-law, without making himself known or placing his foot upon the ground. ‘Yes,’ replied she instantly, and brought him some cooked kid, milk, and dates. Abraham tasted them and blessed them, saying,—‘May God multiply these three kinds of food in this country!’ After the repast Sayda said to Abraham,—‘Come down from your horse that I may wash your head and beard.’ ‘I cannot,’ answered the patriarch; but placing one foot on a large stone beside the door, and keeping the other leg across the saddle, he

bent down his head to the hands of the young woman, who washed his eyes and beard. 'When your husband comes back,' said Abraham, 'describe my face to him, and say from me that the threshold of his door is now equally brilliant and solid, and he ought never to change it.' When Ishmael heard these words he said,—'You have seen my father, and he commands me to keep you for ever.' Sayda became the mother of the race of Ishmael. Arabic traditions pretend that the first kaaba or square house at Mecca having been destroyed by the Deluge, Abraham and Ishmael erected the second. Ishmael hewed the stones, and Abraham built the temple, while the sacred black stone, probably an aerolithe, is said to have been contributed by an angel!

Long prior to the time of Mahomet the worship in the kaaba of Mecca had degenerated into an idolatrous medley addressed to three hundred and sixty idols, including probably effigies of Jesus and his mother—

'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.'

Mahomet re-established the worship of one immaterial God. The Arabian poets had, by their celebrations of the gods and heroes of the tribes by satires and songs, given them a common language, and Mahomet added the boon of unity of religion. Hardened and brutified by the misery of their deserts, the Arab tribes destroyed each other by feuds and wars. Destitute of industry and commerce, they were frequently reduced to live upon insects and serpents, and in their scorn for the female sex, and ravenous jealousy of a share of their scanty meals, buried their superfluous daughters alive. Unity of language combined, strengthened, and excited them to go forth in emigrations and invasions to conquer fertile lands for themselves, and followers for their faith. As grandson of Abdelmontaleb, the Pontiff of Mecca, and having himself risen to wealth and repute before he was forty, Mahomet would have become without an effort the greatest man in Mecca. But he was animated by the ambition of the reformer and the conqueror. Arabian women had no protection against ill-treatment except the fear of the vengeance of their relatives. Mahomet restrained the unlimited licence he found by making legal and religious ceremonies of marriage and divorce necessary to the formation and dissolution of unions, while surrounding the persons and property of women with safeguards superior in some respects to those they enjoy in many Christian countries. Cleanliness he made an article of religion, as a symbol of the purity of the soul. Abstinence from fermented liquors secured to his followers the superiority of reason over their enemies, and protected them against crimes of passion

and violence, and the poisons which destroy their victims, whether artisans of cities or tribes of the deserts, with the rapid mortality of epidemics. He enjoined respect for bodily and mental disease; surrounded his dwelling with huts for the poor, old, and imbecile; and went his round every evening amongst them, soothing their sufferings, listening to their complaints, and supplying their wants. A child climbed upon the back of Mahomet while his head was on the ground at prayers, and he did not move until the mother of the child took it away. A Bedouin, who saw him playing with a flock of children, said disdainfully, 'I have had many of these sheep, but instead of caressing them I buried them alive.' 'Wretch!' cried Mahomet, 'you know nothing of the sweetest feelings of the human heart.' The apprenticeship of orphans to handicrafts, and the education of every child in reading, writing, religion, and laws are commanded by the Koran.

A reformer, a statesman, a general, a conqueror, an orator, Mahomet compiled and adapted to the use of his countrymen the Judæan, Grecian, and Christian ideas he had collected during his travels with his caravan, or from the pilgrims to Mecca, and his Christian acquaintance Bahira, the Arabian monk, and Djaber, the Greek goldsmith. For ten years, from the age of forty to fifty, he tried to accomplish his reforms by preaching in Mecca and its neighbourhood. After being nearly stoned to death, his spirit or his plans changed; he resolved to enforce his ideas by the sword, and fled to join the enemies of his tribe and city at Medina. Negotiations opened with him by Christians were closed by his emphatic rejection of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Although publishing the Koran verse by verse, according to circumstances, he never afterwards swerved from his gospel nor his apostle; and his gospel was deism, and his apostle the sabre!

Mahomet was pitifully weak in regard to the fair sex. Up to the age of fifty he was the irreproachable husband of one wife, who was older than himself; but during the last sixteen years of his life he was continually marrying young wives, and spent the intervals between fainting fits, in quarrels in his harem, declamations in the temple, and conflicts in the battle-field. Possibly a great man may be a hero to his valet; but after fifty, or indeed at any age, it is impossible to be anything but a fool in a harem of young wives. Ayesha was his favourite. Mahomet pretended to receive guidance from angels in his domestic affairs; yet he appears to have been treated like an ordinary man by the blind god and a cunning beauty. Ayesha shall herself in her spoken memoirs tell us her own tale—

'When the prophet of God,' says Ayesha, 'left Medina on an expedition against his enemies, or on a journey, he took with him one of his wives. She followed him, accompanied by several of his slaves, in

a grated litter, covered with a veil, and suspended to the side of a camel. This lot had fallen upon me during the campaign against the infidel Abdallah. On leaving in the morning, or in the night, I left my tent, and according to the precepts shunned the looks of men. I lay down in my litter, and two slaves took it up and attached it to the side of the camel. A similar litter, occupied by one of my women, made a counterpoise on the opposite side. I weighed little when lifted on account of my tender youth and my extreme sobriety,—a virtue which was then common among almost all the women of Arabia.

‘On returning from the campaign, and as the army came to the last station before Medina, they made a halt in the evening, and erected their tents to rest themselves during half the night.

‘Before daybreak the Prophet gave the signal to raise the camp. While the army defiled after him, and they tied up the luggage, I went away alone for a moment into the country. On returning towards my tent, I perceived that I had lost an onyx necklace of Jaffa, which had loosened and fallen from my neck during my walk. I quickly retraced my steps, to search in the sand. I lost time in this search, and at last having found my necklace I ran back towards the camp. The army was no longer there; my tent was taken up, and my camel gone. The slaves ordered to attach the litter had taken it up and tied it to the sides of the animal without perceiving that I was not within. When I arrived I found nobody. Stupefied and frightened I wrapped myself in my veil and sat down on the ground, hoping that they would perceive my absence and come in search of me. They did not; and continued their march without suspecting that the litter was empty.

‘While I was worn with waiting, the son of Moatal, Safwan, passed near me, mounted on his camel. He recognised me, having seen me often in the house of the Prophet prior to the time when the Koran forbade us to let ourselves be looked upon by strangers. He made an exclamation of astonishment to God, and cried, “Is it possible?—it is the wife of the Prophet!”

‘He dismounted from his camel, made it kneel before me, and begged me to mount in his place. I swear by Heaven that he did not say one word more. He stood aloof respectfully while I climbed up upon the camel, and then he took hold of the halter of the animal and walked in silence before it. We could not rejoin the army before broad daylight, at the time of the morning halt. On seeing us thus reappear together, they whispered a thousand things against us. The calumnies spread from mouth to mouth, and mounted up to the ears of the prophet.

‘After returning to Medina, I fell ill from excitement and fatigue. I remarked that the Prophet did not show me the tenderness which he had usually shown when I was ill. If he came into my chamber he confined himself, without speaking to me, to saying to my mother, who watched by my bedside, “How is your daughter?” I was hurt at this unaccustomed coldness, and I said to him one day, “Apostle of God, I wish, if you will permit it, to be nursed among my family?” “Willingly,” replied he. They carried me into my mother’s house.

‘I remained there three weeks without seeing the Prophet. One day, when I was better, one of my friends, who came to see me,

exclaimed suddenly, interrupting the conversation, "Cursed be the calumniators!" "What do you say?" I answered. She then told me the rumours which circulated respecting my encounter with Safwan, and how it was ascribed to a guilty understanding between us. I blushed; I burst into tears; I rose up and threw myself upon my mother. "May God forgive you," said I. "What! they tear my reputation into pieces, and you allow me to be ignorant of it all?" "Be calm," said my mother. "It is very rare indeed that a young woman who is beautiful and adored by her husband, and who has rivals in his heart, escapes defamation."

'The rumour against me and Safwan was so great in Medina that the Prophet, afflicted by the scandal, ascended the pulpit in the Mosque and justified us,—being indignant, he said, against those who calumniated a person of his house, who was so dear to him, and a brave soldier, from whom he had received nothing but services.

'These words, as they made one person justify himself from the charge of calumny at the expense of another, only increased the noise. The Prophet, upon the advice of Ali, made my servant appear before him, to be interrogated respecting my conduct. In spite of the blows which Ali gave her to force her to make avowals against me, she swore that I was pure. The Prophet, who was then tranquillized, came to see me.

'He found me weeping with my father, my mother, and a female friend, who could not console me. He sat down beside me, and said, "You know, Ayesha, the stories which run against you. If you have committed a fault, confess it to me with a penitent heart, for God is indulgent, and pardons upon repentance." My sobs hindering me from answering for a long time, I hoped that my mother or father would answer for me; but seeing they kept silence, I made a violent effort, and I said, "I have done nothing to repent of. If I accused myself, it would be against my conscience. On the other side, however much I might deny the thing of which I am accused, I shall not be believed. I will say like" . . . Here I stopped for an instant, the trouble in which I was made me forget the name of the patriarch Jacob, which I sought for in vain. "I will say, like the father of Joseph," I recommenced, "patience, and may God justify me!"

'At this moment the Prophet, himself over-excited, fell into one of those fits, during which heaven communicated its inspirations to him. I put a cushion under his head, and waited without anxiety until he should awake, being sure that heaven had absolved me by its revelations. But my father and my mother less certain than myself of my innocence, with what anxiety did they wait for the end of the swoon, and the first words of the Prophet! I thought they would die of terror.

'At last the prophet came to his senses, wiped his brow, which was covered with sweat, although it was winter, and said to me—"Rejoice, Ayesha, thy innocence has been revealed to me on high." "Thank God," cried I. "And the Prophet going out, immediately went and published the verse of the Koran which attests my innocence."

A cross-examination by a skilful *nisi prius* barrister would

not, we fear, have left much of this young lady's story hanging together. The sure rule in regard to doubtful matters is to interpret equivocal appearances by the well-known tenor of the lives of the parties. Ali left behind him the character of a generous and just man. Ayesha, by a series of conspicuous facts, proved herself to be guilty of great hypocrisy, indefatigable intrigue, and implacable cruelty. She was rebuked for her public conduct, after the death of Mahomet, by a man of Bassora, in these terms: 'Shame on thee, O mother of the Faithful! The murder of the caliph was a grievous crime, but was a less abomination than thy forgetfulness of the modesty of thy sex. Wherefore dost thou abandon thy quiet home, and thy protecting veil, and ride forth like a man, barefaced, on that accursed camel, to foment quarrels and dissensions among the faithful?'

We turn from these glimpses of the Arabs and their Prophet, without stopping amidst the wild vicissitudes of the history of the caliphs, and pass rapidly to the origin of the Tartar tribe, who have become memorable in Europe under the name of the Turks, or Ottomans. Organizing armies to victory on a religious principle, Mahomet was the Cromwell of the Arabs, with less of self-denial and of military genius than ennobled the Puritan. Appropriating the ideas which he found ripe for legislation, and turning them into laws, his Koran is the Code Napoleon of the East; and if he finds a modern parallel in Buonaparte, in his boundless lust for conquest, we know of none for his phenomenal sensuality, the description of which would task the congenial imaginations of a Lord Byron or a George Sand. The sins of great men become the ruin of empires, and as the French say—*Nous verrons*.

Dreams prefigured the triumphs of the Turks, oriental dreams of a kind which may be explained some day, when mental philosophy shall have given us a satisfactory theory of the phenomena of dreaming. Ertogrul dreamt that he spent a whole night reading the Koran, and was rewarded for his reverence towards the 'eternal word' by the promise that his children, and the children of his children, should always be honoured on the earth. His son Othman had also his dream. Compelled to pass two years, in rivalry with other young men, courting the hand of Malkatoun, daughter of the Sheik Edebalı, a celebrated Syrian beauty, he is said to have gained the prize by reciting the following dream:

He thought he saw the moon come out of the breast of Edebalı, and repose upon his own bosom. A tree then spread out its branches before him over lands and seas to the farthest limits of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Four great mountains—the Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus, and Hemus—supported the heavy

branches ; and on the sides of the mountains flowed four rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Danube. Their course watered plains green with pastures, yellow with harvests, black with forests ; and bore vessels to four seas. Towers, towns, domes, pyramids crowned with crescents, elevated themselves from among the roses and cypresses of the valleys. Invitations to prayers spread from the monuments like the melodies of celestial nightingales. Suddenly the twigs and leaves of the tree flashed like the blades of lances and sabres ; and the breeze turned them towards Constantinople. This capital, which is situated between two seas, sparkled like a sapphire upon a ring between two emeralds. It was the ring of the nuptials of Othman with the capital of the world.

The histories of Othman, and his sons Orkhan and Aladdin, show how hardy habits, cunning, courage, the passion for conquest, and an enthusiasm for the unity of God, enabled a tribe of mountaineers to found an empire. Old Ertogrul used annually to feed his flocks in the neighbourhood of the fortress of Angelocoma on Mount Olympus. His shepherds complained of being insulted and robbed by the occupants of the fortress ; who, in their turn, retorted upon his armed shepherds the charge of having been the aggressors. Ertogrul disarmed his men, and consented to send every year the women of his tribe to deposit valuable pledges ; goats'-hair carpets, sheep-skins, horse harness, cheese, and honey in the fortress as security for the good conduct of his shepherds, while his flocks browsed on the green pastures of the Lord of Angelocoma. His son Othman, however, planned and executed a perfidy which the Byzantine lord had from the first suspected, without, as often happens, taking precautions against it. Sixty warriors, disguised in the mantles and veils of women, entered the fortress, carrying in the sacks borne by their camels, arms instead of presents, and suddenly seized the castle. The Greek nobleman, returning from an expedition, was the same night waylaid, surprised, and defeated by Othman in the pass of Eremeni. Othman next attacked and seized Kara-Hissar, or the Black Fortress, which he made his capital, and which obtained for him the title of Emir or Prince, from the nominal sultan of all the Turks. This sultan, Aladdin III., dying without a successor, and Othman having surprised Jar-Hissar, killed his rivals, and extended the terror of his name, was left without a superior in Syria, and without an equal among the Turkish emirs. His effigy was struck upon the money, and his name was mentioned in the public prayers of the mosques. Othman, his name, signifies bone-breaker. When he was a boy, the governor of Kepri-Hissar, the Castle of Bridges, had given him an entertainment, but had presented him his hand to kiss.

When his uncle Dündar, a venerable man, nearly a hundred years old, reproved his intention of revenging this imaginary affront of his childhood, he killed the old man with a blow of his bow. Kepri Hissar fell before his armies. Two victories gained successively over the Heteriarch, who commanded the guards of the Emperor of Byzance, and over the army of the Governor of Broussa, gave Othman the whole of the plain which is bounded by the river Rhyndacus. Othman swore that neither his soldiers nor his flocks should ever cross the bed of this river, and he pretended he had faithfully kept his treaty, when they passed over to the prohibited side, along the shore, and at the mouth where the river runs into the sea.

The lieutenant of Othman, Kara-Ali, conquered the beautiful island of Kalolimno, which seemed a step from Asia to Europe. Othman rewarded him with the most beautiful Greek girl of the island. The boats found in the bays of Kalolimno conveyed the Ottoman pirates to the island of Chio, renowned as the garden of the East, and for its odoriferous gums and lovely women. A nocturnal surprise, massacre, and pillage, made them masters of Chio. Some of the inhabitants escaped to sea in boats, and perished in a tempest, within view of their country in flames. A small number only succeeded in reaching a citadel, the gates of which they closed against the pirates of Othman, who extended their ravages throughout the whole Archipelago, from the Gulf of Satalia to the Gulf of Mount Athos. The Greek emperor, Andronicus, sought the protection of a Turkish emir, Khoda-benda, to whom he gave his sister in marriage, and who promised to restrain his countrymen, and especially Othman. Detained, himself, at Jenischyr, by gout, Othman sent his son Orkhan against Broussa, which the emperor Andronicus authorized to capitulate, on condition of paying annually thirty thousand golden ducats to the successors of Othman, a ransom which was paid for three hundred years. The messenger who carried to Othman the news of the victory of Orkhan, met messengers carrying to the latter the news of the approaching death of his father. The conquest of Broussa had been the life-dream of Othman, and he begged his son with his dying breath to bury him there. His double-edged sword is to this day a symbol on the Ottoman standards; one edge of it threatening Asia, and the other Europe. He made a public profession of repentance for the murder of his uncle, and ordered his secretaries to record his shame in his history, as a warning against anger. Oddly enough, the Turks call him 'Othman the Mild,' and whenever a new sultan is crowned, the people cry aloud to heaven to give him the mildness of Othman!

Orkhan and Aladdin, the two sons of Othman, divided between

them, without jealousy, the government of the new empire. The eldest, recognized as supreme, devoted himself to the executive, and his brother as *vizer*, or burden bearer, undertook the legislative functions. Orkhan spent his life in extending the empire, and Aladdin spent his in consolidating it. The governor of the fortress of Semendria, two hours' march from Scutari, having opened his gates to let out the funeral of his son, the Turks rushed in and took the town. The daughter of the Greek governor of Aidos, smitten with the beauty of Abderrahman, whom she had seen fighting on horseback under the walls of the town, threw him a letter attached to a stone, which informed him of a secret passage through which he might pass and seize the garrison asleep. The son of this woman, by her Turkish lover, called Kara-Abderrahman, became a dreadful scourge to the Greeks.

The sultans call themselves Osmanli, or sons of Othman or Osman. The organization of the future empire was the business of Aladdin. An idea borrowed from the caliphs of Bagdad suggested the formation of the *corps* of Janissaries, or new soldiers. They consisted of the sons of Christians who had embraced Islamism, and who could recommend themselves to their new masters only by acts of furious zeal against their old faith.

Just as springs and weights serve to show the strength of mechanical forces, there are certain facts and practices which measure moral forces. The tremendous force of the lust for power in the breast of Othman and his successors is apparent in the institution of fratricide as a 'kanun,' or fundamental and constitutional principle, in regulating the succession and securing the stability of the throne. Fratricide is an imperial law. In the constitution of Othman it is written :—'A majority of the legislators have declared it is permissible that whoever of my illustrious children and grandchildren mounts the throne, should order his brothers to be assassinated, in order to preserve the peace of the world ; let them, therefore, act in accordance with this.'

Fratricide has accordingly prevailed in the families of the sultans from the time of Amurat down to our day. Bajazet committed the first fratricide in extraordinary circumstances. The Hungarians, Albanians, Epirotes, Bosnians, and Servians, had taken up arms in defence of their countries and their religion. They occupied the vast plain of Cossova, and were greatly more numerous than the Turks. When Bajazet, the son of Amurat, was advised to place his camels in advance, he rejected the proposal as unworthy of the conquerors of Asia. 'Victory,' said he, 'belongs to him who believes himself victor, and not to him who fears to be vanquished.' Ali Pasha declared that he had turned up texts in the Koran which promised him victory. Amurat sought in the combat the glory of martyrdom, and himself led on

the centre of his army. The Christians were routed. In the evening he sat in his tent listening to the captives who were successively brought to him to beg for their lives and liberties.

The Servians alone had not fled, and were all either dead or wounded. They consisted of various mountain tribes, governed by chieftains of clans or villages, under their king or kral, Lazarus. This king had given two of his daughters in marriage to two chieftains named Brankowich and Milosch. A bitter jealousy raged between the two chieftains, which was, of course, shared by the two sisters. The wife of Brankowich told her sister Mara, the wife of Milosch, that her husband was a coward and a traitor. Mara answered the calumnies by a slap on the face. The quarrel was referred to the arbitration of a combat between the brothers-in-law. Milosch beat down Brankowich with his sword to the foot of his horse, and then generously spared his life. Brankowich, whose hatred was only envenomed by this generosity, accused his brother-in-law publicly at the royal table, on the eve of the battle, of having a parricidal understanding with Amurat. 'Answer,' said the king, who shared the suspicions. 'I will answer to-morrow,' replied Milosch. 'If you are innocent,' said the king, 'drink this full cup to my health.' 'Pass me the cup,' cried Milosch, 'and I will prove my fidelity to-morrow at sunrise.' During the battle, although wounded, he fought like a hero. When it was over he swam on his horse across the river, and arriving bleeding and exhausted at the tent of Amurat, solicited permission to kiss the feet of the sultan. Amurat, elated with the homage of a son-in-law of the king of Servia, ordered him to be introduced. Milosch, kneeling, took one of the feet of the sultan in his left hand, as if to embrace it, while with his right he plunged a concealed poignard into the body of Amurat. After knocking down eight of the guards, Milosch reached his horse, and had attained the Servian side of the river before he was overtaken and slain by the horsemen of Bajazet. While Amurat lay bathed in his blood Lazarus was brought before him, and received from the dying sultan the sentence of death. 'Great God,' cried the king of the Servians, 'thou mayest now call me to thee, since I have seen the enemy of my religion, my people, and my family, die before me by the hand of an unjustly suspected warrior.' The Servian king and all his nobles were beheaded at the door of the tent of the sultan; but the sacrifice of Milosch arrested the conquest of Servia, and his descendants have remained during five centuries to the present time, preserving the independence of their country alike against menaces from Constantinople and St. Petersburg.

Amurat left two sons equally dear to the Ottoman army, Jacob and Bajazet. During the night following the death of Amurat,

the grand vizier, Ali Pasha, convoked a divan in the tent of the sultan, and beside his corpse. A disputed succession was feared, less from the rivalry of the brothers or the character of Jacob, than from his popularity in the army. The Koran says, 'an execution is better than a rebellion.' The counsellors issued from the imperial tent, and entered the tent of Jacob with the sentence of death. His corpse, which was left lying outside his tent, informed the army in the morning that they had only one master, the Sultan Bajazet. In this prompt way the army was informed that the race of Othman would not spare even their own blood for the safety and unity of the empire. The law thus savagely inaugurated has never fallen into desuetude. The Bedouin who buried his daughters alive, that they might not share his food, has always had his lineal descendant in the sultan who has strangled his brothers, lest they should seek his throne. Of Murad III. and Mohamet III., both contemporaries of the English Queen Elizabeth, it is recorded, for example, that the one strangled five and the other nineteen of his brothers, on coming to the throne. Mahomet, the founder of the religion, rebuked the Bedouin, who was an infanticide from want, and Othman, the founder of the dynasty, legalized fratricide in favour of family ambition;—a flagrant contradiction between the religious teacher and his imperial disciple. The present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is praised by his flatterers as the first son of Othman who has not sought the security of his throne from fratricide! What depths of barbarity and sycophancy still disgrace humanity in this year, A.D. 1855!

A singular fate befel Mustapha, one of the sons of Bajazet. During the reign of this sultan, the Turks having rapidly degenerated under the influence of success, and sunk down into the base vices of the Greeks they had conquered, were attacked by Timor the Tartar, who had issued from Samarcanda at the head of immense hosts, and after a great battle and terrible slaughter of Moslem against Moslem, routed the Turks upon the plain of Angora. Bajazet entered the battle-field with five sons, named Soliman, Moussa, Isa, Mahomet, and Mustapha. Overtaken in his flight with his son Isa, and brought before Timor, Bajazet seemed less afflicted by the defeat of his army than by the loss of his four sons. Timor generously commanded a search to be made, and news was brought of them all except one, Mustapha, who was not heard of for twenty years, and who was believed to have fallen in the battle. Bajazet died in captivity. The three brothers, Soliman, Moussa, and Mahomet divided the empire, and carried on war against each other until two of them were killed, and the third reunited his father's empire as Mahomet I. His son Murad II., had in his turn ascended the throne, when

news was brought that the lost Mustapha had reappeared, and supported by Hungarian and Greek princes, and by Djouneyd, governor of Nicopolis, who had been brought up with him at his father's court, and who had fought by his side on the field of Angora, was at the head of an army of 40,000 men, asserting his right to the throne as the Sultan Mustapha. His story was highly probable. Having fallen wounded and insensible on the battle-field, when he became conscious he found himself stript naked, without any sign of his former rank about him, incapable of understanding a word of the language of the victors, who in their turn neither heeded nor understood the sounds addressed to them by one of their slaves. He was marched in the gang of slaves in the rear of the army of Timor, as far as Samarcanda. At length, after being sold and resold, and passing twenty years chiefly as a camel-keeper, he was bought by a merchant of Bokhara who took him to Bagdad, where his language was understood and his story believed, and whence he was conveyed to Turkey. The unpopularity of Murad, and the justice of his claims, put Mustapha at the head of an army, which was, however, defeated at Salonica. He owed his safety to the swiftness of his horses, and spent the remainder of his days in the convent of the Virgin Mary on the Island of Lemnos, as an exile under the protection of the Greek emperors.

The rapidity of Turkish degeneracy, when subjected to the temptations which follow successful conquests, must be ascribed in part to the influence of Mahometanism. When Bajazet returned from the conquest of Adrianople, the Servian princess he had wedded had already given him a taste for the wines of Hungary and Cyprus. Monstrous depravity had spread in his army, and those mutilations and perversions of the sexes had commenced which have hung as a moral pestilence, a cloud of infamy, a sign and a cause of doom alike over Greek and Turkish Constantinople for more than a thousand years.

During the reigns of Bajazet and Mahomet I., a singular development took place among the Turkish people, of the ideas which have since been known in Europe under the names of communism, or red-democracy. Luxury had spread among the chiefs, and dreams and schemes of enjoyment inflamed the imaginations of their followers. Mahomet himself seems to have struck the first key-note of this fanaticism on the day in which he returned to Mecca, and smashed three hundred and sixty idols in the temple, beginning with the image of a dove. 'The truth is come,' he cried; 'let the lies vanish. There is no other god but God. No more idolatry! No more inequality! No more differences on earth founded upon old genealogies and ancestors. All men are children of Adam, and Adam was the child of the

dust. The end of society is a brotherhood. The most prized by God is he who fears and serves him best upon the earth.'

Mahometans, Christians, Jews, Greeks, and Turks became all wild together during the reign of Mahomet I., with visions of happiness to be obtained by association, brotherhood, and the partition of property. A monk named Bedredien was the chief of these Oriental communists. The ideas had first manifested themselves in Arabia and Persia, and spread naturally enough from the common pasturages in the Balkan Mountains. Bedredien soon found himself at the head of 10,000 armed men, but Mahomet sent his son Murad against him with a powerful army, which defeated his forces, and made him prisoner. Bedredien was exhibited publicly at Ephesus, chained, mutilated, and crucified upon a camel. His followers were offered their lives on condition of renouncing their master, but they answered 'No!' and stretching out their necks to the sabres, cast a last look upon their chief, saying—'Father, receive our souls into thy kingdom.' Many of the sect believed that their prophet came to life again, and lived concealed in the pine forests of the Island of Samos. The sects of Oriental communists were not finally suppressed in Turkey until 3000 Derviches who taught their doctrines were caught and hung on the trees in the valley of Magnesia. From the East communism passed into Germany, where it reappeared among what were called the Anabaptists. In England it was displayed by Jack Cade and his followers, who sung—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

and again by the Levellers, who were put down by Oliver Cromwell. Babœuf represented it in the first French Revolution, when he sought by an armed conspiracy to establish a state of society the motto of which should be, 'Liberty, equality, and common happiness.' Insignificant in Italy and England, in 1848, communism played a considerable part in France and Germany. The communists are organized in India into a secret society called the Assassins or Ishmaelites, whose chief, Hassan Sabba, gave them for symbol a dagger, and for motto the words,—
'Do all and dare all.'

Popular delusions pass away leaving their lessons behind them, and a Turkish proverb says—'Fish corrupt first at the head.' When reflecting on the history of the imperial and despotic houses of Palæologus, Othman, and Romanoff, we are struck with the identity of the crimes, treasons, conspiracies, and revolutions which have been their common lot. Emperors, czars, and sultans have all been stained with kindred blood. If a Paul I. was strangled in his bed in 1801, on the banks of the Neva, the lifeless body of Selim III. was in 1807 thrown over the walls of

the Seraglio on the banks of the Bosphorus ; and both were slain for being under the influence of Buonaparte. The very crimes which brought merited retribution down upon the Greek emperors have been practised alike by czars and sultans. A Peter called Great puts to death his son Alexis, just as a Bajazet strangles his brother Jacob, for reasons of state. The guards, whether called Prætorians, Preobrachenski, or Janissaries, have played the same parts of lawless violence and ruthless assassination in the Greek, the Ottoman, and the Russian palaces. In the north, the murdered monarchs might have been called the third Peter or Ivan, and in the east the sultan (more frequently dethroned than assassinated) might have borne the name of Mustapha or Achmed, but there is an absolute identity in the phenomena of anarchy and crime.

The volumes before us do not supply a want which indeed has never as yet been satisfied by writers of travels on Turkey, we never, full and correct information respecting the Greek population. According to all accounts Mahometanism and Christianity are there mere names and forms. Turks, Russians, and Grecians, alike have only enough of their religions to fight for them, but they do not embody them in their lives. Processions and ceremonies are observed ; and once when the Greeks received permission to spend a certain number of days in repairing one of their churches, thousands of them worked day and night voluntarily and gratuitously, and instead of repairing it they rebuilt it. In the Moscovite, however, as in the ancient Turk, the extension and exaltation of his religion is the generous mask of his ambition. The Greek church resembles the Church of England more than any other body, in doctrine and dependence on the State. The royal supremacy of the czars, in regard to which Peter the Great played a similar part to Henry VIII., is more strictly carried out than ever it has been in England. Delinquent clergymen are not more leniently dealt with by Nicolas than fraudulent generals. The czar Peter himself chanted in the public ceremonies as the first of the bishops.

'The Russian synod,' says the author of 'Turkey, its History and Progress,' 'receives an annual report as to the conduct of the clergy of the Greek church in the Russian empire. In 1853, 260 clergymen were stripped of their functions for dishonouring crimes, and 1,986 punished for lesser offences. In the year 1839, there was one criminal to every twenty clergymen, and from 1836 to 1839 no less than 15,443 were found guilty. Of the church itself we will quote a passage from the Marquis de Custine's 'Russie en 1839.'—"I would wish to send Christians to Russia, to show them what can become of Christianity when taught by a state church, and when carried out under the inspection of a clergy selected by such a church. The sight of the humiliation into which the clergy fall, when merely dependent upon the state, would make every consistent Protestant shudder."

The history of journalism in Turkey throws light on the French influence, which is called reformation. Verninhac, envoy-extraordinary of the French Republic, printed for some time a gazette at the palace in Pera. In 1811, and during the Russian campaign, the French embassy printed and distributed extracts from the bulletins of the grand army. In 1825, M. Alexandre Blacque established the 'Spectateur de l'Orient.' Under the title of the 'Courrier de Smyrne,' this journal exercised a marked influence upon the events which distinguished the close of the Greek insurrection from 1825 to 1828. The author of 'Turkey, its History and its Progress,' pays an odd compliment to the influence of this journal when he says, 'It alone defended, against the whole European press, the rights and interests of the Porte, and contributed largely to the overthrow, and perhaps to the assassination, of Capo d'Istrias.' The Sultan Mahmoud summoned M. Blacque to Constantinople, in 1831, to set up the 'Moniteur Ottoman' in French. Next year appeared the Table of Events, or 'Takvimi Vakai,' which was a reprint in Turkish of the official part of the 'Moniteur Ottoman.' M. Blacque died suddenly at Malta, in 1836, while on a voyage to France, and his two successors on the journal died with equal suddenness within two years and a half. 'Public opinion suspected a political reason.' After a few years, the place of the journal was taken by the 'Djeridei Havadias,' and the 'Takvimi Vakai' remained the sole official paper. When M. Blacque gave up the 'Courrier de Smyrne' to M. Bousquet Deschamps, it changed its title from Courrier to Journal; and the City of Smyrna, which was the first to possess a journal, soon boasted of five. M. Bargigli, Consul-General of Tuscany, founded, in 1838, the 'Echo de l'Orient.' M. Edwards, some time afterwards, published the 'Impartiel,' first in English, and afterwards in French; and it is the only one of the three journals published in French which has held its ground in Smyrna, where two journals are published in Greek, one in Armenian, and one in Hebrew. Thirteen journals are published in Constantinople, most of which, especially those discussing politics, receive an annual subvention of thirty thousand piastres a piece. Four of these journals appear in French, four in Italian, two in Turkish, one in Greek, one in Armenian, and one in Bulgarian. Thirty-two or thirty-three journals appear in all in the Turkish empire; some of them at Belgrade, Beyrout, Alexandria; and a few of them in Turkish, but most of them in French. No one can fail to find matter for reflection in this history of the brief existence of the Turkish press. There are two journals published in Turkish and four in French in Constantinople, and no journal appears in English. A journal contributing to an assassination; three editors suspected of dying

for political reasons; and many more journals published in foreign languages, especially in French, than in the language of the country, are facts in which men of reflection and experience will find revelations. The absence of an English journal is a circumstance which cannot be favourable to English interests; and politeness to our Allies does not require us to forget the historical fact, that visions of Oriental conquests have kindled as many imaginations in Paris as ever they can inflame in St. Petersburg.

Professor Creasy's volume did not reach us in time to be incorporated in the foregoing. We are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of omitting it altogether, or of contenting ourselves with a very scanty notice. Of the two alternatives, we prefer the latter. The volume, which we have read through, is one of the most interesting historical compositions which has ever fallen in our way. In style it is easy, flowing, transparent, and sufficiently stately for the purposes of history; while the research indicated is so wide and diversified as to embrace the large range of topics which such a narrative should include. The work is to consist of two volumes, the second is promised early this year. It is mainly founded on Von Hammer's 'History of the Ottoman Empire,' which was the result of thirty years' labour, and has done more for Turkish history than the productions of all other scholars. It must not, however, be supposed that Professor Creasy's work is a mere abridgment. Nothing can well be farther from the truth. It is an independent history, for which the prior labours of Von Hammer have supplied the larger portion of materials. Information has been sought in various other directions, and the whole has been condensed into a continuous narrative, which has much more than the ordinary attractions of historical writing.

In 1841, Professor Creasy delivered a course of lectures on Turkish history in University College, London, and the researches to which he was then led prepared the way for the present work. Little, if any portion of his Lectures is retained in its original form. The materials have been recast,—the authorities re-examined,—and various points of historical interest, which were probably omitted altogether, or only glanced at in his Lectures, have been subjected to a searching and thorough scrutiny. Professor Creasy's history does not deal with the Turks at large, but with that branch of them which bears the name of Ottoman, and which first appears in history about the middle of the thirteenth century. We must content ourselves with a very cordial recommendation of the history,—of the style of which the following brief extract, relating to the last of the Greek emperors, who was slain in the defence of Constantinople against the Sultan Mahomet II., is but a fair specimen.

'The chief hero of the defence was Constantine himself. He knew that his hour was come, and prepared to die in the discharge of duty, with the earnest piety of a true Christian and the calm courage of a brave soldier. On the night before the assault he received the Holy Sacrament in the church of St. Sophia. He then proceeded to the great palace, and lingered for a short time in the halls where his predecessors had reigned for so many centuries, but which neither he nor any prince sprung from his race was ever to see again. When he had passed forth from his palace to take his station at the great breach, and there await his martyrdom, all thoughts of earthly grandeur were forgotten; and turning to those around him, many of whom had been his companions from youth, Constantine asked of them, as fellow-Christians, their forgiveness for any offence that he had ever committed towards them. Amid the tears and prayers of all who beheld him, the last of the Cæsars then went forth to die.'

ART. II.—*Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the London Corporation.* 1844.

2. *Report of the Shipping Dues' Commissioners.* 1854. Parliamentary Paper.
3. *Calver on the Improvement of Tidal Rivers.* 8vo. pp. 101. London: John Weale.
4. *Mr. Hume's Memorial to the Admiralty on the State of the Tidal Harbours of the United Kingdom.* 'Shields Gazette,' August 11, 1854.
5. *The Coal Mines.* By J. Mather. 8vo. pp. 102. London: Longman & Co. 1853.

IN our number for June last year we offered some observations on the necessity for making so prime and universal a necessary of life as fuel free, and consequently cheap, and pointed out some of the causes by which the light and warmth of the people are made unnecessarily dear. Both in a sanitary and economical point of view the subject is one of great interest; and as some important steps have been recently taken by government, we again solicit attention to the topic. We shall confine ourselves as before to the coal trade between the Tyne and the Thames.

The spirit aroused by the first Reform Bill is approaching its natural goal of entire freedom of trade. The present government is well disposed to aid its development. The President of the Board of Trade has been heard to express a wish that the day might soon arrive when the Custom-house of England would

be to let. Among other recent indications of this enlightened policy, royal commissions have appeared on the Tyne and the Thames, and have recommended the immediate abolition of the charter laws and taxes of the old corporations—those ‘local dues’ or ‘petty customs,’ in especial, which increase the price of coal. In order to carry their enterprise against these formidable old corrupt corporations to a successful issue, the government will require the sympathy and co-operation of the public, and therefore we think the time appropriate for again addressing our readers on the subject.

The local dues or petty customs which hamper the trade of most of our ports have just been condemned by a royal commission appointed to visit the various ports and harbours, in order to inquire into their operation; and we cannot help thinking, that were the public feeling, which during the next session of Parliament will be aroused to sweep away the ‘petty’ customs, directed also against *all* duties on the prime necessities and innocent requirements of life, the gigantic absurdity of our Custom-house establishment would cease to overshadow our trade. Free trade and custom-houses are directly antagonistic; and in the present temper of the nation we believe it would not require one-tenth of the effort which abolished the corn laws to strike off the intolerable and costly shackles with which our present Custom-house cripples our commerce. That there would be difficulties of detail we are well aware, but none which a resolute government might not easily overcome.

From a parliamentary paper, dated February 3, 1854, moved for by Mr. Hutt, the member for Gateshead—to whom the commercial interests owe so much—we learn that the total amount of local or municipal dues collected in the port of Newcastle on coals and coke exported was £20,207 16s. in the year 1851, and £19,720 8s. 8d. in the year 1852; and that the London corporation dues on coal amounted in 1851 to £168,421 7s. 7d., and in 1852 to £165,543 10s. 5d. On the Tyne and the Thames we have, according to this parliamentary paper, about £180,000 of local taxation on the article of coals alone used in the metropolis!

In 1851 there were imported into London 3,246,287 tons of sea-borne coal, on which the gross duties (at 13d. per ton) amounted to £175,840 10s. 11d., and the net duties, after allowing drawback and cost of collecting, were £165,461 1s. 3d. The quantity imported landwise the same year was 224,339 tons, giving a duty of above £12,000. But this is not all. ‘There are also,’ says Mr. A. Brown, the chamberlain, ‘certain tonnage dues payable at the Custom-house on vessels laden with coals arriving in the port of London, but I have no means of ascertain-

ing them separately from the amount paid on vessels laden with other articles.'—(Parliamentary Paper, No. 29, 1852.)

The 13d. a-ton is the gross total of all the London corporation dues. One of these is a 4d. due, respecting which we find (in Parliamentary Paper No. 28, 1852)—

Annual produce (gross) at 4d a-ton, 1851	£54,104 15 8
Salaries, being cost of collection	215 10 0
Drawback on coals exported	3,009 17 8
Retiring allowances paid to deputy seacoal meters, on the abolition of their offices (!)	7,607 6 10
Charge made in aid of city improvements, upon which the sum of £55,000 has been raised—that is, the 4d. due mortgaged to that amount—for making New Cannon-street and other improvements	20,000 0 0

'The above duty being the property of the corporation of London, the balance (£35,000) is (after paying the above £20,000) carried to the general account of the corporation, and applied in aid of municipal government, administration of justice, prisons, magistracy, police, and other purposes, in respect of which the funds of the corporation are chargeable. A. BROWN, Chamberlain.'—That is to say, not content with the £70,000 per annum of profit which the corporation absorbs from the coal tax, they—the city authorities—have here taken £35,000 more to themselves, and given £20,000 to Cannon-street, leaving the coal-consuming people of the *whole* metropolis to pay it!

Then there is the 8d. per ton, amounting to £108,000 and upwards, and the 1d. per ton, which goes to the Woods and Forests, and which in 1851 came to £13,654 13s. 4d.

The dues, of course, are deeply 'dipped;' the corporations both of Newcastle and London having, like other spendthrifts of an easy and ill-gotten income, been always in advance of their account, and having taken especial care, so soon as they saw danger threatening to their monopoly from the spirit of inquiry and reform which was abroad, to mortgage their income heavily, and invest the money in *borough* property.

It is to be hoped, however, that as both of these corporations, in proportion to their real wants, are enormously wealthy,* they will be compelled to give back, for the improvement of the navigation of the rivers Tyne and Thames, at least those sums for which the river dues have been of late years mortgaged.

The inhabitants of Marylebone, in their memorial against the coal dues of London, show that there is no charge on the 4d. duty

* What the real wealth of either of the corporations is, remains, we believe, unknown. In spite of every effort, the rent-roll of the Newcastle property has never yet been produced.

to prevent its immediate repeal—the retiring allowance (which will vanish) and other charges being transferred to the other duties. On the 8d. and 1d. duties there is a charge of £956,839, which might be paid by the year 1859, and they petition that the duties should then cease.

We think, however, that the duties should cease immediately, and that the borough fund of London city should be charged with the liquidation of this debt. It is quite scandalous that the waste and profusion of the city rulers should continue to be a burden on the fuel of all the working-men of the metropolis; and for the corporation to be preaching free-trade and cherishing these protective duties is mere hypocrisy.

These direct local taxes by no means constitute the whole of the unnecessary burdens on coal. There are, as we before said, the unnecessary waste of life in the coal mines; the burdens arising from ‘wayleaves;’ the oppressive ballast system of Newcastle, as well as its direct borough tax on coal; the destruction of property caused by the dangerous navigation of the river, the want of docks, and the terrible destruction of ships and seamen at the mouth of the Tyne for want of proper engineering works (all of which the river dues, properly expended on the river, would have paid for long ere this); the infamous extortions of ‘Trinity dues’ and ‘passing tolls;’ and finally, after the London corporation taxes,* the system of the coal merchants and factors, which greatly increases the price of fuel to the Londoner, and which, were the trade quite free, would speedily be broken up.

Let us draw the reader’s attention briefly to some of these topics.

Mr. James Mather’s admirable little work† contains much valuable information on the dangers and difficulties of coal mining and miners, and we urge every one concerned for the welfare of this interesting class of men to peruse it. Mr. Mather has, among many other benevolent efforts for which he is well known in the north, devoted much attention to the best methods of alleviating the lot of the coal miner. He was associated with Mr. Gurney in his beautiful and valuable application of the steam-jet to the ventilation of mines. He shows that of the 160,000 individuals employed in the coal mines, about 1000 fall victims every year to accidents and explosions. He enters into an inquiry as to the causes of this destruction of life; and in his chapters on Inspection, Ventilation, Safety-lamps, Coroners’

* A writer in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ says, ‘The gross amount received into the civic chamber or treasury in 1852 may be stated in round numbers at £550,000,’ of which he gives £200,000 as the coal duty, £28,000 as the river dues, and £17,000 as the ‘Bridge House estates.’

† The Coal Mines, their Dangers, and Means of Safety. 8vo. pp. 102. Longman & Co. 1853.

Inquests, and Education for the mines, points out what seems to him the best plan of obviating it.

His explanation of the steam-jet is very clear, and the wonderful effects of this new plan of ventilating mines are strikingly shown in many instances. The mine of St. Hilda's at South Shields, on the 31st December, 1852, was so full of explosive gas 'that no naked light was allowed to approach the shaft,' and after lying waste till the following May, it was completely cleared of gas by the steam-jet. Strong controversies have taken place in the north on the respective merits of the furnace and steam-jet modes of ventilation, and much evidence on both sides has been given both in the mining districts and before parliamentary committees. It is very evident, however, that the working-men of Seaton Delaval colliery near Newcastle, where both plans have been well tried, prefer the steam-jet; that the system has been 'in effective working for four years;' and that in the pit of St. Hilda's just named, a distinguished opponent of the steam-jet plan of ventilation used it successfully for clearing his own colliery of fire-damp, to which of course no furnace ventilation was applicable.

The reader is aware that 'furnace ventilation' is effected by placing a large fire at the bottom of the pit-shaft, the current caused by the heated air ascending the 'upcast' shaft, and by the cool air drawn through the mine from another shaft (the 'down-cast') to feed the fire and in its turn to ascend, constituting the ventilation by means of a fire, or 'furnace ventilator.' The current created by this method has reached seventeen miles an hour. 'The steam-jet ventilation,' to use Mr. Mather's words, 'is by high-pressure steam at a velocity greater than that of sound, projected against the entire volume of air in the shaft. It has produced in the upcast of one mine a rate of twenty-three miles an hour.'

We well recollect the enthusiasm with which, six years ago, we heard of this splendid discovery of the practical value of the steam-jet, and how much we rejoiced in this characteristic benevolent triumph for one bearing the honoured name of Gurney. Mr. Mather seems to have caught at it with all the philanthropic ardour of his nature, and to have, from the first moment, devoted himself to aid the discoverer in carrying his scientific principle into practical effect. We believe the steam-jet will by and by be found to be a valuable sanitary agent, not only in mines, but in freeing our old cesspools and sewers (where these are suffered to exist) of the foul gases which they generate, and which are the grand cause of the excessive mortality of towns. The case of the St. Hilda pit, in 1852—a pit which had a few years before exploded and killed above fifty men and boys, many

of whose dead bodies we saw brought to the bank amid shrieking women and sobbing men, a scene of unspeakable anguish ;—the case of this pit in December, 1852, is so illustrative of the value of the steam-jet, and of the dangers and losses which tend to enhance the price of fuel, that it will be well to notice it further.

‘Upon the 31st December, 1852,’ says Mr. Mather, ‘as a man was carrying a shovel of burning coals, upwards of twenty feet from the shaft, the gas from the pit caught fire at the burning coals, and in a mass of flame darted into the shaft, forming a blazing area of upwards of ninety-eight feet. It thus blazed for four hours, darting into the atmosphere in flames, sometimes forty feet high, burning down all within reach. Had it descended into the mine and exploded the fourteen million cubic feet of gas, it would have shook a portion of South Shields as with an earthquake. Fortunately, no atmospheric air had descended into the workings to form one of the most tremendous explosive mixtures in the world.’

The awful effect of the late explosion at Gateshead, which has killed between fifty and sixty people, wounded five hundred, and destroyed in one way and another property to the amount of about a million sterling, would have been greatly exceeded by the results of such an explosion as might easily have occurred in St. Hilda’s pit. Besides the town of South Shields, which would have been fired as well as shattered, the ships in the harbour, usually amounting about New Year’s-day to 1000 or 1200 vessels, sometimes far more, would in all probability have been in flames. North Shields might also have been set fire to; and if there was a time, as we know there was at the Newcastle and Gateshead fire, when despair almost quenched hope, we may be well assured, that in such a conflagration as must have occurred in the crowded harbour of Shields, had St. Hilda’s pit then exploded, the bravest hearts would have quailed, and the most determined efforts have been overcome by so universal a conflagration as would have been kindled.

We remember distinctly that at the close of December, 1852, the atmosphere had for some time been in a close, ‘muggy’ state, the barometer having been for some days very low,* and that our reflection was,—standing as the whole population of this district does on a vast honeycomb of coal filled with explosive gases, which only require the quiet fall of an inch and a half in

* ‘At Backworth pit, Northumberland,’ says Mr. Mather, ‘when the barometer falls to 29 inches the *dythe* hisses from the coal; and on its rise again to 30, if sufficiently rapid, the gas hisses as it returns back into the crevices and pores. So early as 1822, at Walker Colliery, when barometers and thermometers were not much used in the mines, the men and boys, when called in the morning, would examine the state of the weather, and if the wind was at S.E., with threats of rain, *they knew the pit would be full of gas, and went to bed again.*’ Going in and out between life and death, this!

the barometer in order that they may issue from their multitudinous cells, rush to the surface of almost every pit mouth, and explode at any casual flame, laying waste the whole wealth and prosperity of old father Tyne,—the natural reflection on this view of the subject was—how, moment by moment, and on every side, are we in the merciful hands of God;—how true it is in every sense, that by Him ‘we live and move and have our being!’

Here, as the year is closing, is a vast population busy with its festivities, or winding up its yearly toils, anticipating no evil, least of all dreaming of the volcano beneath its feet; meantime the barometer falls a little, the invisible deadly gases rise, spread invisibly, and touching the fire that passes at twenty yards’ distance, the whole breath and throat of the subterranean monster shoots into flame. One hundred feet broad, forty feet high shoots forth this terrible tongue of fire, and there it burns, unquenched, unquenchable, for four hours!

How dreadful both to the ignorant and the intelligent inhabitants must this phenomenon have been! The ignorant vaguely shaping unknown and hitherto unimagined dangers; the more experienced and philosophical alarmed lest the common air might find its way in quantity among the gases which filled all these subterranean chambers of death, and explode with an earthquake’s force! For some hours the fate of Lisbon or Calabria must have seemed suspended over the awe-stricken inhabitants of South Shields.

No furnace of course could here be lighted for ventilation; the danger was lest this huge furnace might draw such supplies of fresh air into the pit as to form a vast explosive mixture. ‘The enemy was in possession. Nothing but the jets in this grave dilemma could save the mine,’ says Mr. Mather. On the 14th May the jets were erected; on the 21st the mine was clear. ‘This valuable property,’ continues the author, ‘has thus been placed under command and in safety by the steam-jet, when no other power could be brought to bear.’

But we must hasten on, contenting ourselves with saying that better ventilation, greater care, a more perfect and general education of the mining population are the means recommended for lessening the dangers of the collieries, and increasing the production of coal than at present; that these are now seen by the mining population themselves to be necessary; that they have appealed, so far, successfully to Parliament, and that all classes, from the Duke of Northumberland, the greatest coal owner near the Tyne, to the meanest pit lad, are bent on the necessary reforms.

Injudicious speculations, wrong sites, dangers from water, dangers from fire, all these are now in number much lessened;

modern geological science has enabled the miners to sink their shafts with great precision, while modern mechanical science has cheapened locomotion and enabled them to deliver enormous quantities of water from great depths. Thus then to come back to our economical argument, we must look to modern science, and to inspection, for the purpose of lessening the expense of raising coal.* 'State care and better knowledge,' these are Mr. Mather's recommendations.

Having got the fuel to the pit mouth, immediately various exactions seize upon it. The land being chiefly in the hands of a few great proprietors, who are also the owners of the collieries, heavy monopolist charges are made for leave to the lessees to carry their coal to the places of shipment on the river Tyne. The 'tram-roads,' formerly wooden, now iron single lines of railway, passing to the river from the pit, pay, under the quaint old feudal names of 'wayleave,' 'double damage,' 'tentale,' &c., excessive tolls for the privilege. Free parliamentary lines of railway through the great coal-fields are the cure for this evil; and a vigorous effort, in the session of Parliament for 1852-3, to procure such a railway through the great northern fields of steam coal to the deep water docks at the mouth of the Tyne, though unsuccessful with regard to the proposed railway, because arrayed against the whole monopolist system, from the duke to the 'freeman,' which exists in and round Newcastle, had the effect of so completely opening the eyes of Parliament to the injustice of the 'wayleave system,' that no future railway will be permitted to be burdened with this impost. Meantime the wayleave tax remains to raise the price of coals on the Tyne, and as speedily as may be, it should be abolished. One great landowner alone on the Tyne levies a tax of £10,000 a year on coals in Wayleaves. The main objection to the system, however, is that it *excludes* large coal fields from the market, and combines with the other monopolies of Tyne side.

Next come the dangers and the dues of the river Tyne, both of them resulting from the rapacity and carelessness of the corporation of Newcastle.

The dues may soon be dismissed. Since the nineteenth century commenced, the town, the corporation—that is, the house landlords of Newcastle—have taken from the commerce of the nation on the Tyne at least A MILLION OF POUNDS STERLING, which has

* A proper staff of inspectors with liberal salaries; an examining board, which should also be a board of appeal in cases where the government inspector's advice was rejected by a local viewer—some such organization as this seems required to secure the proper inspection of collieries. The expense is, of course, always the objection. Suppose the examining board cost £4000; six inspectors, £6000; twelve sub-inspectors, £2400; and that 500 lives were saved—as it is believed they would, by proper care—this at £25 a man would 'pay.'

been either wasted or used to pay the rates of these landlords, or abstracted from the 'soil' of the Tyne, or applied to build up and aggrandize Newcastle town; while the river, from whose ships the dues were taken, under pretence of 'conserving' and improving its navigation, is, like the Thames, *worse* than when the century began.* There are no docks on the Tyne, which these dues might long ere this have built;—no docks, but abundance of dangerous sands in the river; no piers to shut out the stormy billows at the mouth of the Tyne, though half the sum which the corporation has received during the last fifty years would have built them:—no piers to shelter the 42,000 arrivals and sailings of the Tyne, but *there* still are those deadly reefs, the 'Black Middens,' and the 'Herd Sand,' with their manifold wrecks and perishing seamen annually, as the winter storms come round. It is awful to think of the tragedies which have occurred at the mouth of the Tyne;—the gallant ships wrecked,—the gallant lives lost,—all, or almost all of which might, in the opinion of the best engineers, have been saved, had the corporation of Newcastle been true to their trust on the river.

Thirty-six ships were wrecked at the entrance of the Tyne during the first week of January, 1854; during one storm alone thirty-six ships! Multitudes of lives have been engulfed in the deadly breakers which stretch in every storm across the mouth of this great port,—appalling annual tragedies! enacted before the eyes of thousands congregated on the cliffs, wives, children, friends, who have watched with quailing hearts the gallant vessel near the deadly reef, seen the fatal shock, and beheld the crew perish! Ah! the wild farewells waved by the doomed seamen, struggling among the breakers, which these cliffs and shores have seen! The wife, through streaming tears, has seen the manly arm—sole stay, protection, and hope of herself and her children—wave to her, steadily, mournfully, a last adieu of love and anguish; and as she raised her listening head from the vain, agonized effort to catch his voice,—oh, horror! there his body was hanging a lifeless corpse in the shrouds! All that the eye can behold of the tragic and the terrible; all that the human heart can suffer of horror and anguish, has been seen and suffered at the mouth of the Tyne. And but for the avarice of this corporation, the short-sighted selfishness of these landlords of Newcastle, these heartrending spectacles might have been replaced by vast protecting arms of stone to shelter the flying vessel and enable her to deliver her crew into the warm embraces of their friends! Oh! who can feel anything but fierce indignation and bitter scorn for these selfish and cruel men. Yes! the grand

* Mr. S. Leach, engineer of the Thames, declared before the royal commission that it was worse; the Admiralty know well that the Tyne is worse.

markets and quays of the town of Newcastle are built upon the bodies and cemented with the blood of the seamen of the Tyne; for had the shipping dues which have built them been expended for the protection and benefit of the shipping, millions of property, hundreds of lives would have been saved, which at the mouth of the Tyne alone have perished.

While this million of money has thus been taken from the river and applied by the landlords of Newcastle to build their public edifices and relieve their municipal rates, the navigation of the river, as has been proved before several Admiralty commissions during the past few years, has been growing *worse*. The corporation of Newcastle on the Tyne, like that of London on the Thames, were the conservators or public trustees of the navigation; but the object of both has been, without much regard to their trust, to secure to themselves individually as much of the public revenues as possible.

The property along the shores of the river has been embanked, to the injury of the general navigation; and, above all, to the great injury of the most important part of the navigation—that, viz., of the harbour and deep water near the sea. Every year, as the size of our ships is increasing,* the importance of preserving the deep water of our bars and harbours becomes greater, yet every year the old conservators are banking out the tidal water which can alone preserve the depth of the lower reaches of our navigable rivers, and scour down the bars. The land so embanked from the tidal bed—which really belongs to the public, and is under the protection, first of the Crown as chief custodier of all navigable rivers, then of the Admiralty as agent for the Crown, and finally of the conservators as local trustees or agents for the public—these valuable foreshores have been seized by the corporation or their friends, and converted into landed estates for themselves.

* The average tonnage of British ships entered inwards in foreign and colonial trades was in—

1814	145 tons.	1842	173 tons.
1825	149 „	1853	247 „
1834	155 „		

The average tonnage of British ships employed in all trades, steamers and sailing together (except river steamers), was in—

1849	170 tons.	1853	205 tons.
1851	185 „		

The ships registered in the Port of Shields are, in 1854, above 1100 in number, containing 257,712 tons, averaging therefore 235 tons each,—about three millions of shipping property registered in Shields alone, the average size of the ships increasing every year. But the number of large vessels—those above 500 tons—which can *never reach the upper part of the Tyne*, is increasing rapidly; and soon there will be 20,000 arrivals and sailings of vessels, which can never pass above the deep water of Shields.

The corporation of London, indeed, declare that they *now* keep sacred the revenues derived from the river-side property, and apply it to the improvement of the river—a very questionable statement even at the present day; while every one who knows that after the Great Fire of London the intention of government was to preserve a noble quay from Westminster to Wapping, and that the whole site has been long since filched from the river, must be aware that the corporation of London has not always made even this *pretence* of honesty.

On the Wear, too, the river soil and foreshores are considered public property; but the Newcastle corporation is still unblushingly claiming for itself and its supporters these river-side estates, which could only have been embanked from the river by the authority they possessed as *conservators* or trustees for the public under the Admiralty and the Crown.

A royal commission to investigate this shameful business in the Tyne, with an admiral at its head, will meet, perhaps before these words see the light; and every friend of free trade and foe of such public depredations must hope that this royal commission will, *at last*, vindicate the ancient title of the Crown, as chief trustee for the public, to the soil and foreshores of all our navigable rivers. With our rapidly increasing commerce, and ships increasing in size in a corresponding ratio, to sacrifice a noble deep-water harbour like that of Shields, and the navigation of a great river like the Tyne, to a set of incorporate landlords, will surely no longer be tolerated by the government or the House of Commons. The Tyne is the greatest port in the north; it has more arrivals and sailings than any port in the whole world; its tonnage is half as much as that of all Scotland, greater than that of all Ireland; yet with a million of money thus alienated from the ships to the town of Newcastle, the river Tyne has no docks! During these fifty years, not fifty shillings have been spent on the harbour of Shields, where almost the whole of the ships lie on which that million of money has been levied, and beyond which the large ships never pass. Does not this call loudly for redress?

Again, the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, ports lying within thirty miles of each other, possess a larger tonnage than the three great ports of Britain—London, Liverpool, and Glasgow;* the passing and repassing therefore of ships along the iron-bound eastern coast is enormously great; one-fourth of the whole of the wrecks of the United Kingdom take place within seventy miles of coast,

* 'The united outward-bound sailing tonnage of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, amounted to 9400 ships more than there were from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow together; but that the tonnage of these was nearly equal.'—'Parliamentary Return,' 1853.

See also a statement by Mr. James Mather, wherein this subject is ably handled, March, 1854.

of which the Tyne is the centre ; yet the corporation of Newcastle, which has absorbed from the ships this million of money, will not even now give up (till she is compelled) the £10,000 which she still alienates from the river, for the purpose of assisting to convert the Tyne into a harbour of refuge !

Deputations from all the communities on the Tyne, in March, 1854, waited on the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to solicit aid from the government towards converting the Tyne into a harbour of refuge ; but Sir James Graham, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Gladstone very properly refused to listen to the application until these local shipping dues were restored to their legitimate use. For the Newcastle corporation, after robbing the Tyne of a million of money since the century set in, and continuing to rob it still of £10,000 a-year, to go sturdy beggar-like to solicit help from the purse of the nation, must certainly have appeared to those heads of departments most unparalleled and astounding impudence ! It is very clear that until the local taxation of the ships is abolished, Newcastle will never receive any aid from the national purse for this truly national purpose of converting the Tyne into a harbour of refuge.

Besides this heavy direct 'town' due on coals, and the tax inflicted on the coal trade by the want of docks, and the sacrifice of life and property through the dangerous nature of the Tyne, ballast dues of the most unjust nature have been and are inflicted on the shipping. Were the ballast—the delivery of which is a monopoly—removed from the ships in 'hoppers,' or barges, as on the Wear, the shipowner would not be subjected to above half of his present expense. The system of quaying off the shores of the river, by means of which the corporation have gained large riverside estates, is still under the present commissioners carried on. In the year 1850 the conservancy of the Tyne was, after a struggle which cost the river funds between £20,000 and £30,000, transferred to a commission ; but Newcastle holds a majority in this commission, and, in spite of all the efforts of the minority, the old system is still pursued.

The commissioners who now act as conservators of the Tyne are eighteen in number : six of these, impressed with the magnitude of the injury which Newcastle is inflicting on the national interests by banking out the tidal water, have, after exhausting every effort at the local board, at length memorialized the Lords of the Admiralty to arrest this disastrous engineering.

The gentlemen of the minority state that 'the system of river management, pursued first by the corporation of Newcastle, and since 1850 by the Tyne commission, the constitution of which body *practically continues to the corporation*, and to some extent to the same individuals, the control of the river.' And

they conclude by urging on the Admiralty, 'as supreme conservators on behalf of the national interests at stake,' the propriety of procuring a 'royal commission to inquire into the facts of the case, into the extent which the interests of the corporation of Newcastle *and other landowners* are at variance with the interests of the navigation, into the constitution and operation of the commission for the improvement of the Tyne, and the necessity of a better representation within the commission, or of a control by a central authority over the acts of the commission, on behalf of the national interests which are imperilled in the management of so important a navigation.'

The injury inflicted is indeed great, and unless checked *now*, will be irremediable. The nation at large will have reason to thank these gentlemen, should their appeal result in its deserved success. So far they have been successful; their suggestion for a royal commission was adopted by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Lindsay, the member for Tynemouth, and her Majesty has appointed the royal commission now about to open their inquiry on the Tyne.

The veteran patriot Mr. Joseph Hume, who has long laboured both as one of the tidal commissioners and in parliament to bring about a better management of our tidal rivers and harbours, and who has always been in favour of a central board to aid the local conservators, presented a very able memorial to the Admiralty on the case of the Tyne. We trust he may have the satisfaction of seeing this great national question satisfactorily solved. It is quite clear that local men *alone* are not fit to be entrusted with these national interests. It is really humiliating to see how self-interest can blind even honourable men.

The tendency of the present system in the Tyne is to force the commerce up a dangerous river, ten miles from the harbour, to the town of Newcastle, where the river is a mere creek, only fitted for the craft of the old feudal times, when Newcastle, by charter law, gained possession of the port, and to sacrifice, for the temporary advantage of those who live so far inland, the permanent interests of the whole port of Tyne. These are irrevocably bound up with the conservation of the deep water harbour, since that alone can accommodate the immense fleet of large vessels which now carry on the commerce of the port. Mr. Calver, in his admirable treatise on 'The Conservation and Improvement of Tidal Rivers'* grapples expressly with the case of the Tyne, and points out in a conclusive manner the deep injury inflicted on the national commerce by the selfish and reckless policy of the Newcastle authorities.

* London: John Weale, 59, High Holborn. 8vo. pp. 101.
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The battle of the tidal harbours of Great Britain will now, we believe, be fought out on the Tyne. May God speed the right ! We have reason to know that the royal commission will be composed of men of high eminence, and that they will be aided by the most distinguished engineers, as well as by Mr. Calver and the hydrographer to the Admiralty, both of whom are so thoroughly versed in the subject ; so that we may hope at length our great tidal harbours and rivers will be protected like valuable national property, and be no longer left to the harpy hands of selfish monopolists.

The Newcastle Trinity House is a monopolist corporation, which, by eating heavy dinners and charging ships high prices for their lights, inflict an unnecessary tax on coal. The coal-laden vessels also pay 'passing tolls' for harbours of refuge they never use, and which, indeed, all the 'passing tolls' in the world would not convert into harbours of refuge. The knell of all these passing tolls is now, however, about to be rung ; and if the public, through Parliament, will second the royal commissioners, who have reported against all these unjust imposts on coal, they will be abolished during present session.

Our heavily taxed cargo of coals has now been conveyed to the mouth of London river, where, however, as we proceed to show, fresh burdens await it. The Thames, like the Tyne, is obstructed by shoals which impede the navigation and continually cause damage to the shipping, and so constitute a tax on the general commerce of these rivers. We have shown that the river revenues of the Newcastle corporation, going no further back than the commencement of the present century, and taking only the surplus sums remaining after all river officials and 'conservancy' expenses were paid, were amply sufficient to have made great improvements in the river channel, to have kept clear the noble harbour of Shields, and to have converted the deadly estuary of the Tyne, by means of engineering works, into a harbour of refuge. A similar story remains to be told of the Thames. The 'income proper of the London corporation,' says Mr. Stuart Wortley, the Recorder, 'averages about £200,000 per annum. Of this sum the city taxes on coal amount to £70,000 per annum'—meaning that this is the absolute profit or surplus corporation income from coal, after all conservancy and other expenses are paid. The rental of foreshore property, that is, property embanked from the river, 'not for the sake of revenue,' says the Recorder, (and which we say is, as on the Tyne, very much for the sake of the monopolists of the corporation and their friends,) 'but for the improvement of the river and the convenience of commerce ;' the rental of this river property, to which the river has surely the first claim, is eleven hundred pounds

a-year. Here, then, according to the evidence of the Recorder himself, we have, independent of other sources of river revenue, £71,000 of surplus income levied on the river Thames every year, while the engineer, Mr. Stephen Leach, complains that there are many shoals in the river between Erith and the bridges which impede the navigation; that the funds of the corporation, *as at present distributed*, are not sufficient for the purpose of removing these shoals; but that the corporation funds *would be* sufficient for the purpose if the impediments which restrain the application of these funds were removed. To all which the engineer adds the statement, that the *river is becoming worse*.

What, then, are the impediments to the application of the river funds to river purposes? Lawyers' bills, 'prescriptive' fees, and sinecures; new streets, lord mayors' feasts, and payment of the City cabinet of Cockayne at a higher price than the cabinet ministers of Great Britain!*

Lawyers' bills.—The average legal expenses of the City are upwards of £39,000 a-year. The bills of three lawyers—the City Solicitor, the Controller, and the Remembrancer—amounted in ten years to £162,000. Surely these sums are shameful. Not that the law charges were not all right, carefully gone over by the taxing-master, and classified in the most orthodox style. But here is one-fifth of the whole City 'income proper'—above half of the coal dues 'proper,' as Mr. Recorder calls them—that is, dues levied by the corporation on the public for no purpose that the said public derives any benefit from—here is £39,000 going to fee domestic lawyers 'on an average of years.' What would any private gentleman or merchant think, one-fifth of whose income, on an average of years, went in law? We suspect he would speedily become his own controller and remembrancer, and his office would be to check and not to inflame his solicitor's accounts. If this improper surplus, or 'income proper,' did not exist, does any one think this enormous waste would be permitted? But having a surplus income proper to dissipate, and a sinking monopoly to support, the luxury of law becomes, to the old corporations, a necessary of life.

Prescriptive Fees.—Mr. Williams affirmed that the amount of fees, in addition to salaries, was £70,000, and Mr. B. Scott,

* According to the evidence given before the commissioners appointed to inquire into the matters connected with the Corporation of London, the annual receipts of the City from all sources are estimated to amount to no less a sum than £1,107,154. The salaries paid to the officers of the corporation amounted in 1835 to £110,980, and it is presumed that that sum is now exceeded by at least £10,000. Twelve officers of the corporation receive nett salaries amounting to £48,435, while twelve cabinet ministers receive only £45,480.

late chief clerk in the Chamberlain's office, declared 'that there are a great many fees which do not pass through the Chamberlain's accounts. These fees are received by persons as being officers of the corporation. These fees are regarded *as the property of the officer*, and not of the corporation.' And we have these *officers*, most of whom have been overpaid for any services they or their ancestors have performed, claiming *compensation* for the loss of their income, now that it is at length discovered that their office, long overpaid by the public, is really of no use to the public whatever.

New Streets.—The City paid £796,536 for New Cannon-street; the claims sent in were £1,777,153. The actual (present) loss was £200,000—one year's corporation 'income proper,' according to Mr. Wortley—the difference being made up by the sale of frontages. So that Cannon-street cost a million of pounds sterling. Now *the Coal Trade* of the North paid for Cannon-street, and unless the friends of cheap fuel exert themselves, they will have to pay for many new streets, and other City improvements besides; just as the coal trade of the Tyne has also paid for the new markets and quays of Newcastle; besides largely relieving the landlord's rates there.

What says the Right Honourable Stuart Wortley on this subject—repeating the words of a statement prepared by a consolidated committee, who had the management of the case of the corporation, and who were appointed by the members at large to inquire into the 'alleged injustice of the corporation monopoly—a committee, by the way, appointed very much on the same principles as that of the convivial club whose innocent members were dissatisfied with their wine both as to quantity and quality, and who consolidated *the landlord and waiters* into a committee of inquiry on the question. The 'Consolidated Committee' of London City, of course, consolidates the choice supporters of the monopoly, and all the chicanery by which that monopoly can be defended. Their verdict, as might be expected, is very much like that of the landlord and waiters on the bad wine and small-bottle question of their club—viz., that the wine was excellent, and the measure ample. What other verdict is to be expected from the landlords and waiters of monopolist corporations?

'With respect to the coal dues,' says Mr. Wortley, quoting the Consolidated Committee, 'the annual amount of which was £70,000 a-year, they (the committee) say, that if public improvements are to be effected, it appears difficult to devise means by which the amount required can be raised in a manner so little injurious to the public, and falling so equally upon the persons for whose use the improvements are required. . . . The avenues of the City of London are sufficient for the inhabitants of the City of London, and the necessity for their

improvement and enlargement arises from the immense concourse of people who daily frequent the City from miles around it. What then can be more equitable than that the persons residing within twenty miles round the metropolis should contribute to the improvements required for their comfort and convenience ?

Now, we believe it would be difficult to find a more compact bundle of illogical impertinence than this of the chief officer of the London corporation. It must be remembered, that Mr. Wortley prefaced his deliverance of the consolidated committee by saying that 'he did not shrink from any part of the responsibility of it,' and therefore, whether he advocated the above ideas for his fee, or of his own free will and natural love of monopoly, he deserves to be made, as no doubt he will glory in being made, responsible for the doctrine.

Supposing a City alderman and fishmonger had used this argument,—of his own narrow doorway being enough for *him*,—how the Recorder of London would have smiled at his absurdity. The fishmonger enlarges his doorway, puts down his marble slab, makes his entrances and his exits as convenient as possible, and sends his boys with obsequious alacrity in every direction required. The 'immense concourse of people' is the very thing he desires; his chief ambition is to attract them; and for that purpose, to make all their paths to his stall as pleasant as possible. But for this immense concourse of people, what would be the value of the shops in Cheapside or Ludgate-hill? But the Recorder will say, 'Ah! those people who enter the City, and use the City thoroughfares, do not all come to purchase goods there; most are only passing through,—some to purchase goods elsewhere, many to the West-end, or to distant parts of the empire.' Well, since, then, London cannot afford, what every provincial town (except the chartered thorough toll-towns) affords,—a gratuitous passage through its streets, surely some fairer way of levying the turnpike-toll might be fallen on than that which makes dearer the sea-coal fire of the Spitalfields' weaver, the Vauxhall factory girl, the working population, in short, of the metropolis, and forty miles round it, who seldom see your new streets, and make nothing by, and care nothing for, them. Surely some more just way of building new streets, and paying these prescriptive fees and vast lawyers' bills might be adopted, than this of enhancing the price of a prime necessary of life to the poor of the metropolis. That this large body of the inhabitants of London do suffer terrible privations from the high price of fuel is an undoubted fact. Last winter the amount of suffering from this cause was frightful in the extreme; and it really is small consolation to the working man of the metropolis, when he finds, on returning from his work on a bitter winter night, his shivering

wife and pale children cowering over a few dying embers, to know that Cannon-street, and the lawyers' bills, and lord mayors' feasts, are provided out of the 'income proper' which makes his coals so dear.

We will not pursue this branch of the argument any further. Nor will we enter upon the injury done to our whole manufacturing industry by the unnecessary taxation upon a substance which is one of the raw materials of almost all manufactures. It must be very clear, from what we have said, that the system of local taxation adopted by our old chartered cities and towns is tyrannical in principle and vicious in practice; and that, besides many other unjust and unnecessary burdens, of both a public and private nature, by which the staple trade of the north and the fuel of the people of the metropolis, and for forty miles round it, is oppressed, no article suffers so much from the charter taxation as this, one of the prime necessities of life—coal.

To ask the coal trade, thus heavily burdened by *local* taxation, to contribute the same per centage to the national taxes as the corn trade, or any other trade which is free from such burdens, is not only a wrong to the producer and consumer of the article, but is a sad political blunder. In the race of competition in which we are now engaged with the other nations of the world, how necessary is it that coal—one of the raw materials, we repeat, of almost every manufacture—should be made as cheap as possible for our own people, since we now offer it freely to every other. For ages to come our coal fields will supply the manufactures of the world; and so long as we can deposit on the soil of Belgium and America, British fuel at a cheaper rate than they can raise the same kind of fuel from their own mines, the inhabitants of these countries will continue to resort to our shores for fuel, and our precedence as a manufacturing people will be preserved. Our local taxation on coal is not only a dead weight on our own manufactures, but a premium to the establishment of coal-mining in other countries, and with the establishment of coal-mines in many countries will arise the power of pushing many of our manufactures aside.

Whatever, then, tends to make our fuel dear or difficult to export, whether it be careless or unscientific methods in the mine, or heavy wayleaves, or dangerous rivers, or want of docks, or local dues, from which the coal trade derives no benefit, or harbours dangerous and difficult of access; is an injury to the nation at large, for it is injurious to the commercial and manufacturing supremacy in which is bound up the very existence of Great Britain as a first-class power.

Finally, as a natural termination to the lengthened chain of monopoly, appears the system of the coal factor and coal mer-

chant. The coal factor is the agent of the coal owner, who pays him an excessive commission for a very easy and unimportant service. He is one of the fat sinecurists of a monopolist system. Enormous fortunes are made by lucky individuals who happen to be connected, by family or other ties, with the great coal owners of the north. And that, too, for duties compared to which those of a soapboiler are difficult and scientific.

From the foregoing detail it is evident that the whole system of the coal trade, from the northern mine to the London grate, calls for reform. Instead of being free as the air or light—as such a necessary of life ought to be—it is burdened by imposts, and hampered with monopolies from beginning to end. The times are propitious for reforming these abuses. If the communities which suffer will *combine*, the light and warmth of the people will soon be free.

- ART. III.—*Days and Hours*. By Frederick Tennyson. London. John W. Parker & Son.
2. *Day and Night Songs*. By William Allingham. London: George Routledge & Co.
3. *Fermilian; or, the Student of Badajos*. A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones. Blackwood & Sons.
4. *The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems*. By James D. Burns, M.A. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.
5. *Passion-Flowers*. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.
6. *Poems*. By William Stephen Sandes. London: Longman & Co.
7. *Poems*. By William Bell Scott. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
8. *Robespierre*. A Tragedy. By Henry Bliss. London: Kimpton.
9. *The Village Bridal, and other Poems*. By James Henry Powell. London: Whittaker & Co.
10. *Lyric Notes of the Russian War*. By Ruthen. London: Bell.

THE ancients were quite right in proclaiming that a poet must be born, not made. To be sure, fitting culture and art-education, will make the best born poet better, since they supply the fine-tempered implements of workmanship to the hands of genius. Yet, without a certain given material, all the education in the world will never produce a poet. A due consideration of what is essential to constitute the poet, is suited to deter many versifiers from wasting precious time in an unprofitable pursuit. Let us for a moment glance at some of the requisite qualities. The poet must have large perceptive powers, for they are the windows

as it were, through which he looks, and in a great measure determine his range of vision. He must possess the faculty which we call imagination, and which is very compound in its constitution, and a very Proteus in its manifestations. At one time it is a worship of beauty, at another, it is a suffering or rejoicing sympathy. Now it will see a deeper meaning in the heart of common things, and again it will light up the dull face of things with magical beauty. He must possess logical and analytical power, for the poet is the greatest logician, and leaps to his results by no mere guess. He must be the greatest master of common sense, for a poet was never yet an inspired fool. He must possess intense passions, for these, properly reined and guided, draw the car of genius up the immortal mount. His eye must be tremblingly alive to beauty, his ear hungering for melody; indeed, he must have that vehement passion for melody that buoys his speech into song, his footsteps into tune, and makes his life move in a melodious rhythm. But, above all, he must possess a warm, kindling, electrical temperament. This attribute of the poet we should set above all others. Large heart and brain, clear sight, and general breadth of nature, are indispensable. There never has been a poet but in the proportion that he has possessed these characteristics. Such have been the world's great singers. They were all thus gloriously endowed, who have had the magic to unlock the sources of human smiles and tears, and send the thrill of sympathy through the heart of universal humanity. In this sense Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, and Burns, are poets. They are creators, seers, prophets, and singers.

But we must not limit the range of the world of poetry to the empire of these few kings. There are others who possess poetical power in a smaller degree, and the poetical attributes in smaller proportions and varying combinations.

As one star differs from another star in glory, and as one flower differs from another in beauty, so may one poet differ from another in the extent of his poetical endowment. Nor do we quarrel with the daisy because it is not dashed with the fiery hues of the tulip, or scorn the linnet because it has not the note of the nightingale. There is space in the universe for all its constellations, there is room on the earth for all its flowers, and there is a place in our sympathies for small poets as well as for great ones. If we were not thus lenient, what should we have to say for our eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-four poets? But we are lenient. Nor are we so much alarmed as some persons at the extent to which 'poetry' is being perpetrated. Versifying is incident to youth as the measles to childhood, and as seldom is it

fatal. It generally works its own cure. We ourselves plead guilty to having been metre-mongers in our time, and of rushing into publication before our beard. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. If the reader has never rushed into rhyme, and is chuckling over his advantage, we bid him to pause while he recurs to his love-letters, and we warrant that he has little cause to congratulate himself on his particular strength of mind, even though he may have avoided our own peculiar weakness. We imagine that few persons can hold their banquet of ridicule at the expense of poor versifiers in perfect peace of mind. The ghost of some secret delinquency starts up in memory, and comes to trouble their content and spoil their feast.

Doubtless, it is melancholy to think how many possessors of average intellect are at this moment engaged in fringing wretched prose with indifferent rhyme. It looks like a mournful waste of precious time and dear paper. Still there's consolation in it, and by virtue of a recent invention, it is probable that paper is not irrecoverable even when printed on.

The first book on our list is inscribed with the name of Tennyson, and is therefore sure of a ready reading for the sake of the great Alfred, whom we love so, and who has rendered that name illustrious. Yet it may not be of any great advantage to the poetical aspirant that he should wear such name when we come to consider his poetic claims, for in proportion to the expectation excited may be our disappointment on reading the book; and both feelings may be unjust to the poet. When we first saw poems in 'Fraser's Magazine' signed Frederick Tennyson, we thought that some young branch of the family tree had burst into the poetic flower, and on reading the volume, we felt that the poems might have been the earlier effusions of Alfred now first published, so great is the family likeness. There are the same forms more feebly handled, the same colours more faintly reproduced, and snatches of the old music only badly remembered. We thought Frederick had been gleaning in the rich harvest-field which Alfred had reaped, and that by and by in other years he would garner in the produce of his own. And it was with a feeling of sadness that we learned that this was the elder brother, and that the weakness of the poetic offspring was attributable to age, and not to immaturity.

That Frederick Tennyson has a strong sense of beauty no one can doubt after reading his verses, but he lacks the faculty of clear and adequate expression. All is hazy and undefined. There is a delicious dimness sometimes in painting which is pleasing to the eye, but the same soft limning in poetry will often fail; its pictures are dissolving ones. And this is especially

the case with Mr. Tennyson's poetry. It fails from want of force. He cannot realize graphically. If not still more impalpable, it should be called poetry in a state of fluidity, and might have been written by a denizen of Jupiter. Or if one was accustomed to write in one's sleep, you might reasonably expect to find something of the same kind on your pillow in the morning as the result of dreaming. 'Harvest Home' and the 'Bridal' are the two best pieces in the book. We give a specimen of the former—

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on amain;

The mighty youth and supple child
Go forth; the yellow sheaves are piled,
The toil is mirth—the mirth is wild;

Old head and sunny forehead peers
O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
Drowned amid the waving ears.

Draw the clear October out,
Another and another bout,
Then back to labour with a shout.

The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.

Laughter flies from door to door,
To see fat Plenty, with his store,
Led a captive by the poor;

Fettered in a golden chain,
Rolling in a burly wain,
Over valley, mount, and plain;

With a great sheaf for a crown,
Onward he reels, a happy clown,
Right through the middle of the town.—p. 248.

We must make room for four very beautiful stanzas, selected from the 'Song of an Old Man'—

But take me back where lie inurn'd
The ashes of imperial joys,
Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,
Great passions with their torches burn'd.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,
And sets upon their ancient thrones
The scatter'd monumental bones
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath
 Of virgin song, and fair young Love
 Is seen his golden plumes to move
 Over the dim gray land of death.
 My heart is like a temple dim,
 Down whose long aisle the moonlight floats.
 And sad celestial organ notes
 Hover like wings of cherubim.—p. 9.

There is a touching and solemn beauty in these lines; and had the author always written as well, he would have made a name to himself as poet. As it is, we think that out of the Tennyson family, most of whom are poetic, only one has the slightest chance of going far down to posterity. Minds of the moonlight order will insist on it that Frederick is a poet. So be it; we will not quarrel; only he is not one of ours.

William Allingham is a singer of pleasant songs; albeit on his first appearance he raised hopes which he has disappointed. He has for some time been recognised as one of the truest among our rising young poets by sundry intelligent critics. This little volume of 'Day and Night Songs' does not contain much in the way of fulfilment, as the fruit of three years' silence. Nevertheless, his song is genial and welcome. He has little passion, small poetic force, and no sublimity. But there is a tender grace and a dreamy sweetness about some of his lyrics, which give them a soft and mystical charm. They might have been written by a delicate maiden, and murmured in her dream of coming love. 'Venus of the Needle,' 'The Fairies,' 'The Witch-Bride,' 'The Wayside Well,' and 'Lovely Mary Donnelly,' are among our first favourites; the last-mentioned is peculiarly characteristic in its genuine *naïveté* and affectionate blarney. We select the piece called 'A Dream,' which we have read at times, till so weird has been our feeling, that we could say with Job, 'the hair of our flesh was lifted.'

A DREAM.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night,
 And I went to the window to see the sight;
 All the dead that ever I knew
 Going one by one and two by two.
 On they pass'd and on they pass'd;
 Townsfellows all from first to last;
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,
 And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.
 Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd
 At soldiers once—but now more staid;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Stright and handsome folk ; bent and weak, too ;
 And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed ;
And some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely.
 And yet of them all there was one, one only,
 That raised a head, or look'd my way ;
 And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face !
 Ah, mother dear, might I only place
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made
 Across the moon-stream from shade to shade :
 Young and old, women and men ;
 Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter ;
 And a sound of tears a moment after ;
 And then a music so lofty and gay,
 That every morning, day by day,
 I strive to recal it if I may.

We live in an age of parody and punning. Burlesque is one of the great characteristics of our time. It is fashionable to be a punster and a parodist, just as in the time of the Encyclopædists it was the fashion to sneer, or as, after Byron, we had the misanthropic phase, and it was the *mode* to be miserable. All around us burlesque dangles its wretched effigies. The noblest creations of Shakspeare are metamorphosed into things of scorn, just to pander to the lowest taste and excite a laugh. The old noblenesses, and grand types of Strength, and Beauty, and Poetry, of Greece and Rome, are transformed into gents and swells, slow and fast men. Such being the prevailing epidemic, it is not astonishing that a fresh outburst of poetry, characterized by the wild luxuriance and lush-extravagance of youth, should burlesque 'beautifully.' It has done so, and proven a tolerably successful farce in 'Fermilian.' Read it once, and you feel it to be clever ; read it again, and the after-thoughts are saddening, like those of the reveller's next morning. You are annoyed at gratifying your sense of wit for a moment with so poor a jest. Beside, there is little wit in either swearing or stealing.

How the very signification of the word 'wit' has dwindled to us. How different a thing it was to those glorious fellows who met at the 'Mermaid.' With them a wit was a man of brilliant parts. With us he is a parodist or punster. With them wit meant quick and subtle understanding, sudden luminous bursts

of happy thought, *naïve* touches of characterization, inverted pathos; with us it means 'Macbeth, a burlesque,' a 'Comic History of Rome,' and 'Fermilian.' This is very mournful to one who has any faith, and solemn earnestness, and worship of beauty. 'Fermilian' may be useful in checking certain extravagancies of some recent writers, but we think it will prove far more effective in crushing further attempts of its own kind. In such wise we accept it; even as the Spartans made a slave drunk, that the exhibition of his idiocy might disgust their children. It could not have been a more melancholy warning even if it had been done by a cynical enemy of the burlesque mania. In trying to make others ridiculous Mr. T. Percy Jones has made an ass of himself.

We do not think that Professor Aytoun in the least understands his own position in relation to the young poets and such writers of our time as Ruskin and Carlyle. As a critic, he is somewhat like Gifford in relation to Keats. He has the same plentiful lack of sympathy and want of comprehension, but he substitutes a playful mood for the old critic's savagery. The old style of criticism might excite sympathy for the victim, the new one may elicit laughter at his expense. But he will be just as unsuccessful. He may as well try to stop the next year's flowers from blowing as to put down the writers whom he unfairly classes together and calls the 'spasmodic school.' His endeavours to keep back the tide of opinion from washing out his Edinburgh landmark is just as futile as were the efforts of worthy Mrs. Partington to keep out the rushing tide of the Atlantic from her back-door with a mop. Doubtless this young poetry has many faults; but, for the love of beauty, don't destroy its blossoming flowers, and do wait till they come to fruit before you cut down the tree. Don't knock off its luxuriant leaves and rainbows of bloom because it wears richer colours than your own sapless branches. Yours may have borne fruit in the past, and these will in the future.

The consideration of these characteristics of the literature of our time, and this tendency to make sport, to caricature, and to appear ironical, naturally leads us to remark on another characteristic of the time and its poetry—the absence of lofty religious earnestness. The lips of our bards are seldom touched with live coals from the holy altar. They have little of that faculty which gives such height, depth, and solidity to the human mind, and makes the Anglo-Saxon race the noblest and greatest that ever lived on this earth. For only a highly venerative and sternly earnest people could ever have brought forth a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Bunyan.

The French nation has produced no such men or poetry as we

and so, never less while it is so flippant and sparkingly
 the age we live in is not deeply religious, and its poetry
 the outcome of its self-consciousness, its speculative
 uncertainties, its doubts, and halting utterance.
 No poems ever accomplished have been inspired by
 such a state, and wrought out in religious earnestness. Our
 poets are apt to lie and watch the lazy or troubled stream of their
 unaverted eye, brood over their own pulse, and eat their
 heart. Self-consciousness is their bane. They are self-con-
 scious in the presence of their muse. Now if a man be self-
 conscious in the presence of his mistress, he is a coxcomb. If he
 is self-conscious in the presence of danger, he is inevitably a
 coward. Inspiration only begins where self-consciousness ceases.
 They did not work in such a self-conscious, self-contemplative
 mood, who have compassed immortal achievements, and moulded
 the world to their will, and who in the old days lived their
 unmythical, performed their deathless deeds, and built up their
 great and enduring works. They seem to have gone about
 their work, or walked their way, sublimely unconscious of 'genius'
 and 'greatness' as 'noble boys at play.'

Ah, this consciousness—these pursuing, haunting thoughts
 about self, they are as fatal as the worms in the body of Herod !
 The great thing is to get out of self. We are never so great as
 when carried out of self. Hence the peerless value of the doctrine
 taught by Christ—the self-sacrifice and self-abnegation which he
 inculcated ! Any external influence which takes us out of self
 for worthy ends is acceptable. But, above all—above love,
 patriotism, and affection—is the influence of religion, of worship,
 of adoration, in carrying us away from these petty cankering
 thoughts about self. Reverence is the crown of the human
 development—the loftiest and noblest phase. And only when it
 comes to complete and hallow the intellect shall we see the
 crowning use of human kind, of which we have had glorious
 glimpses in the lives of the illustrious few. At present it would
 seem that we are passing through the intellectual phase. We are
 merely intellectual, or unintellectually religious. The twain
 are not welded. The religious mind cares little or nothing
 for science, and art and the poetic mind is not religious. Of
 course there are individual exceptions; we merely indicate general
 tendencies. As a natural consequence, there is a great dearth
 of religious poetry, and we gladly welcome any singer who
 comes to us poetically and religiously endowed. Mr. Burns is
 essentially a religious poet—not one who merely sets texts of
 Scripture in rhyme and versifies the Bible. His book of
 poems ought to be hailed as manna to the religious world, so
 barren as it is in genuine poetry. There is a most ethereal

spirit and a delicate loveliness in most of these pieces, and they are melodiously evolved. We are inclined to think very highly of the author of these poems, and we trust that he may be in his poetic youth. His are very thoughtful, very reverent, very beautiful strains; and we can very well forego the daring imagination for such words of wisdom, touching grace, and sweet songfulness.

An emphatic recommendation of the book must stand in place of any lengthy quotations. As a specimen of his masterly manner; clear, calm thoughtfulness; and fine finish; we extract a sonnet:—

THE PICTURE OF A MARTYRDOM.

Meek, suffering saint! in holy peacefulness
 Thou standest, budding to thy virgin prime,
 Fair as a lily of thy southern clime
 Erect against the rain. Thy LORD doth bless
 And help thee in this hour: the sharp distress
 Even unto death which tries thee, doth sublime
 Thy maiden modesty before the time
 Into a graver air of saintliness.
 With a sweet smile, thou liftest thy pure eyes
 Heavenward, the while those glowing pincers tear
 Thy dove-like bosom. In thy golden hair
 The lictor's hand is twisted. With surprise
 Thy brutal judge looks on. But in the air
 Thou seest the angel waiting with the prize.—p. 204.

America contains the elements of great poetry, but we cannot say she is rich in written poetry of the loftiest kind. To be sure she has her Longfellow and Lowell, Bryant and Whittier, Poe and Reade, and many others who are crowding about the Temple-gate, but she cannot be said to have done great things in that way as yet. Perhaps it takes many years before the poetic tree strikes sufficient root in a new soil to enable it to bear the finest fruitage. All enduring things are necessarily of slow growth. However, she is learning to know that Poetry, like Charity, begins at home; that she need not come to the Old World to see what man can do and suffer. God is around them, the face of Nature is as full of meaning for them, and let them unroof the human heart, and they shall find the heroism, the chivalry, the self-sacrifice, and the might, that make up the glory of humanity. A new world of poetry exists in America, just as she existed unconsciously before discovered by Columbus; only let the discoverers arise. One of her most recent and best contributions of verse, is a book called 'Passion Flowers,' said to be written by a lady, but published anonymously. We have to object that the writer has not oftener looked homeward for subjects. The

volume contains many fine thoughts and noble lines, and we are occasionally reminded of Mrs. Browning's manner. The following from a piece entitled 'Rome,' is a fair specimen :—

I saw l'Ariccia, where the artist's soul
Revels in light and colour magical.

* * * *

And often, when I've seen the twilight drape
Her folds of sadness o'er the wide domain
Of the Campagna, desolate with tombs,
(Itself a monumental wilderness,)
I've pondered thus: 'Perhaps at midnight here
Wakes the quiescent city of our day,
A Juliet, drunken with her draught of woe,
And wildly calls on Love's deliverance
Writhing in her untimely cerements,
And stiffens back to silence when she hears:
'Love has no help save that which waits on Death.'
Oh no! more piteous still, a mazed child,
Bereft in parentage and destiny,
She wanders, stopping at these stones, to trace
Through wreck and rust of ages, signs that prove
Her filiation to the mighty sires
Whose grim ghosts scare her slumbers, pointing hither.
She feels the kingly impulse of her race,
(For next to soul is sense of generous blood,)
But, too unskilled to construe of herself,
Can only crouch when strangers call her, *Changeling*,
And on the weak, unwilling hand enforce
Their gift of shame—a bondswoman's heritage.'—pp. 22, 23.

'Poems,' by W. S. Sands, constitute a book well printed on fine paper, and filled with three hundred and eighteen pages of very smooth, gentlemanly verse. If the essence of it had been concentrated in a hundred pages, we might have called it poetry. As it is, all individuality is diluted into most vague generalities. Poetry must be exquisite or it is nothing. Poetry is the richest overflow of the finest natures—the best life of their rarest moments—and not the mere casting on paper of all that comes uppermost at all times. Even Wordsworth twaddles when he comes to do that. Mr. Sands' 'Poems' seem like sleight of hand, rather than the result of brain-sweat and beating and burning of heart. Last century he would have made a reputation as a clever versifier, in this, he will find it difficult to get listeners. He has the merit of saying what he has to say without mysticism, only he has so little to say, and nothing that it was imperatively necessary to sing.

'Poems by a Painter,' that is, William Bell Scott, indicate a deeper mine of thought, and perhaps a richer poetic spring than either of the other volumes in our list, and yet they are very

unsatisfactory. Their abruptness and transitionary movement are very tantalizing. In these respects they are not unlike the poems of Emerson. There are fine outlines not filled in; lofty altitudes of thought suddenly lost; snatches of music not sustained. They do not appear to be the outburst of an essentially musical mind. In fact, they are the poems of a painter rather than of a poet; and it is given to but very few to be Michael Angelos. The Muse is a jealous mistress, and tolerates no divided allegiance. They are often markedly original, but the originality sometimes grows into a self-assertive wilfulness, and sometimes dwindles into affectation. Mr. Scott's 'Poems' are well worth buying and reading. They have excited in us a strong interest, and we shall be glad to hear further of him when he has beaten out his music.

We have nothing to say to 'Robespierre, a Tragedy,' by Mr. Bliss, who advertises himself as 'one of her Majesty's counsel,' save that should the author ever be driven to perpetrate a murder more fatal than this of the queen's English, and one that is punishable by the laws of the land, he will have the melancholy satisfaction of being able to point to this book as printed evidence of his insanity. We trust it may be but temporary derangement, for the reputation of the profession to which he belongs. Mr. Bliss ought to appreciate our forbearance in abstaining from quotation. If 'Robespierre, a Tragedy,' be intended for a satire, we trust the author will forgive us for not seeing the joke. If, as we think, it has been committed in serious earnest, then 'Where ignorance is bliss'—'tis folly for us to say any more about it.

We hope that James Henry Powell has found in rhyming its own reward, for we are afraid that he will get little other recompense. It is a pleasant exercise, and one that cannot fail to assist in culturing the mind, only let not the rhymers form too lofty expectations of results, or too flattering an opinion of his powers. If his leisure time cannot be more advantageously employed, let him go on rhyming. James Henry Powell has a certain sense of the common metre kind of music, and strong imitation—these set him singing. But these gifts alone will never entitle a man to set up as poet. Few are poets, many are poetry-bitten.

'Lyric Notes of the Russian War,' by Ruthers, are cast mainly in the measure of 'In Memoriam.' The imitation of Tennyson's verse is servile and unsuccessful. The poem is a kind of chronicle of what has been done in the Crimea; but any one of our newspaper correspondents has told the tale a hundred times more eloquently. Ruthers does not play on a Spartan fife, or blow the exulting battle-trumpet;—he reminds us of a child 'tooting' his penny whistle in the rear of a victorious army.

ART. IV.—*Report of the Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.* Liverpool. 1854. 'Athenæum,' Nos. 1404—1407.

THE scientific history of the past year has not been distinguished by any great discovery. We cannot record the detection of a force before unknown, nor the effects of known agencies in new conditions. For many years light has been so steadily advancing upon the dark places of science, and has penetrated so many recesses of ignorance, that it has become almost a habit with those who watch the progress of scientific knowledge to anticipate novelties, and to imagine that nothing has been done if some startling discovery has not been announced. But uninterrupted conquest is not always the best evidence of progress. Great discoveries produce great excitement, and that is a state of mind unfavourable to the acquisition of those results in which society is most interested. Intervals of repose are necessary to correct errors, to arrange, or, it may be, to tabulate truths, and to view the extent and defects of our knowledge. These are the subjects with which science has been principally engaged during the past year; and if the results are less wonderful than many of those recently obtained by experimental research, they are certainly no less interesting and important.

It is essential to the success of every scientific investigation that the instruments of observation should be perfect in their kind, or else we may register instrumental errors as scientific facts, and construct theories to account for differences which do not exist. One of the first things to be done, therefore, when science resolves to review her position, and estimate the value of her possessions, is to question the agents by which her assumed conquests have been made, and to ascertain whether those instruments have correctly reported the effects they were intended to discover and register.

There are certain departments of science, such as meteorology and navigation, in which all men are interested, and in which most men have been occasional observers. The barometer and thermometer, the chronometer and compass, are household instruments, and the persons who have not used them to obtain permanent records for science, have employed them to gain knowledge for themselves. For the last fifty years the changes they have exhibited have been watched and registered in every part of the habitable globe; and the question is often asked why we are still adding to catalogues which no one thoroughly investigates, and from which only doubtful results have been

obtained. We cannot prophesy from the appearances of to-day what the weather will be to-morrow much better than our grand-sires; and although we have greatly increased the number of ships upon the ocean, we have not diminished the proportion of losses. The men of this generation go faster than the men of the last; but, in matters of practical science, they move with so small an increase of safety that prudence suggests the necessity of inquiring, why, with so much more knowledge, there is not a proportionate amount of wisdom. The first step in this investigation is to test the accuracy of the instruments of observation—to know whether we can depend upon the assistants we employ, and reason with safety upon the information they give us. It would have been better to have made this inquiry before, but it is not too late now, for if by the discovery of error we are compelled to reject as useless much that we had before thought valuable, future errors will be avoided, if truth is not immediately gained.

It was probably with some such opinions as these that the British Association recommended the Kew Committee to examine the construction and test the accuracy of all the varieties of thermometer and barometer in common use. The utter worthlessness of a large proportion of these instruments was immediately discovered, for it was seldom that any two gave precisely the same reading under the same circumstances. This result, not altogether unexpected, proved the necessity of rejecting a large number of registered observations; but at the same time, it suggested the importance of providing for scientific, if not for popular use, instruments of better character. The difficulty, so far as the thermometer was concerned, was soon overcome, for the value of its registrations entirely depends upon careful construction. But in the manufacture of a barometer attention must be paid to the circumstances under which the instrument is to be used. One that is suitable for observations on land will not necessarily give correct results at sea. A certain pumping of the mercury is produced by the motion of a ship, and to correct this there must be a contraction of the tube. To ascertain the degree of contraction requisite to destroy this oscillation of the mercurial column, experiments have been made under the direction of the Kew Committee, and many important facts in reference to the use and construction of the instrument have been discovered. Some years have been spent in these investigations, but the time has not been lost, for trustworthy barometers are now to be obtained at so low a price that accuracy may be secured for less money than error. But although this is literally the truth, one instrument cannot be adapted to two conditions; so that for the perfect registration of atmospheric

pressure at sea, two barometers are necessary, one for calm and another for stormy weather. Whether our merchant sailors will accept the assistance liberally offered to them may be doubtful, but should these perfect instruments be introduced, either by choice or compulsion, the sailor will derive a future as well as a present advantage from the investigation; and the log book, which is now, in too many instances, a worthless document when the voyage is ended, will become a valuable book to the man of science, from which new facts may be gathered for the benefit and security of future navigators. That these labours would be appreciated by the governments of great commercial nations was to be expected; and prudence suggested the necessity of immediately introducing the improved instruments into their navies. In this instance there has been no delay on the part of naval authorities. The Kew Committee have, at the present time, for verification, a large number of thermometers and barometers, constructed under its superintendence, for our own Board of Trade and the navy of the United States.

The commercial interests common to England and America necessarily produce a community of motive in scientific research, and a participation in the benefits resulting from it. This is especially the case in all that concerns the navigation of the ocean. England performs an imperative duty, as well as an act of friendship, in testing the marine barometers and thermometers of America. For this we can take no credit to ourselves, as it is only an acknowledgment to the United States that we have been benefited by her example and labour. It may not be known to some of our readers that the American government has been for some years actively and systematically collecting and arranging information from all credible sources relating to the winds, tides, currents, and temperature of the ocean. The direction of this inquiry was entrusted to Lieut. Maury, who suggested it. By the ready assistance he received from the mercantile marine of his own country, he has been able to supply the sailors of all nations with a variety of charts and printed records which have done much to give security to the navigation of the seas they describe. While receiving this lesson in practical science from a nation whose energy in enterprise and patience in research, we, of all other people, have most reason to applaud, it is well that the debt should not be forgotten. There never will be a time, we hope, when England will refuse, either from indolence or pride, to assist in any effort which may be made to save life, protect property, or to advance the intellectual and religious freedom of man. The blessings we enjoy and the holy mission we have received from the Most High, demand an acknowledgment in labour which shall have

a higher motive than personal interests or national jealousy. While, therefore, we present to America the barometers and thermometers which have been verified for her navy, we acknowledge our obligations to that well-devised and successfully-pursued scheme which has roused the government of England to an acknowledgment of the necessity of doing something for the improvement of navigation and the safety of commerce. Prompted by men of science who have felt the disgrace of receiving the benefit without participating in the labour of research and experiment, the British government has established a scientific department in connexion with the Board of Trade, the business of which will be similar to that over which Lieut. Maury presides in America. Captain Fitzroy, who is, according to the Earl of Harrowby, 'the one man best fitted to carry out with energy and success' the objects of this department, has been placed at its head. The high praise he has received from his friends will, no doubt, strengthen his determination to perform the duties he has accepted, and thus to satisfy the hopes and deserve the praise of those who welcome him to office. But while it is easy to pardon the injudicious zeal of friends, we must blame every attempt to get credit for what is to be done by finding fault with that which has been done. If it be true that 'the documents hitherto published by Lieut. Maury present too much detail to the seaman's eye,—that they have not been adequately condensed, and therefore are not practically so useful as is supposed,'—if all this be literally true, Captain Fitzroy should not have said it until he had something more than promises to give in return for the documents and suggestions he has received. When, by the collection of data, he is able to prepare 'a number of conveniently-arranged tabular books,' from which, 'at a subsequent period, diagrams, charts, and meteorological dictionaries or records shall be compiled, so that by turning to the latitude and longitude all information about the locality may be obtained at once and distinctly,'—then the public will fairly estimate the value of the labours of Captain Fitzroy, and award him the honour he deserves. That he would, under any circumstances, prove himself an efficient and useful officer there is no doubt; but he has created for himself new motives for exertion in the pledges he has given, for his countrymen will demand their redemption.

But we should not deal fairly with Captain Fitzroy if we left our readers to imagine from one injudicious expression that he altogether undervalues the labours of Lieut. Maury, in comparing them with his intended future performances. In another place he has dealt more generously with his own reputation and the honours of his predecessor.

The success of the experiments to be now made by British and American navigators under the direction of scientific governmental departments respecting the weight and temperature of the sea and atmosphere, depends chiefly upon the accuracy of the instruments of observation—upon the possession of barometers and thermometers which tell the truth everywhere. The storm makes its coming known on the mercury of the barometer before it bursts on the ship, bowing its proud streamers to the crests of the mountain waves. The floating ice-island sends a chilly stream as the herald of its coming, and the thermometer does not interrogate it in vain, when it returns with its message to the hand of an intelligent mariner. The sailor can no more plough the highways of the ocean without the barometer and thermometer than a surveyor can register the lines of an intended railroad without chain and level. But something more is wanted for safe travelling upon the ocean highways. The sailor must have guides to lead him to them, and to prevent him from straying. For this purpose, the chronometer and the compass are required; and we must now see what science says about their qualifications, and by what means it hopes to make them more fit for the duties they have to perform.

When the British Association met at Liverpool, in 1837, the committee presented a memorial to the town council of the borough recommending the establishment of a nautical observatory; and among the duties which, in their opinion, should be undertaken by such an institution, that of receiving and rating chronometers was particularly mentioned. The recommendation of the scientific authorities was favourably received by the town council, and an observatory was soon after established. The management of this excellent institution was entrusted to Mr. Hartnup, of whose labours we can say no less than that they have done honour to the united scientific and commercial spirit which they represent. At the last meeting of the Association, held in the same town, Mr. Hartnup reminded the members of the part they had taken in the establishment of the observatory, and presented them a report of what he had been able to accomplish. By the objects of the establishment, and the recommendation of the Association, his attention had been drawn to the study of chronometers, and to the correction of those errors in rate which arise from a change of temperature. The importance of this subject and the results of his labour we will endeavour to explain.

A chronometer is used at sea to find the longitude. When this indispensable instrument is given to the commander of a ship he is told its rate; that is to say, what it gains or loses daily, that he may make the necessary corrections. Now when it is

remembered that an error of seven seconds a-day will in eighteen days make one of more than two minutes, and that the loss or gain of two minutes may endanger a ship and all it contains, there is no need of argument to prove the necessity of knowing the sources of error, and of determining the amount. It sometimes happens that merchant-vessels have chronometers which are altogether untrustworthy; instruments so bad in construction or adjustment, that the crime of deception, in a matter affecting life as well as property, must be charged against the maker, and culpable ignorance or inattention against the buyer. With these defective and useless instruments the rater has nothing to do; they are excluded altogether from the range of his experiments. But taking the average quality of the chronometers received by merchant-vessels (and they are for the most part inferior to those accepted by the navy), it is important to determine what circumstances affect their rate, and what is the average of their loss or gain. Some errors arise from circumstances which are not understood; such as a change of place from sea to land, and from one hemisphere to another. All that we at present know is, that 'the average of the sea rates of chronometers employed in the American trade agrees with the rates of the same chronometers on shore in a temperature of about 60°, and that 'the average of the sea rates of chronometers which have been exposed to a tropical climate during a great part of the voyage agrees with the rates of the same chronometers on shore in a temperature of about 80°.'

But there is another still more important source of error which is understood, and which may be corrected—that resulting from a change of temperature. To this subject Mr. Hartnup has given his attention, and the results of ten years' experience are before us. The average change of rate in the chronometers employed by the merchant service, for a change of temperature from 40° to 60° Fahrenheit, is, he says, seven seconds a-day; and this, as already stated, may be a dangerous error.

'This variation of rate,' says Mr. Hartnup, 'differs so much in different time-keepers, that, without a trial, no idea can be formed of its amount in any particular chronometer. In order to show this more clearly, we have compiled from the records of the Observatory three tables: each table shows the change of rate for each of one hundred chronometers, caused by changing the temperature to the extent named in the respective headings. In Table 1 the average change in the daily rate, caused by changing the temperature from 40° to 60° is, 8.97". Taking the two extremes, one chronometer in the hundred gained 15.3", and one lost 72.2" a-day, by changing the temperature only 20°. The average change of rate of the first ten in the hundred is 7.1" gaining; the average of the second ten is 0.3" losing; and the average of the last ten in the hundred is 29.8" losing. Tables 2

and 3 show the change of rate caused by changing the temperature from 60° to 80°, and from 50° to 80° respectively, and it will be seen that the variations were much greater in the low than in the high temperatures.'

It is scarcely possible to read this report without believing that we have found the reason why accidents at sea are so frequent. That they are frequent everybody acknowledges, but the statistics are comparatively unknown. A few figures connected with this subject will create a deeper interest in the efforts science is now making to improve the art and increase the profits of maritime navigation. From an analysis of the reports made to Lloyd's of the casualties to sailing vessels at sea during the four years ending 1850, we find that of the gross number (12,041) no less than 5117 were occasioned by vessels being driven on shore, 2665 by collision, and 2295 by wreck; while 204 sailed, and were lost, without leaving a hand to record the destruction. It is appalling to think that even, according to these figures, and they state only a part of the casualties, there is, on the average, an accident at sea once every three hours, by night and by day. The loss of life and property is not correctly known, and the estimated number and amount is so great, that we can scarcely believe the results of our calculations. But it would be of incalculable benefit if we could obtain the statistics of causes—how many arose from ignorance of the rate of the chronometer, how many from the deflection of the compass, and what number were injured or lost because they were not forewarned by the barometer or thermometer. That the want of correct instruments is a fruitful cause in the production of these accidents may be gathered from the fact that they have happened chiefly to vessels between 90 and 500 tons burthen, for only 64 of the whole number of accidents are attributed to vessels of 700 tons and upward. The smaller the vessel—speaking in general terms, and of a class—the more imperfect are the instruments of observation, and the less is the complement of men in proportion to the tonnage; while the general arrangements for comfort and security are below the average of the trade in which the vessel is engaged. There is, therefore, good reason to believe that a large proportion of accidents will fall upon this class of vessels, and that as much of the evil may be traced to defect of instrument as to want of knowledge; in fact, they go hand in hand, to the destruction of life and property. Skill and seamanship are prime qualities in the estimation of safety at sea; but a good seaman depending on bad instruments is like a gipsy guide on a burning heath, when his beacons are a part of a general conflagration.

Mr. Hartnup has done good service to our merchants and their seamen by ascertaining the amount of error to which chronometers

are subject by a change of temperature. If the makers were careful to introduce sufficient compensation, and the owners of ships were more anxious for correct than for cheap instruments, there would be no difficulty in obtaining proper chronometers for the mercantile marine. But the indifference of the merchant and ship-owner supports the apathy of the chronometer-maker, who will continue as long as possible to send his best instruments and improved compensations to Greenwich to be tested for the navy, and find a market for the inferior in the merchant service. To this the owners of small ships must submit till they have the energy and wisdom to establish or support, for their own purposes, an institution similar to that of Greenwich, to examine the qualities of the instruments they are requested to purchase. At the present time there is but one nautical observatory in the country, perhaps in the world. Ships enter every port except that of Liverpool, and the captains have no opportunity, if they desired it, of ascertaining the rates of their chronometers, or the correctness of those other instruments upon which the safety of their ships mainly depends. But let these facts be generally known, and if we have not overvalued the philanthropy as well as the commercial enterprise of our countrymen, observatories will be established in all the principal maritime towns, each having its time-ball and standard barometers and thermometers for the proof or correction of the instruments used in ships. In this matter, individual and national interests, and the obligations of humanity and religion, enforce the dictates of reason and the demands of science.

While all the resources of experimental science are engaged to improve the instruments upon which safe navigation depends, the engineer and ship-builder are projecting new ships of gigantic size and mighty power. When the 'Great Western' was launched it was an almost universal opinion that a larger steam vessel could not be safely carried over the ocean. But then came the 'Great Britain,' and she was condemned as a mad experiment by many an old sailor, who asked tauntingly where the owners would find a commander foolhardy enough to guide her over the Atlantic. But we have not yet, it appears, built a vessel large enough for the new colonial trade which has been opened within the last twenty years. Success sometimes makes men rash, and they only learn prudence when taught by some terrific accident. Are we now to be taught this lesson again by the experiments of the modern ship-builders? or is it true that we have not yet reached those dimensions in naval architecture which it would be unsafe to exceed? Such are the questions many persons are now asking; and so satisfactorily have they been answered, that in spite of the doubts of the timid, and the

forebodings of jealousy, we have confidence in the scientific knowledge and judgment of the professional men who not only admit the possibility of building good ships much larger than any now in existence, but are also making the trial.

Mr. Scott Russell, a gentleman well known in the annals of science, is now building, from the drawings of Mr. Brunel, a large iron ship for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. This ship will be 675 feet long, 83 feet in breadth of beam, and 60 feet deep. It will carry 6000 tons of freight, 500 first-class passengers, 500 second-class, and 1000 third-class. The size of the vessel and the amount of freightage so largely exceed any dimensions and quantities ever before dreamed of, there can be no impropriety or impertinence in inquiring whether such a ship could be safely managed in a stormy sea? and whether there are any advantages in the use of such a vessel to warrant the experiment?

The safety of such a vessel must depend, so far as its mechanical construction is concerned, upon its strength. Upon this point we have the testimony of two men eminently entitled to give an opinion. Mr. Scott Russell, when complimenting Mr. Brunel for the engineering skill and ingenuity he had displayed in designing large ships for our mercantile marine, said that he was perfectly convinced that the forebodings some people had indulged would be found fallacious. Mr. Fairbairn, an equally competent judge, acknowledged that he once thought such a ship would be too large, and that the necessary strength could not be obtained. But he had arrived at an opposite opinion by the examination of Mr. Brunel's drawings. 'I have no doubt now,' he said, 'that the ship will be perfectly strong, and be able to bear a gale of wind without bending. It is built on the same principle as the Britannia Tubular Bridge; and as that mode of structure is able to sustain a bridge without any support in the middle, there can be no doubt that supported, as the ship will be, by the water, it will, under all circumstances, be able to bear the strains to which it may be subjected.' With these opinions we must be content, for higher authority cannot be obtained.

The benefits expected from the use of the proposed large ships, in preference to those now in use for ocean voyages are, increased speed and greater profit,—the latter greatly depending upon the former. It has been discovered, and is now well known, that speed is governed by the length and entrance of the vessel.

'A fine concave entrance,' says Mr. Russell, 'instead of a bluff round bow, is generally admitted to be the best; and in addition to the shape of the water-line, it has been found that the length of the body of a ship facilitates its passage through the water by allowing a longer time for the particles of the fluid to separate. A ship with a fine

concave bow, a long body, and a comparatively round stern, cleaves its passage through the water without raising a wave in front to obstruct its course. No steam ship that is not 180 feet long can be propelled at a speed of sixteen miles an hour without a great expenditure of power; and 400 feet is the shortest length for a ship that is intended to be propelled at so high a speed as twenty-four miles an hour. The 'Himalaya,' which is 365 feet long, has a greater speed for the power employed than any other merchant ship.'

This settles the question how the greatest amount of speed is to be obtained from a given power; and as speed governs profit, the ship-owner has a great interest in facilitating the construction of vessels to secure that object.

The highest rates of freight, we are informed, do not pay the expense of small vessels employed on long voyages. The impossibility of carrying in such vessels as are now afloat a sufficient quantity of coal for a voyage to Australia (for example) compels the owners to establish coal depôts to supply the quantity which they require but cannot carry. This, of course, greatly enhances the value of the fuel; and the unnecessary length of time occupied in the voyage increases the quantity consumed. Now, as by increasing the length of the ocean-going steamers less time will be occupied in the voyage, and all the coal necessary may be carried, with greater space both for passengers and freight, a good profit may be expected by the owner instead of a loss, and the commerce of the country with distant parts of the world will be supported and probably increased.

It is estimated that the ship now building will make a voyage to Australia in thirty, or, at most, thirty-three days, and this statement might lead the reader to suppose, that if so much time is gained in this voyage, a ship of the same dimensions would be suitable for any foreign trade. But this is a deduction which cannot be proved. The dimensions of a ship should have a proportion to the trade in which she is to be employed and the length of the voyage she is to make. The object of the ship-builder should therefore be to supply the power required in the most convenient manner and at the cheapest rate. If this be made a subject of study, the number of the first or largest class steam vessels will always be few in comparison to the number of other vessels employed in the merchant service, however successful the present experiment may be. The 'Himalaya' is, perhaps, the best model yet produced for the ordinary traffic of the ocean, and it is not probable that shipbuilders will gain much advantage by constructing longer vessels, except when required for special purposes.

The introduction of iron as a material for ship-building is one of the most important of the many invasions this age has made

upon old customs. The large vessels which it is proposed to construct could not have been built without it; for timber of sufficient size is not to be obtained, and joints cannot be so made as to have the same strength as a solid piece. But iron can be manufactured of any size, irrespective of shape; and when it is more convenient to unite one piece with another by a joint, a greater strength may, in some instances, be obtained than if the two parts were absolutely united. But although the change of material has increased the strength, improved the shape, and greatly increased the speed of the mercantile marine, there is still one disadvantage attending its use. When it was first proposed to build an iron ship, many reasons were given for calling it a visionary scheme; but of all these there was but one that had the semblance of truth. It would be impossible, it was said, to navigate an iron ship if it were made, for when surrounded by such a mass of iron the compass would be useless. This was greatly overestimating the evil, as we now well know, for iron ships do take long voyages, and the compass is not altogether a useless thing, although it is subject to a deviation from local attractions, which it is most important to correct. 'There are risks at sea,' says the Council of the Astronomical Society, 'which no foresight can correct; but loss from defective compasses or ill-regulated chronometers should be treated as a crime, since common sense and common care will secure the efficacy of both these instruments. It is to be feared that life and property to a large amount are yearly sacrificed for the want of a little elementary knowledge and a small amount of precaution on the part of our seamen, who neglect the safeguards furnished by modern science.'

To this statement we give a ready assent, so far as the chronometer is concerned; but we should be sorry to treat as a criminal a commander who lost his vessel in consequence of a defective compass. It is notorious that compasses are liable to serious derangements in iron vessels, and that there is not at present any adequate means of correcting the error. The needle is always deflected from its position, more or less, in an iron ship; but supposing the displacement to be permanent, it might be corrected by placing it under the immediate counter-action of permanent magnets. This plan was adopted; but a long trial has proved it to be in no case more than partially successful, and, in some instances, absolutely dangerous. At the last meeting of the British Association this subject was discussed by Dr. Scoresby, and we should give an imperfect view of the practical character of the scientific investigations of the past year if we passed it without some notice.

The loss of the 'Tayleur' in the Irish Channel, and the mournful

death of many of her passengers and crew, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. She was a new iron ship, of nearly 2000 tons burthen, and sailed from Liverpool for America with 528 persons on board. On the second day after leaving port the captain came in sight of land at an hour when he supposed he was sailing in the usual course, in nearly midchannel. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the attempt to wear the ship round having failed the anchors were thrown out, but the cables snapped, and the vessel was driven broadside upon Lambay Island. 290 persons were drowned. An investigation of the cause of the wreck followed, and some facts relative to the ship's compasses were made known, for which the public were quite unprepared. One compass, it appeared, was fixed before the helm, and another near the mizen mast. Both of these had been, according to custom, carefully adjusted at Liverpool, and the captain himself had been diligent in verifying their action. Previous to the wreck, however, it was discovered that the compasses differed in direction by as much as three points. Under these circumstances it was necessary to elect by which of the two the vessel should be guided, and that at the helm was chosen. This was the proximate cause of the fatal catastrophe.

To investigate this matter more fully, the Board of Trade instituted inquiries into the cause of the difference between the direction of the two compasses. The Marine Board of Liverpool reported 'that the *'Tayleur'* was brought into the dangerous position in which the wreck took place through the deviation of the compasses, the cause of which the Board cannot determine.' But, it is added, 'numerous instances have been brought under the consideration of the Board, of compasses having proved greatly in error on board both wooden and iron ships in navigating the Irish Channel, which deviation is not accounted for by any theory hitherto propounded.'

Now if it were only in the Irish Sea that the deviation of the compass could be observed, the scientific investigation which this catastrophe still demands should be conducted in that locality, as the danger to be apprehended would in that case be limited to one troubled channel. But the cause is in the ship, and it matters but little where she may be, for the effect is everywhere the same under the same circumstances. Dr. Scoresby, however, thought the subject to be sufficiently important for the consideration of the mathematical and physical section of the British Association at its last meeting, and in introducing it, very properly explained those facts which must guide the inquiry. These facts it may be desirable to review.

The magnet, as everybody knows, has a directive force received from some invisible and subtle agent, which causes it to turn its

ends or poles towards the north and south poles of the earth. This directive force (which, when possessed by steel, under ordinary circumstances, is permanent) is disturbed by the presence of iron, the amount of the deviation depending on the distance between the magnet and the iron, and its direction upon the position of the disturbing agent. A permanent magnet, and such the compass needle is, must therefore be acted upon in all directions by an iron ship, but with forces varying with the quantity and distance of the metal. Looking at this fact only, it was supposed that the final result of the local attraction could be counteracted by adjusting the needle, that is to say, by fixing permanent magnets near the compass, so as to bring the needle into its true magnetic position. Supposing the antagonistic force of local attraction and selected permanent magnets, to be in equilibrio, the needle would be at liberty to obey the impulsive force of the terrestrial magnetism. But it did not occur to those who took this narrow view of the difficulty, that the local attraction is not a fixed or permanent quantity. The deflection of the needle is not the same when the ship is lurching and pitching upon a heavy sea as when she lies moored in dock. But the disturbance might not have been very serious from this cause if it had been the only or even the principal source of derangement. The principal error is in considering the ship as though it were a mass of iron and nothing more. It would be difficult to find a piece of iron which had passed through the hands of the artisan without acquiring some degree of magnetic power. Percussion, contortion, or indeed any mechanical force, gives a directive force, more or less permanent, to iron; the arrangement of the poles being according to the position of the metal at the time. In the very act of constructing an iron ship, therefore, a magnetic force is communicated to it, and the direction of that force will depend upon her position in the stocks in relation to the magnetism of the earth. Hence it will appear that an iron ship when she is launched, is not merely a large ferruginous mass acting upon a permanent magnet under the ordinary conditions of mass and distance, but a floating magnet, or we should perhaps say a combination of magnets, having but little intensity, and holding the power with feeble tenacity. A few days may altogether change her magnetic condition. At one time we see her sleeping in dock, or rising and falling lazily upon the tide, swinging tardily with the ebb and flow. A few hours after she may be ploughing her way through a stormy sea, trembling under every stroke of the piston; and as she pitches and rolls each blow and twist disturbs and changes the magnetic direction she received from the shipwright's hammer.

If such be the magnetic condition of an iron ship—if it be as

we imagine, a reservoir of magnetic forces, there can be no adjustment of the compass; for there is no permanent condition to which the adjustment can be adapted. An arrangement of permanent magnets, which may at one time neutralize the local attraction, and give the needle its proper direction, may at another act as a disturbing force and be the cause of irreparable mischief. The merchant and the ship-owner will do wisely to follow the example of the Admiralty in this matter, and abandon the custom of adjusting ships' compasses; for it is better to trust to the probable detection of an error in the direction of a compass which is free to move, than to place faith in one which is held in the grasp of so many uncertain forces.

From these remarks it must not be supposed that the compass is of little value to the sailor. In spite of its liability to erroneous action it must still be the mariner's guide, and it is often his only one. But there are some precautionary measures which may be taken. They are pointed out by Dr. Scoresby in the following remarks:—

'It is most important for safety in navigating iron vessels, that captains should be made aware of the liability of the compasses to change, and so to mislead them; that they should know the circumstances under which, in accordance with natural laws regulating and applying the earth's inductive action, changes are most likely to occur; that they should always be watchful of opportunities for determining the true magnetic direction with reference to their compasses, by observation of the sun and stars; and that by providing a place for a standard compass aloft, as far from the deviating influence of the body of the ship as possible, they might have guidance sufficient, with some allowances, for steering a correct magnetic course. With the precautions and means such as might be thus applied, the difficulties in respect of compass guidance in the navigation of iron ships might be mainly and practically overcome.'

But with all the caution that can be used the evil still exists, and many are asking what can science do to correct the error. The appeal now made for assistance is pressing,—the urgency is great. To prove this, we may quote from the address of Mr. Towson, the Secretary to the Local Marine Board of Liverpool:—

'In the name of the merchants and shipowners of Liverpool, I implore the attention of the section to this important subject, in the hope and belief that if the members should respond to that appeal, they would be able before the next meeting to confer the benefit they seek, not on their own account alone, nor in consideration of the vast amount of property involved, but for the sake of the vast amount of human life which is continually being jeopardized and lost.'

Upon the methods now used in testing and correcting the

deviation of the needle Mr. Towson speaks with firmness and, from his official position, with authority.

'Besides collateral means adopted for correcting the compass, there are two systems in use for that purpose: Captain Johnson's system of swinging the ship and tabulating the results, which is exclusively employed in the royal navy; and the Astronomer Royal's method of compensating the compasses by means of magnets, which is almost exclusively resorted to in the port of Liverpool. The objection to Captain Johnson's plan is, that the corrections are liable to be employed the wrong way. After examining about 2000 masters of merchant vessels, I am convinced of the soundness of this objection. There is a general tendency in practice to come to a wrong conclusion on the subject. The mariner knows that westerly deviations indicate that the north end of the needle is drawn to the west, and comes to the conclusion, that if his compass has a westerly deviation it must cause an object bearing north to appear westerly, whereas it would really appear easterly; and I have known the same mistake made on board ships in the royal navy. The most formidable objection to the Astronomer Royal's system is, that the magnetic poles of the compensating magnets are liable to change or to vary in their intensity. The change of retentive magnetism, deviation from heeling, and the change produced by going into the other hemisphere, are defects common to both systems. I have never met with a captain who could tell me the original deviation of his compass. In the case of the 'Tayleur,' the deviation of her steering compass was 60° ; of her compass before the mizen mast 40° . Was there ever such a case in the royal navy? Lieutenant Pasce, when appointed to the 'Jackal,' in 1845, was dissatisfied with a deviation of 25° , and obtained permission of the Admiralty to have the compass replaced, when it was reduced to 18° ; and no doubt the masters of merchant vessels would, on this point, be equally prudent if they knew the real amount of the original error.'

It is greatly to be desired that some process should be discovered for the correction of the errors to which the mariner's compass is liable; and surely it is not indulging a flattering hope, considering the present state of experimental science, if we venture to anticipate that some correction will be found before another year has passed.

The brief review we have taken of the scientific labours of the past year will amply justify the assertion that they have been eminently practical. Science, when pursued in a Christian spirit, is always philanthropic in its objects and results. Its purposes are to protect man from the evils of ignorance, and to give him the security and benefits of knowledge; and in no way can it effect these objects more completely than by supplying him with, if we may so speak, perfect tools for the exercise of his energy and industry. But before we close this sketch of last year's labour, it will be necessary to mention one or two other

subjects, less practical in their character, which have also received some attention from men of science, and are likely to be still further pursued during the present year.

The large increase in the number of private astronomical observatories is doing much to extend our knowledge of celestial objects and to accumulate data, the value of which will be fully recognised by future observers. Four more planets have been discovered, and the same number of comets. Of the four planets, three were first observed in Mr. Bishop's observatory,—two by Mr. Hind and one by Mr. Maith. The fourth was discovered by Mr. Luther, at the observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf. The four comets are new to us, if not to our system, for they cannot be identified with any that have been before observed. One was observed at Berlin, two at Gottingen, and the fourth was visible to the naked eye in many parts of Europe, and was, on one occasion, seen in daylight by Mr. Hartnup.

The progress of Stellar astronomy keeps pace with the onward march of discovery in the solar system. The erection of Bessel's noble telescope, and the results obtained with it by that lamented astronomer (of which the measure of the parallax of 61 Cygni was the most important), inaugurated a new era.

A large amount of the labour of the astronomers of the two last centuries, long comparatively useless, is now being reduced and catalogued. In some instances this has been already partially done, but much still remains to be done. The British Association volunteered to assist in the accomplishment of the task, and in 1845, published a catalogue of eight thousand three hundred and seventy-seven stars. This catalogue includes many stars of the seventh magnitude; but as these are often calculated from one observation, chiefly by Laland and Lacaille, they are not uniformly correct. In spite of this, however, although the astronomer does sometimes turn his telescope to the point indicated and does not find the star;—and although the place of a star employed as a point of reference for some moving body is not always correctly defined;—the catalogue is valuable, and the errors will be surely, though slowly, corrected. The detection of error is also an excitement to improvement, and the importance of making another attempt to supply the wants of the astronomer is already acknowledged:—

‘The British Association would add greatly to the benefits it has already conferred on astronomical science,’ says Professor Challis, ‘by promoting the publication, when sufficient materials can be collected, of a general catalogue of all stars to the ninth magnitude inclusive, which have been repeatedly observed with meridian instruments. The modern sources at present available for such a work are the reduced and published observations of the Greenwich, Pulkowa, Edinburgh,

Oxford and Cambridge Observatories, and the recently completed catalogue of twelve thousand stars observed and reduced by the indefatigable astronomer of Hamburg, Mr. Charles Rumker, together with numerous incidental determinations of the places of comparison stars in the 'Astronomische Nachrichten.' To complete the present account of the state of Stellar astronomy, mention should be made of two volumes recently published by Mr. Cooper, containing the approximate places arranged in order of right ascension of thirty thousand one hundred and eighty-six elliptic stars from the ninth to the twelfth magnitude, of which a very small number had been previously observed. The observations were made with the Makree equatorial, and have been printed at the expense of her Majesty's government.'

We cannot mention the subject of astronomy without a particular reference to the application of electricity to the duties of the astronomical observatory. Telegraphs, signal balls, and sympathetic clocks, are now to be classed among the common things, and their operations are understood by all intelligent men who watch the progress of discovery and its influence upon society. But it may not be generally known that in no scientific pursuit or commercial enterprise is the voltaic battery more useful than in an astronomical observatory. There is something apparently fabulous, or it certainly would have been so designated a few years ago, in the statement that an electric clock in Greenwich Observatory 'maintains in sympathetic movement the large clock at the entrance gate, two other clocks in the Observatory, and a clock at the London-bridge Terminus of the South-eastern Railway:—it sends galvanic signals every day along all the principal railways diverging from London:—it drops the Greenwich ball, and the ball on the offices of the Electric Telegraph Company in the Strand, and the correctness of the last of these operations is tested by means of a galvanic signal needle upon the case of the Greenwich transit clock. All these effects are produced without sensible error of time.' A time-signal ball at Deal has also been connected with the electric arrangement at Greenwich, and thus the shipping in the Downs is provided with the means of obtaining correct time.

Public attention was sometimes since drawn to an ingenious method of determining the difference of longitude between distant places by voltaic signals, invented and used in America. By this method the Astronomer Royal has determined the difference of longitude between Greenwich and the Observatories of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Brussels; and in the same manner Professor Encke has obtained the difference of longitude between Berlin and Frankfort-on-the-Maine. As soon as the necessary apparatus and turntables had been made for a branch line of voltaic wires from Greenwich Observatory to London-bridge, and these preliminary operations which are necessary to give facility

of manipulation were completed, experiments were commenced to determine the difference of longitude between the Observatories of Greenwich and Cambridge. This was the first application of the method in England. In operations of this kind two persons are required at each station. One is the signal giver, who, while observing the transit of stars over the wires of the transit circle with his eye applied to the telescope, completes the voltaic circuit with his finger. The other is the signal observer, and his duty is to watch the motion of the needles and record the time; and at Greenwich this may be done with the greatest accuracy, for the galvanic needle is carried by the transit clock. The order of operation is described by the Astronomer Royal in the following passage:—

‘At 11 P.M. Greenwich mean solar time, Greenwich commenced by giving five signals at intervals of about 2" each. The turnplates were changed, and Cambridge responded by five similar signals. These were merely to say “all is right.” Then Greenwich gave batches of signals in numbers of from three to nine (some of them being transits of stars) to 11^h 15^m. Then Cambridge gave similar batches to 11^h 30^m. Then Greenwich gave signals to 11^h 45^m, and Cambridge to 12^h 0^m. This closed the night’s signals. From one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and fifty efficient signals were given, and as the observation of a signal is perhaps rather less accurate than the observation of a transit wire, the probable error of the mean of these will be fairly comparable with that of the determination of clock error in an evening’s transits.’

The long disputed question of the origin of the spots on the sun is again revived, and we may now hope to have it settled at no very distant period; or if this cannot be at once done, we shall at least ascertain if any, and what, connexion exists between their changed form and place and certain physical phenomena with which they are supposed to have some unknown relation. The Kew committee purpose to take a daily image of the sun by the aid of photography, and arrangements are being made for that purpose at the Meteorological Observatory under the advice of Sir John Herschel. Speaking generally of the arrangement, it may be said to consist of a telescope mounted equatorially with a clock motion in parallel; but Herschel himself will describe, in the following passage, the object proposed, and the means by which it is to be obtained—

‘The image to be impressed on the paper (or collodionized glass) should be formed not in the focus of the object lens, but in that of the eye lens drawn out somewhat beyond the proper situation for distinct vision, and always to the same invariable distance, to insure an equally magnified image on each day. By this arrangement a considerably magnified image of the sun, and also of any system of wires in the

focus of the object glass, may be thrown upon the focusing glass of a camera box, adjusted to the eye end of the telescope. By employing a system of spider lines parallel and perpendicular to the diurnal motion, and so disposed as to divide the field of view into squares, say of five minutes in the side, the central one crossing the sun's centre (or rather as liable to no uncertainty, one of them being a tangent to its lower or upper limb), the place of each spot on the surface is, ipso facto, mapped down in reference to the parallel and declination circle, and its distance from the border, and its size, measurable on a fixed scale. If large spots are to be photographed, specially with a view to the delineation of their forms and changes, a pretty large object glass will be required, and the whole affair will become a matter of much greater nicety; but for reading the daily history of the sun I should imagine a three-inch object glass would be ample. The representations should, if possible, be taken daily, and time carefully noted.'

It must not be supposed that this is a novel experiment. It has no claim to originality except as a continuous experiment. In 1842 Dr. Draper took a beautiful photographic impression of the solar spectrum in the south of Virginia, from which he deduced that negative rays exist on both ends of the spectrum, and do not depend on refrangibility. Whether he attempted at that time to take a portrait of the sun we are not certain, but believe that he did so. It matters however but little who may have been the first to succeed in the bold design of taking the sun's photographic likeness; it has now been done so often that by this time it must have been stereotyped, and many indications of the results to be anticipated from a consecutive course of observations have been already indicated. According to M. Wolf, the director of the observatory at Berne, the number of spots visible upon the disc of the sun return periodically, and the years in which the spots have been most numerous have been the driest and most fertile. In 1852 Professor Secchi, of Rome, took a daguerreotype view of the sun during an eclipse. This experiment seems to have been made, principally, for the purpose of testing the accuracy of M. Fizeau's statement that the chemical energy of solar light is more active in the rays which proceed from its centre than those which come from the edge of its disc. Having, as it would appear, confirmed this report, he extended his inquiries, and proved that the heat of the solar rays is twice as great at the centre as at the border of the sun's image, and that the maximum of heat is on the solar equator. If this be the fact, the equatorial regions of the sun are hotter than the polar, and we must not only reject the old theory of the sun being a globe of fire, but calculate what effect the newly discovered condition of the sun would have on the climatology of the earth, not forgetting the supposition, already confidently expressed, that the two solar hemispheres have different temperatures, and con-

sequently, that in estimating seasons, we must take into consideration which pole of the sun is turned to the earth.

The committee appointed by the British Association in 1852 to report on the physical character of the moon's surface, as compared with that of the earth, have a task which will probably occupy more time, if a thorough investigation be intended, than is expected. To collect and arrange the materials for the proposed report, if it is to be in any respect historical, will be a work of labour, but one of so much interest, that any man suited to the task must derive more pleasure from the investigation than from the anticipation of the credit to follow, although that will not be meagre if the execution be satisfactory. But in all probability this is no part of the design. The object is to obtain a series of photographic views of the moon, and to deduce from them, and from such observations as may be made, a theory of the physical constitution of that satellite. Dr. Robinson of Armagh made an attempt to take an image of the moon. For this purpose he took, as he supposed, a favourable opportunity, but failed; for after exposing a prepared surface for twenty minutes, no image was impressed. From this he deduced that lunar light has no chemical action upon the ioduret of silver; but this generalization has not been supported by succeeding experiments. Sharp edged and well developed pictures of the moon have been since obtained by many astronomers, and there can be no doubt that other still more perfect pictures will be procured. We cannot now, from the want of time and space, even state, not to say investigate, the results obtained by Professor Ponzi, a geologist well acquainted with the volcanic districts of Italy, but the opinions of this observer will be carefully considered by Professor Phillips, who has in many particulars deduced the same conclusions from independent observation.

We must say one word about the progress of geology; that universally popular science which gains admirers everywhere, and students and co-operators from all classes—some to satisfy their curiosity, some their wonder, but others (and they are the larger number) to satisfy their love of inductive reasoning. To describe, and estimate the labours of the geologists during twelve months, would occupy more pages than we are giving to all the reported doings of the British Association; but there are always subjects of peculiar periodical interest, and these were last year the classification of the Silurian formations and the distribution of gold. Upon the former we have a few words to say.

Sir Roderick Murchison is fairly entitled to great honour for his investigation of the, so-called, Silurian formations. The most enthusiastic of his admirers cannot, in this respect, award him a

larger meed of honour than we are willing to grant. He has 'made out,' or, in less technical phraseology, he has investigated, arranged, classified, and, if the term were admissible, he has fossil-hunted an immense deposit of Palæozoic rocks, which all the world had before disregarded,—literally passed by as worthless, not deserving investigation. As this honour is his own, out of the reach of envy though enviable, he must diminish his fame by appropriating that which belongs to another. When those inquiries commenced which have led to these satisfactory results, Sir Roderick, then Mr. Murchison, had a companion, friend, tutor,—What name shall we give him? any will be appropriate which recognises friendship without competition; for the existence of any such feeling between the two men would be absurd, and might verge into the ridiculous. But they appear to have been agreed upon the necessity of studying by observation the doubtful rocks lying between the well-known primitive and secondary formations. Sedgwick undertook what might then have been spoken of without much exaggeration as the impossible task, or, at least, the forlorn hope, of depicting the geological history of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Wales; while Murchison devoted himself to Hereford, Shropshire, and the neighbouring counties of South Wales. Fortune did not, in this instance, favour the braver; but both earned honours; and if the louder praise came to one, the most valued were offered to the other. But by some chance or the other, Sedgwick's diggings have gone to Murchison's profits, and the loser very properly complains that by some unfortunate circumstance he has been deprived of the reward of his labour. Now, Sedgwick happens to be a man possessing a profound knowledge of geology, bringing to every research in which he is engaged, a keen observation, a logical mind, and that broad perception of cause and effect which, in science, is genius. He is, too, a man of lively wit, and of earnestness of purpose, and he has an appropriate facility of expression which make him a most agreeable and esteemed companion, whether he comes in page or person. Such a man cannot imagine himself injured without securing listeners to his complaints, if he chose to make them. He believes himself to have been deprived, by his coadjutor, of the right which every discoverer possesses of naming and retaining, till sovereign authority has decided otherwise, the conquests he has made. An amicable misunderstanding has thereupon arisen between him and the author of the Silurian system, which involves the question of scientific accuracy and judicious classification, as well as the rights of scientific conquest.

To illustrate these remarks, we must state the facts:—Beneath the new red sandstone and above the metamorphic rocks there is a series of rocks appropriately named by Sedgwick, the Palæozoic.

This series is as distinctly marked as the Tertiary and Secondary systems. The propriety of the division and of the name has been acknowledged by geologists in all parts of the world, and the designation will probably remain when the conventional phraseology of the science, too much cherished, has been forgotten. This system of rocks was divided into groups, commonly known as the Permian, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian. These divisions are supposed to be established by the necessity of order; but some adventurous Silurian chief attacked and annexed Cambria, invading it, as its chieftain says, without a declaration of war. But if, as Sedgwick seems to have proved, the upper Caradoc or May-hill sandstone possesses fossils belonging to the Silurian series, and the Caradoc is connected by all its characters with the Cambrian, the old land-marks must be restored, and the veteran conqueror must be re-established in the possession of that which he has so honourably won.

There are many other subjects, theoretical and practical, which we might be expected to mention, but both time and space are exhausted. Enough has been said to prove the value of the scientific labours of the past year, and the character of future research is indicated in the fact that the men of science in our day are devoted to that knowledge which ministers to the public good.

ART. V.—*The Annotated Edition of the English Poets.* By Robert Bell. 'Dryden.' 3 vols. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

THE successive vicissitudes of rise, fashion, and decay, which pass upon the materials of language, have been gracefully compared by Horace to the analogous changes which annually take place in the foliage of trees; the poet ascribing to custom that dominion over words which Nature exercises over the vegetable creation. The image is as true as it is beautiful, except that it reverses chronology—inasmuch as we are the ancients, and look back to our far distant ancestors as the infants of the race. So the Romans saw in Ennius, and we in Chaucer and Spenser, not the blossoms of spring, but the decayed foliage of winter, while summer blossoms and autumnal fruits enrich the later eras of national literature.

There must necessarily be a period at which these seasons meet. That is not when summer mellows into autumn, but when winter is regenerated into spring; in other words, the best language of a nation only decays with the decease of national individuality, in which event it, like those who spoke and wrote it, puts on

the livery of the victor. Some writers, and those not unfrequently men of the rarest eminence, occupy the parenthesis of time that witnesses the transition. If their lot is happily cast in the spring tide of their nation, they wear the garb, not of subservience, but of triumph. The spoils with which they deck their antiquated costume inaugurate a more graceful fashion. They seem like corn-blades glinting through the snow, or remind us of those arresting phenomena we sometimes observe in trees, which produce their new buds before they have shed their dead leaves, and the green shoots brighten into vernal life swathed in the sere *exuviae* of the past winter.

Of this image Dryden is the literary exemplification. He cultivated, at least in his poetry, that border land which lay between the hyperboreal regions of the earlier literature of England ruled over by Chaucer and by Spenser, but more fertile under the sunshine of the Elizabethan epoch, and that richer domain in which modern poetry has flourished. One, indeed, of his contemporary sovereigns of song pushed his conquests further into the sunny zone; but Milton's genius was supremely independent of circumstance. Seated on an inaccessible height, he enjoyed an almost noontide ray, while his contemporaries below were in twilight. His sovereignty of genius superseded all common laws. Like swift-winged birds of passage, he

‘Chased the seasons, and o’ertook the day,’

and it is almost as true of him, in his history as in his fancy, that—

‘He passed the flaming bounds of space and time.’

Milton, therefore, furnishes no exception against our general statement, that the age of Dryden was an age of literary transition; for while some of his prose smacks racily of the elder English style, there are not a few passages in his poetry in which it would be a venial error to mistake him for Pope, or even for Johnson. In poetic conception and style he struggled to shuffle off the coil of those models of the French school amidst which his predecessors were entangled; and, like Milton, informed his taste with Italian fiction and song, while he imported into his language that strong tincture of Latinity which has ever since more or less pervaded our literature, and which, when it had attained its highest colour, drew from Sir James Mackintosh a declaration, to be found in his ‘History of England,’ that our language was only beginning to recover from the almost irreparable mischief done to it by the writings of Dr. Johnson. This peculiarity of style, of which he evidently regards himself as the chief originator, he thus justifies in his account of his own poem ‘Annus Mirabilis,’ addressed to Sir Robert Howard—‘Upon

your first perusal of this poem you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin, which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and in this Horace will again defend me—

“ Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parçè detorta——”

The inference is exceeding plain, for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, but put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty, how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In a word, Dryden belonged to a period of social and literary twilight. Of those facts in his history which in the biographies of most distinguished men are fixed and definite, we have but an uncertain knowledge. It is chiefly his published writings which throw their rays through the nebulous atmosphere which invests his career. We peer through the mist to see if indeed he was the morning star of literature, and hail him with a dubious veneration as

——— Brightest in the train of night
If, rather, he belonged not to the dawn.

Here again we join our voices to the common lamentation, which mourns the absence of that accurate biography which is, in fact, the condensation and the quintessence of all history. In the writings of such men as Dryden, we acquaint ourselves only with their ghosts—‘dim forms of uncircumscribed shade,’ and how fondly, yet how vainly, we desiderate the *men* as they lived, and talked, and behaved among their companions. So truly did the poet say, that the brave who flourished before the era of Homeric song perished in inglorious oblivion, for want of the celebrating bard, well called sacred, because he preserved in an inviolable sanctuary the memory of the mighty dead. If it were supposable that the steam engine and the electric telegraph should become the fables of a distant posterity, how gladly would our descendants exchange the mythic wonder of an empire traversed in a day, or a message from distant lands communicated in a second, for the working model of a locomotive, or a clear description of that miraculous machine which realizes the wildest prayer that ever diverted Olympus—

Ye gods, annihilate but time and space,
And make two lovers happy!

John Dryden was born at the village of Oldwinkle, All Saints, Northamptonshire, on the 9th of August, 1631. His ancestors were dissenters, and from the absence of any registry of his baptism in this or any of the neighbouring village churches, it has been assumed that his parents were baptists. He received his early education at Tichmarsh, or at the neighbouring school at Oundle, and was afterwards admitted a king's scholar at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby.

In May, 1650, he was elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, took his bachelor's degree in January, 1653-4, and was made Master of Arts in 1657, by dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of his college course nothing is known. If in early life he was imbued with nonconformist principles, they had little chance of surviving the joint influences of Westminster School and Cambridge University. For the former he always entertained a high veneration, while of the latter he ever held a very low opinion. His vigour of intellect was not torpedied by its routine, and he brought from it a rich accumulation of scholarship.

In 1657 he exchanged his college seclusion for London life. This he entered under the auspices of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a rigid puritan, who enjoyed the confidence of Cromwell, and to whom Dryden is generally supposed to have acted as secretary. In accordance not only with the influences of his position, but also with the traditional politics of his family, he attached himself to the faith and fortunes of the Commonwealth; and the first poem which brought him into public notice was his 'Heroic Stanzas' on the death of Oliver Cromwell, written two years afterwards. They indicate a very accurate knowledge of the Protector's great characteristics, and among thirty-seven stanzas, many of which are stiff and turgid, the three following are at once the most laudatory and poetical:—

6.

His grandeur he derived from heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

15.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived: no winter could his laurels fade.
Heaven in his portrait showed a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

37.

His body in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blessed
Where piety and valour jointly go.

Within two years from the publication of this poem we find his name attached to another, entitled 'Astræa Redux; a Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second, 1660.' The publication of this poem gives us the first glimpse of the unprincipled venality of Dryden's character. His nature was insusceptible of that enthusiasm especially natural to the young, which could glow in the contemplation of the greatness of those principles for which Cromwell fought. The stern simplicity of the victor, the reposing majesty and conscious greatness which could dispense with the externals of sovereignty, reigning without the purple, and swaying the destinies of the civilized world without the sceptre; the grandeur of a religion without ceremony; a policy untrammelled by diplomatic artifice; and an imperial power without the coarseness of despotism, and the constellation of the heroes of freedom whose names sparkle with undying lustre in that richest vein of time;—none of the emotions which all this was calculated to excite burned in the bosom of Dryden, nor could the dastard indignities practised on the disinterested person of his belauded Cromwell elicit a single expression of indignation or of scorn. 'There was nothing,' says the editor, 'to be hoped or feared from the descendants or adherents of the Protector.' This consideration may not have influenced the poet; but the reader can hardly avoid being affected by it when he finds that almost every topic which in the former poem was referred to as a subject of panegyric is here made a ground of reproach or lamentation. England is described as having been isolated from the policy of Europe; church and state as groaning for the return of the king, with fanaticism in the pulpit and faction on the throne. Even peace, which had been extolled as the great work of the 'Protector,' becomes a 'dreadful quiet' and 'horrid stillness;' and the treaty which followed speedily on the death of Cromwell between France and Spain is cited as evidence that Providence had abandoned the kingdom. His eulogy of Cromwell was evidently what he himself designates 'painted fire;' while his adulation of the second Charles is something at once more tame and less natural. One or two of his extravagancies will suffice to justify our censure:—

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approaches you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears;
But you whose goodness your descent does show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.

Not tied to rules of policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
 A sight of all he could behold, and live,
 A voice before his entry did proclaim
 Long suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
 Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
 Your goodness only is above the laws,
 Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
 Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew
 When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
 Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite;
 And as those lees that trouble it refine
 The agitated soul of generous wine,
 So tears of joy for your returning spilt
 Work out, and expiate our former guilt.—Vol. i. pp. 123, 124.

And again—

That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
 It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.—Ib. p. 125.

One other line seems to sign and seal this abdication of all self-respect and manhood—

'For what the powerful takes not, he bestows.'

The line of Virgil,

'*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,*'

will not bear reflection; but this wholesale justification of the right of might might have been heard without surprise from Jeffries, but is painfully strange from the lips of Dryden. It is humiliating to imagine the author of the Eulogy on Cromwell sneaking by the wall about town, hugging his carcase and pouring out his abject blessings on the almighty grace of the king which suffered him to be in existence.

But this, it may be said, was in anticipation of a reign which might be illustrated by dignity and virtue, and blest with halycon days of peace and freedom.* Not so; after an interval of twenty-five years, over the annals of which humanity blushes

* The same remarks apply to his panegyric on the coronation of his majesty in 1661, in which, among other follies, the following lines occur:—

Wrapt soft and warm, your name is sent on high,
 As flames do on the wings of incense fly.
 Music herself is lost; in vain she brings
 Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
 Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
 And lie like bees in their own sweetness drowned.—Vol. i. p. 131.

and sickens, we find him writing in the same strain the 'Threnodia Augustalis, a Funeral Pindarick Poem, Sacred to the Happy Memory of King Charles the Second,' in which his eulogies on the king are still more nauseous:—

Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he loved before, his dying beams he cast;
Oh, truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!—Vol. ii. p. 65.

Nor was Dryden's monstrous adulation of the king, and that with reference to the basest attributes of his nature, confined to his poetry, to which branch of literature a considerable amount of licence has always been conceded. In his preface to 'Absalom and Achitophel,' his eulogium upon the king is equally absurd and profane. 'God is infinitely merciful, and his vicegerent is only not so because he is not infinite.' To apologize for this prostitution of genius and literary position would be vicious, even were it possible; but to account for it is not so difficult a matter. He had meanwhile been made the poet laureate to Charles the Second; and such laurels might well drip an oblivion of virtue and honour over a higher nature and a purer heart than that of John Dryden.

As the work before us excludes the plays of Dryden, we shall no further notice him as a dramatic writer than to exhibit his views on the use of rhyme in this department of poetical literature. Its editor observes that he was the first writer who advocated and attempted to vindicate, upon critical grounds, the employment of rhyme in plays. Dryden then maintained that 'rhyme has all the advantages of prose, besides its own,' and that in repartee the sudden smartness of the answer and the sweetness of the rhyme set off the beauty of each other. His views on this subject are thus succinctly given by Mr. Bell:—

'The principal benefit he proposes as resulting from the use of rhyme is, that it prescribes bounds to the fancy, and by compelling the sense within certain limitations, prevents the poet from being carried away into that luxuriance and superfluity to which he is liable, from the great easiness of blank verse. The manner in which Dryden expresses this doctrine is as remarkable as the doctrine itself: "The great easiness of blank verse renders the poet too luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things which might better be omitted, or at least shut up in fewer words; but when the difficulty of artful rhyming is interposed, when the poet commonly confines his sense to his couplet, and must contrive that sense into such words that the rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the rhyme, the fancy then gives leisure to the judgment to come in, which seeing so heavy a tax imposed, is ready to cut off all unnecessary expenses."—Vol. i. p. 32.

All these opinions, however, he subsequently retracted as boldly

as he had laid them down. They had been first expanded and illustrated in his dedication of the play of the 'Rival Ladies' to the Earl of Orrery, and subsequently more fully in his 'Essay on Criticism;' but in 1680, in his Lines to the Earl of Roscommon, he thus denounces the practice—

Barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debase the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose.
That limped along, and tinkled at the close.

We are the less concerned at omitting a criticism on his plays, inasmuch as his fame depends but little upon them, and will probably hereafter depend still less. They were written for the most part with that haste which was necessitated by poverty;* and while they continually exhibit the inalienable vigour of his mind, were defaced with unbearable indecencies. One of them, indeed, entitled, 'Mr. Limberhand; or, the Kind Keeper,' was prohibited after the third performance, on the score of its indecency; an event which, having occurred in the reign of Charles the Second needs no comment. It is only doing justice to Dryden to state, that twenty-two years' afterwards, he openly avowed his repentance for these improprieties, in his preface to the 'Fables,' a selection from the tales of Chaucer, modernized by Dryden, in numbers and style.

'May I have leave,' he says, 'to inform my reader that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I have desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and above all the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners. I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings, and make what reparation I am able by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.*—Vol. ii. pp. 248.

In estimating Dryden's dramatic excellence regard must be had to the fact, that during the whole period of the Commonwealth the theatres had been closed, from a sense, and that by no means a mistaken one, of their baneful influence on public morality. Hence dramatic genius had been laid to sleep during a time when all the powers and passions of society had been kept by unparalleled events in the condition of the intensest vigilance. During

* 'The exigencies,' says Dr. Johnson, 'in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.'

the long trance of the drama, the pulpit superseded the stage with a power and pathos which stirred up the very depths of the social mind, while the most elaborate and animated controversy not only exalted the tastes of the people, but also developed the copiousness and power of their language, to a degree of which it might before have been supposed incapable. With the Restoration the drama arose from the sepulchre, and shook off the dust but not the corruption. During its long sleep, the age and the language had changed. The 'Muse,' as Sir Walter Scott happily observes, 'awoke in the same antiquated and absurd vestments in which she had fallen asleep twenty years before; or, if the reader will pardon another simile, the poets were like those who after long mourning resume for a time their ordinary dresses, of which the fashion has, in the mean time, passed away.' In dismissing Dryden's dramatic productions we quote the language of Mr. Macaulay's admirable Essay in the 'Edinburgh Review.' 'His plays, his rhyming plays in particular, are admirable subjects for those who wish to study the morbid anatomy of the drama. He was utterly destitute of the power of exhibiting real human beings. Even in the far inferior talent of composing characters out of those elements into which the imperfect process of our reason can resolve them he was very deficient. His men are not even good personifications; they are not well assorted assemblages of qualities. Now and then, indeed, he seizes a very coarse and marked distinction, and gives us not a likeness but a strong caricature, in which a single peculiarity is protruded and everything else neglected, like the Marquis of Granby at the inn door, whom we know by nothing but his baldness; or Wilkes, who is Wilkes only in his squint. These are the best specimens of his skill, for most of his pictures seem, like Turkey carpets, to have been expressly designed not to resemble "anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."'

In 1667, Dryden published the 'Annus Mirabilis,' in which, as remarked by his editor, he first developed his powers of description. 'We have here,' he says, 'the dawn of the revolution he afterwards completely effected in English poetry—diction distinguished by strength, purity, and fitness, flowing versification, and the final abandonment, with a few exceptional excesses, of metaphysical obscurity and imagerial conceits.' This work affords one of many instances in which both the writings and the character of Dryden have been the subject of fierce dispute, and that even among the ablest critics. Dr. Johnson characterizes it as one of his most elaborate works, and in this judgment he is both preceded and followed by the opinions of many others whose criticisms may inspire curiosity even where

they do not command respect. On the contrary, Mr. Macaulay says, 'the *Annus Mirabilis*' shows great command of expression. and a fine ear for heroic rhyme. Here its merits end. Not only has it no claim to be called poetry, but it seems to be the work of a man who could never, by any possibility, write poetry. Its affected similes are the best part of it. Gaudy weeds present a more encouraging spectacle than utter bareness. There is scarcely a single stanza in this long work to which the imagination seems to have contributed anything. It is produced not by creation but by construction. It is made up not of pictures but of inferences.—'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xlvii. p. 22.

In the face of these criticisms we must venture to say, that in many stanzas the poetry shows like crippled prose, while in some it exhibits the most detestable vice of Dryden's adulation, the comparison of Charles the Second with the Supreme Being. We instance a stanza describing the sequel of the great conflagration of London in 1666:

The father of the people opened wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed;
Thus God's anointed, God's own place supplied,
And filled the empty with his daily bread.

Had the monarch supplied the wants of the houseless citizens from his own private resources this eulogium could scarcely be defended by religious reverence; but as all the bounties commemorated were extorted from the pockets of the nation, our censure on the impiety of the poet is lost in our ridicule of his absurdity.

In 1681, he brought out the tragic comedy of 'The Spanish Friar,' which we only mention to indicate the change which was now about to pass upon Dryden's religious profession. This, with one memorable exception, was his last manifesto on the side of protestantism, and in it he satirized the Catholics with the utmost animosity; yet in the same year he produced the first part of his celebrated poem, 'Absalom and Achitophel,' which is supposed to have been written at the instance of the king, and to have occupied nine months in its composition. The poem was occasioned by the rebellion of the Earl of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles the Second. Monmouth is represented as Absalom, whose chief adviser, the Earl of Shaftesbury, was Achitophel.

'The Exclusion Bill,' says Mr. Bell, 'was the great question at issue between the king and the whigs; and the Roman-catholic religion, if not actually the religion of the sovereign, was notoriously identified with his party. It was impossible to defend the king, therefore, without seeming to support popery. Such was the dilemma in which Dryden placed himself by his sudden transition from the 'Spanish Friar,' in

which the bitterest scorn and detestation were flung upon the Jesuits, to the 'Absalom and Achitophel,' in which the royal obstinacy was sustained, in its resistance to the protestant appeals of the people. Conscious of the damaging arguments that might be brought against the poem, if the source from whence it proceeded were avowed, he published it anonymously. But the art, the variety, the exquisite acrimony of the satire could not be mistaken. The authorship was detected at once.—Vol. i. p. 50.

'Absalom and Achitophel' was one of the most powerful, and has ever been one of the most admired of Dryden's poetical compositions. The portrait of Lord Shaftesbury as Achitophel has become familiar to every reader of English verse, and furnished Lord Byron with an opportunity of sneering at what he regarded as the comparative imbecility of Wordsworth. A single line,

'For priests of all religions are the same,'

gives the key to the ecclesiastical tendencies of the work. Dryden evidently desired to assume a position of neutrality, in order to cover his intended secession to the ranks of the Roman Catholics. If he meant, as we presume he did, to condemn only the generality of the clergy of the popish and Anglican churches, it is unnecessary to except against his satire; while if, on the other hand, he intended to place Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, and Bunyan in the same category with Laud and his hireling associates, his statement would be too absurd to merit a reply.

The second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' which appeared in 1682, was chiefly written by Nahum Tate, to whom Dryden transferred the task for reasons not sufficiently explained; his own contribution to it having been confined to about two hundred lines. 'The principal characters,' says Mr. Bell, 'drawn by Dryden in his contributions to this second part, are those of Little and Shadwell, under the names of Doeg and Og. He treats them both with the utmost contempt, and descending to personal traits, has bequeathed to us an immortal portrait of Shadwell reeling home drunk from a 'treason-tavern' behind his flambeau,

'Round as a globe, and liquored every chink.'

The publication of the second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' was followed in a few days by that of the 'Religio Laici,' a poem the title of which was evidently derived from Sir Thomas Brown's 'Religio Medici.' The light which this poem throws on Dryden's religious opinions is not only dubious but extremely perplexing. It is a bold declaration of the protestant faith, and that in doubtful and dangerous times, on the part of a man who seems to have given a very thoughtful attention to the points at issue between the rival churches. Indeed, he felt it necessary to justify

his entering as a layman on so profound a theological disquisition.

'If,' he says in his preface, 'it be objected to me that being a layman I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer, that, perhaps, laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning I plead not this. I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated.'—Vol. ii. p. 35.

But, in truth, Dryden does not seem to have been floating on the billows of an ocean vague from its boundlessness, but rather to have been tossed about in the short and chopping sea of self-interest. In the text of the Poem we find the following lines in advocacy of personal religious responsibility and the right of private judgment:—

More safe and much more modest 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way,
And that the Scriptures, though not everywhere
Free from corruption, or entire or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.—Ib. p. 53.

Yet so little does he seem grounded in the great principle of private judgment that he writes a few pages afterwards the following lines:—

And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.—Ib. p. 56.

The Athanasian Creed seems to have been a sad stumbling-block to Dryden. If its prefatory damnation includes all who never heard of the Gospel, his perplexed understanding honestly revolts against it, though even of this he says, 'I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church, where, on the days appointed, it is publicly read.' Dryden's

embarrassment would, on a less sacred subject, be amusing. His half reverential intellect was evidently puzzled by such dogmas on the nature of Christ as, 'One, not by conversion of the God-head into flesh; but by taking of the manhood into God, One altogether; not by confusion of substance but by unity of person.'

And well it might be; for the whole farrago is the crude metaphysics of an age certainly as incapable as any that preceded or followed it of elucidating the unfathomable mysteries which loom around the distinct, intelligible basis of the Christian faith. In his perplexity he betakes himself to three refuges almost equally frail. First he says, 'To such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared, for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition; and for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.' He might well find what is called the Apostles' Creed so light of digestion; for, as if by a predestined confusion of all written creeds, there is omitted from it the slightest reference to the grand cardinal point of the Christian faith—the doctrine of the atonement, which the Church that adopts the creed regards as the way of salvation. This was supplied in the Nicene Creed by the words, 'For us men and for our salvation.'

Dryden's second refuge has reference to the nonconformists, whom he thus contrasts with the papists: of the latter he says, 'They have kept the Scripture from us what they could, and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under a pretence of infallibility;' while of the nonconformists he says, 'They have assumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit, and have detorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary for salvation to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government.' This latter shifting of the whole ground of the controversy will not escape the reader's observation. The politics of the nonconformists and the use they may have made of Scripture to consecrate them, is one thing, but the right of private judgment is another; and to this he has already given his deliberate assent. In the embarrassment of his position, occasioned alike by his ignorance, his interests, and the peculiarity both of his social and official position, he betakes himself to a third refuge, still more absurd. 'If,' he says, 'there be anything more required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament, for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented.'

Dryden here unconsciously abandons the whole case. To intrust the decision of disputed theological points to the legislature, is obviously more absurd than to commit it to the arbitration of the priesthood, while both courses are equally subversive of that right of private judgment which Dryden had just been maintaining. It is difficult to say whether religion perishes more certainly when it is dependent on the dicta of a priesthood or the acts of a parliament. History leaves the dilemma unsolved; and reason can only decide the dispute by cutting the knot, and abjuring the authority of both. The declaration that the understandings of the people, especially on ecclesiastical subjects, were in the times of Charles the Second—to say nothing of our own—represented in the legislature, is ridiculous to the last degree, and of this absurdity Dryden himself must have been perfectly conscious. In spite of all his difficulties, in his ‘*Religio Laici*’ he ever and anon stumbles on the truth, and exhibits it with his characteristic boldness. Of this the following passage is a striking illustration—

But if there be a power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunished wrong,
Look humbly upward; see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose,
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
The offended suffering in the offender’s name:
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee.—Ib. p. 47.

And again, in speaking of the Bible, and the suppression of it by the Papal Church, he says—

The Book’s a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man designed;
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier’s not commissioned to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.’—Ib. p. 51.

It is humiliating to find Dryden three years after the publication of the ‘*Religio Laici*’ composing a controversial poem entitled ‘*The Hind and the Panther*,’ in which he openly and avowedly commits himself as a member and an advocate of the Roman-catholic Church; and it is still more painful to reflect that this change of profession occurred immediately after the receipt of a pension from the Crown, sufficient of itself to place him in easy circumstances. It is unnecessary here to repeat the

numerous criticisms which have been written upon the structure of this poem. To make two wild beasts argue on points of controversy, and one of them to declare herself the infallible church ; to make them argue on transubstantiation and infallibility, apostolical succession and the Thirty-nine Articles, would seem at first sight absurd to the last degree ; and nothing but the extraordinary talents of Dryden could have saved his poem from universal ridicule, on account of its scheme, irrespectively of the manner in which it was carried out, to say nothing of the *prima facie* evidence of its dishonesty, owing to the coincidence of the religious tergiversation it displays, with the pecuniary interest of its author. Still the controversial poems of Dryden, and this more especially, vindicates a new claim to the otherwise equivocal honour of the laurels which he wore. He not only merits the fame of having inaugurated by his style a new epoch in British poetry, but he was also the first and the greatest of versifiers who adapted controversy to numbers. How far this can be considered a legitimate honour may fairly be questioned. Prose would seem the most natural vehicle of controversy. The province of poetry is to delight,

‘*Animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,*’

while the object of controversy is to instruct and convince. To combine the two is hard if not unnatural ; the attempt even in the most skilful hands incessantly flattens poetry into prose, and if Horace’s judgment may be taken,

‘*Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.*’

True poetry is far too ethereal a thing to bind the fierce forces of polemical strife, and while it retains its genuine nature and function, it is not the artillery of controversy but the ‘voice of the turtle’ heard in the piping times of peace.

As happens in all such cases, our poet takes care to have the advantages all on his own side ; and if the object is to conquer the reader, he loses the battle by the use he makes of those very advantages. Thus in the matter of infallibility we find the following lines put into the mouth of the bestial representative of popery—

Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside,
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter ;
And how can he be needful who can err ?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand obliged to grant ;
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.

It then remains, that Church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty.—Ib. 121.

Surely it is singular that it never occurred to the mind of Dryden that he only puts forth the *claim* to infallibility on the part of the Romish Church as the *evidence* of that infallibility which is to supersede the reason and the faith of mankind; but by what grounds is this claim supported which have not been participated by the great and the good of all ages who have stood aloof from the Romish Church as corrupt and anti-christian? Why may not the Mormons make the same claim, and between the proofs and sanctions adduced, Joe Smith's exhumed tablets on the one part, and on the other the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the tweaking of the devil's nose with red hot tongs by St. Anthony, and the protest of the Blessed Virgin against the *sacre Dieu* of the French cab-drivers to the cow-boys at La Salette, who shall decide? Dryden assumes the decision after the fashion of Mr. Speaker on a private bill;—those who are for the cow-boys will say, Aye;—those who are for Joe Smith will say, No. The Ayes have it.

The overpowering force of tradition to interpret, if not to supersede the written word, is illustrated with great unction by the milk-white Hind; the transmission from Father to Son of apostolic doctrine, and the implicit reliance of after ages on the strength of that transmission, is made by Dryden the pillar and the ground of faith.

It would take us out of our way to appeal to Palæphatus, who seeks to resolve the magnified and monstrous myths of the Greeks into an historical base, and perhaps the innumerable deceptions of which the Cock-lane ghost is an example, would be more suited to our purpose. But even could we admit that the tradition of patent facts, such as the assassination of Julius Cæsar, or the existence of the pyramids, could survive the waste of time and be received with the rational credit due to historic facts, it may well be inquired how far this confidence is due to doctrines always debateable from their mysterious nature, and still further surrounded with an impenetrable mist by the interested motives of those through whom they were transmitted. If an historical fact must be received with caution, which is only traditional, and finds no place in authentic annals, what shall we say of a metaphysical dogma which has furnished the theme of the controversy of ages? And more especially what must we conclude when we find it fettered through the compulsory ignorance of generations, only relieved by the dry scholasticism of a priesthood always interested, and too frequently unprincipled and base? Is the authority of such a tradition on such subjects to be extolled above the rational and reverent examination of the Christian world?

We should not have thought it necessary to make these remarks upon poems which Dr. Johnson declared, that even in his day, and with all the merits he ascribed to them, were only perused as a task, had not the essential part of this controversy been revived in our own days ; but the rational piety of the age has been again assailed by the follies of sacramental efficacy, and the doctrine of the real presence. Prelates and priests, and the *sine nomine turba* of curates are swelling the retrogressive crowd, who, in most instances, we fear, from the lust of spiritual despotism, are veering towards the faith and practice of the Church of Rome. Of this secession Dryden's sagacity was prophetic. He hits the blots in the constitution of the Anglican Church with an unerring lance. He perfectly understood the compromise between Romanism and Protestantism designed in the Prayer Book of the Church of England. Hence in such passages as the following, the Hind, as the Church of Rome, takes a fatal advantage of the Panther, which represents the Church of England.

The Panther smiled at this. 'And when,' said she,
'Were those first Councils disallowed by me ?
Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,
Provided still it were Apostolic ?'
'Friend,' said the Hind, 'you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found ;
Now, 'tis Tradition joined with Holy Writ ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.'

* * * * *
'But you, who Fathers and Traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
Pretending church authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of different seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed ;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes awed,
And yet they grow upon you every day.'

And again,

'Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she ?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.'

Dryden could not have written more appositely on the anomalous condition of the Anglican Church if he had sat in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and heard, as we did, from the lips of the late Lord Langdale, the decision of that tribunal on the action between Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter. Despising that rock-founded right of private judgment to which the Saviour himself did homage, both churches rest on

the fluctuating basis of a declared or an implied infallibility, the one clinging to the sandy shoal of tradition, the other rocking on the waves which beat against it,—the alternate billows of assumption and compromise.*

We have left ourselves no space in which to comment on the more fugitive but purely poetical productions of Dryden. 'His poem,' says Dr. Johnson, 'on the death of Mrs. Killigrew is undoubtedly the noblest ode which our language has ever produced.' His 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day' has been lauded to that point at which all eulogy becomes tame, while the heroic raptures of his 'Alexander's Feast' absolutely eclipse all similar productions in British literature. Of his prose it is not too much to say, that in the department of literature to which he addressed himself he was the father and founder of English criticism. In this branch of composition he strengthened the very soil of his mother tongue, insomuch that it is difficult to say how far modern writers are indebted to his development of the resources of our language. His learning was comprehensive and profound. He may fairly be called the father of British translators, for 'Dryden's Virgil' will be admired so long as the literature of Rome and of England shall exist. And yet amidst all this *materiel*,—the artillery of controversial satire, the accuracy of logic, the polemical zeal, the almost unrivalled aptitude at versification, the gracefulness of courtly adulation, the stateliness of the epic, and the thunder of the ode, we still desiderate the 'divine particle' whose presence would have made the world his kindred. We bend to the authority of Milton, that 'he was a rhymers, but no poet;' and comparing his life with his writings, our judgment subsides into acquiescence with the sighing line of Gray—

'Beneath the good how far, how far above the great!'

* The practice which degrades the Anglican Church to what Mr. D'Israeli has happily called an organized hypocrisy is illustrated by Dryden in the couplet

'To church decrees your Articles require
Submission modified, if not entire.'

- ART. VI.—*Olshausen on the Corinthians*. Edinburgh: Clark.
2. *Eerard on the Hebrews*. Edinburgh: Clark.
 3. *Hengstenberg on the Apocalypse*. Edinburgh: Clark.
 4. *Dr. John Brown's Exposition of Galatians*. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Sons.
 5. *Knight on the Romans*. London: Bagsters.
 6. *Benecke on the Romans*. London: Longman & Co.
 7. *Pridman on the Romans and Ephesians*. Bath: Binns & Goodwin.
 8. *Du Veil on Acts*. London: Hansard Knollys Society.
 9. *Barnes on the Revelation*. London: Knight & Son.
 10. *Gell on the Apocalypse*. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.
 11. *Scott on the Apocalypse*. London: Longman & Co.
 12. *Cumming's Readings on the Old and New Testament*. London: Shaw.
 13. *Turnbull's Translation of Paul's Epistles*. London: Bagsters.
 14. *Good on the Psalms*. London: Seeleys.
 15. *Bouchier's Manna in the House*. London: Shaw.
 16. *Lord Arthur Hervey on the Genealogies of our Lord*. Cambridge: Macmillan.
 17. *Taylor's Word Pictures from the Bible*. London: Longman & Co.
 18. *Macleod's Cherubim, and Apocalypse*. London: Longman & Co.
 19. *Jukes on the Gospels*. London: Nisbet.
 20. *Moody's Helps for Bible Readers*. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.
 21. *Smith on the Origin and Connexion of the Gospels*. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.
 22. *Stebbing's Helps to Reading the Gospels*. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.
 23. *Higginson's Spirit of the Bible*. London: Whitfield.
 24. *Maurice on the Unity of the New Testament*. London: Parker & Son.
 25. *Forbes's Symmetrical Structure of Scripture*. Edinburgh: Clark.

LET no reader start at the long array of titles thus placed together. We are not going to analyse them all. But we mean to offer some reflections on sundry topics which the examination of them has suggested, and which, we trust, will not be without profit. These books form but a small selection from Biblical works which have lately come before us, and they bear but a slight proportion to the full stream of similar productions ever pouring forth from the prolific press of Germany, of which only a few find their way to English readers.

The first thing that strikes us, in mentally reviewing them, is—the proof they offer of the wakeful attention now paid in Germany, in America, and in England to the study of the Scriptures.

That this is the true method of arriving at theology, properly so called, there can be no doubt. The existence of these Scriptures is, of course, an undeniable fact, however it may be accounted for, or whatever may be the uses made of it. That men are to exercise their private judgment on their origin, their textual condition, their meaning, their authority, and their applications to the affairs of this life, and to the prospect after death, we regard not merely as a matter of right and of duty, but even as *an indispensable necessity arising from the irrefragable laws of our mental constitution*; and, therefore, the better the materials are by which we may have our judgment guided, and the more diligently and honestly we avail ourselves of these helps, the nearer will be our approximation towards a perfect comprehension of these sacred books.

We are prepared for being told—by Romanists, for instance—that this constant multiplication of translations, commentaries, helps, and so forth, is a condemning proof of the grand error of Protestants, in setting up their private judgment in opposition to the authority of the Church. We fancy one of them saying—Why should there be all these books on Scripture? You pretend that the Scriptures are sufficiently plain,—so plain, indeed, that every reader can understand them without additional teaching from without; and yet you are always craving for more external light, thus opening a ready market for the wares of every bibliopole whom writers, full of self-conceit, can persuade to put their imagined elucidations of Scripture into print! You turn away from the Church of Christ, whom He has made the authoritative expounder of His mind, and listen with itching ears to every self-constituted teacher; and when you have wearied your brain and perplexed your judgment by their inconsistent and even contradictory instructions, you must either become the disciple of one set,—or construct for yourselves a syncretical medley of your own,—or give up the Scriptures as a most uncertain rule of faith,—or, finally, return to the one teacher from whom you have been seduced by these pretenders.—It is very likely that not a few Protestants would be somewhat shaken by such a close attack as this. It is specious. And yet it may be fairly met; and triumphantly repelled. It is most true, that for all the essential purposes of Revelation, the Bible is plainer than any book written to explain it. Take what critical edition you can, any translation of its text will teach you that God is right; that, before God, you are wrong; that for this wrong you deserve to suffer; that, nevertheless, you need not suffer, if you confess the wrong you have done, seek the forgiveness of it for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of man, who gave Himself for this purpose; that God's Spirit will be given, if you ask, to turn you

into the right way, and to keep you in it; that the proof of your having been pardoned, and led by the Spirit, will be seen in your holy life; and that God has promised, to all who follow Christ, the gift of everlasting life in blessedness. The words we have here used are not so plain as the words of Scripture; but so many unscriptural notions have been mixed up with the divine truth, that it becomes an advantage to have that truth expressed in this simple way. But, though the *vital* teaching of Scripture is thus plain, in all editions and translations, we would tell our Romanist counsellor, that it is no part of Protestantism to imagine that it is of no importance to know what God teaches in any part of His Revelation; that all editions of the text are equally trustworthy; that all translations are equally good; or, that the force of words and phrases, and the allusions to historical, local, ancient, and obsolete oriental peculiarities can be understood without much research by ourselves and others. We would further tell him, that men never use their judgment on any question which interests them without seeking all the guidance they can find, from whatever quarter, and that it is in this well-known sense that we speak of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. We would ask *him* whether his church has provided these helps. If she has, why has she done so, but from deference to the principle on which we take our stand:—if she has not—why not? Are men to do without such instruction, or are they to seek it elsewhere? So long as men are politically and socially free, we have no doubt that they will, sooner or later, use their judgment *on everything*: that, in the unfettered use of that judgment, they will reasonably determine to submit to authority, would not appear very likely? for, in that case, the advocates of Romanism would be the foremost champions of intellectual freedom, and of the natural authority of an enlightened judgment formed by men rejoicing in that freedom.

Others, who are not Romanists, however, are not unlikely to say—what *can* be the use of such multitudes of expositors? Have we not in the English Church, Clarke, and Patrick, and Whitby, and Mant, and Scott; among Wesleyans, Wesley and Adam Clarke; among Presbyterians, Brown, and Campbell, and McKnight; among Congregationalists, Henry, and Orton, and Doddridge, and Guyse, and Gill? Now, we are so far from disparaging these favourite old expositors, that we are of opinion they have done great good, and that they are likely to continue doing good for many years to come; at the same time, we are not of opinion that when the last of them rested from his labours in this field, they left no work to be done by others. The time is coming—it *has* come, indeed, long since—for ascertaining somewhat more precisely the principles on which the accuracy of

the editions of the original Scriptures is to be determined ; the laws of mind, language, usage, narrative, didactic instruction, poetry, and symbolic prophecy, which guide us safely in the interpretation of these ancient writings ; the *specialty* of interpretation belonging to them as the writings of men inspired of God in writing them ; and, as facilities for these objects have rapidly increased with the activity of the human mind, the intercourse of distant nations, and the general augmentation of philological and other sciences, there is just as good reason for examining—and there *may be* for using—the new works as there was for examining and using the old ones when they were new. As the Bible is manifestly designed for all nations, and for all ages, we can scarcely imagine that its treasures have been exhausted by the Christian scholarship of the nations into whose hands it has already come, or of the ages which have passed away. Whether or not we accept the expositions of the numerous writers whose works have come before us, we confess our obligations to them all ; while to those who yet live, and are still pursuing their labours, we would cheerfully afford whatever encouragement they may draw from our grateful appreciation of what they have done. There must be more or less loving reverence to induce a man to devote years, sometimes a whole life, to the study of Scripture with unusual advantages of leisure, learning, libraries, critical apparatus, and hermeneutical helps, and a judgment disciplined by habitual studies and compositions of this kind ; and it would be a poor return for such persevering and laborious devotion to tell him that all the work of this kind that needed to be done has been done already. Such a course is not only ungrateful to these hard-workers in the service of the Universal Church on behalf of our common humanity—it is a pernicious form of ignorance and narrow-mindedness, fraught with incalculable mischief both to the present generation and to those which are to follow. We would have the study of the Scriptures to keep its place in the van of all other studies. This cannot be done by fixing a line beyond which we will not pass. The old ideas of our fathers would be novelties, not always welcome, it may be, to *their* fathers ; but it is the practice of wise expounders to conserve all the old that is true, adding what was not known, comparing different interpretations in order to give the preference to those which appear to be the best sustained, and judging not less freely, nor less reverentially, than their predecessors, what it is that Holy Scripture teaches.

We are not insensible of the worth of those large commentaries which professedly embrace the entire books of the Old and New Testaments. We owe too much to 'Synopsis Poli' and to the 'Critica Sacra' to think lightly of such compendiums ; and we have already expressed ourselves respectfully towards modern

commentaries in our own tongue. But we confess that a writer, however learned or competent in every other respect, must have spent a very long life before he can be *qualified* to do justice to the various books of Hebrew and Greek—such Greek, too, as that of the New Testament—even in his own mind. If we could be assured that the expositor of any Hebrew book had mastered the genius of that language, imbibing its singular phase of the oriental spirit, feeling how its modifications of words and its idiomatic thoughts and expressions agree with, or differ from, those of cognate dialects, such as the Syriac and the Arabic, so rich in literature of various kinds, we should rejoice to follow his independent *testimony* as a witness of what it means. But in large portions of the prophetic compositions, we should still be at a loss, unless we could trace in the commentator a large infusion of the *poetical* element. We are not contending for this kind of scholarship and this style of genius for the purpose of dealing with the palpable facts of Scriptures, and drawing from them the most valuable suggestions of practical wisdom; or so presenting them as to awaken and cherish the holy affections in which religion so much consists. But we must say that there is a deeper confidence deserved by such expositors as we have described, who, it is scarcely necessary to add, are seldom to be met with. We consult them with a stronger persuasion that they are able to teach us. We feel that they know more, and that what they know is more original, more the result of perspicuous examination, more likely to bring our minds into communion with those of the writers whom we are seeking to understand, having, by their help, approached more nearly to what is said, and to the meaning of the words, and phrases, and allusions; we are, at the same time, in a better condition to appreciate the comments of less scholarly writers, and to apply to the varied purposes of life the observations which their discernment, experience, piety, or extensive reading may have enabled them to make upon the Sacred Writings.

For this reason, we set a high value on the Commentaries of the late Dr. Olshausen, of Erlangen, which Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh have taken so much pains to have translated into English. The volumes we have now before us, on 'The Epistles to the Corinthians,' and that completed by Dr. Evrard, of the same University, on 'The Epistle to the Hebrews,' are excellent specimens of the class-teaching given by professors of theology in German colleges. They require the reader to have a knowledge of the Greek Testament, and, indeed, of the Hebrew Scriptures; and if read with an independent judgment, free from the bias of Teutonic theories, and careful to make those comparisons of one part of Scripture with another, without which we consider the use of *any* commentary to be a mistake, these pre-

lections will serve the conscientious student greatly as *auxiliaries* in the prosecution of his work. They are designed for continuous use, rather than for occasional consultation. This design is sometimes overlooked, and persons are apt to refer to such volumes, somewhat as one refers to a lexicon or gazetteer, expecting, but seldom finding, a thorough exposition of a passage of Scripture simply taken by itself. A little reflection ought to convince us that such a manner of reaping what other men have sown—or rather of garnering what others have reaped—is doing great injustice to the writers we thus haadle, to the Scriptures, and to our own minds. Similar observations apply to such works as those of Hengstenberg on the ‘Apocalypse,’ Benecke on ‘The Romans,’ and Du Veil on ‘The Acts,’ which last work gives prominence to the views of Baptists. To the gentlemen who have translated these German or Dutch Commentaries into English, we gratefully acknowledge our obligations. To the publishers we would advise a little more attention to the printing, especially in Hebrew words, where we are perpetually annoyed by the grossest *errata*. We have already witnessed some of the happy effects of making these Biblical treasures accessible to English teachers of religion; and we shall greatly rejoice to learn that we have done anything to widen their circulation.

In addition to thus welcoming *foreign* labourers, we look with much satisfaction on the learned labours of our fellow-countrymen. To those who know Dr. Mason Good’s eminence as a medical writer, and as a classical translator, and who are familiar with his excellent translation, with Notes, of the Book of Job, we need say little in commendation of his new Translation of the Book of Psalms, very carefully edited by the venerable Dr. Henderson. Lord Arthur Hervey deserves great praise for the erudition, the patience, the judgment, and the piety which have been so successful in elucidating a part of Scripture which previous writers had left in much obscurity, and over which he has thrown a novel interest and various lights, though he does not pretend to have entirely cleared it from all difficulty. The principle of the work lies in tracing *both lines* of genealogy—Matthew’s and Luke’s—to Joseph, *not* to Mary; the one marking him as Solomon’s heir, the other, as David’s son; both being reconciled with the genealogy of the House of David in the Old Testament. We can scarcely assure the reader who does not know enough of Hebrew to read the words, so as to distinguish one from another, that he will *thoroughly* understand the author; yet, even in that case, we conscientiously recommend it to all who are willing to ‘search the Scriptures’ in relation to a topic which is ordinarily passed over as one of slight value and impossible to comprehend. The real scholar, whose scholarship extends to the original

language of the Old as well as of the New Testament—the latter being much more dependent on the former than is usually imagined—we are persuaded will find here a truly interesting investigation, carried on with judicious freedom, and to a very satisfactory issue.

Dr. Turnbull's 'Original Translation of Paul's Epistles' belongs to a class of works which we esteem to be of great value. Properly regarding these letters as popular, 'addressed mostly to congregations of the people,' he regrets the practice of breaking them up into fragments for 'theological and professional purposes;' and his aim is 'to place before the English reader the letters of the apostle as nearly as possible in the same form as that of the original addressed to the primitive believers. It is to put the English reader in the same condition as the Ephesian, or the Thessalonian, or the Roman, or the Philippian, who certainly received the apostle's letter *as* a letter, and read it, as a letter ought to be read, throughout and continuously; not a sentence or two to-day and another to-morrow, and the rest after the others are nearly forgotten; so as to miss the general sense and scope of the letter, and to lose altogether the thread of the composition.' We are glad to learn that 'The Evangelical Pentateuch,' consisting of the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, is in a course of preparation on a similar plan, and that there is some prospect of having the remaining Epistles and the Apocalypse likewise translated, so as to form a complete version of the New Testament. If such an undertaking be wisely accomplished, it will be as precious an acquisition to the English people as we can well imagine. It is not the least valuable of the services for which we are so much indebted to the accurate and beautifully executed work of Messrs. Bagster.

Besides Dr. Hengstenberg's 'Exposition of the Revelation of John,' we have placed on our list those of Mr. Scott, Mr. Gell, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Macleod. There are some important differences between the respective views of these expounders. Hengstenberg regards everything in the book as 'adapted to serve as the means of consolation and support to the Church in the conflict which she has to wage with *heathenism* and its invisible head,' the aim of the book being thoroughly *practical*. He divides the contents into *seven groups*—the seven *Epistles*—which form a commentary on the appearance of the Lord. These are followed by two groups—the *Seven Seals*—of which the main burden is, the Church, harassed by the persecutions of the world, having the image of her heavenly King placed before her eyes, as He visits the persecuting world with bloodshed, scarcity, famine, pestilence; as He brings upon it the most alarming circumstances, makes all forebode the entire destruction of everything that concerns it, and

at last (c. viii.) subjects it to the annihilating stroke of ruin. The *Seven Trumpets*, in the main part of which the plague of war—the most frightful of God's scourges—is represented under a series of symbols, as that by which God continually, during the course of ages, chastises anew the heathenish opposition which is made to His kingdom. The episode in the tenth chapter, to the thirteenth verse of the eleventh, exhibits the reaction in the Church against the inevitable tendency to apostatize, and the chastening which should prepare the way for the operations of grace. The fourth group is that of *the three enemies of God's kingdom* (chap. xii.—xiv.)—Satan, the beast from the sea, denoting the God-opposing worldly power, with seven horns, denoting its seven phases (in chap. xii. 18; xiii. 10), and the beast from the earth, earthly, physical, demoniacal wisdom, in chap. xiii. 11-18; then in chap. xiv. believers, assailed by these enemies, leagued together in close fellowship, have consolation ministered to them by a view of the immovable condition of those who stand in the grace of God, as well as of the judgments to befall their enemies. The fifth group of *the Seven Vials* unfolds the seven plagues which during the course of centuries accompany the beast—the ungodly power of the world forming the prelude to the sixth group. The sixth group represents *the destruction* of the three enemies of God's kingdom—the beast (five of whose heads, according to chap. xvii. 10, the Egyptian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Medo-Persian, and Grecian monarchies, had fallen before the prophet's time) is to be overthrown in its sixth head—the monarchy of Rome, to be followed by the victory of Christ over the ten kings (who had been the instruments of his judgment on Rome)—the seventh head of the beast with ten horns: with this power as the last phase of the heathen world, the beast himself, also, *the state of heathendom*, perishes, and with him his assistant, the beast from the earth. Chap. xx. 1-6 represents how the third enemy, Satan, is rendered for a time harmless, and how there breaks upon the Church a reign of a thousand years. The final destruction of Satan is represented in chap. xx. 7-10. After the complete overthrow of the three enemies, there still follows the final judgment on their servants, coupled with the removal of the present constitution of the world, as now required by the extirpation of sin, in chap. xx. 11-15. The seventh group forms the conclusion of the main portion of the book, and contains the *description of the New Jerusalem*, chap. xxi. 1; xxii. 5. The conclusion of the book in chap. xxii. 6-21, which corresponds to the beginning, points to its high importance, and once more brings out its fundamental truth. Dr. Hengstenberg judges that 'we have *the thousand years* now behind us, and stand at the loosing of Satan out of his prison at the end of the

thousand years, and his going forth to deceive the heathen in the four quarters of the earth, and gather them to battle; a decision on behalf of which, as opposed to the traditional and current view, he argues at considerable length, and with great learning and sagacity.

Barnes's 'Notes on the Book of Revelation' are admirably arranged, and his views appear to us to harmonize with those of the greater part of protestant commentators. He regards the *seals* as relating to the events of the Roman empire from the death of Domitian in A.D. 96 to the invasion by the Goths and Huns in the fourth century; the first four trumpets as relating to the Western empire, till the final conquest of Rome by Odoacer, A.D. 476-490; the fifth trumpet as relating to the Saracens; the sixth to the Turks; the seventh trumpet to the final triumph of the Church. The series of visions in chap. xi. 19 to chap. xii. he regards as fulfilled in the internal condition of the church; the two beasts in chap. xiii. are the Roman civil power and the Roman ecclesiastical power. The first five vials represent the French revolution and its consequences; the sixth, the decline of the Turkish power and its consequences; the seventh, the complete and final overthrow of the papal power. He looks for the millennium as future and spiritual.

Mr. Gell's 'Interpretation of the Apocalypse' follows mainly that of Mr. Elliott's 'Horæ Apocalyptiæ,' but with several minor differences. The outlines of the book are treated as embracing four series of prophecies running parallel with each other, thus:—

SERIES I.
The destinies of the Roman Empire, under the seals and the trumpets.—Chap. iv. to the end of chap. x.

SERIES II.
The saints and martyrs of Jesus, under the symbol of the two witnesses.—Chap. x. 11 to the end of chap. xi.

SERIES III.
The church and her enemies in the holy woman and the wild beasts.—Chap. xii. to the end of chap. xvi.

SERIES IV.
The downfall of those enemies in the harlot and the great wild beast.—Chap. xvii. to the end of chap. xix.

He differs entirely from Mr. Elliott and other millenarians in interpreting the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse in a spiritual, not a literal, sense. His volumes are full of instruction and interest. Mr. Scott's interpretation of the Apocalypse differs from all the others in the main points which he has undertaken to establish. They are briefly expressed by himself in an advertisement from which we make the following extract:—

'They are these:—that the principal subject of the Apocalypse is the Roman empire, and Rome the capital of that empire; that a minute prophecy of events, times, and persons, connected either with the one or with the other of these, is there given; that, in particular, the abolition of the empire is represented, and that the date of this occurrence is assumed to be the year 476, when the emperors of Rome ceased; further, that *the millennial period following the fall of Rome corresponds to those ten centuries of the reign of the Church known as the Middle Ages*; that an interval of forty years is represented as

separating the fall of Rome and the beginning of the church empire; that the latter, therefore, definitely began in the year 516 and ended with the year 1516; that its overthrow was, in fact, *the immediate result of the Reformation* in punishment for the sins of the church during the thousand years; that her position from the year 1517 to the present day is analogous to the captivity of Israel in Babylon during the seventy years; finally, that this captivity is not to be perpetual, but that a complete *restoration of the church to her former supremacy* is now to be expected; and that this is to be brought about in the midst, and by the agency, of judgments upon the temporal kingdoms of the modern world, analogous to those which overwhelmed the empire of Rome in the fifth century, and so opened the way for the church empire of the middle ages.'

The reader who has studied the history of the Middle Ages and of the Reformation would be amazed to find such an interpretation as this by a Master of Arts of Oxford, who has been a Fellow of one of her colleges, if the deeply papal spirit which has long prevailed in that university had not prepared us for anything in this direction. It is superfluous to say that we do not acquiesce in Mr. Scott's interpretation. We regard it as forced, unnatural, remarkably superficial, and based on principles which we believe to be entirely contrary to those which are plainly laid down in Scripture with relation to the Church.

Mr. Macleod's handsome volume on the 'Cherubim and the Apocalypse,' we have read with much interest. The cherubim are symbols, not of angels, but of the whole Church, chiefly the redeemed in heaven. He does not seem successful in harmonizing this explanation with all the references to the cherubim in Scripture. His interpretation of the Apocalypse differs from all those which are noticed in our foregoing observations. His manner is neither critical nor argumentative, but dogmatic. According to his interpretation, the *white horse* of the *first seal* is an emblem of Christ preaching the Gospel by his apostles. The *black horse*, whose rider has a yoke in his hand, denotes 'the corruption of Christianity and the *papal yoke*.' Death on the *pale horse* intimates the variety of the methods of torturing and slaying God's people. The fifth seal includes the pagan and papal persecutions. The opening of the sixth seal is the final retribution. There is a similar want of distinctness throughout the volume, and, as we judge, too narrow a conception of the scheme of the Apocalypse. We heartily concur in many of the author's practical suggestions, but we have not found him very helpful in the study of the Apocalypse, chiefly from his confounding of predictions relating to the empire with those which relate to the church within its boundaries.

Dr. Brown's volume of 'Expository Discourses on the Epistle to the Galatians' is worthy to accompany his admirable expository

tions on 'Peter's First Epistle,' and on the 'Discourses and Sayings of our Saviour,' and similar productions of the same pen. We can scarcely commend it too strongly. We notice it here, not with the intention of reviewing it, but to express our decided preference for the method of pulpit teaching in which he so greatly excels. We do not say that the truth contained in short sentences of Scripture should never be made the basis of popular addresses; yet we are sure that the other is the legitimate, the ancient, the most instructive mode of pastoral teaching. It ought to strike every minister of religion that, as he is not to discover truth hitherto unknown, but to expound—bring out with living authority and power—the truth which has been revealed, he cannot give a better proof of his reverence for that truth than by drawing it *directly* from the sacred writers themselves, giving to his hearers all the benefit of his own previous studies to clear away misconceptions, to explain particular phrases, to exhibit the harmony of revealed instruction, and to give the Word of God its due place as the oracle of all Christian teaching. It would be a much more laborious thing to prepare such expositions for the pulpit than to lay down a plan for extemporaneous utterance, or to write what is called an eloquent discourse; and for such laborious preparations a preacher needs much antecedent training, which we hope our colleges will look after even more earnestly than after fitting their students for taking secular degrees. But he who makes up his mind to *have the training*, and to apply the results of it in the way exemplified by Dr. Brown, will certainly not lose his reward in the larger satisfaction of his own mind, and in the more thorough and lasting usefulness of his public ministry. The skilful expounding of Scripture is *an art* not to be acquired at once, but it brings with it such a peculiar, sacred, and growing power, that it is worth the most persevering efforts of any man to attain it. Just as the best scientific teachers are they who most fully expound *Nature*, so they who most fully expound *Scripture* are the best religious teachers. We do not think disparagingly of systematic theological teaching, in its place; but we say, let us have plenty of Scripture intelligibly and earnestly brought before us in its exact meaning. We consider Dr. Brown's Expositions as models; but we would have every man follow the bent of his own genius in his method and in the manner of his illustrations. Most of the works we have already characterized will be of service in providing or suggesting precious sources of exegetical learning, which, to a beginner especially, will probably be felt to be necessary.

Mr. Knight's 'Critical Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Romans,' commenced while the author was incapacitated for

public duty in Canada, and since enriched by the study of ancient and modern annotators during a residence in England, will be found useful to the critical student.

Mr. Pridham has written three unpretending little books on the Epistles to the Hebrews, Romans, and Ephesians, which we cheerfully commend to the use of those who have not the ability or the leisure to study larger commentaries, only mentioning that he has views with which we do not agree, which will be understood as belonging to what is called the millenarian school, though they are expressed with much Christian modesty.

Dr. Cumming's 'Sabbath Readings' are excellent. Mr. Bouchier's 'Manna in the House' will be found useful in family reading, as well as in that of the closet. Mr. Taylor's 'Word-Pictures from the Bible' are designed to interest the young in the Bible, rather than to explain the contents. We regard it as a most useful class-book, and a suitable present for the young. Mr. Jukes's 'Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels' is a pleasing illustration of an ancient idea, that each of the evangelists has one prominent idea in his Gospel—Matthew contemplating our Lord as the Son of Abraham,—Mark, as the Servant of God,—Luke, as the Son of Adam—John; as the Son of God.

Mr. Moody's 'Helps and Hints for Bible Readers' contains brief comments on about fifty passages in the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, some of which are generally regarded as difficult. The explanations are not profound, nor always satisfactory; but they are simple, pious, devout, and practical.

Some of the works we have examined, though not formal expositions, belong to the same department, inasmuch as they are intended to facilitate the study of the Scriptures. Mr. Higginson's 'Spirit of the Bible' is only the first volume of a work intended to include, in a second, the Apocrypha and the New Testament. It is not orthodox, but bears strong marks of belonging to the Unitarian school. He undervalues the apostolic ministry as the real exposition of the facts related in the Gospels. He says some smart things on some of the weaknesses of the orthodox, who, we hope, are at least good-tempered enough to profit by some of them. He remarks, very oddly, that when Paul says 'all *Scripture* is inspired of God,' he does not mean that the *writing* is inspired, though it is of *writings only* that Paul speaks. He quotes with approbation Mr. F. Newman's 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' and Professor Norton's notes to the second volume of his work on 'The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.' He takes the usual *superficial* view taken by Unitarians of the demons and possessions recorded in the New Testament. He makes a great fuss about the want of scientific geology in Moses, and refers to the special pleading

of Dr. Buckland in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, while he makes no reference to the able lectures of Dr. Pye Smith on that subject. We do not make these remarks to prejudice our readers against the book, but merely to point out what we deem objectionable. In many respects we like it very much; notwithstanding these objections, we are disposed to speak well of it. We are sometimes twitted by writers of Mr. Higginson's school for the narrowness of our views and the poverty of our learning; yet here is a writer who suggests that the requisite aid for the Pentateuch will be found in *Geddes's Holy Bible* and *Wellbeloved's Holy Bible*!

Dr. Stebbing's 'Helps to the Thoughtful Reading of the Four Gospels' makes no display of learning; but with all its simplicity, ease, and familiarity, it would not have been what it is if the author had not known much more than he has occasion to say. He gives the *results* of much critical reading in a popular form, which render his 'Helps' really what they profess to be in the service of the devout reader.

Mr. Smith's 'Dissertation on the Origin and Connexion of the Gospels' is worthy of the author to whom we are indebted for the solid and pre-eminently satisfactory illustration of 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul.' It is a noble specimen of honest criticism by an independent layman. It contains the antidote to the hollow pretensions of some German writers, and puts to shame the timidity which, under the semblance of reverence for Scripture, refuses to look fairly at the *actual* condition of those writings. The work is deserving of a careful examination. We can only state, in the author's own words, the conclusions to which he has been led by the evidence furnished in the Gospels themselves, and by other ancient writers, respecting the origin and connexion of the Gospels—

'1st. Several of the apostles, including Matthew, *Peter*, and John, committed to writing accounts of the transactions of our Lord and his disciples in the language spoken by them,—i. e., Syro-Chaldaic or Aramaic, known in the New Testament and the works of the Fathers as Hebrew.

'2nd. When the apostles were driven by persecution from Judæa, a history of the life of our Lord was drawn up from the original Memoirs in Hebrew and in Greek, by the Apostle Matthew, for the use of the Jewish converts,—the Greek being the same as the Gospel according to Matthew.

'3rd. St. Luke drew up, for the use of Theophilus, a new life of our Lord, founded upon the authority of eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, including the Hebrew Memoir of Peter and the Greek Gospel of Matthew.

'4th. After Peter's death or departure from Rome (ἐξοδόν), St. Mark translated the Memoir written by Peter into Greek.

'5th. John, at a still later period, composed his Gospel from his own original Memoirs, omitting much that was already narrated by the other Evangelists, for reasons assigned by himself. (xxi. 25.)

'By adopting this theory of the origin of the Gospels we can easily explain the phenomena in question. I do not, however, propound it as a probable conjecture, calculated to afford an explanation, but trust I shall be able to substantiate every part of it by adequate proof.' (p. xxv.)

The 'phenomena in question,' it is understood, consists in the *nature of the agreements* between the several independent writers of the Gospels. The 'adequate proof' which Mr. Smith promises is given in examples from modern contemporary historians and in a minute examination of the Gospels themselves, which do not admit of abridgment. The objections of Dr. Lardner, Mr. Horne, Bishop Marsh, Mr. Alford, Dr. Davidson, and Professor Thiersch to the notion that any of the Evangelists made use of the works of their predecessors are answered:—the reader must judge with what success after he has examined the synopsis of the parallel passages in the first three Gospels and that of the parallels between Matthew and Luke, together with the appended Critical Notes. We are strongly of opinion that this Dissertation will, sooner or later, have its place among standard works in Biblical literature.

Dr. Forbes's 'Symmetrical Structure of Scripture' is an expansion of Bishop Lowth's 'Doctrine of Hebrew Parallelism,' which Bishop Jebb applied to the New Testament, and which was extended by the Rev. T. Boys to whole *paragraphs*, as well as *lines*. By examples selected from the Psalms, Proverbs, the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and numerous other parts of Scripture, Dr. Forbes has illustrated this principle in a very interesting manner. We have cautiously tested these examples, and others, so repeatedly, that we can very cordially recommend this book to all who desire to be 'mighty in the Scriptures.'

Mr. Maurice's 'Unity of the New Testament' appears to us to be a very sensible and useful book, which cannot be read as it deserves without some results which we consider to be highly desirable. Without being a Commentary, it exhibits the purpose of each particular Gospel or Epistle, and shows that they all have 'one common subject, that they refer to a living Person, that when considered in reference to Him they have a unity which we can discover by no collection or paragraphs.' We hope the writer will be spared to complete his design of another series on the 'Apostle John,' and on the 'History of the Christian Church and the Romish Apostasy.' Not a few of Mr. Maurice's peculiar opinions, from which we dissent, will, of course, be found here and there; but we do not make it a canon of criticism to condemn all the books we read, in which we find that there are

important points on which we do not hold all the opinions of the authors. Having given our readers fair notice of what they will occasionally find in this volume which we do not agree with, we have no hesitation in recommending it as well fitted to accomplish the avowed and manifest intention of the accomplished and amiable writer.

We congratulate our readers on the rich accessions which we have brought before them to the valuable helps hitherto engaged for the most sacred, delightful, and profitable of human studies. We cannot but rejoice in the fact that there is such an accumulation of Biblical treasures. It is itself an indication of an improved healthy tone in the religious mind both of Germany and of Great Britain. We hail it as the prelude of a serene and bright future. Happily, there is a middle path between cold intelligence and ignorant fervour in religion, between powerless rationalism and craven superstition, between the licentiousness mistaken for freedom and the blindness mistaken for reverence. Many forms of evil in the Church have melted before the advance of knowledge. Many more, little suspected in many quarters, await only the unity produced,—not by laws, and creeds, and forms, nor yet by the abandonment of personal convictions, but by *the right understanding of the Scriptures*, and a common feeling of warm attachment to them, awakened by a common perception of their meaning and their grandeur—to vanish before an enlightened and earnest Church as the palace of ice in the Eastern fable disappeared before the splendid fire of the noontide sun. We will not dwell upon the miserable lack of intelligence among Christians on Biblical matters, nor on the rarity of instructions which would give them broader views and more exact information. We are not ignorant of the prejudices which include large departments of human opinions on Scripture doctrines among things sacred, while it would look on the means of making the Bible a book attractive to all sorts of persons as belonging to the week-day and the Bible-class; but by no means to intrude on the Sabbath and the Pulpit. These Bible-classes, if wisely conducted, will set all that right in time; at present, there is a practical confession, on the part of great numbers of ministers in all churches, that the old economy of pulpit performances has passed away, in a great measure, from the approbation of the people. Hence, we have lectures instead of sermons, events instead of texts, histories instead of doctrines, themes which are popular with the many instead of the narrow range of topics cherished by the few.

The people go to hear this novel manner of teaching wherever it is found, and it is in course of being found everywhere. We cannot say that this is the best state of things, though it is, beyond

all doubt, greatly better than other states of things which we have witnessed. When we have a ministry 'thoroughly furnished' pervading the land, we hope to see something better still. Men will learn from books, and from lectures in other places, enough of those matters which at present gain so much attention in not a few pulpits, and a more wholesome tone of intellect will be produced by a more luminous, masculine, and masterful dealing with all the questions that concern the Scriptures. We shall look upon such a consummation as one of the most blessed revolutions in the history of the Church—the natural outcome of the grand forces which have been struggling, with more or less success, against wearing-out superstitions during the last three centuries of European life. It will be the reign of good sense in sacred as well as secular things. It will, to a large extent, substitute common agreement, based on knowledge, for controversies generated by incertitude. It will repress extravagance by dignified wisdom. It will guide nascent spirits away from the paths which lead to heresy. It will remove all but the *moral* causes of infidelity. It will supplant the skeletons of orthodoxy by the living forms of breathing, speaking, and working truth. We should be greatly misunderstood by any one who could imagine that we look for such a consummation to *merely* verbal studies in relation to the Scriptures. These are valuable as *directions* to the devout, and as furnishing *materials* for what we may represent as the higher departments of theological teaching. Without lively religious emotion, and without profound and comprehensive religious thoughtfulness, there will be little taste of the right kind for free Biblical teaching on a large scale. One fruit of such teaching, we are confident, will be a more real practical reliance on those ineffable illuminations from on high which come not through human ministrations; and not less confident are we that another fruit will be the loving self-sacrifice without which the Church cannot be one, and cannot, therefore, bear a full and unanswerable testimony for the Saviour to the world. We are looking for the time when the noblest examples we have had of Christian excellence will be transcended by the ordinary style of Christians, as the stars that owe their solitary brilliance to the surrounding darkness are absorbed in the light that fills the whole field of vision.

ART. VII.—*Voluntaryism in England and Wales ; or, the Census of 1851.* Published by the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. 1854. pp. 112. Svo.

PARLIAMENT has met, and our friends in the House must soon be maturing their plans for the session. Dissenters now occupy an advanced position, bringing with it duties and modes of action to which they have hitherto been strangers. We are a party in the House. What was once reproached as political dissent is now acknowledged as dissenting politics. We wish, with a view to this new position, to make some general observations of a practical kind, which may help in maturing our policy. A policy of some kind it is clear we must have. To show this we need only address ourselves to such of our readers as may be inclined to think enough has been done for the present, and to counsel the advisableness of 'letting well alone.' We are assured of their cordial concurrence in asserting that they are not prepared to go back. They will not give up anything. They are as desirous as any to maintain a position in the House and before the country, which shall be sufficient to stop any counter-movement against the voluntary principle as it now stands recognised. Having for the first time, at the last general election, placed a body of members in the House of Commons, the bulk of those members are not to be turned out again at the next. Being intended to remain there, they are to be upholden in the position and the weight they have won for themselves. Assuming that they are not, during this session, or the next, or the next after, to make a single movement in advance, they are to be ready, and they are to be understood to be ready, at all times to hold their own.

Now *we* wish for more; but we frankly avow that, if while the war lasts we can accomplish so much as is here indicated, and really hold our own, we shall certainly not feel dissatisfied. We are, at all events, clear that if the advantages which all of us desire to contend for at the proper time are to be really won, all that we are now anxious about must be attended to on the mere principle of self-defence. We cannot lay down our arms. A session in the House of Commons can no more pass without the constant need of protecting our position than without the army and navy estimates. The prestige of the last session rests with us, but our attacks and our successes have all been made and won in self-defence. In a former article on this subject* we limited ourselves to showing that the Cabinet were

* The Coalition Government and the Dissenters. May, 1851.

not our friends. Add to this the consideration of the numerous interests all intent on pushing their claims in the teeth of our very principle, and it will be seen how inevitably, and on all sides, we are exposed to active hostility. The Oxford bill, for instance, as at first brought on, ignored our existence. A hundred members memorialized Lord John Russell, and were told they must act for themselves. The Dissenters then took action. Their first step was to ask the House to recognise their interest in Oxford, by the appointment of a select committee; and upon this also being refused, they then undoubtedly girded up their loins, and took bodily possession. Every one now acknowledges that, if the bill had become law in the shape in which it was first introduced (how extraordinary it now seems that such a proposal should, in sober faith, have been made to us!), dissent would have received a positive injury. The bill was an attack on dissent, and would, by a side wind, and without a blow struck, have deprived us of all the advantages gained at so much cost in 1835.

Take again the case of church-rates. Practically speaking, church-rates *are* abolished in the north, and are *being* abolished in the south. The only course now open is to abolish them altogether, and if any substitute is necessary, it must be derived from an improved management of church property. On both points we were assailed. Lord Blandford insisted, in spite of urgent remonstrances, in retaining in his Episcopal and Capitular Estates Bill a clause—wholly unnecessary to its professed object—precluding the proposed application of the improved revenues. Mr. Packe's Church-rate Extension and Perpetuation Bill was slurred over at the time, but it is now reproduced with worse features, and, as is understood, under high sanction, in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Church-rates are to be henceforth exacted all over the kingdom; Dissenters are to be ticketed and turned out of vestry; the old common-law rights of the vestry itself are to be abolished, and the whole power lodged with a church surveyor and a county magistracy. Is it not time to bestir ourselves? Sir W. Clay's bill was lost last session by an unwonted combination of faint-heartedness and treachery. For the sake of one clause only let it not be so lost again;—'From and after the date of the passing of this act, no church-rate shall be made or levied in any parish in England or Wales.'

Such questions, again, as Maynooth, the Irish Regium Donum and Belfast Professorships, Church Removal and Burial Board Bills, Ecclesiastical Commissions, Church Building Acts, Australian Constitutions, and as many more twice counted, are not merely in their principle, but in their form of presentment, a perpetual guerilla war. They never come in a shape in which

we can stand neutral. We must in every case either assert or abandon our principles; under penalty, if we are once caught napping, of establishing a 'precedent,' to which the House is never more willing to allow the appeal than when Voluntaries have established it against themselves. The Maynooth grant, for instance, is defended as a compact: settled, we are told, by act of parliament. If it be, it is settled all one way, for last session it was only Mr. Spooner's vigilance that defeated an additional estimate. The Irish Regium Donum again is not, like the defunct English grant, a fixed sum of a few hundreds: it has begged itself up from £1200 to £38,000, and is still asking for more. The vote of the House is taken every year upon this question of increase. We must either accede to or refuse it: and unless we refuse it, we are ourselves active parties to carrying the principle of the grant farther than it has yet been pushed. And this is not all. The estimate has long been suspected. It is now known to be tainted with fraud. At least £5000 a-year of the £38,000 is obtained without even the pretence of fulfilling the conditions. To the extent of £14,000 a-year, the fulfilment alleged would be set down by common-sense people as sheer evasion. There is no evidence to satisfy men of business that the conditions are in any case fulfilled, except for the single year in which the grant is first made to a new congregation—the congregation itself perhaps being only formed for the sake of obtaining it. Can Voluntaries without impeachment acquiesce in a grant at which honest men must feel their ears tingle?

And so of the rest. We might exceed our limits on this point alone. There is enough to do, even if we do not look to advancing a step. There needs all through the session, from the first day to the last, an unfailing watch on the part of all our dissenting members merely to hold our own.

We are happy to know that this watch is maintained. We believe there is now no offensive movement which can avoid an encounter with a perfectly well-informed opposition. Our friends in the House are united, vigilant, and active; and in addition to their own numbers, they have begun to command the support of a still larger body not belonging to their ranks. Last May, we reckoned them at from 80 to 100. They now form altogether a party numbering not less ordinarily than a third of the House, and in pitched battles they have counted more.

Now, how is this position to be made secure? On this point we confess to no small surprise at the currency of notions which we should have supposed impossible, even among the most uninquiring. We have heard the events of the late session attributed by intelligent men simply to the *progress of liberal opinion*, and have seen the facts regarded as so clearly speaking

for themselves to this effect, that any appearance of doubt upon it is put down to cynicism. As *we know* that our successes were brought about by very different causes, and that there would be nothing so sure to undo all that we have done as a reliance only on the progress of liberal opinion, we are anxious to do our best to correct the error.

To suppose that the dissenting members in the House can maintain their ground there, unbacked from without, is an imagination which a single week in the lobby would be enough to dissipate. Consider what they have to do. To have weight in the House, it is obvious that they must not only know all that is going on, but they must exercise a judgment very distinctly independent of the government 'tellers' as to what is to be done in respect of it. The bills, reports, petitions, notices, whips, &c. &c., which every morning lays upon their breakfast-table in a profusion as inexhaustible and various as are the condiments of the meal itself, must be to them matters of actual information. Either by themselves, or by others for them, the facts must be got at and made ready for use, as required from day to day. As to doing it themselves, or among themselves, the thing is simply out of the question. We should judge that if all the 658 members were to resolve themselves into from fifty to one hundred small committees, for the purpose of conscientiously analyzing the pith of all the printed communications received daily by every one of them, they—well, they might do something for the delectation of posterity. The task is hopeless. Members of parliament, like other men of business, read only what they are obliged; and they are obliged to read nothing which is not brought specially under their notice. All the rest, and too much of that, goes into the waste-paper basket. To insure one vote from one member on one question, may well involve a week's time and a month's anxiety on the part of any who will try. And if this be so, let it be remembered that *our* task is something infinitely more serious. It is difficult to estimate it on any calculation of proportions with the case we are supposing. In that case, there need not be unusual, or even usual difficulties. The claim may be just and simple; the member honest, intelligent, and active; no party engagements may interfere; and there shall still be the labour and anxiety we have suggested in securing his actual vote. What, then, must it be to gain and keep the votes of between two and three hundred members, not on one question only, but, as the result has shown, on half the divisions of a session—questions of every shade of importance, and arising under every possible contingency as to previous announcement—the members thus kept together being all, no doubt, to a certain extent, practically reliable, but having

no sort of community in their grounds of action, and each one of them, moreover, daily subject to the delicately shaded influences of an acknowledged master of the art, in whose very touch there seems to lurk fascination? Will it not be said, that to secure from such a body an undeviating support to an advanced policy of mere principle, and to win for it, by their instrumentality, a signal success, in spite of the opposition of the cabinet, and the avowed wishes of the majority on both sides of the House, demands an organization powerful in the united support of all the leading minds in the metropolis and the provinces. We do not understand that the Liberation of Religion Society is generally considered to have received support quite of this character, but the work we have described is pretty much what it actually did last session.

It is unfortunately impossible for us adequately to possess our readers of our grounds for this assertion, inasmuch as we cannot here detail the entire ecclesiastical history of the late session. We will, however, do the best of which our limits allow. In the first place, it will be remembered that the bills, notices, and general parliamentary papers of which we have spoken are not (so far, at least, as the House of Commons is concerned) confined to members, but are obtainable at a small cost by any who choose to apply for them. All public bodies, therefore, have the means of knowing day by day and week by week all that is going forward in the legislature, and their power to affect the result depends entirely upon the manner in which they avail themselves of this knowledge. It may be of no more worth to them than, we have seen, it is to any unassisted member of parliament: skilfully used, and in the hands of a body in possession of independent force, it is a power by which any result may be obtained. To those of our readers who may not be personally conversant with these matters, it may be of use to explain that the notice-papers (which are the most important) consist of two sets, one of which is issued daily, and the other every Saturday. The first informs the members and the public of all that has been done in the House on the day preceding, and all that is down in the order-book for the day on which it is laid on his breakfast-table. It usually extends to a printed sheet (or perhaps two) of foolscap, and a sufficient acquaintance with its contents is consequently the work of a few minutes. The weekly notice is considerably more voluminous; and is in fact not to be fully understood without knowledge from other sources of the business to which it relates. It gives notice of every question, motion, bill, or amendment to be put or proposed by any member during the ensuing week. It states them simply in the terms in which they appear on the notice-paper, leaving the members to obtain

any necessary explanation from their own knowledge of the subject.

Assuming, now, that these sources of information have been turned to the best account by the Liberation Society, its next point is to act upon them with the most effect. Among other things to which we have just alluded, we named the 'whip.' This is a somewhat inexplicable, yet very well understood and effective instrument. It is a document signed by nobody, emanating from nowhere, and relating to nothing. It conveys no hint of what is to take place, but by some species of freemasonry which we have never entirely apprehended, it leads the members addressed to find themselves at the right moment in the Government or Opposition division lobby, as the case may be. It is known by them that the whip must have the sanction of the party-leader; and though in many cases it is probably not known till afterwards what it is all about, this suffices. When the Liberation Society began its parliamentary operations, the Dissenting M.P.'s were so far from having a leader, that they could hardly be called a party. There was nothing for it, therefore, but for the Society to adopt the suggestion of some influential members—establish a whip of its own. It was an extraordinary piece of impertinence, to be sure. On particular questions it is not uncommon—instances of it happen every session—for parties interested to send round circulars to members on whom they think they may rely, setting forth in eloquent indignation the wrongs they suffer, and humbly asking assistance in the emergency. This was all very well; but for a party out of doors to practice the thing systematically, and in a form betraying perfect acquaintance with the usages of the House and the habits of members individually, and while perfectly respectful, not betraying any consciousness at all that they were asking a very great favour, was something quite unknown to any theory of the Constitution.

But the thing took. Our Dissenting friends were well pleased to find themselves gathering together in the House and in the lobby with a regularity to which they had been strangers. Church members, who had never understood Anti-State-Churchism in the abstract, were not displeased to find themselves doing the same thing. Thorough men of business, having no particular love for us, perhaps, nevertheless saw what was coming, and prepared themselves, out of respect sometimes for Dissenting constituencies, for this new element in party tactics. But there were other members who viewed it with sore discomposure. Not a few government subordinates were driven by it to make an election between their superiors and their constituents, for which they will no doubt be able to account, better or worse,

as the case may be, at the next general election. There are also about 100 members,—rather above that number, we think, than otherwise,—who up to last session had best suited their inclinations or convenience by not voting on ecclesiastical questions. Besides all these, there is a class of members, not very numerous and not very influential, but which certainly ought not to be overlooked in this enumeration: they are in general of high blood and breeding, and they discharge with fidelity a task which they do not desire. They do not like the House nor the requirements of party. They have always regarded both with those feelings of aversion naturally due to what 'Punch' appropriately designates on their behalf as a 'horrid baw,' and have only allowed themselves to be elected on an understanding with 'Haytaw' that they were never to be summoned until the government were driven to contemplate a dissolution. They had 'got in' more or less easily, and having got in, they had done their duty, and it would be a most unprincipled thing to call upon them for anything more. It would: but there was one body of some slight importance who were not parties to the compact. Just at the time when the Liberation 'whips' were getting into full play, the constituents of these and of many other honourable gentlemen were infected apparently with quite new notions of their relations with their representative. To say nothing of petitions, every post brought all sorts of hints, queries, suggestions, and sometimes positively information of what was going on in the House. It was of no use not to notice these communications: they were too business-like, and the writers too influential. The only thing was to put them off with sympathetic replies and contingent promises. In a general way this is successful, as gentlemen who will resort to these evasions are their own prophets, and can regulate their own contingencies. In this case it failed utterly. The members thus acting found themselves receiving in reply cordial thanks for their sympathy, and full information as to the contingencies they had suggested.

The result was, that even on Sir W. Clay's second division, two out of three of the government 'tellers' sat still, absolutely checkmated, on the Treasury bench; and but for the obstinate disbelief of some of our friends in the possibility of so daring a policy succeeding, a Church Rate Abolition bill would not only have been introduced for the first time in the history of Parliament, but would have been carried through a second reading. The absent Anti-Church-rate votes were about twice the number of the government majority. On Mr. Heywood's clauses the effect was still more marked: Forty Conservative members, following Lord Stanley into the Dissenters' lobby, neutralized the whole force of the cabinet and its immediate satellites, and

found themselves only adding to a majority already larger than their own contingent. We were not present when the numbers were declared. The scene is described to us as having rivalled the most exciting moments of the Reform bill era. Even Lord John Russell's 'pluck' gave way. The Dissenters had passed at a bound the point reached in 1815, and were now to share in the actual government as well as in the titular honours of the University of Oxford. At this crisis Mr. Walpole rendered a service to his party, which may well cover a larger multitude of deficiencies than its exigencies have ever attributed to his official career. For the moment he recovered the position. It was instantly disputed by Mr. Bright, and a postponed discussion allowed of negotiations being initiated by friends of the whig chiefs. It was too late now for the grace of concession; and the cabinet, at length reduced to accept Mr. Heywood's terms, taken avowedly as a first instalment, were only too glad to hurry the measure through the Lords, while a bill which did no more was still possible.

It is no breach of confidence to speak now of the first meetings of a few members of Parliament and others, at which the course to be taken respecting the Oxford bill was discussed. It was agreed on all hands, that to allow the occasion to pass by without some distinct assertion of the claims of the Dissenters was impossible, if only as a matter of self-respect. But the opinion was also equally clear, that no actual advantage could result. 'It will be done,' said a member, who we trust will live to disprove more than this prophesy,—'it will be done some time or other, there is no doubt of that: but you and I shall not live to see it.' Fifty or sixty petitions, it was said, not numerously signed, but having a few names of known respectability, would answer all purposes. No great hope was entertained of obtaining so many, but it was thought likely to have a good effect upon the House if they could be had. It would make the movement quite respectable, and give a position to be used at some future time. We believe we run no risk of contradiction in saying, that it is due entirely to the courage of the Liberation Society, in resolving to conduct the movement on its own responsibility, on the principle of going in to win, that we are not now sitting down contented with no better result. Within a fortnight about 4000 circulars, containing forms of petition and the members' Memorial to Lord John Russell, had been forwarded to nearly every Baptist, Independent, and Unitarian minister in England and Wales. Communications were at the same time opened with the Congregational and Baptist Unions, a stream of private letters was poured continuously into every borough and leading county town where any influential

liberal (Dissenter or Churchman) could be found likely to get up petitions, write to representatives, or influence the local press. 'Dod's Facts' were brought to bear, revised by 'Mann's Statistics.' We should say that there was probably no locality at all available, in which a batch of Dissenters were not informed of and induced to use some precise mode of attack which they had specially in their power. The effect was a surprise upon the House, and led soon to an improved policy. Mr. Heywood, in concurrence with our friends, but against the strenuous opposition of some aristocratic whigs, restored his abandoned notice of a motion to refer the bill to a select committee; avowedly to supply the omission of the first inquiry, by bringing forward the claims of the Dissenters. The motion was lost, as was expected, but there can be no doubt that the alarm which it created among all members who had dissenting constituents contributed powerfully to the eventual majority.

Now this must be kept up. If it be not, church-rates will be extended and perpetuated, the abolition of Maynooth will only give new strength to a false principle, Irish presbyterianism will continue its fraudulent receipt of the public money, and the Australian colonies will have thrust upon them an establishment. These are the aggressions of which we are forewarned, and against which we shall have quite enough to do to defend ourselves. We are fully alive to the claims upon our gratitude on the part of other bodies, when we state our conviction that the means of success are to be sought for in strengthening as much as possible the hands of the Liberation of Religion Society. All other organizations are either formed upon a basis not admitting of universal co-operation, or are restricted to objects insufficient for our purpose. There is no reason why they should not all work in their several spheres concurrently with, while independently of, this Society. They can neither take its ground, nor it theirs. The common cause of all will be promoted: the special objects of each will in no wise be retarded.

The Society is much better supported than formerly. It is reaping the reward of success achieved, and of an evident desire to meet all fair objections to its constitution or plans of operation, in a large extent of new ground broken up, and in some adhesions which were rather hoped than looked for. It has made way in the House by the evidence of its hold on the country, and it has gained faster hold on the country by the way which it has made in the House. We would willingly accept the judgment of the first M.P. of any knowledge of affairs who might be asked it, as to the respect which it has won on all sides for its efficiency in doing the work it purposes, and its skill in proposing the work to be done. Thus far, indeed, we should say that it has reversed

its old position, and has become stronger in the House than in the country. Members are sensitively alive to the possible powers of any organization in active service. They are conscious that the apparent results, in the action, for instance, of their constituents, are so certain not to be in excess of the reality, and may bear so small a proportion to it, that if anything, they are only too ready to act at the first hint. There is, indeed, always some danger in the case of a body charged with a prolonged movement, that a reactionary feeling may in course of time arise in the minds of members, undervaluing its real power in proportion as in their first haste they attributed to it possibly too much. This is obviated—when it is obviated—by the constant acquisition of new alliances from those who really feel indebted for what it has done, and desire it to be maintained in permanent efficiency. Such was the fortune of the League, such should be of the Liberation of Religion Society. To the old Anti-State-Church Association there were objections; but surely all that reasonable men could think of has been done to meet them. It has abandoned its name; it has expunged the formula of its principle; it employs new modes of operation. What more can be said?

We were not surprised that a matter which was so much one of feeling as the change of name should involve animated discussion; but except for the determination to conciliate which the success of the proposal evidenced, we have always for ourselves attached more importance to either of the other changes. The expungement of the principle we regard as emphatically right. Its language implied a test which excluded from the Society precisely those to whom its success was most important, while it proposed to unite the evangelical and non-evangelical Dissenter upon the basis of a formula by which neither of them could understand the other to mean strictly the same thing with himself. How impossible it must be to frame a principle for such a society which shall fully satisfy the evangelical Christian without involving the essence of a test, will be acknowledged by any who have made the attempt. The truth is, that a society which proposes results, cannot be limited by sympathies. All that can be required from its members is an agreement in the precise thing intended to be done. The business of the Liberation of Religion Society, whatever the desires of its members individually, is to effect the repeal of certain acts of parliament, and the discontinuance of certain grants; and until time suits for this, to see to it that there be no more acts of parliament to repeal, and no more grants to discontinue. It is not because all who honestly desire to effect the same thing, and are able and willing to aid efficiently in promoting it, may not act precisely on the same principle, or from the same motive with ourselves, that we are to

adjudicate upon their consciences and repudiate their alliance. The Society is now a political organization, but it is one which men are little likely to join who have not deep impressions of the sanctity of religion. In saying this, we are not theorists. By whomsoever its efforts have been supported or opposed, there is one party which has always stood aloof. Thoroughly committed against the principle of a religious establishment, there are none of whom the Church stands in so little fear as the philosophical radicals. They hate the Church much, but they hate religion more. Religion in earnest they identify with proselytism, proselytism with tyranny, and tyranny with dissent: and in spite of all their intelligent and not pleased perception of the injustice of an establishment, they are yet willing to let it alone, if not positively to uphold it, as the best bulwark the times admit of against too much religion. They would establish all religions if they could; the more the merrier; but this being impossible, they keep to that they have as the safest course for preserving any. Not with our good-will should any conscientious moderate dissenter run the risk—in standing aloof, like these, from all active effort for carrying out an acknowledged principle—of being by any means identified with a class which we loathe with our whole soul.

The immediate duty of the Society is to act upon parliament. Of the means which it has at its disposal for doing so effectually we have already said quite as much as is prudent. Others, which will suggest themselves readily to those who remember something of the tactics of former organizations, we are in a condition to assure our readers have not been forgotten. We will now, however, take the opportunity of observing—the more especially as in some possible contingencies it may be needful to repeat the petitioning movement then set on foot—that nothing can well be more erroneous than the supposition that petitions are not worth the trouble they undoubtedly occasion. It is sometimes represented by writers who should know better as if a member presenting a petition just read something written for him on the back of it in an unintelligible tone to the House, and the petition was thereupon laid on the table, thrust into a bag, carried out by the clerk, and no more heard of. This is all very well as a joke, but every one who has to do with these things knows that the facts are quite otherwise. Mr. Heywood's clauses in the Oxford bill may be safely said to have been carried by petitions. Other influences (to which we have alluded) were brought to bear at a later stage; but the effect upon the House of the early influx of petitions, numbering about eight or nine times as many as had been stipulated, was so marked that competent judges foretold success long before the Liberation of Religion

Society had emptied its quiver. It was due partly to the character of the signatures, with which the members presenting them were of course generally acquainted, and not less to the variety which was observable in the petitions themselves. Almost every petition which is 'not a form' (i. e., which has anything distinctive in its statement) is printed and circulated, and to a considerable extent *read* among the members generally. So much is this the case, that, to throw out a hint for future use, if church-rate petitions should again be wanted, their value would at least be doubled by the insertion of statements respecting the condition of matters in the locality from which they are sent up. Accounts of recent contests, or the fact that there are no such things as rates in the parish; how the church is maintained in repair, and how long it has been so, will go far to ensure Sir W. Clay's majority on the second reading of his bill.

Let it not, however, be supposed that this is all that is done by the Society. No one can study the statistics of Mr. Mann's report without perceiving in it materials far more directly available than as the somewhat ponderous verification of an abstract principle. The volume named at the head of this Article, while it exhibits the strength of Christian willinghood in a necessarily clearer light than was open to official compilers, ought also to be in the hands of every nonconformist elector who wishes to gauge the precise strength of voluntaryism as a political power in his own county. It will not afford complete information, but it will infallibly indicate the points of inquiry, to be carried out on the spot. Preparations are already being made in this direction by the Liberation Society to ensure our holding our own not only in this but in a future parliament. But the results must depend on the resources; and we need not point out how essential it is to success in this department of its labours that the Society should receive adequate and early support. It has now become certain that the income of former years will be at least doubled for the next three; but we trust the Executive Committee will not bate a jot of the guaranteed £5000 for which it has made its appeal, and every shilling of which is required.

It is obvious that, at present, power is being wasted for want of an assured position. The energy expended does not produce the full results towards which it is directed, and other results of which it is capable are unavoidably put aside. At this moment the influence which the Society has acquired is forcing upon it, by applications becoming continually more frequent, an initiative in electoral as well as parliamentary action, of which it has no adequate resources to take the advantage. We are not sure that actual loss has not been occasioned: we are sure that possible gains have not been secured. Even in what the society has effected

there has been necessarily a waste of valuable exertion. The Church-rate and University petitions were the result of something like 12,000 circulars, independently of probably another thousand personal appeals, specially addressed to selected individuals. As things are, not one of these could safely have been omitted; nor can they be, should petitions again be required during the forthcoming campaign. It is certain that a large number will be fruitless; but it is not certain of any one that it will not succeed, and were things as they ought to be, every distinct circular ought to produce its separate crop of petitions. For the simple fact is, that there was not (according to all reasonable calculation) a single person to whom they were addressed who was not committed to the principle, interested in its success, and possessed of a definite sphere of influence in its behalf. Yet the knowledge on the part of the Executive that the great majority of their applications were experimental, and that to ensure a modicum of success, a war of extermination must be carried on against the waste-paper basket—that universal devourer of all printed, and of most written communications—largely withdrew their attention from operations which would have told effectually upon the aggregate result. To overcome this obstacle must necessarily be a work of time; but the period will be accelerated and the results enlarged by an amount of aid so small on the part of each, that we may almost characterize it as the *absence of inaction*. Something more, no doubt, is necessary when an actual petition is to be forwarded or an actual election to be won. But the most severe of these labours would be undertaken in any event; the only difference would be that, by a pre-existing connexion with the Society, they would more often be attended with a reasonable probability of success.

Should there be any of our readers, secretly even to themselves, unsatisfied as to the principle at stake, we refer them for a short settlement of the question, to the half-crown pamphlet on the Census lately published by the Society. In an argument based upon that portion of Mr. Mann's statistics which the Bishop of Oxford accepts—that, namely, which relates to *sittings* as opposed to *attendances*,—it affords a contrast between the establishmentarian and the voluntary principles, as both being at work in the episcopalian denomination itself, and also as at work respectively in that denomination and in those of the other Christian sects which are substantially at one with it in doctrine. The result deduced is beyond cavil or misapprehension. In all England and Wales, and in every county individually tables constructed from Mr. Mann's show that the establishment has given way, and voluntary effort taken its place. Even where the one has done most, the other has done more; where it has

done nothing, as in Huntingdonshire, the other has supplied nearly the whole deficiency, in addition to its own natural quota. In fifty years seventy per cent. of the descendants of the old church population have left the doors within which their fathers worshipped for those of other denominations; and of the remainder, a large portion have been regained during the last twenty years of the half century by voluntary effort set on foot within the church itself. The facts of which these are a sample, the reader will find presented in divers forms, and verified by several tests in this volume. If their truth is commended to his judgment, let him join with us in dethroning a principle so weak for good, so powerful for ill.

Brief Notices.

Louisa von Plettenhaus; the Journal of a Poor Young Lady. Translated from the German. Fcap. 8vo. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.—A bewitching tale, which both old and young may read with advantage and pleasure. Purity of sentiment and the tenderest affections are combined in a narrative of considerable interest, which is made subservient to the best interests of morality and religion.

Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., L.L.D. Vol. II. Post 8vo. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.—The second volume of a cheap issue of the select works of Dr. Chalmers, which concludes his Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. We cannot too strongly recommend this edition to that numerous class of readers whose circumstances prevent the purchase of its larger and more costly predecessor.

Partnership with Limited Liability. Reprinted with Additions from the 'Westminster Review' for October, 1853. 12mo. pp. 63. London: John Chapman.—A pamphlet which deserves the attentive consideration of our statesmen, advocating a change well suited to advance the interests of

commerce, and which must sooner or later be adopted.

Statistical Tables of Population, Mortality, Food, and Clothing: Politics, Finance, Taxation, and Currency: Crime and Punishment: Mineral Produce, Commerce, Shipping, Emigration, &c. Compiled from Parliamentary and other authentic Documents. By T. G. Darton. 8vo. pp. 36. London: Longman & Co.—This is a reprint from the fourth edition of Mr. McCulloch's 'Descriptive and Statistical Account of the British Empire,' and will be found invaluable for reference on various points of commanding interest.

The Scripture Pocket-Book for 1855. Containing an Almanack; also, a passage of Scripture for every day; with an arrangement by which the Bible may be read in the course of the year, and a variety of useful information. London: The Religious Tract Society.—A pocket companion, which unites the useful and the instructive in a very unwonted degree.

Ephemeris; or, Leaves from ye Journal of Marian Drayton. Imprinted in London for Robert and George Seeleye.—We are no great admirers of the modern-antique, yet we are disposed

to make an exception in favor of the present work, which purports to have been written during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The style is not a bad imitation of that of the times described, though occasional lapses may be discovered. The persecutions of Mary's unhappy reign are illustrated in a tone of simple and tender narrative, which readily makes its way to the heart of an intelligent reader.

Selections Grave and Gay from Writings Published and Unpublished by Thomas De Quincey. Edinburgh: James Hogg.—The fourth volume of a series which promises to be one of the richest and most entertaining in our language. In our journal for October last we recorded, at some length, our judgment on the qualities of Mr. De Quincey as a writer, and shall, therefore, content ourselves now with reporting that the present volume contains five papers, the titles of which will sufficiently indicate their range and variety. These titles are,—‘Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts,’ ‘Revolt of the Tartars,’ ‘Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy,’ ‘On War,’ and ‘The English Mail Coach.’ There is a freshness and affluence and fulness of life throughout these papers which cannot fail very deeply to interest an intelligent reader, notwithstanding the necessity he may feel to differ from some of the views expressed.

Selections from the Writings of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Parts III. and IV. London: Longman & Co.—Two numbers of the ‘Traveller’s Library,’ which complete the selections contemplated from the writings of one of the most vigorous and sparkling writers of the last generation. Whilst regretting many things which Sydney Smith penned, we never tire over his writings. The qualities they evince are so happily combined as to minister largely both to the entertainment and the instruction of the reader.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S.—Edited by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart. Vol. IV. Svo. pp. 422. Edinburgh: Thomas Con-

stable & Co.—This fourth volume of the complete edition of the works of Dugald Stewart is the third and last of the ‘Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.’ It is printed in beautiful style, and leaves nothing to be desired by the admirers of Professor Stewart. The rapid appearance of these volumes is a matter of congratulation, and we wait with intense expectation for the appearance of the ‘Biographical Memoir’ which Sir W. Hamilton is to furnish. His distinguished position pre-eminently qualifies him for so delicate and difficult a work.

Tales of the Desert and the Bush. From the German of Friedrich Gerstäcker. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.—Some months since we noticed a volume of this author’s travels, forming the first of ‘Nelson’s Modern Library,’ and the terms in which we spoke of it are applicable, with slight variation, to the present work. We have rarely met with a book which supplies, within such limits, so much entertaining and unexceptionable reading. It contains, in addition to several letters from emigrants, six tales, most of which have their scenery in America, and are illustrative of Indian or Negro life. They are written in an unpretentious and very fascinating style, and throw considerable light on the anomalous state of society in the New World. The volume may be placed, without hesitation, in the hands of young people, whilst those who are more advanced in years, and are in consequence somewhat less imaginative in their temperament, will find it difficult to close it until the end of the volume is attained. It would be an advantage if some slight sketch of the author, and of the circumstances under which the work was composed, had been prefixed. A similar omission existed in the volume published by the Messrs. Nelson, and we shall be glad to find that such notice is supplied in the ‘Miscellany of Foreign Literature.’ English readers look for information of this kind, and publishers will do well to meet so reasonable a requirement.

The Table Talk of John Selden. With Notes by David Irving, LL.D. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 247.—It is needless to dilate on the learning of Selden. In an age of learned men he was the most conspicuous. The fact is universally admitted, and is proved by the various works which bear his name. He was born on the 16th of December, 1584, and died on the 30th November, 1654. His 'Table Talk' was published by his amanuensis, Richard Milward, in 1689, who tells us in his dedication, that 'lest all those excellent things which usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing.' Several editions of the work have been printed, and in 1819 Dr. Irving, Keeper of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, published one which, for correctness and elegance, was superior to all its predecessors. The present edition is an improvement on this. The notes have been enlarged and several corrupted passages have been amended from a manuscript discovered in the Advocates' Library. Dr. Irving is entitled to our best thanks for the care with which he has edited the work, and we shall be glad to find him performing a similar labor of love in the case of other works of equal value.

Modern Household Cookery. A New Work for Private Families: containing a Great Variety of Valuable Receipts, with Directions for the Preparation of Food for Invalids and for Children. By a Lady. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 396. London: T. Nelson & Son.—This volume is one of the best digests of modern cookery that has been given to the public for some time. The value of such a work will be evident if we consider that man, to live, must eat, and that at least three or four times a-day, and that by reference to the receipts of the volume before us, his meals may be pleasantly and, at the

same time, economically prepared. The directions for the food of children and invalids are excellent, and will be found exceedingly useful to the young housekeeper, mother, and nurse.

Sacred Studies; or, Aids to the Development of Truth. A Second and Enlarged Edition of Discourses on Important Subjects. By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Ward & Co. 1854.—Dr. Ferguson has greatly improved his former volume in this edition, not only by the change of title, but by the substitution, for two pastoral discourses, of the admirable discourses on 'The Benevolence of Christianity,' and 'The Centre of the Whole Moral Universe of God.' 'The work,' as he says, 'has thus more of unity in its subjects and its arrangement.' We are so much instructed by its luminous teaching, and delighted with its elaborate and richly adorned yet chaste composition, that we gladly commend it to the thoughtful student of revealed truth.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. New Series. Edited by the Rev. H. Burgess, LL.D., Ph.D., Member of the Royal Society of Literature. No. XIII. October, 1854. London: Blackader & Co.—We observe in the latest numbers of this periodical that it keeps up its character. The papers have various merits, and correspond with the professions of the editor. We should be glad to see it more exclusively devoted to the discussion of questions not taken up in other reviews and magazines, instead of reviewing at such length works like that of Dr. Milman on 'The History of Latin Christianity.' As there is really no other publication in which strictly Biblical discussions and correspondence find place, we think it would be an improvement in the journal to confine itself to this department of literature.

Review of the Month.

PARLIAMENT MET FOR THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS ON THE 12TH. A graceful concession was thus made to popular feeling, while regard was shown to the obvious requirements of the public service. Nothing is more common than to speak of a 'crisis' having arisen. The term is often used, and sometimes very thoughtlessly. It has frequently been the rallying cry of faction, and has been prostituted to nefarious purposes. In the present case, however, its use is clearly justified. We are embarked in an arduous struggle; our first anticipations have been disappointed; and the dogged resolution of the English character is supplanting the sanguine expectations recently cherished. Every one feels that our resources are to be taxed to the utmost, and the national mind is resolved on the sacrifice, whatever be its extent, which may be needed to success. Our gallant countrymen are suffering unwonted hardships in the Crimea; and the rapid concentration of Russian forces on the theatre of war, has shown that we greatly underrated the power of the Czar. Under these circumstances it is not unnatural that some degree of uneasiness should prevail. There is no misgiving, no apprehension of ultimate defeat, no regretful feeling at the past, unless it be that greater earnestness and more considerate forethought have not been evinced. The political opponents of the Cabinet have, no doubt, done their utmost to damage it. Whilst professing much solicitude to carry on the war with vigor, no opportunity has been lost of charging the Ministry with shortsightedness, irresolution, and even treachery. The opposition journals have talked of divisions in the Cabinet, and have not hesitated to allege against some of its leading members an unpatriotic and criminal regard to the interests of Russia. In the language of bitter invective they have given utterance to the selfish disappointment of their leaders, and have taunted the ministry with unwillingness to meet the national representatives. They have called for an early assembling of Parliament, and have at the same time avowed their conviction that Lord Aberdeen and his associates dared not venture on such a step. To these invectives the best reply has been rendered. Parliament has been summoned some months earlier than usual; and the Queen has asked the counsel of her subjects on the measures which are required 'to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigor and effect.' This is as it should be. Ministers have done wisely in this bold and decided policy, and we doubt not, whatever taunts opposition speakers may throw out, that they will be rewarded by the generous confidence of a sympathizing nation. In common with a large portion of the British people we abominate war. The military spirit is, in our judgment, adverse to that of Christianity, and inimical therefore to the social interests of a people. Still there are cases in which war is unavoidable. It is a great evil, and as such we submit to it; but there are greater, to avoid which we reluctantly incur the less. We believed in our conscience that, sooner or later, war with Russia was inevitable. As long as it was possible, with any semblance of self-respect, Lord Aberdeen

shrunk from its responsibilities ; but the reckless ambition of the Czar left him at length no alternative. Had England stood by and suffered the dismemberment of Turkey, war might have been averted for a season. In such case, however, it would only have been deferred. The time would have come when it must have been forced on our statesmen, and that too under circumstances far more hazardous and costly than those which now exist.

Such being our national condition, it was expected that a great onslaught would be made on the Ministry the first night of the session. With such an expectation we took up the newspapers of the 13th, and after an attentive examination of what occurred in both Houses, we are free to confess that the Ministry has come out of the struggle far better than we anticipated. The Duke of Newcastle in the Lords and Mr. Sidney Herbert in the Commons were the principal speakers on the Ministerial side.* Their official position naturally gave them this prominence, and their exposition of the past conduct of the war has certainly corrected many prevalent misconceptions, disproved statements which have been industriously propagated on apparently good authority, and though not entirely exculpatory of the Government, has served to strengthen confidence in the future decision and sagacity of its measures. We are especially glad that the Duke of Newcastle, in his clear, manly, and on many points most satisfactory speech, ingenuously acknowledged that he was 'not about to make what might be called an out-and-out defence of the policy of the Government.' 'I am far too sensible,' said his grace, 'of my own shortcomings, and of the difficulties of administration to be prepared to say that everything that has been done has been done in the best possible way, or that no mistakes have occurred, or that, if we were now to begin again, on the 26th of March, with the knowledge and experience we have acquired, the same things exactly would be done in the same manner ; but, on the contrary, I can say that some things not done then would now be done, and some things done then would now be omitted.' We cannot, of course, enter into the details of the two speeches. It may however be remarked, that the Duke of Newcastle distinctly affirmed that the invasion of the Crimea was contemplated from the first, and that on the 29th of June, only one week from the siege of Silistria being raised, directions were forwarded to Lord Raglan to undertake the expedition. Large reinforcements were immediately forwarded with a view to this enterprise, and the whole number up to the close of the present year will exceed 53,000 men. In our ignorance of the Russian forces in the Crimea—an ignorance shared equally with our allies—the force sent on the expedition was unequal to the object contemplated. On this point there is now no difference of judgment, but it was ungenerous in Lord Derby and the other opposition leaders to taunt the Ministry with it, since, as the Duke of Newcastle remarked, 'there was not a voice in this House, or a voice in this country, which, although raised in depreciation of the acts of the Government, did not assert that our forces were sufficient to accomplish the object in view.' Lord Derby asserted that

* Mr. Sidney Herbert's Speech has been published separately by Murray, and should be read attentively.

the army was half-starved, but the War-Secretary denied this statement in the most explicit manner. 'I admit,' he said, 'that accidents have occurred; I admit that everything has not been perfect; but this I say—and I say it fearlessly—that no army was ever better fed than this army has been. I can confidently assert there has not been even a single day—unless it was the day when the first march from the place of disembarkation took place—when regular rations have not been supplied to the troops.' Referring to the difficulty of conveying the heavy artillery and stores, the duke informed the House that a complete railroad was about to be sent out; and that in order to secure the utmost efficiency in these works, the assistance of Messrs. Peto and Betts had been obtained. On proposing it to them, his grace informed their lordships that they replied—'Every exertion in our power shall be used—all our property which may be required, rails, engines, everything, shall be placed at your disposal. One condition alone we make;—that is, that we shall not derive one farthing of profit from this affair in any way.' They said, 'It shall not be undertaken as a contract; we will act as your agents, and do everything for you, sending to the Treasury the bills which under ordinary circumstances would come to us.' This is just what we should have anticipated. The generous patriotism of such men cordially placed at the service of their country whatever resources and skill they could command, at the same time that they declined all pecuniary advantage. In acting thus they evinced the same spirit which has pervaded all ranks with unexampled unanimity and earnestness.*

In common with many others we deeply regret the course pursued on the subject of the present war by such men as Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Sturge. It is within our knowledge that the speeches of Mr. Cobden, in the early stages of the dispute, were hailed in

* We are grieved to learn that, in consequence of this engagement, Mr. Peto has found it necessary to retire from the representation of Norwich. An extract from his address to the electors of that city, which appeared in the newspapers of the 21st, will best explain the facts of the case:—'The Government,' he says, 'recently desired my advice and assistance in promoting the facility of transit in the Crimea, and I had no hesitation, with my partners, Mr. Brassey and Mr. Betts, in devoting to it our best energies, acting simply as agents on behalf of the Government, and without the slightest pecuniary profit or benefit to ourselves. In carrying out this arrangement, and during its continuance, I find that, by a strict interpretation of the act which incapacitates members of Parliament from being concerned in any contract or commission on behalf of the Government, I may have brought myself within the operation of its clauses, although I have not in any way infringed upon the true spirit or meaning of that law.' All classes of his countrymen will regret his retirement. The necessity for it is one of the incidents of a statute the general operation of which is beneficial. He might have evaded the statute by absenting himself from the House, but, as he gracefully remarks in his address, 'I feel that while such important questions are under consideration I should be wanting in duty to you by such a course.' He has, therefore, at once and wisely resolved on retirement. His absence from the House can only be brief. The circumstance which has led to it will greatly strengthen his hold on the sympathies of his countrymen, and will secure, we doubt not, at the earliest possible moment, his return to St. Stephen's. The private virtues and unblemished patriotism of such a man can be ill spared at the present moment.

the palace of the Czar, and contributed greatly to confirm him in the belief that the English people would never offer any effectual resistance to his designs on Turkey. Whilst, however, we differ *toto calo* from these gentlemen, we feel bound to record our strong protest against the tyranny with which it is attempted to prevent the expression of their views. To those views they are fully entitled, and it would be the mere mockery of freedom to admit this right without conceding an analogous right to give their views utterance. There is much in the prevalent feeling of the majority which we deem unsound and threatening, and against which every advocate of free speech should firmly set himself. If the opinions advocated are incorrect—and such we believe them to be—let them be refuted; but let not an attempt be made to overawe honest men in the utterance of their convictions. Let truth and falsehood fairly grapple: ‘Who,’ as Milton once asked, ‘ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?’ Had we been at Manchester the other day, much as we differ from Mr. Bright, we should have been at his side in defence of his right, which every Englishman claims, to give free utterance to his convictions, however they may be opposed to those of the majority of his countrymen.

ON THE 13TH, LORD PALMERSTON MOVED FOR LEAVE TO BRING IN A BILL to enable her Majesty to accept offers of service by militia regiments in places out of the United Kingdom. The object of the measure is to enable the Government to withdraw the troops now serving at Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, and other places, if needed, and to substitute for them militia regiments. By this means it is intended to strengthen Lord Raglan’s force, without depriving the garrisons in question of competent defence. The propriety of the measure was admitted on all hands. Exception, of course, was taken to details. This was to be expected, but the radical features of the measure were unassailable. The bill, therefore, rapidly passed through the Commons, and was read a third time in the Lords on the 22nd. By this measure a considerable military force is placed at the disposal of Government, and from the character of the troops now doing garrison duty in the Mediterranean an important addition will thus be made to the English army in the Crimea.

ANOTHER MEASURE PROPOSED BY THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN RISE TO MUCH DISCUSSION, and is clearly more open to honorable exception. The Militia Bill was introduced in the Commons, but on the 14th, the Duke of Newcastle submitted a Bill to enable her Majesty to enlist foreigners, with a view of strengthening her military forces in the Crimea. The number proposed was 15,000, which was subsequently reduced to 10,000, and the necessity for the measure was grounded on the peaceful and commercial habits of our people, which prevent them, in the early stages of a war, from contending on equal terms with such a power as Russia. The duke, in introducing the measure, gave an historical sketch of the several statutes which had been passed in former years for a similar purpose. In 1794, the number of foreigners to be enlisted was limited to 5,000. In 1804, this number was increased to 10,000, and subsequently it was augmented to 16,000. Such a proposition furnished

just the opportunity for which the Opposition looked. It was adapted to awaken some apprehension and distrust even amongst liberals; and it was hoped by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, that by a junction with such the policy of ministers might be embarrassed even if their power were not overthrown. The alleged unconstitutional character of the measure was therefore insisted on, and much danger was represented as attendant on it. Foreign soldiers, it was alleged, might be employed to the detriment of English liberty, and on the failure of other arguments insinuations were thrown out of the personal influence which had been employed to induce the ministerial adoption of the Bill, and of the family interests it was intended to subserve. For such insinuations we are satisfied there was no ground whatever, nor can we see the slightest force in the *constitutional* objection alleged against the measure, as it ultimately passed the Lords. That foreign troops should be employed in this country to maintain order and enforce the law is clearly open to this exception, though, considering the smallness of the force, we are very much disposed to coincide with Earl Grey in deeming it 'of almost inconceivably small weight.' We admit, however, the great importance of guarding against an evil precedent, and should, therefore, had the bill been open to this exception, have been inclined to deem it fatal. 'Now, however,' to use the words of Earl Grey—no very friendly judge, moreover—'when the keeping of foreign troops in this country was simply limited to the object of disciplining them and forming depôts for service abroad, when the Crown was entirely restricted from making any other use of these troops than that of engaging them in foreign service, this objection—*small as it was in the first instance*—was now gone altogether, and there was no further occasion for that vague language respecting injury to the constitution which had been made use of. He had often heard, both in that House and in the House of Commons, when there was some measure to which you wanted to give a bad name, that, if you had no very clear and tangible objection to the measure, you called it '*unconstitutional*.' A division took place in the Upper House on the 15th, when the motion was carried by 55 to 43. Having passed the Lords on the 18th, it was immediately introduced into the Lower House, and on the 19th, the second reading was carried by a majority of 39, the numbers being 241 for, and 202 against the measure. Both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston spoke earnestly in its defence, thus discrediting the rumors of division which have been so industriously circulated. On the following day a debate occurred on the motion for going into committee, when Mr. Cobden avowed the opinion 'that the expedition to the Crimea is about the rashest of any of which an account is to be found in our annals.' The opposition to the measure succeeded in preventing any progress, but on the 21st the bill passed through committee, and on the 22nd was read a third time, by a majority of 173 against 135.

The measure is undoubtedly regarded with disfavor by a considerable portion of the community. Apart from the Opposition, whose policy is quite evident, many of the best friends of popular liberty have spoken or voted against it. That they have done so honestly we do not doubt, but after giving our best attention to the speeches of Messrs. Cobden and Bright, we cannot say that their objections have much

force with us. To the constitutional plea we have already adverted, nor do the others which have been advanced strengthen their position. These are partly military and partly moral; and though insisted on with considerable pertinacity, they are not in our judgment an adequate ground for hostility. Whatever may be thought of the past, the Government is now evidently straining every nerve to increase their forces in the Crimea, and we should deeply regret any successful opposition to a proposal which they deem essential to the vigorous carrying out of their plans. We should have been gratified if their proposal had been more specific, and more obviously indicative of what we deem the requirements of the case; but we do not feel on this account prepared to reject a measure the obvious tendency of which is to increase the military forces at their command. The youths of Germany are early trained to arms, but are not allowed to emigrate until they have attained the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven. From this class it is hoped to enlist a considerable body of men who may be prepared with very brief training for effective service in the Crimea. We should have preferred a *Polish* legion, but next to this we welcome the assistance of German recruits. Our countrymen in the Crimea will not spurn their aid. In previous wars they have rendered good service, and the presence of a large body of them in the Crimea will at once reanimate the spirits and diminish the overstrained labors of our soldiers.

AN IMPORTANT THOUGH BRIEF DISCUSSION TOOK PLACE IN THE UPPER HOUSE ON THE 19TH, in answer to a question addressed to the Premier by the Duke of Grafton, 'whether it was the intention of her Majesty to appoint some especial day to be kept holy for the purpose of returning thanks to God for his Divine protection during the prosecution of the war, or whether it was the intention of her Majesty to order an especial service on some Sabbath-day for the same purpose.' The readers of the 'Eclectic' will be at no loss to divine our views on such a subject. They have been frequently expressed, and we have no disposition to conceal them on the present occasion. We are perfectly one with the Duke of Grafton in maintaining the propriety of invoking the Divine blessing on the measures which may be adopted, and on returning thanks for the success vouchsafed. But we maintain that this is best done at the dictate of religious principle, and in pursuance of those universal laws which are founded on individual consciousness and a sense of continued dependence on the Divine care. There is so much of mere formalism in state prayers on these occasions that their influence is pernicious rather than otherwise. They disgust, by their obvious hypocrisy, and offend, we verily believe, by their ostentatious pharisaism, the Omniscient Being to whom they are addressed. Let there be prayer and thanksgiving by all means, but let them be the outburst of personal conviction,—the language of deeply-affected and believing hearts. The Duke of Grafton was of course supported by the Earl of Roden, of whose sincerity there is no doubt, though his views on such subjects are sadly beclouded by the false notions entertained on ecclesiastical matters. The reply of the Premier, which, of course, failed to satisfy the Earl of Roden, was indicative of great progress since the palmy days of Church-of-Englandism. Such services were formerly

appointed *ad nauseam*, and have contributed greatly, as we fear, to the prevalence of infidelity amongst the upper classes of society. The truth in this matter is only just beginning to be felt, and it occasionally oozes out from official speakers in a style which would have made their predecessors stand aghast. The whole truth is not yet apprehended, but we see enough to convince us that the time will come when a simpler and more Christianlike view will be taken of such matters. 'He did not deny,' said Lord Aberdeen, 'that occasions might arise in which it was most proper to give her Majesty similar advice; but at the present moment he did not see that circumstances required him to give such advice. Their lordships would recollect that there was already provided in the Liturgy a form of prayer which answered all occasions of this kind. Perhaps they thought they might improve that form of prayer, or that they might have a better one; but he would caution their lordships how they tampered with the Liturgy, for he believed it was of the most essential importance to preserve its integrity, and they should not unnecessarily invite any exercise of the Queen's prerogative which might raise questions injurious to the peace of the Church.' Lord Campbell expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments of the Prime Minister, remarking with much good sense that 'it would be better to wait until peace was restored by the victories of our army, and when that happy event arrived, let the whole nation on its knees humbly thank God for his mercies.' We are glad that the Government has adopted this course. At the same time, we take the opportunity of saying to our numerous readers, Let each one cultivate a sense of continued dependence on the Divine care, and let the language of humble, earnest, and believing supplication ascend from every heart to the Father of all mercies on behalf of our countrymen who are engaged in this fearful contest. They are entitled to our sympathy; and the voice of prayer can never be more appropriately uttered than when interceding at the Divine footstool for their safety.

THE TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND THE WESTERN POWERS has at last been published. It has been puffed, for a long time before its appearance, by all the organs of the ministry, as the masterpiece of English diplomacy; as the measure which is to bring the present crisis to a speedy solution, or at least, as the means of doubling the forces engaged in the Russian war, by the accession of five hundred thousand Austrian bayonets. Such views were altogether at variance with the logical deductions from all we know about the real state of Austria; since this power has, by the Italian and Hungarian war, and by her policy of revenge, of confiscation, and proscription, put herself into such a false position, as to prevent the possibility of her going to war;—her only policy, as we have often explained, being one of procrastination and of neutrality. Still, when the conclusion of a treaty between Austria and the Western Powers was announced in the Queen's speech, the funds rose, and the public believed that a *bona fide* alliance was entered into by the three Powers. Lord John Russell's explanations about the unsatisfactory nature of the treaty, which left Austria entirely free to back out without incurring the stigma of having dealt unfairly, were savagely attacked, and flatly contradicted by the organs of Lord Palmerston

and Lord Aberdeen. At last the treaty was laid before Parliament on the 15th. It consists of a preamble and seven articles. The preamble is, of course, as all preambles always are, very satisfactory, and declares that the Queen and the Emperors of France and Austria are animated with a desire of terminating the war by a peace guaranteeing Europe against the return of the present complications; that they are convinced that the complete union of their efforts would be most conducive to this result; that therefore for the purpose of coming to an immediate understanding with regard to their respective positions, and their arrangements for the future, they have signed the treaty, by which they engage mutually and reciprocally not to enter into any arrangement with the Czar, without having first deliberated thereupon in common. By this article Austria has become the arbiter of the war without having incurred any risk, or even broken off her good understanding and diplomatic relations with Russia. In the second article the Emperor of Austria engages to defend the Danubian principalities, which he has occupied, against any Russian attack, and acknowledges solemnly that his occupation shall not interfere with the free movements of the Anglo-French or Ottoman troops upon the same territories;—still this concession is restricted, if not altogether cancelled, by the second part of the article, which declares that every question relating either to the exceptional and provisional state of the principalities, or to the free passages of the different armies across their territory, shall be *examined and regulated* by a mixed commission at Vienna, between the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, Turkey being likewise invited to send a plenipotentiary to the commission. By Art. 3, England and France guarantee their aid to Austria, in case hostilities should break out between Russia and Austria, and in this case Art. 4 reiterates and enforces once more the stipulations of Art. 1, not to entertain any proposition on the part of the Czar without having come to an understanding between themselves. For such advantages, Austria gives the promise in the 5th Art., that in case general peace should not be re-established in the course of the present year (1854), that together with England and France, she will *deliberate* (!) without delay upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance. The 6th Art. invites Prussia to join the treaty, and the 7th regulates the term of the ratification. Such is the measure which was to secure the peace of Europe! The funds fell slightly as the treaty was published; and Lord John Russell's remarks were fully borne out. Prussia has, as yet, not found it necessary to accede to the alliance. The war, on the whole, is not popular in Germany. Whatever the ministerial papers of England may say about the German interests jeopardized by Russian encroachments in Turkey, the Germans regard only their actual oppression; they long for freedom and unity; and the alliance of England with Austria forebodes neither German freedom nor German unity. Should the war against Russia be carried on, not as a territorial war, but as a war of principles, all Germany would rise to support the cause of freedom. Under the present circumstances they look with diffidence on England and France and with fear on Russia, though they are ashamed of the wavering policy of Prussia.

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ART. I.—*Handbook of Painting*
Spanish, and French Schools
of Kugler by a Lady. I.
Bart. In Two Volumes

THE art-literature of this country is elegant, is seldom profound, and is busily engaged in the making to afford more than a glance at the principles and theoretic philosophy on which unconsciously he founds his practice. He is apt to think that all speculations on the origin and abstract principles of art must end where they begin, and cannot aid him in the results he strives to realize. The public at large probably hold the same opinion. A good picture speaks for itself, needs no philosophy for its understanding; it pleases, one knows not why, and cares not wherefore. All this we can understand and allow; neither does it necessarily imply insensibility of taste or a low art development. But assuredly it is of importance that at least the literature of our country should take a wider and deeper scope; that there should be men to unfold to us the laws of beauty in the world around and the corresponding primal principles of the mind within, that so art criticism may be founded on something surer than mere caprice; and the general public no longer have the plausible plea for ignorance that, after all, nothing is to be known. We do not for a moment assert that after the most careful and extended investigation the laws of beauty, and therefore the principles of art, can be reduced to anything approaching certitude. Beauty is at

least as much the birth of the mind within as an external phenomenon in nature, and spontaneity and freedom, and not mechanism and certainty, are the great glory and attribute of mind. Still, without ever hoping, we had almost said without desiring to arrive at certainty, a probability may be reached which shall be a sufficient basis for an artistic faith and an enlightened practice. It is manifestly of great moment that art investigations and teachings failing of absolute and unerring truth should at least tend in the right direction; and at all events we may require and expect that the spirit and purpose should be high and pure; that writers should clearly see and fully recognise that the province and purpose of art is not merely to amuse and please, but that, by the relation in which it stands to the subtlest and highest powers of the mind, its end and aim is also to teach, reveal, and ennoble. Now, unless an art creed contain this faith, it is not only worthless but degrading.

The 'Handbook' by Kugler, prefixed to the present article, is a work well calculated to exert a beneficial influence on the literature and art of this country. It has often been our guide through many of the European galleries, and its merits are almost too well known to require our further commendation. At one time we had believed that its enthusiastic and glowing style was incompatible with literal truth, but having read many of its criticisms before the pictures themselves, and well weighed the force and propriety of the epithets employed, we found in the eloquence of the words but a careful transcript of the painter's thoughts. The work is the criticism of a poet, a painter, and a philosopher. It enters into the inner soul and creative spirit of the artist. It is no trick product of trade phrases, learned in pretension, and hollow of all meaning, but the careful judgment of a mind capable of accurate analysis, and wonderfully sensitive of beauty. Holding these opinions of the original work, it was with surprise and regret that we found in the preface to the English edition views inconsistent with its character and purpose. If there be one word by which we would test an artist or a critic, a single term in which we could sum up the essence of a mind, or the end and purpose of a life, it should be the word *ideal*. The reception of this term in all its consequences, or, on the other hand, its utter rejection, at once determines what a man is in his ends and aims. To have no ideal is to be without a future—nothing to hope for or strive after. There is something prophetic in our nature which points to a perfection not yet realized. The philanthropist has conceived of a happiness of which he sees now only the germs; the philosopher of an absolute truth, the scattered fragments of which he gathers diligently, in the hopeful trust that they may at a future day be united into a perfect

whole. It is by virtue of this ideal which the mind creates to itself, and which by our labours we seek to realize, that progress becomes possible. And shall art alone be destitute of this vision and faculty divine? Shall the philanthropist, the man of science, the philosopher, yea, even the practical statesman, each have his ideal, which allures him by hope to the distant horizon, and the artist be chained down to the present, the positive, and the actual? Shall things practical have an ideal aspect, a visionary perfection, towards which they tend, and art, essentially the creature of the imagination, be a literal transcript of things as they are—not as we desire to find them? These are questions of deep moment, not merely theoretic in their bearing, but of practical import for the day in which we live and the art which is growing into life around us.

The English editor of Kugler's 'Handbook to Dutch Painting' takes occasion to vindicate the manner of that school by attempting to show that the ideal is not the end and aim of art. To do full justice to this question would demand much space, and involve a searching analysis of the human mind in its relations to nature and art. We believe the difficulty this writer finds in acknowledging an ideal beauty arises from a misconception of its real character. Our literature is much in need of a full, complete, and decisive exposition of this elementary yet ruling principle, in order to silence, if it be possible, the crudities that are daily uttered on the question, and to bring out clearly and prominently the one true element which the artist should ever strive to embody. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who evidently had not completely freed his mind from contradictions on the subject, has, nevertheless, left passages in the 'Discourses' which plainly indicate the inclination of his opinions. In his Third Discourse, speaking of the grand style of painting, he says:—

'The principle now laid down, that the perfection of this art does not consist in mere imitation, is far from being new or singular. It is indeed supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind. The poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity, are continually enforcing this position that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty superior to what is to be found in individual nature.' . . . And again: 'This idea of the perfect state of Nature which the artist calls the ideal beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted.' . . . And further, in the Thirteenth Discourse: 'Upon the whole it seems to me that the object and intention of all the arts is to supply the natural imperfection of things, and often to gratify the mind by realizing and embodying what never existed but in the imagination.'

The transcendental tendency of these passages is manifest, and if we required texts for high art teaching we could scarcely turn to better.

Coleridge had a true and profound insight into the character of art when he defined a picture as an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. The thing and thought stand respectively for the outer world of matter and the inner world of mind. The thing or object is received and taken from visible nature into the inner mind of the artist, and there being elaborated and combined with his individual idiosyncrasy of thought and feeling, comes forth a second time into actual existence under the new and created form of art. The primary element, the raw material, is nature, the forming power is mind, and the ultimate product art. Nature enters the mind a fact, a reality, issues forth a fiction, a poem, an ideality. To the nature around him the artist adds his own nature, and like the creative power in the world, gives his own spiritual thoughts and feelings, outward form and expression, in his works. This mental process is little understood even by the men who are impelled thereby, and is still less apprehended and appreciated by the world at large; yet it is by virtue of this plastic and creative power that art has real dignity and worth. Art is not mere copyism of nature, otherwise photography is its superior; neither is it only a compilation of beauties which may be gathered and combined by ordinary industry and care, otherwise it can have no claim to the epithet 'divine'; but it is a new and creative principle in the world operating on old materials, and out of existing elements fashioning a beauty and an excellence which nature strives after but never attains. This is no new doctrine, although it may sound strange in these material days. All will recal the lines in 'Childe Harold':

——— 'Within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail:
And so the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.'

Reynolds, in his Third Discourse, which we have before quoted on this subject, says:—'All objects which are exhibited to our view by Nature, upon close examination, will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection.'

Thus while we have to deplore the low and crude notions with which our literature abounds, we are not without decisive though only occasional teachings of a higher truth. The mind of man and nature are not only one in creation, but are animated by a kindred spirit. Nature speaks to us because there is something indwelling beneath the outward show which answers to the workings of our minds. She is symbolic of a truth, beauty, and goodness, nay, even of human emotions which evince a spiritual

link that binds together all creation into one, and indicates a common essence under diverse forms. Now the human mind is an originating power; created itself, it has within its finite sphere the capacity of creating again. It cannot indeed create out of nothing, wholly independent of existing elements, but must gather the primal materials from actual experience, and from the known construct the previously unknown. The mind reads nature, as we have said, through kindred sympathy of spirit; and it is thus, through intimate communion with her essence, that man, by force of his creative power working in the spirit of nature and his own spirit, gives birth to beauteous forms which nature has not yet realized. If it be said this is a departure from nature, we deny it; but rather its consummation and fulfilment. The best fiction is ever the most truthful; when it violates a lower truth it is only to attain a higher, and its boldest conceptions, if not actualities, are at least possibilities in nature. Let it not be supposed that in art we advocate vague dreams, wild vagaries, or indolent reliance on the creative capacity of genius; on the contrary, we plainly state that it is only by constant and thoughtful study of nature, as she is, that the artist can hope to approach to that perfection for which the mind craves. He must exhaust the world as it is before he can presume to create a better; he must remember the axiom, that in order to attain to the ideal his foot must rest firmly on the actual.

It is evident that photography will at least for a time strengthen the tendency of our English school to materialism. This will be the first result, though we trust not the ultimate and lasting. The artist can now bring nature into his studio in a concentrated and available form, and will probably be thereby enabled to imitate her with an accuracy and minuteness hitherto but seldom attempted. Even to a student of nature the photograph will tell truths which he never before saw. We have not unfrequently attempted to make close studies of the bark of trees, and have often seen its markings, texture, and colour imitated with admirable truth; yet a photograph has rendered this apparent success contemptible, and shown us for the first time what nature really is. Nor is this a solitary example; it is only one instance among a multitude. Considering the spirit by which art is now animated, the obvious tendency of all this is to add to the accuracy and intricacy of our imitation; to spur on our artists to renewed labour, in order to satisfy that craving for identical imitation which photographs have increased if not created. This growing tendency is seen and acknowledged on all hands. The so-called Pre-Raphaelites lead the way, and not only aspirants but Academicians are but too eager to follow. Where all this will stop we know not, but this one thing is

obvious that the photograph accomplishes in a moment what the painter fails of attaining in a month. The course of study in modern days has been changed. Salvator Rosa, wandering among bandit mountains, made careless and hasty notes which he worked into pictures of passion. Now, the artist armed with sketching stool, large canvas, umbrella, or even tent, goes at the same hour, for days in succession, and makes a geological and botanical map of the scene before him, and the result is a work destitute alike of the accuracy of a photograph and the emotion of a picture. The mechanical genius of the age is our glory, but we fear ere long in art it will be our shame. However, we trust there will come a reaction, though the indications are not yet apparent. In the end it will be but too evident that the utmost labour directed to identical imitation will fall far short of the infallible accuracy of the photograph. The pursuit of excellence in this direction must prove futile, and in the end will, we hope, be given up in despair. Then, we trust, may follow a juster appreciation of the true end and glory of art, when we feel, through the experience of failure, the force of a self-evident truth, that a servile copy of nature must necessarily be inferior to the original, and that even here the mechanism of a scientific apparatus utterly defeats the manual dexterity of the material artist. Let the painter then learn that henceforth he must labour with his head, not his hands.

The legitimate tendency of the photograph is strikingly seen in portraiture. The artist who attempts mere literal accuracy, a Denner-like fac-simile of every line, wrinkle, and eyelash, finds himself defeated on his own ground by the scientific and infallible accuracy of the photograph portrait. Here science enters the domain of art, and attains a result which must end in the utter discomfiture and ruin of the servile and matter-of-fact portrait painter. This is a consummation not to be regretted, if it lead to the further and higher development of portraiture. If, by the arrangement of lenses and the compound of chemicals, Raphael's Leo X., or the head of Gevartius by Vandyke, could be evolved, then, indeed, even the true artist might well despair; but this is impossible until the blind laws of nature shall be endowed with reason, and mind and matter, in essence and function, become one and identical. When we hear men decry portrait painting as low and servile, we know it is because they have not yet raised themselves to the height of the great argument. The task of perpetuating commonplace is a penalty which must be felt in proportion as the artist has fitted himself for higher themes. Yet all forms of humanity have their redeeming points; there are qualities which endear in the household if they do not shine for the public; and poets, as well as a higher authority, tell us that foolish things do often, by a

simple truth and excellence, confound the wise. The portrait painter must know how to elevate his subject, however lowly, to educe the poetry that lies unseen by the ungifted eye. We are taught by example that the daisy beneath our feet is a not less fitting subject for the poet than the skylark, which

‘Singing soars, and soaring ever singeth.’

We insist more on the ideality of the portrait, because in practice and theory these all but self-evident truths are too often forgotten, and likewise because the rapid progress of photography imperatively demands that the portrait painter, driven from low positions which are now no longer tenable, should strive at the highest ends within his reach. The progress of science and discovery has always driven the unskilled labourer out of the market; manual work is displaced by scientific mechanism, and it is only in thought and mental effort that the dignity and stability of labour can consist; it is only when working and thinking are thus linked together in mutual dependence that labour, losing its curse, becomes not only compatible with, but instrumental to, the highest culture. It is this thought and mental effort which gives to art its only worth, and makes the Egyptian pyramid—the gigantic expression of physical labour—sink before the Gothic cathedral, the expression of our aspirations, an emblem of religion.

We are also anxious to show that the photograph ought to exert a similar influence on landscape art. The interest, which it is not too much to call intense, with which the eye traces the infinite minuteness of the photograph landscape, is a striking confirmation of the pleasure which the mind experiences in identical imitation. After such an examination, we need but turn to a picture to feel the contrast between infinite nature and finite art. The painter, the more he strives to approach to the manifold intricacy and variety of nature, the more apparent by contrast are his shortcomings and incapacity. We need scarcely say, that however valuable the painstaking labours of the Pre-Raphaelites may be deemed as a protest against superficial and hackneyed conventionalism, the movement, at least as far as relates to an attempt at identical imitation, is a mistake and misconception. It can never be too often repeated that we do not require to be shown what nature is, but what a great mind thinks of her. Nature herself is within the easy access of all who have tastes sufficiently cultivated to enjoy and appreciate her beauties; and if the artist can do nothing more than put a portion of this external show into a gilt frame and hang it upon our walls, we tell him plainly that his mission in the world is becoming daily less and less important. Unless he can see with the gifted eye, and reveal to more ordinary mortals hidden

beauties and mysterious truths ; unless he can stand within the veil, and from the very presence of that spirit of nature which some, with mistaken zeal, have not hesitated to deify, tell of things which no gross eye can see, we again repeat that his mission in the world is becoming day by day less important. We are proud to say that this is an age of great requirements. Science has worked miracles, commerce has made gigantic strides, the press has become a fourth estate, but of art we can only say, that since the glory of Greece and the revival of the middle ages, she has retrograded. Not only has art degenerated, but the high mission of the artist is now barely recognised. This is especially true in our own country, notwithstanding that science, commerce, the press, and the other agents of civilization, are in the most marked ascendancy. We have to turn to the literature of other nations to learn of the essential and eternal unity which interchangeably subsists between those three great elements—truth, beauty, and goodness. In our civilization and mental culture beauty is no coequal with truth and goodness, but rather an extraneous attribute, an after-thought in creation, an ornament and decoration which, when circumstances justify, may be added after more essential qualities are secured. This is our view, but it is not nature's. In creation, beauty is everywhere infused as a life-giving presence ; it is no extraneous element added to give the final effect and finish, but presided as a creating principle in the first origin of things. This fundamental truth is ignored in the constitution of our civilization, and neglected in the formation of our characters. In great measure this is so because the artist is not equal to the position he was destined to occupy. The philosopher is the representative of truth, the priest, the minister of goodness, and the artist is the disciple and oracle of beauty. To him is committed a trust and advocacy which he has utterly neglected to fulfil ; and if he is not worthy or even conscious of his mission, surely he has no title to blame society if it fail to acknowledge its high import. The anarchy which now subsists in the realms of the beautiful is deplorable, though, under all the circumstances, scarcely astonishing. The prevailing opinion at the present moment is that beauty has no existence ; we are taught that it is the product of association ; in other words, the sport of prejudice and caprice. To complete the circle of such philosophy we have only to add, that truth is what a man troweth, and morality the mere balance of profit and loss.

We do not hesitate to say, that a landscape painting is worthless if not ideal. Even a sketch from nature is a fiction founded on fact. To see nature as she really is may be essential to the man of science ; but to see things as they should be, to look upon them as the foretaste of a greater hereafter, is not less the essence

of the poet. 'Excelsior' is the watchword of all gifted minds; and the ideal, or in other words the perfect, is the goal to which their best desires are tending. Everything that lives has a special and individual ideal, a possibility in its future, the end and purpose of its being. To attain to this ideal excellence, to reduce into reality this mental conception, is the one problem of life, the conscious or unconscious striving of all creation. But in proportion to the dignity of the aim is the difficulty of its attainment. Many are called, but few are chosen; truth and high excellence are within the reach of few, and failure is the common destiny alike of animate and inanimate existence. But it is the glory and prerogative of art to succeed in the midst of failure; at a stroke to realize perfection; to reduce the ideal into the actual; to fulfil the mind's desires and longings; to give outward embodiment to inward conceptions; to show how pure a vehicle matter can be made of spirit; and from the microcosm of mind and the conceptions of the spirit world to fashion a new and beauteous creation. Schiller said that what spirit promises nature performs. Of the actual world this is an over-statement, but of art it is the literal truth. We will not enter into the origin of evil, but our own consciousness and daily experience teach us 'that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' The departure from the good and the violation of the beautiful, evil in the moral world and deformity in the sphere of beauty, are probably similar in origin and essence. The existence of evil in man is recognised to the full, but the no less certain presence of analogous deformity in nature is too often overlooked. Criticism in landscape art is based on the assumption that nature is perfect, and that a faultless imitation would give a perfect art. Now, herein lies a great fallacy. Nature is not perfect, she is under a curse; and when Milton tells us that on the entrance of moral evil into the world,

'Nature gave a second groan: sky lowered and muttering thunder,'

he asserts no poetic fiction, but an essential if not a patent truth. As an example of what we mean, we believe that a perfect tree is as seldom found as the perfect character in man. God is best glorified in the perfection of his works; but He can no longer, when evening closeth, look abroad on creation and say all is very good: in the universal hymn of praise there is much discord. To return to the previous example, there are few trees which grow up in that perfect symmetry, that harmonious balance of parts, which may be taken as the symbol of a well-regulated mind. There is evidence of strife with difficulties, of warfare against contending elements, and, as in the moral world, the result is not always on the side of beauty. To apply a previous

statement, the tree is aiming at a perfection which, under the adverse circumstances of its position, it has never been able to attain. At its birth there was a certain ideal stamped on its nature, towards which, in sunshine and in storm, under circumstances adverse as well as favourable, it has every moment of its life been tending. But however good and, as it were, praiseworthy may have been the intention, yet it must be acknowledged that the result is a failure. We tell the landscape artist, therefore, it is his duty to succeed where nature has failed. By that insight which alone constitutes the artist mind, he must seize on the ideal, the essential and saving beauty, and working in the creative spirit of nature, remove the curse under which she labours, restoring a pristine excellence, or at least anticipating a future perfection.

We do not wish to overlook the obvious fact that the existence of evil and suffering in the world widens the field of poetry. The administering to the afflicted, the sympathy with sorrow, and the conflict against sin, are themes for the highest poetry which would be wholly wanting in a world of perfection. So also in the natural creation, the existence of deformity gives the greater scope to landscape art. We had almost said that in perfect beauty the symmetry would be so complete as to tend towards monotony, and that it is only in the departure from the perfect type that variety can be found. The art process would seem to consist in reducing the discord of variety into the harmony of oneness; in other words, in making evil subservient to goodness, error to truth. To refer to our previous example, the actual tree is marked by the character with which the circumstances of its position have stamped it. The perfect tree would, it is true, have a special, and perhaps higher character of its own, but scarcely the diversified manifestation which the conflict with difficulties has given to the tree of nature. Here the analogy between poetry and landscape art is complete. We have seen that the existence of evil increases the scope of poetry, and in like manner it is true that the departure in nature from ideal beauty adds to the resources of art. Landscape art should not confine itself to the mere expression of the beatitude of perfect rest; it must also at times be a drama of actual life, where various and opposite characters contend for the mastery, where passion exerts its tyranny, and repose is not mere inaction, but the momentary balance of conflicting forces. The world of nature, like the moral world, is in a state of chaos; in a work of art this confusion is restored to harmony, and the laws of composition and artistic treatment are but means to this end. The latent ideal is lying in partial concealment beneath each form and function; mutilated and defaced, it is not destroyed: the poet and artist, like the comparative

anatomist, out of scattered fragments must complete the perfect whole, the one by means of reason, the other through imagination, calling into new birth the type which nature had all but lost.

We have said that landscape art is worthless if it be not ideal, and we now assert that it is equally worthless unless it expresses mental emotion. The mode in which mind is revealed through the medium of matter, in which thoughts and passions dwell in a tabernacle of clay, and are seen as through a veil darkly, must ever remain an unsolved mystery. Why and how it is we know not; but that so it is cannot be questioned. A form may be stated to be the material embodying of a thought; the only known manner in which spirit can gain a local habitation and an actual and abiding manifestation. By virtue hereof is established a natural symbolism, a universal language confined to no age or clime, whereby the spirit and living essence that dwells in all things gains an utterance, and all creation is knit together into one. That we thus commune with nature, and nature with us, is no fancied fiction, but a sober reality. The silent tenor of our lives, the hidden purpose of our thoughts, secrets which no whisper has betrayed even to the breast wherein they slumber, are yet proclaimed in that unconscious but most certain language which errs not, because it neither can be assumed nor falsified. Everything that lives speaks; nay, all things, inanimate as well as animate, under the guidance of active forces, and subject to law and order, appeal to the like principles within ourselves. There is a universal physiognomy not the creature of conjecture, but the sure and certain expression through outward form of an inward and spiritual presence. Examples are so numerous and obvious that they need scarcely be adduced. The well regulated and rightly balanced mind tends to harmonious movement and the just equipoise of limbs; and, on the contrary, not less surely are ill-temper, irritability, and eccentricity, manifested by abrupt angular forms and discordant bodily action. The same natural symbolism subsists throughout the animal kingdom; nay, it pervades all creation. Often do we see a plant or tree which appeals to our sympathies, and endears itself to us by the grace and beauty in which it lives. This must be within the experience of us all. Now, we say that objects in nature are fitted for a picture just in proportion as they are expressive of mental emotion. Even a landscape painting must be a drama in which the trees, the rocks, the mountains, express the various thoughts and passions of our nature. These are the several characters which play their fitting parts, that enhance the general effect by mutual aid or contrast, and by means of which the plot and purpose of the piece must be elaborated into harmony and oneness. In human nature there are characters without character,

minds without mental manifestation, and so in outward nature there are rocks, mountains, trees, water, clouds, which mean nothing and express nothing, and are therefore totally unsuited for a picture. The right study of nature consists in the elimination and subsequent expression of nature's highest thoughts and phases, the casting out as worthless all commonplace, and the concentration and embodiment of her best and purest essence. Thus do we actually portray the mind of nature, that beauty, law, and order, which declare the glory of God. Little minds gossip with nature; and hence we have trivial pictures. Higher minds converse and reason with her; and hence pictures of deep thought and purpose are possible. Nature is mental, and therefore we must bring the like mind to her study; and with whatever thoughts and emotions we come, we shall find a response in her, only it is required that we should approach simply and truly; for in nature is no affectation or falsehood—

‘We receive but what we give,
And in our lives alone does nature live.’

We are a finite microcosm of the infinite nature around us. We dwell in nature and nature in us, and art is the middle point in which each meets, coalescing in a result which is different from either, because it contains the attributes of both. Herein consists the true art philosophy, and the ultimate basis of all right criticism.

We repeat again, every work of art must have an intention and purpose, otherwise it is a mere photograph and something worse. To this test we put every picture. What does the foreground mean; these weeds and grasses painted with so much care and dexterity, what, after all, do they express? ‘Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’ If the artist can make his works thus speak in parables, it sufficeth. Wordsworth says—

‘The meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’

Does the foreground of the picture express such thoughts, or any thoughts or emotions whatever; or is it just so much canvas filled and occupied which otherwise would lie vacant? Again, that distance, what does it express? Is it to the foreground what in time and duration the future is to the present—a field for conjecture and uncertainty—a region of the imagination, peopled by phantoms and dreams and illusions of beauty, which, as the future becomes present, and the distance advances into foreground, are resolved into the facts of reality? Do these mountains reach so far into space as to give to the mind some longing for the infinite: do they lead the thoughts heavenward,

earth holding converse with the sky? Does their purity of colour and tone speak of a land which the imagination pictures, and our thoughts love to abide in—a land unpolluted and undefiled, where the pure in heart do dwell? The clouds, too—ministers of rain and lightning—are they inserted merely to compose the picture, or do they express the symbolism of the heavens? Every rock, mountain, tree, cloud, must thus have a meaning and purpose in itself; each is but part of a general idea—a means to a combined result; and it is in the association of the various individual ideas into one central and pervading thought or passion that we feel the dominion of creative genius, and are brought to acknowledge the true power and capacity of art. Not only should the bare anatomy of the landscape be instinct with thought, but the transient emotions which play across the features of nature, or in other words, the momentary effects which the landscape assumes, must endow the picture with living and speaking expression. The analogy between the human face and the face of nature is here complete. The form of the features bespeaks the permanent constitution of the mind in rest, and in like manner the outline of mountains and trees and rocks is symbolic of nature's energies in repose. To these permanent and constant manifestations are superadded the more transient and spiritual effects of passing emotion; these play upon the features and reveal the momentary phases of the soul within, and in the smile of sunshine or the frown of storm, tell us that nature is no inert mass, but the ever-changing product of active and living forces. Nature is not only intellectual, but is likewise endowed with soul, not only mental but emotional, and she appeals to our sympathies, because we also are creatures of emotion and impulse. Every passion within the human mind meets with a response in nature. Joanna Baillie wrote tragedies to exemplify these human passions, and in like manner the artist should paint landscapes in which the forms, light, and shade, colours, incidents, and effect, should be all focussed into one point, in order to intensify the expression of some ruling passion. No doubt this to a certain extent is always the aim of the true painter, but we are persuaded that little has been attempted in comparison to all that might be accomplished. Nature in the hands of the earnest artist must no longer be mute, but become vocal.

' His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant; in sign of worship, wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds
 That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.'

Especially in southern climates, all nature seems to rejoice with gladness, and to exult in the happiness of existence. Let some pictures then proclaim nature's jubilee, and give to the heart that joy which nature feels. It is easy to understand that this is of all others the most popular form of art; and if a picture can in anywise brighten the dull care of life, it has surely not been painted in vain. Sunlight in a landscape is like the entrance of happy thoughts within the mind. The simplest object either in nature or within the soul thus illumined is elevated above commonplace, and is as it were under heaven's benediction. In works thus beaming with the sunshine of joy few shadows should intrude, and they only to support and enhance the lights, and, as discord in music and evil in the world, only as they tend to the sweeter harmony and more perfect good. In northern latitudes the expression of the landscape is of course the opposite. The smile has become a frown; beauty is under eclipse; the grand and the terrible cast their shadow across the scene, and we think of evil and impending doom. Light is here subservient to shade, thrown in as a ray of hope to make the darkness visible—to save us from that outer and more terrible darkness which is without light and without hope. A landscape should partake of the varied character and contrast of actual life—not all joy, and not unalleviated sorrow. The one must blend with the other in harmonious contrast, each giving to each increased value. The management of the mental expression in a picture requires much discriminative subtlety. Mere light-heartedness standing alone is superficial; and, on the other hand, life abounds so greatly in sorrow, that art cannot be better employed than when it seeks to supply some element that shall dispel the gloom. To express the joy that lies in sorrow, to depict the sunshine after the storm, the promise of better days, which brighten adversity—this is the mingling of the two elements that are found in equal play in actual life, and which lie at the root of our deepest emotions. That men should go night after night to witness a tragedy only for the joy of weeping over their misery is a great anomaly. It may teach us, however, an important lesson in art and art criticism. To throw 'enchantment over passion' and 'cast o'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue' demands a master hand. In poetry this is possible, and we should like to see it at least attempted in painting.

To return once more to the actual. We all know that Salvator Rosa painted pictures of passion. We prize his landscapes, not for their knowledge of nature, in which they are greatly surpassed by our modern school, but because the convulsive workings of his own mind make his pictures the tragedy of landscape art. All that he did was impressed with his own

nature. The lines of his trees have the same twisted forms which give violence to his figures. He reduces all to the harmony, or rather to the discordant intensity of one passion, and that passion burns within himself. Nothing so incontestably evinces the creative power of genius as the capability of thus as it were projecting its own nature into all it sees, feels, and hears. To make the beauty around us a portion of ourselves, to use it as an appointed means in our spiritual growth, till our minds become the temples of all sweet sounds and beauteous forms, is one of the greatest privileges of our earthly lot. Not content with dwelling in inert contemplation on the riches thus laid in store, the active mind seeks to clothe its thoughts and feelings in outward form, and to leave some impress on the age in which it lives of its own existence and attainments. Hence the spontaneous birth of poetry and art, the free offspring of a nature overburdened with its riches, the outpouring of a soul which seeks to communicate to others its own joy and blessedness.

In what mood the mind shall speak must depend on its individual tone and attainment. The path which in its onward course it has traversed, whether of sunshine or of sorrow, will cast a brightness or a gloom on all its works. Nature is an infinity of beauty, alike incomprehensible in extent and variety, and man, the finite, can only appropriate and make a part of himself a small portion of the riches scattered around him. In nature each mind sees itself reflected; blind and insensible to the beauties which are not congenial to its individual idiosyncrasy, it seizes upon those that are typical of its special phase of thought and feeling. Thus it is that no two men see alike; each man takes as it were his own individual self out of nature, and yet she remains infinite as before, inexhaustible as on the first day of creation, giving even in these last times an originality and freshness which all the labours of past centuries and all the demands of former genius have not exhausted or rendered impossible. Thus likewise no metes and bounds can be assigned to art; its actual extent must always be commensurate with the development of man, and its possible attainment only touches the furthest limit when mind has reached its climax. Coleridge said, that for the writing of an epic poem he should require fifteen years; ten years for reading and the necessary study, five for the writing, and another five for the revision. Now for the highest form of landscape art something like this same mental discipline and labour are necessary. Instead of years of reading must be the not less laborious and extended study of nature; the collecting together of all that is most beautiful and grand in creation. But the most subtle function yet remains, that of arranging, digesting, modifying, and by the creative power of the imagina-

tion, refashioning nature's manifestations according to the mind's desires. These operations imply mental endowments so varied and profound that it is no marvel that the ideal artist, like the perfect beauty, should be as yet and for ever a mere mental conception.

It will now not be difficult to understand why we should be eager to protest against that criticism which would exclude the ideal from art. Of the vocation of art and artists we have the highest notions; and the present state of things notwithstanding, we do not wholly renounce hopes for the future. What we fear chiefly is, lest pictures should be deemed mere toys and playthings to amuse and please, not poems to improve by elevating. Religious art in the middle ages had a function, and so must modern art if it would keep its ground. Unless the painter strive for a higher end than that of merely decorating walls and adding the last finish to house furnishing, he cannot take any important place in the present or coming civilization. He must surrender his post of honour, and leave the cause of progress to the guidance of commerce, philosophy, and science. We doubt not that art, whether it attempt to soar, or be content to sink, will ever be patronized where wealth abounds, and pictures without thought or original purpose cannot but be popular with that large, we had almost said increasing, class to whom the act of thinking is an irksome exercise. It is because we hope better things both for art and humanity that we have thus written. In some respects we have fallen upon adverse times. The present aspect of our religion creates no art patronage; science and philosophy require no pictures, otherwise than as diagrams and illustrations; and poetry itself, like high art, is content to rely on past achievements. Art is now only an interlude in life's more serious drama. This is a great mistake; for she is not only the measure but the means of mental advancement, not only the product but the agent of civilization. She is now too much under the divided guardianship of the mechanist who merely drudges and the dilettante who is content to dream. It is by the union of the man of action with the man of thought, of blind practice with enlightened theory, that art can accomplish her mission and fulfil the requirements of the present age. She will then occupy that middle position between the actual and the ideal which fits her equally for our improvement and our pleasure. She will be made the medium by which our senses, redeemed from grossness, are blended with nobler functions: the visible and the invisible worlds will thus be united into one, and the ideal cease to be a dream because it has become a reality.

ART. II.—*Islamism: Its Rise and Progress; or, the Present and Past Condition of the Turks.* By F. A. Neale. In Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 365—315. London: James Madden.

THE historical student can scarcely find a more instructive chapter in the annals of the world than that which records the rise and progress of the Islam faith, nor a more interesting subject for investigation than an inquiry into the causes of that heresy, so great and so rapid in its advancement. Arabia, certainly, was a soil by no means unfavourable to the growth of that gigantic delusion. Almost entirely cut off from the rest of the world, not only by its remoteness from the great seats of civilization, but by the nomadic habits of its people, that country had never fully experienced the humanizing influences of Christianity; but the Bedouin tribes, sometimes living in the fertile uplands in its centre, and sometimes wandering over the desert plains which extend far and wide in that country, dwelt in a simplicity like that of Abraham, and in a freedom which was neither burdened nor restrained by the imposition of kingly authority. To live, it was needful they should provide only for to-day. As their cares did not extend to it, so they were not accustomed to provide for to-morrow. Ignorant of the refinement and of many of the enjoyments of social life, these wild children of the desert were content to dwell among garish mountains, or on the sandy wastes, certain, when the wretched herbage was exhausted, of being carried to other plains or to other valleys where scanty supplies would be found. The religion of these rude nomads consisted chiefly in adoration of the heavenly bodies—the lovely orbs whose radiance guided them in their nightly wanderings, and which equally to the untutored denizens of the desert, and to the refined inhabitants of the city or town, are ‘a beauty and a mystery.’ Ignorant of the future life, and of the retribution completely to be realized in it, the Arabs believed, however, that the greater evils of the present state of existence could be escaped or mitigated by offering sacrifices to the heavenly luminaries which they adored. The slaves of superstition in its worst form, their religion was as bloody as their faith was degraded. Around the rude Caaba-structure in Mecca, their temple-city, heathenish rites were observed, which, for cruelty and debasement, could not be surpassed even by the most savage idolaters. The religion of man, unblessed by revelation, must necessarily partake of the character of its originator. The cruel will ever adore a divinity who is the type of their own nature; and, among the barbarous, ferocity will be characteristic of their worship.

Thus, from a very early period, the Bedouins, at once courageous and superstitious, were accustomed to religious practices defiled by blood, and the cruelties of which almost surpass belief. They frequently sacrificed their children, or, if historians are to be credited, buried them alive, expecting that the spirits of the murdered youths, in the shape of hideous birds, would dwell around the places in which they had been interred; and although they had no clearly defined ideas of a future state of existence either for the virtuous or for the vicious of mankind, it is impossible not to discern some faint spark of their hope of a life beyond the present, in their custom, mentioned by Pococke and Sale, of leaving a camel to die by his master's tomb—a custom which could have originated only in the imagination that his owner might require his services in the mystic spirit-world.

The nature of the country which a people inhabit, and the various circumstances of their condition, do much to modify their religion. Apart from the truth which divine mercy has munificently revealed to mankind, the outward religiousness of a race will be moulded by the topical influence of climate and habitation, just as the insect receives colour and beauty from the leaf on which it feeds and from the light in which it exists. They who dwell amid the atolls of the Pacific, or on narrow rugged reef-islands, looking all day on the long ocean-swell with its deep-blue water, or who hear always the thundering roar of the surf beating on the coral, will have conceptions of deity, of the soul, and of futurity very different from those who dwell in the luxuriousness of the warm and fruitful valleys of India and Persia, where the bounteous earth, almost unsolicited, gives of its abundance to people whom the heat enervates, and to whom plenty is an excuse for indolence. People whose local habitation was the sandy expanse of the Desert, or the few strips of pasture-land lying between rugged mountains, and whose riches consisted of the sheep which fed and clothed them, and of the horses and camels upon which they journeyed, could not have those conceptions of the Ruler of the world, and of the awful infinite in which the perished generations were merged, which would be natural to the race dwelling by the fertilizing Nile, amid the abundance of Egyptian fields. These latter persons, also, would differ much, in their religious faith and service, from the men whose homes were in the quiet vales, or by the sweet waters of Greece, where Nature had lavished her bounties, and where Beauty gave an irresistible attractiveness to every scene, and kindled within the heart of the beholder thoughts to be uttered in sculpture or in song, worthy of the loveliness in which they were produced. The Arabs of Mohammed's time were simply savages. Their isolation debarred them from the influences of such civilization as

obtained among Europeans. The abstruse mysticisms of the Egyptian priesthood were unknown by the wandering children of Arabia; and the mythology of Greece had no place among a people whose deities were the stars, and who had not yet learned to speculate upon the future. In some parts of Arabia, certainly, the Christian religion had been planted; but it was not the religion which Paul had taught, and for which holy men and women, in many lands, had willingly and even exultingly died. Corrupted either by the Marcionite or Manichæan heresies, and withal semi-paganized, sensuous Christianity had no charms for the Bedouin tribes. They were not inclined to worship relics, the direct value of which they could not perceive, nor to adore an army of saints and confessors whose manner of life was incomprehensible to them, and whose names were those of the alien and the stranger. Descended from Ishmael, and true to the genius of their ancestry, they either scorned or opposed a faith which originated in a foreign land, and whose founder was a Jew.

Such was the condition, and so degraded the religion of the Bedouin tribes when Mohammed was born. With strong religious tendencies, which were subsequently modified both by hypocrisy and passion, naturally enthusiastic and intensely ambitious, he early formed the plan, if not of regenerating his countrymen, at least of making for himself a lasting name; and it is peculiarly characteristic of the man, that notwithstanding the impulses of his fiery nature, the difficulties of his youth, the intrigues and perils of his dawning manhood, he slowly formed his plan of action, and patiently waited until fate or fortune should give him scope for its realization. Journeying often into Syria for purposes of commerce, he may early have acquainted himself with the inspired books of the Hebrews, and have also become familiar with at least the outline of the Christian faith. It is more probable, however, that he was indebted for his knowledge, not only of the Scriptures, but of the Christian polity and method of worship, to his acquaintance, when a youth, with a Nestorian monk, who, as he observed the remarkable ability of the young Arab, would not fail to instruct him in the truths of revealed religion; and from him, too, he may have received that deep prejudice against the Jews which, afterwards, had its result in the subjugation and partial destruction of the Hebrew tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Mecca, who were unwilling to receive the doctrines, and powerless to resist the hordes, of the sanguinary prophet. Very little is accurately known of the early life of Mohammed. Tradition or fable no doubt supplies us with those particulars of his youth which are wanting in fact; for there is scarcely any other man whose memorials are so strangely

blended with falsehood, as his. The pious frauds with which men of the school of Paulus and Strauss accuse the disciples of our Lord, may justly be charged upon the devoted Arabs, who wished, at the same time, to palliate the vices and to magnify the virtues of their leader ; but they have not succeeded in covering the lustfulness, hypocrisy, cruelty, and ambition of that remarkable man. That he had many of those grand qualities which are possessed by all men who lastingly affect mankind, is undeniable ; also, that he was magnificent in conception, rich in the purest oriental poetry, bold in contrivance, and obstinate in resolution ; but it must be confessed by every unprejudiced historian, and who is unbiassed by education or association with the East, that his vices were many, and that only the unenlightened or the evil would mention Mohammed in comparison with Him of whom it is said that, ' holy, harmless, undefiled,' He ' went about doing good.' We are indebted for almost all that we know of the prophet's early life to Abulfeda, the Saracen emir, whose work was translated by Gagnier. Sale's introduction to his version of the Korân contains much, in reference to Mohammed, which is of great biographical value. The lives of the prophet, which have been published in this country and in France, are founded more or less upon the emir's narrative. Gibbon's graphic sketch of him is too well known to require introduction to our readers ; and even Mills, in his account of Mohammedanism, has not perhaps given anything of value, relating to the author of that imposture, which was not derived from the biography written by the Saracen chief. The careful student of the life and doctrine of Mohammed will find much valuable information in Forster's 'Mahometanism Unveiled,' and in Pococke's 'Specimen Historiæ Arabum.' The works of Niebuhr and Volney, indirectly relating to this subject, the 'Description de l'Arabie,' and the 'Voyage en Syrie,' &c., are all well-known to orientlists. The volumes now before us do not shed fresh light upon the earlier life of the prophet. Necessarily partaking of the character of a compilation, they repeat what prior historians had narrated ; and they differ from these only in the style in which the well-known facts are presented to the reader. They have the charm, however, of freshness, which may recommend them to those persons whom the political occurrences of the day induce to a better acquaintance with the history of Islamism and its originator.

It is not our purpose to review the domestic or political life of Mohammed, which has already employed many able pens ; but we may glance at the religious system which he taught in the Korân, and which he and his immediate successors propagated by the sword—that Islam creed which, in a few years

after the decease of its author, was believed in by millions of men, from the sand-wastes of Arabia to the rich vales of Anatolia and Andalusia, and which is still regarded as the standard of the Arabic language. That fragmentary work, which its impassioned and enthusiastic author asserted to have been originally written in the light and before the feet of God, has been more extensively read, and more highly valued, than he could have expected or imagined in the fondest dreams of his ambition. No book, excepting the Holy Scriptures, has so greatly influenced mankind, as the Korân; and by fanatical muftis and muezzins amid the gorgeous splendour of their mosques, by the tented herdsmen on the plains of Asia, by turbaned multitudes in its cities, and by savage Africans dwelling by the gigantic streams which European courage and perseverance have failed thoroughly to explore, it still remains, to each and to all, the prophet's word of God, their book of consolation and devotion amid the storms and changes of the world, and their guide through sickness and sufferings to that garden of the soul, where the faithful everlastingly dwell in peace and joy.

The Korân is the volume which contains Mohammed's pretended divine communications—a book of incoherent, and to the European reader of oftentimes unintelligible rhapsodies, originally written either by himself, or by those to whom he communicated the heavenly utterances, and written, as it is said, on hides, palm-leaves, and bones. The common tradition is, that these skins, leaves, and bones were placed by the prophet in a large chest, which he committed to the guardianship of one of his wives. Fiction is blended to so great an extent with fact, that it is extremely difficult to determine whether the Korân is the work of Mohammed alone; whether many persons were engaged in its production; or whether Abubeker and the caliph, Othman, did not considerably supplement the work which he left. It might not be altogether uninteresting to analyse the Korân, so as to distinguish the various sources from which its materials were more or less derived. It is evident that Mohammed was far from being superficially acquainted with Christianity. From an early period, various sects, placed by general consent out of the pale of the church of Christendom, found refuge in Arabia; and it may be assumed that he was acquainted with their tenets. The Pentateuch, with many of the Old Testament writings; the spurious gospels, as well as the acknowledged books of the New Testament; the Jewish legends, and many of the wild Gnostic opinions; local religious fables; the world-old notions obtaining in the East; the Dualistic doctrines, so long held by many oriental races; Arabian fictions and Christian heresies—in fine, paganism and superstition appear to compose

the book which is received as the word of life by the millions of the Moslem world. A congeries of opinions, seemingly so contradictory, would necessarily enhance the value of the work to those who were naturally superstitious; multitudes, upon whom the deformed and degraded Christianity of the time had no influence, would gladly receive it for want of a better guide; and orientals, of cultivated minds, would value it for the novelty and beauty of some of its conceptions, the cadence of its sentences, and the general fascination of its style, of which Sale's translation gives us necessarily but an imperfect idea. But when it is considered that its author had already at hand the grand writings of Hebrew bards and prophets, the noblest productions of the human mind; that his own impassioned nature gave him eloquence of expression; that he wrote under the glowing sky of Arabia, where the climate fosters poetry, and that he wrote in a language abounding in metaphor;—it is easy to conceive that the Korân is not inferior to its eastern reputation, which has existed unimpaired for a thousand years. If, however, the moral aim of the work is regarded, as a guide for human conduct, a law to restrain the evil-doer, and furnishing motives to encourage the virtuous, the book appears to be a mass of inconsistency, inculcating hatred and love, war and peace, revenge and forgiveness, selfishness and charity, folly and philosophy, unworthy to be put for a moment in comparison with the Sacred Scriptures, and, like the ancient image, containing both clay and gold. Islamism, or the hope of salvation, by the dedication of all man's powers to the service of God, is the creed taught in the Korân. It teaches the unity of God, the moral governor whose predetermined will is the law of human life universally; that revelations had been made to mankind by Hebrew patriarchs and prophets, the chief of whom was Abraham, and the last in the series Jesus Christ; that Jesus was not put to death, as the Gospels narrate, but that 'a phantom' took his place on the cross; that Mohammed, as the great teacher from God, concludes for ever the heavenly revelation; that the soul is immortal, and its eternal state will be determined at the day of judgment; that there is a hell, halls of Eblis, and a place of doom for the wicked, that is, for all who do not receive Mohammed for the prophet of God; and that for all the faithful there is an ever-enduring, unfading Paradise, where virgins of a ravishing loveliness will soothe the holy after the sorrows of earth, feed them with the choicest fruits of that cloudless clime, refresh them with the water which flows in everlasting crystal streams, and lull them into that state of repose which leaves nothing more to be desired, a bliss which exists nowhere but in the home of Allah, and which the faithful alone can enjoy. The Korân is explicit in

pointing out to the believers the duties of their worldly life. He who would escape the halls of doom, must offer prayer five times daily; employ frequent ablutions; fast for one entire month in the year; bestow much in charity, and that upon enemies as well as upon friends; abstain from drinks which would inflame the body, and from swine's flesh which would render it liable to disease; live virtuously and kindly; and if the highest joys of Paradise are desired, once during his life the believer must journey to the holy Mecca, where first the heavenly communication was made to Mohammed and to man. Such is the Islam creed, a strange mixture of many religions, severe in its precepts, sensual in its motives and rewards, and to which the prophet himself did not strictly conform, for his wives were many, and his intrigues almost innumerable. What a contrast to the blessed Redeemer, who was the exponent of his own doctrines, and whose sinless life is the example and standard for ours!

At first, in promulgating his creed, Mohammed was resisted by his kinsmen and fellow-citizens with Arabian ferocity; but his genius, fortified by his indomitable courage, overcame at last all obstacles, and, from assuming to be a divinely commissioned prophet, he became a savage warrior, advancing his opinions by the sword, and compelling the conquered nations to choose between the Korân and death. After his decease, his successors, the caliphs, propagated the Islam faith with strange rapidity. Syria was invaded, and, under Omar, Damascus was besieged, Jerusalem stormed, and, subsequently, Palestine, Persia, and Egypt were subdued by the Saracen hordes. Thus the Moslem power increased from year to year, until at length the mightiest princes of Christendom, experiencing the truth of the fact oftentimes confirmed in the history of the world, that there are no opponents so terrible as those whom fanaticism excites, were compelled to treat, and, in some instances, to enter into alliance with the ferocious warriors whom the Korân inspired to victory. The creed of Mohammed has not been without advantage to the various races who have embraced it. The Korân certainly rescued them from many of the revolting practices of paganism, and from that dark barbarity in which men must ever dwell who have no written belief; but it has completely failed to educate man to that higher state of civilization which the western nations have attained, who have been blessed with the Sacred Scriptures, and especially with the doctrines of Him who came to give life and light to the world. In this respect the Korân appears in most disadvantageous contrast to the Bible. Those nations, who have received the ennobling influences of Christianity, have rapidly advanced in civilization,

in freedom, and in individual and social refinement. Among the nations of the West, the arts have flourished as they have never flourished before ; commerce has been fully developed, and its advantages realized ; and everything which can have a humanizing influence upon mankind, has had free course. But until within the last few years, and in consequence of European agency, there has been no national progress in Turkey. The Korân appears to have benumbed every department of the state, producing that indolence and sensuality in the individual life which renders genius impossible, and labour almost unproductive ; so that the useful arts have been unemployed ; and not only the mechanicians, but the poets, artists, and philosophers of Turkey—if, indeed, these can be said to exist—are utterly unknown to other nations. Thus, while other states have rapidly advanced in civilization, and in the development of manufactural ingenuity—excepting the few reforms in the administration effected by the father of the present Sultan—Turkey is still internally and socially what she was as in the days when Ali Moezzia was vanquished at Lepanto, and Sobieski triumphed over the Turkish chivalry before unconquerable Vienna. The names of Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton, and Watt have a grand pre-eminence in the records of human progress ; but in Turkey we search in vain for a true poet, philosopher, or mechanist ; and although the earlier Moslems paid considerable attention to mathematics, their posterity seem utterly to have forgotten that inestimably precious science.

The stirring political events of the present year might tempt the philosophical student of history to speculate upon the probable future of Islamism ; but prediction, except in the hands of Dr. Cumming, and of a few persons of his class, is that from which wise men cautiously abstain. It is clear, however, that the Korân, as an instrument not only of civilization, but of developing the higher qualities of a people, has signally failed. It has operated rather as a narcotic than as a stimulant upon the Turk, cramping his energies, and enfeebling his power. The religious element which it has infused into Turkish society is simply a wretched heartless formalism, preventing the active duties of virtue and beneficence ; for the Moslems, indolent and indifferent, have been alike regardless of their friends and relentless to their enemies ; and they can emerge from barbarity towards the confines of civilization, only as they are in close and constant association with the refined nations of the West. The present intimate alliance of Constantinople with Paris and London will do much to destroy the deadening influence which Islamism still has over the Turkish people ; for that alliance must lead to the introduction among them of European institutions. Religious toleration—which, in the present day, is a

word of large meaning, however it may be resisted by the fanatical Moslems of the old school, will sap the foundations of Islam supremacy in Turkey, and must necessarily lead to great and happy changes in the political and social condition of its people. But neither alliance with the Western powers, nor the fostering care of either of them, will prevent the irretrievable ruin of the Ottoman empire so long as the Korân and its exponents, the muftis, exert their evil authority over the Sultan and his subjects. That state is weak, not merely because the Russian arms have repeatedly overthrown its forces, deprived it of its provinces, and humiliated it to the dust. The true cause of the decadence is, that Islamism has destroyed the national vitality; and although the allied forces may save Turkey from the Northern spoilers, and even increase its territory by the restoration of its formerly conquered provinces, the ruinous canker-worm will still live in the heart of the empire, so long as Mohammed is adored, and his book retained as the guide of life. English benevolence is being variously exerted on the behalf of the defenders of the integrity of the Ottoman Porte. Let the Christians in this country also bestir themselves to send to the ignorant and deluded Moslem that divine word which has produced such happy results among ourselves, and which, operating like some unseen and noiseless chemistry on the mass of Turkish society, will ultimately effect its regeneration. That is the only power which can really maintain in its integrity the realm of the Padisha, and the opportunity for its employment is golden.

Mr. Neale's volumes deserve our recommendation. They are a seasonable contribution to our literature, and convey, in a fluent manner, much useful information on the rise and progress of the Islam faith to those persons who are unacquainted with former and more voluminous works on the subject. Here and there in the volumes we have found too much florid description; but, with this exception, we are happy to commend the work to our readers.

ART. III.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson, together with Tour to the Hebrides.* Edited by the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker. London: J. Murray.

WHILE most people in the present day admit Dr. Johnson's power as a whole, and grant him to be an honest, fearless, and warm-hearted man, much prejudice exists against his peculiar notions and feelings in reference to Christianity, as well as against his

critical character and achievements. We propose trying to set the public mind right, so far as our power extends, upon both these topics.

And first, as to his Christianity, it is called 'gloomy,' 'bigoted,' 'morose,' 'superstitious,' and so forth. Now, it is singular that no one says that *he himself* was morose. He was, on the contrary, a 'fine old fellow,' very irritable, very pompous, and at times very savage; but full of kindness, of jocularly, of sociality, a warm friend, and a pleasant companion, whose great delight was in clubs; in short, as he said himself, a 'very clubable man.' He had, indeed, his gloomy hours; but that these sprang principally from his religion we do not believe. They sprang from his temperament, and from the deep views his intellect took of the miseries of human life. He saw and felt more thoroughly than most, even of wise men, the unsatisfactoriness of earthly enjoyments—the emptiness of earthly honours—the shortness of earthly life—the insincerity and deceitfulness of the human heart—and the reality, the uniform pressure, and the terrible mysteriousness of the woes of the world. He 'sate in the centre,' and how could he 'enjoy bright day'? He spake as he saw. His temperament did, indeed, somewhat discolour his perceptions; but it did not alter or impair them. It was not his fault that made to his view

'The sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.'

Nor is this estimate altogether untrue, although 'it be partial. Of course, when a being so shadowy as temperament holds the scales, it is difficult to strike the balance between the bright and the dark view of things. But we suspect that Johnson and John Foster arrived, by different roads, to a tolerably correct conception of the truth. Happiness exists here only in dim embryo and half-developed bud. Our pleasures are often felt, *at the very moment* of their enjoyment, to be delusions; our sorrows, seldom. Life in all cases begins with the wail of a mother's and a child's anguish, and ends in the apparent defeat of death. Many hours want their pleasures; scarce one is free from its anxieties. *Most* of our misery springs, it may be said, from ignorance. Be it so. But since our ignorance is so great, how great must be our misery. And even when our knowledge is increased, how true the words of the wise man,—'He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.'

Johnson set himself most determinedly against all cant; and one cant he found especially prevalent, and with it he fiercely warred,—the cant of happiness, or to express it more accurately in one of his own Brobdignagian words, the cant of 'felicitation.'

Many people he found perpetually shouting 'Optime!'—if we are not happy, we should be; all is for the best; and after all drawbacks and deductions are made, is not this a very comfortable little world on the whole, if not exactly as Leibnitz asserts, 'the best of all possible worlds?' Johnson says, emphatically, 'No; *this* world is not happy. *We* are not happy. It is, indeed, in a measure, our own blame; but still, there is the fact, account for it as you may. Man is far from happy; and were he crowned with a crown of stars, and given the milky way for a sceptre, he would continue far from happy still. There is only one thing that ever can make him even approximately happy here, and that is,—the Christian hope of a better life, and the operation of that hope upon his character and principles.' This, we think, was the sum and substance of Dr. Johnson's theological creed. He was driven to Christianity by his profound feeling of human woes, and of the wants of his own nature and heart. He had tried everything else;—study, and found it a weariness, when not a burden and a woe; fame, and found it the dream of a bubble; wine, and found it a raging and mocking madness; woman, too, and found her *help*, indeed, invaluable, but her love, as men are wont to idealize it, a delusion; society, and found it a restless arena, fitted to excite, but unable to satisfy; and he came at last to the conclusion, that there was nothing in this world worth living for, but the promise of, and the preparation for, another; and that all the lights of science, literature, and philosophy were darkness compared to the red hues shed over the Judean hills by the parting steps of Christ, as the prophecy and promise of his coming again. He did not, indeed (and here lay his wisdom, and this showed his want of fanaticism), abandon the use of the pleasures which Providence allotted him, and become an austere anchorite. He continued, and with all his might, too, to try and wring out of all lawful pleasures what good there was in them. But this he did with no expectation of complete or ultimate satisfaction, for *that* he knew it was not in their power to give, but solely that they might strengthen or amuse him in his progress toward that grand and only fountain of peace and soul-security which rises in another world.

It has been often said, that Dr. Johnson, as well as Foster, failed to see life in its beauty, its nice arrangements, its poetry, and its hopeful tendencies. Had this been said to the former, he would have gruffly replied, 'All canting absurdity. There is beauty, indeed, in nature, although my dim eyes cannot see it very clearly, and although I hate to hear poetasters whining about purling streams and pastoral crooks; but I can admire better than they the solemn magnificence of forests, the outspread

expanse and booming thunders of ocean, and the dread glories of the midnight sky. But I know that this is a life compounded of mistakes and miseries, of delusive pleasures and real wretchedness, of vice, terror, and uncertainty, a life which the most of men spend in estrangement from God, and in enmity with one another, and which the best have ever felt to be a weariness and a heavy load, and cried out, "We loathe it; we would not live always." The only real good on earth is virtue, and that is not the result of life, but a communication from on high, and a pledge and foretaste of a better existence.'

Foster felt far more forcibly than Johnson the glories of nature and the beauties of art. Inferior in learning, in critical acumen, and in dictatorial power over thought and language, he had a subtler, a more poetical, a more enthusiastic genius; this taught him to admire nature in all its forms with a deeper, although a pensive, admiration. He believed, with trembling, in the universe, on which he saw a shade resting like that of the morning of the first day of the Deluge. The ocean's voice seemed in his ear a wild wail, as if some maniac-god were imprisoned in its dreary caves, and were proclaiming his eternal wrongs to earth and the stars. The sun seemed looking on earth from his lofty car with an air of supreme scorn and haughty reserve, and crying out, 'What care I for that petty planet, and the reptile race my beams have generated in its mud—with their animalcular loves, hatreds, wars, fortunes, and faiths?' The moon seemed (as he describes her in a passage of his journal) to be contemplating our world with a melancholy interest, but the interest of one who had long given up the hope of doing any good to man, or of ever seeing him becoming better. And the stars appeared like the fiery spires and watch-towers of the walls of hell, surrounding the miseries of the earth with an aspect of fixed and far-off indifference. And yet, notwithstanding the gloomy discoloration in which he saw all these objects, he continued to admire them to enthusiasm. He sometimes reminds us of that band of fallen angels whom Milton describes exploring the distant regions of their place of pain, and imbibing a certain deep, though sullen joy, as they pass

'O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp.'

So, Foster, deeming this universe little better than a vast hell, yet admitted it to be a most splendid one—all deluged and shining with a dreadful glory, which at once fascinated and terrified his soul.

As his religious views were of a sterner cast than Johnson's, so his views of man and of life were even darker than his. He also fell at times into deep abysses of doubt, from which, in

general, Johnson kept free; and, unlike Johnson, he did not seek to snatch his share of the passing pleasures of the world, but held them in a scorn too deep even to taste their flavour as they hurried by. Both, however, seem to have come to the same conclusion on one momentous question—we mean the restoration of the lost. Foster has expressly defended this; and Johnson, in one of his conversations with Boswell, intimates a leaning towards it. We stay not to expose what we deem the fallacy of this hope. It seems far too good news to be true, as well as rendered excessively improbable by the aspects and phenomena of the present world. But when contemplating the massive gloom which lay upon two such minds as Foster's and Johnson's, we are glad to find them getting partial relief even from a false dawning, although it only reminds us of the poet's words:—

‘As northern lights the sky adorn,
And give the promise of a morn,
Which never comes to-day.’

This is not the place for going at great length into the question as to the connexion of religion with melancholy; yet we must be permitted a few remarks, as they are appropriate to Dr. Johnson's case. And we think the whole truth may be summed up succinctly in a very few sentences. First. Religion is not necessarily connected with a more than ordinary degree of gloom. There have been, and are Christians habitually cheerful; that is, many persons inclined originally to look at the bright side of things have become Christians, and their piety has not lessened but increased their pleasures; for, although it may have given them new sorrows, it has also multiplied and intensified their joys. But secondly, there are many whose temperament, naturally bilious or nervous, when pervaded by Christian ideas, seems to become a shade darker; the thoughts of God's holiness, of the strictness of his law, of their own unworthiness, of the state of the world, and of the doom of sinners in a future state, press on them with awful force, and render them all their lifetime subject to bondage. Thirdly. Not a few Christians are exceedingly fluctuating in their emotions; their life is a balance, now sinking to the depths, and now soaring to the sun; and this is in them partly the result of temperament and partly of their oscillations of religious feeling. Fourthly. If a Christian, as too many Christians do, neglect the natural conditions of cheerfulness, seclude himself from society, pay no attention to his health, and deny himself those innocent gratifications which fill agreeably up the intervals of duty, it is not his Christianity that will save him from inequality of spirits, or from fits of deep depression. Fifthly. It cannot be denied that a Christian has struggles, trials, tempta-

tions, and sources of spiritual sadness, peculiar to himself. His life is compared to a birth, to a warfare, to an agony. He is the special mark of many obloquies from men and many secret assaults by invisible enemies ; and has often to be contented with no other reward than is implied in the consciousness of integrity and of brave struggle, and in the hope of eternal life. He is promised 'not happiness, but only blessedness.' Finally. He has often, like his fellows, to contend with afflictive providences, with poverty, and with the infirmities of his own temper or body. Nay, he may be more pressed by these than other men, and may thus seem more miserable than they, notwithstanding the secret solaces welling up within, and the glimpses of a glorious destiny seen hovering above him. We have at present two private Christians in view as illustrating the principles we have thus stated. Both belong to the excellent of the earth, and find the religion of Jesus dearer to them than their necessary food. But the one has been blessed with a benignant temper, an undisturbed serenity, been visited by few trials, and enjoyed an equable flow of health all his life. Hence he has been as happy as this state of being will permit ; has been troubled with no doubts or misgivings, and hardly had his temper ruffled for a moment. The other has had a tone of health less firm, a nervous system more excitable, a temper more imperfect, an education more neglected, and a career more chequered ; and has, therefore, been, on the whole, unhappy, morbid : and while his excellence is admitted by all who know him, he is evidently far from the possession of that blessed peace and calm which are possessed by the other, and seems never likely to reach them till recast in another mould, and admitted to a serener region.

Those entertain very false notions of Christianity who dream that as soon as it is believed it always operates as a charm, and creates around the believer a clear and constant heaven on earth. This idea has, we think, done much injury to the cause, disheartened many at the difficulties of the way, and sent back from the first slough they encountered not a few Pliables who otherwise might have struggled on to glory. Preachers have dealt too much in rose-colours while painting the Christian life. They should remember, as Croly says in the preface to his sermons, 'that our religion is a *manly* religion ;' that it is to *men* emphatically that it calls. ('To you, O *men*, I call, and my voice is to the sons of *men* ;') and that it never promises an uninterrupted course of happiness either within or without.

Dr. Johnson's religion, after subtracting a good deal of superstitious nonsense, was—and latterly especially—a true although a gloomy faith. His very terrors proved his greatness, and seemed, as Keats has it, 'portioned to a giant nerve.' His

fear of ghosts, for instance, sprung from his intense belief in a spiritual world, and from his feeling of his own unworthiness to meet a purely spiritual nature. His fear of death arose from his profound and solemn conceptions of that immense Being he expected to see after it. The higher a mind rises it has a wider view of the Great Supreme, and a proportionate feeling of awe towards him. A Lilliputian mind worships a comparatively Lilliputian Deity; a mind of giant stature has its idea of Deity prodigiously magnified, and its fear accordingly enhanced. Hence Johnson on his death-bed cried out, 'I will take anything but inebriating substance, for I wish to present my soul to God unclouded.' There is something sublime in the sight of this autocrat of letters, of one who, like John Knox, never feared the face of man, bowed in terror before the powers of the world to come, and you think of that being in Milton (in *this* point we alone compare them) who feared no power in earth, hell, or heaven, except Death and Deity. When you see this powerful nature agitated by his peculiar fears you are reminded of the Psalmist's words, 'He toucheth the mountains and they smoke.' They stand in their granite strength unmovable by all the efforts of all mankind; but whenever their Creator lays his lightest finger on them they recognise his hand and begin to tremble and to smoke.

Yet Johnson, while keenly alive to the terrors of the law, and too much attached to outward forms, was not altogether ignorant of the consolations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The peculiarities of that Gospel became dearer to him as his life advanced. On his death-bed he recommended to a friend a volume of sermons because it dwelt most fully on the doctrine of a propitiation. The Cross shone out at last amid the vapours which had lain on him, and he saw in it the pillar of the divine government, the mirror of the divine character, the finger pointing up to a father's house, and the mighty magnet drawing men home there from their vain and various wanderings. It did not, indeed, remove all his darkness, or that of this system, but it 'allured to brighter worlds,' and seemed to bear inscribed above the head of its bleeding victim the words, 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' And as it rose in its clear command above earth and death and hell, his dreams about the efficacy of fastings and the other superstitions he had imbibed in his childhood faded away; a portion of his fears vanished with them, and he fell asleep at last a forgiven and accepted child, perfect through suffering, in the arms of his Redeemer.

Johnson had fallen into occasional errors of life, hinted at rather than disclosed by Boswell, which prevent him from being pro-

posed as a model. His physical system it should be remembered was radically diseased, his passions were excessively strong, and nothing but his own-acquired self-command, and the grace of God, prevented him from becoming a moral wreck, as conspicuous and lamentable as Savage, Burns, or Byron. But he was nevertheless, and the more from the struggle which he had to maintain with his temperament, one of the noblest of human beings, and in nothing so much so as in his deference to the claims of Christianity. If any man of that age might, strong in the pride of intellectual power, have refused to bend and to become as a little child, it might have been this sturdy Titan, and yet he not only knelt himself but taught thousands to kneel beside him, who, but for the example of so great a man, would have disdained the homage.

The name of Johnson as a critic has had a somewhat fluctuating history. Once rated too high, it is now, we think, pushed far below its level. The true way to describe his criticism is to say it is the criticism of gigantic but cramped common sense. He lacks that subtler instinct which detects minute beauties, and that *recherche* taste which distinguishes the virtue of secret flavours of excellence. Nor has he any principles of criticism entitled to the praise of depth, comprehensiveness, or originality. He takes up a book with a feeling compounded of eagerness and reluctance; devours it in hasty gulps; becomes aware of all its principal faults, and its broader beauties; throws it down to lift it up no more; and proceeds, some twenty years perhaps afterwards, to daguerreotype the results of the one hasty and hungry perusal. That is generally faithful to his original feelings, for his memory is a *vice* (in both senses of the word shall we say?) but it is not always, any more than *these*, just to the book. One reading, and Johnson rarely honoured a book by reading it twice, is seldom a sufficient warrant for a criticism. Perhaps the critic reads the work in a state of bodily irritation or mental pain. Perhaps while he is reading it his thoughts and heart are a thousand miles away; or perhaps his stomach is foul; or perhaps he has risen from a sleepless night; or perhaps he is waiting for the advent of a friend, or has just been reading the abuse of an enemy; or he cannot in short tell how—but his critical ‘hand is out,’ and his critical appetite is either entirely dulled or unhealthily sharpened; and thus, in various ways, his judgments may be rendered worthless.

Dr. Johnson being peculiarly a man of moods—often in low depressions, often in towering passions, often shaken by pain, and often drowzed by indolence—his criticisms require, more than of most writers, to be taken *cum grano salis*. He never, indeed, plays us false; he is always desirous to be faithful, but

seems often working with imperfect materials, and rather struggling to form than calmly expressing a judgment. Macaulay has been grossly unjust to Johnson's criticisms on poetry, and compares him to Rymer, who is, he truly says, 'the worst critic of poetry that ever existed.' But although Johnson is not the best of poetic critics, he is very far from being comparable to the worst. The great test we propose to a critic on poetry is—is to be a poet himself. Now, Johnson was himself a poet; we do not say of the highest order. He never could have written a 'Macbeth,' or a 'Comus,' or a 'Rime of the Anciente Marinere.' He had not the power of *consecutive* poetic invention and combination; but his 'Rasselas,' his 'Vultures,' and a hundred other apologues and essays in his works, prove that he had genuine poetic imagination as well as feeling, and that, under that purblind vision and shaggy frame, there lurked the soul of a 'Maker.' Many of the lines, too, in 'London,' the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' and those he contributed to Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' are truly poetical. And when we turn to his criticism, we find a great deal of a very noble character—massive as marble, and clear as crystal. The 'Lives of the Poets' have been subjected to much obloquy, as well as larded with much undue praise, but have not as yet, we think, been fairly appreciated. Now, in the first place, it has often been objected to them that they omit three of the greatest of all our poets—Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare. But this was not Dr. Johnson's fault, but that of the booksellers for whom he wrote, who, we suppose, excluded Chaucer from their list on account of his obsolete spelling and language—Spenser, for the unwieldy size of his poem—and Shakspeare, because his poetry, so called, was *then* counted unworthy of his genius. These reasons, whether right or wrong, were *their* reasons, and not suggested, or perhaps approved of, by him. It has been objected again, that his book has eternized the memory of many men who were mere poetasters. Johnson here again, did in general the bidding of his taskmasters, as all such Ariels must obey the behests of their Prosperos till the day of their deliverance arrive. When Boswell asked if he would allow the names of blockheads to be added to the series, he replied, 'Yes, and tell the world that they are blockheads.' And so, in effect, he has done to such dull dogs as Walsh, Smith, Duke, King, and the rest. He disdains to worry them at length, but lifts them up, as a Newfoundland dog does a cur of low degree, and pops them, with quiet contempt, into the waters. His praise of Blackmore has been adduced against him, by those who have been unable to perceive the vein of irony which pervades that life, and which more effectually damns the poetry of the unlucky knight than the witty wrath of Gay and all the authors associated with him.

prevailed to do. He respected indeed Blackmore for his probity and piety, and praised with evident sincerity one of his poems—that on the ‘Creation’—but so did honest Matthew Henry (who gives great screeds of it in his Commentary), and so did as great a man as even Johnson, John Locke. A more formidable objection has been made to his ‘Lives,’ on account of his treatment of Milton. Here we cannot defend him. His hatred to the Puritans, and to Milton as a man, amounted to fury and malignant madness. On such subjects he raved, and boiled over with rage. But let us remember that Milton himself ransacked the kennel for epithets to express his contempt, disgust, and loathing of his enemies. He assailed them in the tenderest points, and dragged to light the details of their private history. In this he erred; but we cannot wonder that his error should be used as a precedent by the most formidable of his later foes. The differences, too, between Johnson and Milton were so great, that it was impossible for the one to do full justice to the other. These have been admirably pointed out by Dr. Channing, who shows how, while Milton was of ethereal race, Johnson was only the strongest of earth-born Titans; so that in the life you have Raphael criticized by Polyphemus. But Milton, although an angel, was a ‘giant-angel.’ And hence Johnson, from his sympathy with all that is great and colossal, is compelled to praise him. It is not his ethereality he admires, it is his vastness. Had he been simply a ‘stripling cherub,’ he would have underrated and abused him—treating him as a mere winged ephemeron, dancing in the departing light of a summer day. And hence he has undervalued his minor poems—his ‘Sonnets,’ his ‘Lycidas,’ and his ‘Comus’—not so much for what they are in themselves, as for their inferiority to that scale of magnitude according to which he would like to see a Milton working. He cried out to Hannah More, ‘Milton, madam, can cut out a Colossus from a rock, but not carve heads upon cherry-stones.’ Hence his breath of praise is all husbanded for ‘Paradise Lost,’ and when he reaches that poem, it comes out in a torrent of manly eulogium. The praise of an enemy is not only more valuable, but very often more eloquent than that of a friend. When we look with admiration on a foe, we look *through tears*. A certain softness, and a certain swelling emotion of heart, generally accompany the tribute;—produced partly by a latent remorse for previous injustice, partly by a quick sense of our own generosity, and partly by a foresight of the effect of our panegyric upon the party praised, or on his friends. So with Johnson on Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost.’ Not to be compared critically with some other tributes, morally it excels them all. You see a great man discerning his own quality of mind displayed on a grander scale, by one whom he personally hates, and crying

out with irresistible impulse, with sudden and soft-eyed enthusiasm, 'Magnificent—the more that the man is my foe.' A sight like this reaches the sublime; for, although it may be said to be the result of compulsion, it is a compulsion which could only be produced by the influence of power on power, and reminds you of that eternal law by which a Jupiter is bound to revolve around a Sun, through the force of mere superior magnitude—although the planet is a mass of clouds and snowy ice, and the sun a ball of fire.

The gay and gallant figure of Murat as he rushed into the opposite ranks, as if to grasp the head of Death and lead him down a measure on a bloody ball-room, is said to have excited from the Cossacks cries of admiration. When O'Connell rose into his altitudes in the House of Commons, Peel and Disraeli, we are told, sometimes dropped their pencils and gazed in fascinated admiration at the orator, with his wondrous words, and still more wondrous attitudes and tones. And so, to compare great to comparatively small things, when Milton soars 'above all Greek and Roman fame,' and talks the large utterance of the early gods, Johnson is forced to throw away his measuring-rule, to stifle the sneer on his lip, and brush away the frown from his brow; and lo! the critic is sublimated into the man and the poet.

Another objection to Johnson's 'Lives' is the way in which he has criticized Gray, Collins, Akenside, Churchill, and some other contemporary poets. And here, again, we admit that he has partly exposed himself to the censure of his critics. His account of Collins is, we confess, miserably meagre. The fact was, that he seems, by an unconscious act of the mind, to have transferred his pity for the fate, and his disapprobation of the personal habits of the poor bard, to his poetry; which, besides, with all its ideal and exquisite beauties, wants entirely that strength of thought, that manliness of purpose, and that solid magnitude of structure, which alone were able to overpower objections, and to storm Johnson into admiration. In reference to Gray, again, he was right in his criticism on the 'Bard' and the 'Progress of Poetry,' which seem to most now stiff and laborious exaggerations—mere mimicries of real power, trying to do by effort what can only be done by magic; the poet spurring a large and clumsy dray-horse, instead of Pegasus. To the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard' he does ample justice. The only one of Gray's poems which he rates below its real value is the delightful 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' One of his objections is exceedingly trifling and unfair. He says, 'His supplication to Father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile; Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself.' This is sad work; the

more so as, in 'Rasselas,' Johnson himself had apostrophized the Nile as the 'Great Father of Waters,' and asked him if he swept through any country in which he did not hear the language of distress? Critics, like liars, should have good memories. His account of Akenside is perhaps a little under-coloured, but cannot be called unjust. He commends him for 'great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisition,' and blames him for luxuriance and superfluity of words. Akenside was far too diffuse to be a strong poet, although he has some very nervous lines—such as

'Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day,'

and hence Johnson, not finding either that sturdy strength, or that concise elegance in the 'Pleasures of Imagination' which he desiderated in poetry, is disappointed. To Akenside's 'Epistle to Curio' he gives liberal praise. In reference to Churchill, what we have said about Collins was far more true. Johnson, strongly condemning the conduct of the poet, is led to be severe on his verses. But for this, he must have admired the rough readiness, the daring self-assertion, the Drydenic rapidity and ease of execution, and sinewy English of this remarkable but unhappy poet.

Johnson's criticisms on Shakspeare have been also laid to his charge. That he thoroughly understood the 'myriad-minded,' that his mind was oceanic enough to fill every creek and cranny of that mighty channel, we doubt; but what other mind was, is, or ever shall be? The purely fanciful and imaginative parts of Shakspeare—his subtler touches—his frequent delicacy and grace—his healthy, genial tone—and his all-embracing catholicity—were not at all to Johnson's taste; he durst not abuse, but he did not understand or sympathize with them. It was, as in reference to Milton—the might of Shakspeare he admired—that power he possessed over the passions—the grasp he takes of the broader elements of human nature—his resemblance to a Genie of the 'Arabian Nights,' in his swiftness and supernatural strength, that called up blood into Johnson's faded cheek and fire into his dim eye. And the lines in his well-known 'Prologue' express Shakspeare's *magical* might better than any other writer has done:

'Each change of many coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.'

When he came down from this general estimate of the demoniac force that was in Shakspeare, and of its stupendous results,

to the examination of particular plays, and the dissection of particular characters, he was less successful. It was with his mental as with his bodily eyesight. He saw great broad outlines, but not minute details. When, in Scotland, a mountain rose before him, he was aware of a vast rugged mass towering into the blue sky with sharp distinct pinnacles, but not of the beautiful ferns climbing and softening its sides; of the vivid grasses betraying the source of secret springs, or of the young pines bending at the base their blue-green cones in homage to the spirit of the hill. And thus Shakspeare loomed before Johnson's eye a form of indefinite shape but enormous outline and bulk, although he was too far off to notice the delicate and lovely lineaments which soften his strength into beauty, and prove him no monster of Briarean race, but simply the greatest as well as one of the gentlest of the sons of men.

We feel a little nervous when approaching the subject of Johnson and Ossian's poems. Yet let us say what we think and dare the consequences. Macpherson then, we fear, *was* Ossian, or at least has certainly shown himself to be a much cleverer fellow than the old Blind Bard in whom the Highlands have claimed their only poet. His work, like Pope's 'Iliad,' if it be not the original, is something better. It has indeed much monotony and much repetition, and a fair amount of bombast and falsetto, but rises often into real sublimity, and often melts into melodious pathos. Dr. Johnson's hatred to it may be explained by his aversion to Scotland, by his detestation for what he deemed a fraud, and by his prejudice against all unrhymed poetry, whether it was blank verse or rhythmical prose. Dear, nevertheless, to every Scottish heart will for ever remain those beautiful fragments. In spite of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the more insolent one of Macaulay, they will continue to hear in the monotony of the strain the voice of the mountain torrent, and the roar of the tempest; in its abruptness they will see the beetling crag and the shaggy summit of the bleak Highland hill; in its bombast and obscurity they will recognise the hollows of the deep glens, and the mists which shroud the cataracts; in its happier and nobler measures they will welcome sounds of poetry worthy of the murmur of their lochs and the waving of their old woods, and never will they see Ben Nevis looking down over his clouds, or Loch Lomond basking amidst its sunny braes, or in grim Glencoe listen to the Cona singing her lonely and everlasting dirge beneath Ossian's cave, which gashes the breast of the cliff above it, without remembering the glorious shade from whose evanishing lips Macpherson has extracted the wild music of his mountain song.

Probably the greatest error, after all, committed by Johnson

as a critic is the prodigious liking he has to Dryden and Pope, and the preference he gives them above Young and Thomson, if not above Milton and Shakspeare themselves. That Dryden and Pope were true poets, and that the latter was in many respects an exquisite artist, we dare not deny. But that in nature, in genius—in that power which creates—which throws out masses of molten ore—they attain either to the measure of the author of the 'Seasons' or of the 'Night Thoughts,' we venture, in common with most critics now, to doubt. Yet Johnson sums up the life of Thomson in a few pages, scarcely noticing his 'Castle of Indolence,' and hands over that of Young to the portentous puppy Herbert Croft, to be executed in a bad mimicry of his own worst manner; while he expends all his strength, learning, and eloquence in praising Dryden and Pope, and contrives to make their lives the most masterly critical essays which his pen ever produced. We can understand his sympathy with Dryden, for *he* possessed that masculine strength which Johnson always admitted, and had a careless greatness somewhat resembling his own. But his profound wonder at and worship of the mechanical miracles and artificial harmonies of Pope are to us amazing. We could as soon have expected to have seen him adoring a puppet or bowing before Punch. The reasons may be—he found Pope's style in fashion; Pope had been a patron of his; and perhaps also he wanted to mortify the Whigs by exalting him above Addison. Having no real ear besides for versification, he seems actually to have preferred the eternal dropping and regular ding-dong of Pope to the more varied and more musical measures of higher poets. He liked too Pope's exquisite sense and wit, and was right in this, but was not right in exalting him on these accounts to the highest poetic pedestal.

His attack on sacred poetry has been often assailed. The fallacy of it lies in his forgetting that though poetry cannot *heighten* the Divine, it can *raise us up* toward a perception of it. It was strange that Dr. Johnson forgot that the highest poetry *had been sacred*—that of the Bible, of Dante, and of Milton. But the eloquence and power of writing in the passage are transcendent. Never does he run with such rapidity as when he is running wrong.

The two best 'Lives,' as narratives, in the book, are those of Savage and of Isaac Watts. The first is a romance in interest as well as most masterly in composition; the second is remarkable for its fine tone of feeling and its thorough sympathy with moral and religious worth. It is singular how he tells best the lives of the greatest sinner and of the greatest saint in his catalogue. It

is as if a writer now-a-days should publish biographies of modern poets, and should shine most in those of Byron and James Montgomery. The explanation lies in this—Johnson had once lived like Savage, and he was always aspiring to live like Watts.

In closing this paper, we are deeply impressed with the conviction that Johnson has never fully displayed the riches of his mind. He has written so well as to start the suggestion that he might have written better. All his works are desultory. They consist of little papers, little apologues, short poems, and short lives. There is no one massive whole on which you can lay your hand and say, here is a full reflection of the giant man! It is the same still to a more tantalizing degree with Johnson's great contemporary, Burke. Who can read those pregnant pages of his, so crowded with thought, fancy, genius, and not regret that the most powerful thinker his age produced had not stooped to become by practice its finest writer, and had not left some more unique and colossal monument of his powers? So far from Burke being a barbarous writer, he was often one of the most elegant; indeed, he was, after all, the most elegant and correct in style of all our great original thinkers, and needed only leisure for revision and polish to have equalled Addison in grace and Hall in dignity and transparent purity of diction. We were amused the other day while glancing at Irving's 'Life of George Buchanan,' with the following clause in a sentence, which we quote, as containing about as much nonsense as could well be crammed into the same compass:—'The elegant, yet diffuse rhapsodies of Burke and Bolingbroke, to the correct and classical precision of Junius or Hume.' We never read Bolingbroke, and perhaps his writing is here fairly characterized; but to call Burke a rhapsodical and diffuse writer is egregiously absurd. His writings absolutely swarm, like an ant-hill, with thought. No writer has left so many poignant and pointed sentences. *Every* sentence in his works is either distended with a thought, or starred with an image. Even those splendid bursts which this writer is pleased to call rhapsodies are all interpenetrated and solidified by the most subtle reflection, and all help to carry on the main and mighty stress of his argument. On the other hand, Hume is one of the least correct of writers, and the least precise. The charm of his writing lies in its conversational ease and abandonment, and in certain careless but inimitable touches, which moved, we remember, the envy and despair of Gibbon. As to Junius, many think *he* was Burke; and one great objection to this theory is, that although his language be equally precise, his thought is so much less abundant and profound.

We linger as we look back on that interesting period in our literary history, when old Johnson and Burke held high discourse and keen rencontre together ; when there was still some rule in our republic of letters, and not the wretched anarchy which at present prevails ; when courtesy, candour, and kindly feeling dwelt in the breast of one of the two chiefs of intellect, and fearless honesty, magnanimity, and rough warm heart distinguished the other ; when criticism had not yet become a mere craft, and that not of the most honourable kind ; and above all, when our dictators in the realm of letters were not ashamed to avow themselves believers in God, and humble disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. Well may we, sick of the present, turn to the past and pray, with more fervour than faith, that these days may return again.

ART. IV.—*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.* By Grace Greenwood. London: Bentley. 1854.

MISS GRACE GREENWOOD is an American lady, imbued with a cordial love of English life and manners. Her book is remarkable in this respect ;—that it is one of a class newly introduced. Not many years ago it was customary for English writers to satirize America, and for American writers to retort upon England. Now the fashion has changed, and it is not for us to complain if goodwill, on both sides of the Atlantic, goes to an opposite extreme. It was once thought clever in the United States to talk of Great Britain as a decaying empire, in which the corruption of manners would speedily be followed by the extinction of freedom, and the end of prosperity. This, however, was but an unnecessary and ungenerous repartee to the criticisms of the Old Country on the New ; for there was a time when our travellers visited the western world only to be ironical on its people and institutions. We accept, therefore, as a sign of improved understanding and of better feeling the altered tone in which both nations speak at present of each other, and it matters little to us that we flatter where we used to sneer. Time will modify our way of praising, as it has modified our style of disparagement. We have become critics instead of satirists ; we shall soon prefer just appreciation to unmeasured eulogy.

The manner, indeed, in which Miss Greenwood writes of England, and of all else that excites her emotions, is high wrought and hyperbolical. Her style, like her sentiment, is intense, and

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her assiduous efforts to be complimentary sometimes betray her into suggestions quite the reverse in their effect. But, as we have said, her volume affords an interesting study, because it is a specimen—and, like most specimens, highly coloured—of a new order of books, called into existence by a long peace, by extended intercourse, and by those amenities of civilized intercourse which have more power than all the inventions of diplomacy to unite the hearts and to harmonize the interests of states and nations.

In May, 1852, Miss Greenwood left New York in the 'Atlantic' ocean-steamer, which brought Jenny Lind and her husband to Europe. Our tourist at once evinces her communicative disposition; for upon the slight acquaintance of three pages, we are informed of her opinion as to the Swedish singer's choice of a partner for life. Mr. Goldschmidt, she tells us, is small, delicately formed, blond, with golden hair, sad thoughtful eyes, a spiritual brow, and no common beauty: add to this, that he has dignity, 'self-poise,' and intellect; and Grace Greenwood has no doubt that Jenny Lind did right in 'following the impulses of her woman's heart.'

This is not bad, as a commencement. We promise ourselves no little gossip when she comes to London, and enters the presence of men and things familiar to us all. And we are not disappointed. A single glimpse of England inflames the imagination of Miss Greenwood, who breaks into a gush of rapture about 'the glorious old trees, the beautiful green hedges, and the gorgeous flowers' of her race's parent-land. She sheds tears on a rose; but soon lays down the sweet fragment to discourse on beings intellectual. At Liverpool she went to hear Mr. Martineau preach, and her account of him contains an example of her equivocal style of flattery. He has a Greek face, she says, with chiselled features; 'but the glow of the soul is all over.' Does she mean that it is gone for ever, or that it brightens the individual from head to foot? Miss Greenwood does not stay to discuss such a point, but whirls us to London, praising the cottages, lawns, and flower-pots by the way, sighing over the 'golden glory' of the laburnum, singing with joy at seeing a copper-beech, and scornfully acknowledging the civil way in which certain English gentlemen patronized America. One of these gentlemen was kind enough to say that he would not believe the story of an American who sold wooden nutmegs, 'for there would be such an amount of minute carving required to make a successful imitation, that the fraud would hardly pay.' His lady-interlocutor thanked him for his estimate of her countrymen's honesty; and added, that she hoped he was equally incredulous about the Yankee who whittled a quantity of shoe-pegs into the shape of melon-seeds, and sold them in Canada!

Historical localities, haunted by great English names, excited her fancy ; but mediæval relics afforded her less delight than is usual with those who have no ancient associations to dwell upon in their own country. And yet, when she came to Westminster Abbey, her thoughts were impressed with wonderful force by its architecture and its decorations. In fact, what but a temporary trembling of the mind could elicit such figures of speech as 'the great circular window seemed to me like a whirlpool of gorgeous flowers, or a coiled rainbow.' Miss Greenwood must study Quintilian and Longinus before she again mounts into the sublime. However, her narrative is too rapid and varied to detain us long with declamations, so that, before we are angry enough to lecture her, she is away *à cheval* in Rotten-row ; and here, in her opinion, the English ladies ride with elegance and ease, but with little spirit. Evidently she had not then seen them on the Marine-parade at Brighton, and other watering places.

The personal sketches now begin. First, we follow Miss Greenwood into the House of Commons, where she objects to the lattice-work screen, in the ladies' gallery, as a barbarism only worthy of Turks :—

'The speaking was brief, conversational, and commonplace. Mr. Disraeli spoke, for about a quarter of an hour, on the affair of the expulsion of the missionaries from Austria. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a look decidedly and darkly Hebraic. When I say this, I must confess that I have in my eye the modern Abraham, who lends money to fast young men with handsome expectations, or the modern Moses, who presides at the pawnbroker's counter, rather than the faithful patriarch of old, or the wise lawgiver, leader, and feeder of Israel. The face wears to me no high character, but is cold, politic, and subtle in expression. I could only see the sentimental exquisite who penned 'Henrietta Temple' in the dainty waistcoat and spiral black curls of the Chancellor. In the House of Lords some cause was being tried—a black-gowned, big-wigged advocate was speaking before a black-gowned and bigger-wigged judge. I knew Lord Brougham at once, from the admirable though not over complimentary sketches of 'Punch.'—p. 38.

On the new Houses of Parliament Miss Greenwood passes a remark which has been often made by the Americans. She says, a Greek building would have been more suitable for purposes of legislation than the fantastic richness of the Gothic style. We suspect that this is the opinion of those who look on types and styles, apart from climate, manners, and social necessities. Imagine a marble portico and cellar in Westminster, with libraries, coffee-rooms, lobbies, and a Speaker's chair ! But such a vision is peculiarly inconsistent on the part of Miss Grace Greenwood, who exults like a Persian at the sight of blue, green,

red, orange, and purple brocades worn by peeresses, with plumes, jewels, flowers, and 'old hereditary gems,' enough to ornament a Roman carnival or a Venetian masquerade. We will quote a sketch of the House of Lords:—

'Towards one o'clock the peers began to come in fast, clad in their crimson robes of state. They are a noble and refined-looking set of men, taken as a whole; but some there are so decidedly plebeian in the outward, one, on beholding them, recalls old stories of cradle exchanges, or feels amazed at the measureless assurance of Nature in fashioning of common clay vessels of such honour—in making the patrician flesh and blood so marvellously like the beef-fed *physique* of the people. The Duke of — has a rotundity of figure, and full-bloodedness and full-mooniness of face, more aldermanic than majestic. But few eyes dwelt on his Grace, when there slowly entered, at the left of the throne, a white-haired old man, pale and spare, bowed with years and honours, the hero of many battles in many lands, the conqueror of conquerors, *the Duke!* Leaning on the arm of the fair Marchioness of Douro, he stood, or rather tottered, before us—the grandest ruin in England. He presently retired to don his ducal robes and join the royal party at the entrance by the Victoria tower. The pious bishops, in their sumptuous sacerdotal robes, made a goodly show before an ungodly world. The judges came, in their black gowns, and in all the venerable absurdity of their enormous wigs. Mr. Justice Talfourd, the poet, a small modest-looking man, was quite extinguished by his. The foreign ministers assembled, nation after nation, making, when standing or seated together, a most peculiar and picturesque group. More gorgeous richness and variousness of costume I never beheld. They shone in all colours, and dazzled with stars, and orders, and jewel-hilted swords. The red Greek cap, richly wrought with gold, sat jauntingly on olive brows and raven locks; while high above all towered the ugly black hats of the Persian envoys. Our minister, Mr. Lawrence, was dressed with a quiet, simple elegance, becoming the representative of a republic. . . .

'Lord Redesdale took his seat on the woolsack, and some business was despatched in a hurried and indistinct way. Soon after two o'clock, the guns announced the arrival of the royal procession, and in a few moments the entire house rose silently to receive Her Majesty. The Queen was conducted by Prince Albert, and accompanied by all the great officers of state. The long train, borne by ladies, gentlemen, and pages, gave a certain stateliness to the short, plump little person of the fair sovereign, and she bore herself with much dignity and grace. Prince Albert, it is evident, has been eminently handsome, but is now getting stout, and is a little bald. Yet he is a man of right noble presence. Her Majesty is in fine preservation, and really a pretty and loveable-looking woman. I think I never saw anything sweeter than her smile of recognition, given to some of her friends in the gallery—to the little Indian princess in especial. There is much in her face of pure womanliness and simple goodness; yet it is by no means wanting in animated intelligence.'—pp. 40, 41.

There is quite as much freedom in her notes on a private

circle; but she contrives to be entertaining with her reminiscences, confidences, and scraps of conversation :—

On Thursday evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and a small party, at the pleasant house of the novelist, in Tavistock Square. Mr. Dickens is all I looked to see, in person, manner, and conversation. He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of 'Bleak House.' Mrs. Dickens is a very charming person—in character and manner truly a gentlewoman; and such of the children as I saw seemed worthy to hand down to coming years the beauty of the mother and the name of the father. Mr. Dickens looks in admirable health and spirits, and good for at least twenty more charming serials. That, should he furnish to the world yet more than that number of his inimitable romances, they would be as fresh and attractive as those which had gone before, I have no doubt, from the confirmed impression I have of the exhaustlessness of his genius, and of the infiniteness of variety in English character, of phases in English life.

'Mr. Dickens's style of living is elegant and tasteful, but in no respect ostentatious, or out of character with his profession or principles. I was glad to see that his servants wore no livery. . . .

'During this evening, Mr. Dickens spoke to me with much interest and admiration of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hawthorne. Wherever I go, my national pride is gratified by hearing eloquent tributes to these authors, and to the poet Longfellow. The memorials of Margaret Fuller have also created a sensation here. Carlyle says, "Margaret was a great creature; but you have no biography of her yet. We want to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore." '—pp. 51-54.

And here she breaks off to say, that the English have the most pleasant, considerate, cordial, sweet, and tender way of behaving to strangers of any people in the world. It is consoling to hear this when we have so continually heard of our rudeness, discourtesy, and want of polish even in our hospitality. We will descend into the servants' hall, and allow Miss Greenwood to tell a story of an archbishop's footman :—

'The faithful, old-fashioned man-servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one morning in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a richly-liveried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head,—for all the world like an American Congressman legislating at his ease,—and from this comfortable position he bugged not an inch at the importunate summons above-mentioned. "What!" cried the primitive and provincial serving-man, "don't you

answer the drawing-room bell?" "Not unless they *persevere*," was the cool response of his footmanahip.—p. 55.

It is but just to contrast with this a specimen of our authoress's more serious manner of writing, and with this intention we extract an intelligent paragraph, conceived and applied in a right sense :—

'I must say that I am not altogether pleased by the manner in which American slavery is spoken of here. People either darkly allude to it, as though fearfully touching on some family disgrace, in your presence, or come down upon it, and all concerned in it, with merciless execration, and seem to think it might be done away with easily, speedily, with all its evils and enormities; that it is but an ugly excrescence on the social life, which may be quietly lopped off at pleasure, and not what we know it to be, a deep-seated cancer, near the vitals of the Union itself—difficult and perilous to eradicate, though more perilous far if left alone. Such as at home consider me a fanatic would smile to hear me in England, not defending slavery or slaveholders,—Heaven forbid!—but in demanding that simple justice should be done, and patience exercised, towards us as a nation; and reminding our judges that a like evil and sin is not a half century's remove from their own doors.'—p. 70.

Returning to the topic of general English manners, Miss Greenwood's democracy falls under suspicion. She has no words to express her admiration of the 'gentlemen' in this country, 'literary gentlemen' especially, because they are 'kind,' 'dignified' with 'intellectual' countenances and poetical voices; but 'the promiscuous Britons,' who are to be met in opera-pits, omnibuses, and railway trains excite her strong animadversions. The same classes in America, she tells us, are far more polite and high-spirited. We think she has some reason for her remark; but we will not join with her in classifying manners according to ranks. What she and we call 'John Bull,' however, is by no means a pleasant companion.

Omitting to follow her in her Scotch and Irish tours, which are described in a lively and ardent style, we accompany Miss Greenwood to Paris, where she declaims with as much shallowness as levity on the historical reminiscences of the Revolution, alternately bewailing the Bourbons and the Napoleons. Thence she passed on to Avignon, to Genoa—a dream in marble—to Pisa, and to Rome. There her fancy, which had been smouldering on the way, burst into a flame. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, the traces of the Consulate, the Egerian fountain, the Temple of Bacchus, the Columbaria, the Colosseum and Capitol, with the prospect around over the Alban Mount and the Latian and Etrurian hills, and the wilderness of broken arches and columns filled her imagination, yet left it free to receive

impressions of majesty and grandeur under the dome of the Roman Cathedral. The following sketch is plain, and the concluding inuendo not very charitable :—

‘At length the procession formed. A small canopy of white silk and silver, very like the state umbrella of a Chinese mandarin, was held over the head of His Holiness, and with cardinals, bishops, and guards, before, around, and behind him, he walked from the altar to the first door of the chapel, where a large canopy of white silk and silver received him, and was borne over him the remainder of the way to the Pauline chapel. I had a very near view of the Sovereign Pontiff, as he passed slowly forth, praying audibly and apparently earnestly, and also as he returned, in less state and at a much less solemn pace. I like the papal countenance ; it may be wanting in strength, but it is beautiful in shape and feature, and remarkably gentle and meek in expression.

‘The Pope is rather stout, yet by no means gross—he looks healthful, but a little indolent.

‘In strong contrast to him was Cardinal Antonelli, the real force and brain of the present government, who walked a little in advance of His Holiness, and showed for what he is—a proud, subtle, ambitious, unscrupulous spirit. His lips moved mechanically, but little prayed his dark, restless, sinister eyes.’—p. 181.

We dare not discuss matters of art with Miss Greenwood, because she writes too boldly ; her style is too redundant, and her taste is very questionable. Her picture, however, of the statuesque groups from which artists in Rome adopt features and attitudes is original and interesting :—

‘I am a good deal interested and amused by the professional models who “most do congregate” on the great flight of steps leading up to the Trinita di Monti from the Piazza di Spagna. There are often to be seen picturesque and varied groups, and single figures of striking character. Handsome peasant women, with charming brown babies—wild, long-haired boys from the mountains—raven-bearded young men and snowy-headed old men—and coquettish young girls, with flashing eyes and dashing costumes. There is one grand-looking old man, with a bounteous white beard, who is said to do a great business in the saintly and patriarchal line. He is a multitudinous Moses, an inexhaustible St. Joseph, and the pictorial stock Peter of many seasons. There is also a powerful, handsome, dark, and terrible-looking fellow, who does the brigand and bravo.

‘These various candidates for artistic favour seem to have the most social and agreeable relations with each other—indeed, I have remarked the patriarch chatting and laughing with the brigand in a familiar manner, scarcely in keeping with his own venerable character. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps, and, presto! the dark-eyed young girls cease their idle gossip, and spring into position—look archly or mournfully over the left shoulder, or with clasped hands modestly contemplate the pavement—the pretty peasant woman snatches up the

baby she had left to creep about at its own sweet will, and bends over it tender and Madonna-like, while, at a word from her, a skin-clad little shepherd boy drops his game of pitch penny, and takes up his rôle of St. John. Perhaps a dark, dignified, but somewhat rheumatic old woman, with her head wrapped up in a brown cloth, makes a modest venture of herself as St. Anna, while the fine old man I have described makes the most of the comparatively unimportant character of St. Joseph, or, separating himself entirely from the group, looks authoritative as Moses, or inspired as Isaiah, or resolute as Peter. The handsome bravo or brigand gives a fiercer twist to his mustache, slouches his pointed black hat, appears to be concealing a dagger under his brown cloak, or on the point of drawing an imaginary pistol from his belt, sets his teeth, scowls, and cultivates the diabolical generally in attitude and expression. It is altogether a very amusing and skilful piece of canvassing.'—pp. 232, 233.

By this time Miss Greenwood has been nearly a year away from America. Her sojourn in Rome was during the spring; she saw the green earth renew itself in freshness and beauty, the trees bud, the flowers peep into the light; and while snow was lingering on the English moors and the Scottish hills, violets and anemones bloomed amid the ruins and gardens of Rome. Such is there the season of health. The air is then pleasant, the soil breathes no miasma, the nights drop no fatal dew; but Miss Greenwood noticed with regret that these genial influences of nature were not in harmony with the political ordinances of Italy. Stars might appear brightly; but the youths of the papal city, suspected of republicanism, were not allowed to enter the streets after the hour of Ave-Maria. The Corso was still and desolate; not a tread was heard near the Colosseum. In darkness the capital of Italy was more solemn than Volney's dream; by day it was an incessant carnival of lively sights and cheerful sounds. Even at noon, however, wayfarers, who are so inclined, may visit places of sepulchral sadness, as under the church of the Cappuciani, where in four low vaults the bones of ten thousand monks are preserved. The scene is grim in the twilight of an ordinary day; but once a year it is illuminated by yellow lamps, which shed a sickly glare upon each *memento mori*; and illustrate that strange searching for effect—for dramatic tableaux—even among the dead which signalizes the rites and practices of the Roman church. This scenic display was peculiarly startling to our American tourist, who saw with astonishment and describes with awe the ceremonial grandeur that filled the capital on days of religious celebration. The effect of these forms upon the intellect of the people is exhibited in anecdotes related of the poorer class of people in King Ferdinand's dominions:—

'The Neapolitans are devout in their way; and an odd, child-like, merry way it is. I noticed the other day, in one of the churches, an

old woman, standing by the image of a saint, talking to it in an easy, conversational way, quite delightful—and when she left, she said, “*Addio!*” smiled and nodded, and even kissed her hand, as to some familiar crony. I heard in Rome a little anecdote, told by an English tourist, which amused me greatly. He overheard a poor Neapolitan woman praying before a shrine of the Virgin, as well as I can remember, in this wise: “Santa Maria, my poor boy is ill with the fever—have mercy on him, and cure him, for the sake of your own beautiful boy. O holy mother, come at once, if you can, to my house,—via San Lorenzo, number eight, last floor,—and, for the love of God, don’t mistake the door!” It sounds yet more odd and child-like in the Italian.—p. 305.

By what process the human mind is subdued to this condition it would not be difficult to explain; but these incidents suggest a sufficient commentary. It is impossible to exaggerate the suffering which Italians of a nobler intelligence must endure to see their country possessed and ruled by governments which propagate these illusions for their own advantage, and degrade the moral sense of the population that they may sway its feelings and command its will. Miss Greenwood states, that in Naples she observed more debasement of human nature and more barbarous manners than in any other city on the Italian peninsula. It is a relief to turn from these sad memorials of weakness and imposition to monuments of art and beauty. A good idea is afforded of the Milanese Cathedral:—

‘The Duomo of Milan is built entirely of white marble, on which time and exposure seem only to have wrought, to mellow its tint and to soften the effect of its sculpture, even by the heavy darkening of some of the parts increasing the beauty of the whole. It is, from base to summit, absolutely alive with statues and bas-reliefs. There are no less than three thousand figures on the pinnacles and in the niches of the exterior; and there are yet one thousand five hundred to be executed. . . .

‘We have descended into the chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, in the crypt of the cathedral. This, for its size, is the richest chapel I have yet seen, being completely lined with bas-reliefs of solid silver, and hung about with massive silver lamps. Among other costly offerings, there is a tablet given by the money-changers, surmounted by cornucopiæ, filled with real coins of silver and gold. But the great show is the saint himself, who is kept in a splendid shrine behind the altar, and exhibited to the pious or the curious for an extra fee of five francs. This secured, the holy man who attended on us lit four additional tapers, let down the front of the shrine by turning a windlass, and showed a coffin of crystal, set in gold, containing a black and mouldering mummy, dressed in gorgeous pontifical robes, and covered with flashing gems. Above the breast was suspended a large cross of diamonds and emeralds, the gift of Maria Theresa; and all about hung like royal offerings, deepening fearfully, by contrast, the horribleness of human decay. It was terrible to see how the live light of those

brilliant, the glow of those golden embroideries, the pomp of the jewelled mitre, seemed to mock the eyeless sockets, the shrivelled skin, the bare and blackened skull.'—pp. 344, 345.

And yet we are tempted to add a melancholy touch to the account of Milan, to recal the reader to an idea of Austrian domination in Italy:—

'Milan is yet under strict military government, and swarms with Austrian troops. No citizen is allowed to be out after eight o'clock in the evening without a permit; and the carrying of any species of arms is prohibited under penalty of death. A complete system of terror and tyranny prevails; espionage is everywhere employed; the intercepting of letters and packages and domiciliary visits are of daily occurrence; while the outgoings and incomings of persons falling under the slightest suspicion are closely watched and dogged.'—pp. 347, 348.

These fragments of Miss Greenwood's Diary will best describe the character of her book. She is not a good traveller; but she is a pleasant travelling companion. Her judgment, especially in questions of art, has not been matured by study, or checked by modest reflection. She criticizes without reserve all that falls in her way, and if a fitting epithet or a tasteful comparison be not within reach, another, less judicious and less appropriate, is made use of instead. She tells us that the queen is 'in fine preservation,' that the Earl of Derby looks like a waiter, that Mr. Disraeli bears on his countenance the signs of a Jewish descent, that Mr. Dickens' servants do not wear livery, and that Mr. Jerdan is called among his friends 'old Jerdan.' These pieces of information may be amusing and instructive on the other side of the Atlantic, though they are superfluous here; but Miss Greenwood deals quite as courageously with works of painting and sculpture. The Roman Antinous is inferior to the Apollo; the Venus of the Capitol is unworthy to lace the sandals of the Venus of Milo; Raffaele's Transfiguration is a disappointing picture; Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci is disappointing also; but Guido's Aurora surpassed her hopes. Canova is condemned to Miss Greenwood's most unmerciful disparagement, and Hiram Power to her most unqualified praise. Of her taste in architecture we have already had an example, when she suggested a Doric pile for our parliament; but her account of Munich is in better taste, more discriminating, and very correct as to details:—

'Munich lies low upon the Iser, and is the reverse of picturesque or imposing in its natural site, plan, and style of building. Its chief beauty is a fine park, in the English style, containing charming drives and walks, artificial lakes and magnificent trees. Its finest edifices are those erected by the ex-king, who, if he did not always display the purest taste in art or original ideas in architecture, showed a commend-

able zeal and a disinterested devotion in improving his capital. All the principal public buildings here are imitations of well-known structures in older cities, forming a somewhat odd conjunction. The new palace is a weak reproduction of the Pitti at Florence, with which it must in every point be unfavourably compared. Internally it is not at all to my taste, being gaudy, with much gilding and high colouring, stucco imitations of rich marbles, and great, glaring frescoes, in the most melodramatic style. The throne-room is a very tasteless, if not an absolutely vulgar apartment. It is lined on both sides with immense gilt statues, in hue of a greenish yellow; it has no hangings except about the throne, no ornaments except sickly gildings; altogether, it has a frightfully new, bare, and shiny appearance.'—pp. 363, 364.

When our authoress is touched by appeals to the more tender sentiments, the warmth of her nature is evinced in passages full of kindness and sympathy. We shall be giving a favourable specimen of her writing on topics of this character, and also aid in spreading the celebrity of a splendid institution, by quoting what she says of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, which she visited upon her return to England:—

'This is a handsome Gothic edifice, in a peculiarly healthful and open situation, surrounded by pleasant grounds. I was happy to find that the physicians here depend more upon kind nursing, a carefully-regulated temperature and diet, than upon medicine, though they speak of wonderful cures wrought by cod-liver oil. Most of the patients seemed very cheerful, and many were engaged in reading or light needlework. Everywhere prevailed the utmost order, cleanliness, and comfort.

'Among the incurables there was one young girl, a mere child of thirteen or fourteen years, whose face and manner I shall never forget. She was an angel of beauty and sweetness; sad, but quiet, she lay with a most pathetic patience, awaiting the call to her unknown home. In the shattered bark of her young life, she was already afloat on that solemn sea that beats against the eternal shore; and the half-timid, half-eager, out-looking of her tender eyes towards that better land was something inexpressibly touching to behold.

'This hospital is supported by voluntary subscription. None but the very poor are admitted; though so great is its reputation, that many applications are made by people of fortune. A year or two since, a lady gained admission under the character of a pauper—remained several months, and was discharged cured. She then revealed herself, accompanying her confession with a liberal donation.'—pp. 371, 372.

From what we have remarked, as well as from what we have extracted, it will be seen that Miss Greenwood is an amiable tourist, with an impressible imagination, and with no tendency to depreciate the customs or manners of Europe. Her style is

often florid, and her observations are sometimes questionable in point of taste ; but, upon the whole, the reader is likely to find some profitable and pleasant reading in her book. It is a genuine record of first impressions—the reflections of personal experience, and, as such, affords more vivid and faithful pictures of life, of scenery, and of institutions, than some of those elaborate studies designed by the wayside, but always finished, and often spoiled, at home.

ART. V.—*Our Camp in Turkey, and* to Young.
12mo. pp. 813. London :

THIS is a pleasant long evening's reading, on which all Europe is just now so much engaged. A national book by a lady accus- tomed to write, and written off as one writes in its class, and will fully satisfy the author's class. The authoress has a fine feminine hue, a quick sense of the heart, and a quick sense of the Edinburgh tone in dwelling on heart for suffering and sorrow, high spirits. She begins at some slight but graphic touches are given ; she some of the difficulties of getting on and getting off there ; mingles descriptions of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' with some of the miseries of 'glorious war ;' gets on to Gallipoli, shows how clever and well-provided the French, and how destitute of resource and domestic management the English were there ; follows the march to Constantinople, which is picturesquely described—its rugged splendour faintly but well-touched off ; then shows us Scutari and Therapeia, where so many of our best and bravest have perished, by no means cared for well till the English press compelled attention to the subject ; photographs a little scene in the Valley of Sweet Waters ; the Richmond or Greenwich of Stamboul, with its gay groups of Turks, its arabas, or cart-carriages of harems guarded by eunuchs, who scowled back an impertinent English officer that offered to introduce himself to the ladies in their thin *yashmaks*, or Turkish veils ; then back to Smyrna ; then forward to Varna, whose camp, bivouac, and hospital life, and alas, death, are given in few but graphic pages ; and then with descriptions of a 'harem at sea,' and a few remarks on Turkey in a social and political point of

view, our fair authoress gets to the end of her pleasant volume and back to Constantinople, when

'A glorious form the shining city wore
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While the sea softly kissed its grassy shore.'

At Malta, we presume, she now remains awaiting the chances of war to those who are her nearest and dearest; and were it for nothing but the pleasant evening her little book has given us, we cordially hope a joyful meeting, after a glorious victory, is in store for her.

A few brief extracts will best show the reader what he has to expect in looking into 'Our Camp in Turkey'—which, by the way, he observes from the above programme is not the camp at Balaklava, on which all eyes are now strained in eager hope, not unmixed with horror and alarm, but that occupied by our army up to the departure of the expedition from Varna. Speaking of the sweet early Malta mornings, she says—

'The ladies perhaps liked Malta best, because it kept their sons and husbands longer by their side; and heavy were the hearts as that day approached when Malta must be left, the troop steamer declared in readiness, and poor women, whether wives of officers or soldiers, were left with straining eyes on the Barracco while the fine ship glided in towards her eastern point, and those whom God joined were put asunder—when again to meet?

'I remember coming in from a country ride in a calesse, when the 'Himalaya' was going out laden with troops; the sun was shedding its golden light over the blue water, and that deep purple tone was rising on the horizon, peculiar, I think, to Malta in early spring. A crowd were scattered about the rocky hillocks at Florian, watching and wishing well to the noble ship. Among them was a pretty young Englishwoman, a soldier's wife, with two little smiling rosy children at her foot, gathering daisies. "Get up, children, and kiss your hands to father." "I don't want to, mother," said the elder, intent on its little pastime. "Oh, you naughty child!" answered the woman, snatching it in her arms, and hurrying to the wall, under which the ship lay; "you'll likely never see him again!" I turned away, the truth was so sorrowful, so full of pathos. How few of the brave hearts now beating with hopes of glory on the deck of that fine ship would ever feel again the loving pressure of wife or child! But such is war! 'Tis well it has its bands and colours, flags and music, to hide the tears in manly eyes and drown the sobs in woman's voice; or despite huzzaing crowds, it would be but, on the whole, perhaps an unpopular institution.'

And so it is unpopular with all thinking men. But there are institutions more unpopular than war—absolutism, slavery, darkness of soul—these are more unpopular with all our best and

bravest people; and rather than the liberties and enlightenment of Europe shall be submerged in the slough of Russian barbarism,—rather than the hopes that are opening to Asia and Africa, as the dayspring from on high seems about to visit them, shall be quenched in worse than heathen darkness,—welcome war with all its horrors! ‘The most desirable thing in life,’ says John Foster, and it is one of the deepest, most beautiful, and most searching of all his great sayings, ‘the most desirable thing in life is an honourable way of getting quit of it.’ The words perhaps are not precisely correct, but that is the sentiment; it is one natural to heroic minds, and becomes almost a national sentiment in moods of national heroism like the present.

Christianize Macaulay’s words, and you have the feeling that now thrills through thousands of good and peaceful men—

‘To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?’

But we must come back to the ‘Himalaya’ issuing from the romantic harbour of Malta, with its decks crowded with gorgeous uniforms, and all the air alive with fluttering flags and vocal with martial music.

‘They march with weapons in their hands,
Their banners bright displaying;
While all the time their music bands
Triumphant tunes are playing.’

Roll on a few months, and behold this glorious steam-ship once more—returning from the wars, alas! in what a different plight! She has the *yellow flag flying at the fore* as she nears Portsmouth harbour on Tuesday afternoon, January 2, and is crowded with the sick and wounded from Balaklava, Scutari, and Inkermann. Among them are a number of women and children,—perhaps among them the poor woman who held up her child to kiss its hand to father—whose hand is now cold in death! The reporter says,—‘The women are chiefly wives of soldiers who belonged to regiments sent on from Malta, Gibraltar, &c., to the seat of war, and who have either been killed in battle or died from disease. These poor women and their children appear to be in a very destitute condition, having no homes to go to when they land, and no money to provide them with food.’

This, however, is a national injustice, which, it may be hoped, will cease with the present war,—perhaps with the campaign of

1854. The wives and children of our soldiers are wards of the nation, and should be honourably cared for as such. All those who would have looked for support to the strong arms of our soldiers, had they lived, should, now that these arms are rigid in death, smitten down by the foe while held up in defence of England, be carefully tended and supported by the nation. We must honestly pay the expenses of our wars—not meanly shuffle off any portion of that expense on the widows and orphans of our brave defenders. If all these patriotic funds and other benevolent aids to the army mean anything, they mean that England has been guilty of gross injustice to her rank and file, and that she must henceforth shield the family of the soldier from the pauper's fate.

How much in this, too, as in all the details connected with a state of war, we have to learn from France! In the French camp is never seen the miserable spectacle displayed by the few soldiers' wives allowed to follow the English camp; the soldiers of France would be ashamed to treat their women so. Ah! let our captains of benevolence turn their attention to this while the subject is before their eyes.

'Constantinople.—About seven o'clock on the morning of my arrival at the shining city of minarets, the mists had cleared away, and Seraglio Point was seen in all its glory. The little *Therapeia* and *Scutari* steamers were rushing across the harbour, their decks covered with Turkish ladies in their many-coloured cloaks and *yashmaks*, so that each craft looked like a floating garden; and large gilded caiques, rowed by fine-looking Greeks, in loose-sleeved muslin garments, were pulled stoutly by crowded with fezzes, till they looked like a bed of poppies, or with the fair *Zuleikas* and *Fatimas* of the land under a perfect cloud of Parisian parasols.'

By the side of the splendour comes the raggedness so characteristic of Stamboul. Immediately after the above come the streets and landing-place of Galata and Pera.

'Our caique backed in among fifty other caiques, at the little, filthy, rotten landing-place of planks, at the end of the Tophana bridge; and, once clear of the dirty vociferous boatmen of that locality, thankful for not having fallen into the Bosphorus, and hustled right and left by lusty porters of Stamboul, we made our way over rugged stones, through dirty pools, and between filthy shops swarming with flies, to the office of Mr. Hanson, the great banker and merchant of Constantinople. Here I stood on the steps, while my friends were arranging their affairs in the office, and thus saw a good deal of the out-door duenna life of the city,—Greek, Armenian, and Turkish. The ladies bargained immensely with the vendors of Manchester cottons, and the fair-faced, short, and, I am afraid, rather too stout ladies, shuffled along in their yellow boots and supernumerary slippers in a wonderful way. . . . The bustle in this quarter was immense; Turks and Greeks, travellers and dragomen, ladies in blue "uglies," officers in uniform, travelling

gentlemen in "wide-awakes," everybody pushed hither and thither now shouted at by porters carrying bales on long poles, and anon hustled aside to make way for a solemn-looking pasha, mounted on a fine steed with marvellous velvet trappings. Nothing surprised me more than the *sang froid* with which these same pashas allowed themselves to be carried down the broken stair-like ways of Pera on their high-bred steeds. The etiquette of Turkish apathy never forsook them; even in slippery paths that might have affected the nervous system of a chamois, on they went, as calmly and as apparently immersed in thought as they might have been upon the Syrian sands.—pp. 37-39.

All the hotels and cafés crammed to suffocation with English and French officers; enormous rents asked for wretched lodgings; the narrow streets full of bustle and filth; such was the condition of Constantinople as described by our authoress. We gladly escape with her from the din, dirt, and glare, to the Valley of Sweet Waters, to which she found her way through gilded caiques, lines of solemn Turks smoking on high stools in garden cafés, with clustering clumps of Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Jewish ladies, a little apart from the solemn seigniors, 'all laughing and gossiping gaily, under the shade of innumerable blue and pink parasols.' Landing at a cool, shady nook, and struggling up a stony road, the Sweet Waters are at length reached, and thus pleasantly described:—

'The sun was shining most brilliantly; and the air, soft and delicious, was fragrant with sweet odours, and vocal with the notes of larks innumerable. The narrow waters of the Golden Horn, here a mere streamlet, flowing gently between flowery meadows, were covered with caiques filled with festive groups, nummers and musicians. On the banks, under fine trees, were spread carpets and cushions of every hue, on which reposed groups of Turkish ladies, surrounded by their slaves and children; while beyond them passed trains of splendid arabas, and parties of Turkish nobles, their spirited steeds trapped with the most gorgeous Mameluke array.

'It will readily be supposed that to the officers of the allied force this was a scene full of attraction, and I fancy there were very few who were not present. The Duke of Cambridge, with Lady Errol, and his staff, passed on in the Austrian ambassador's boat; and then taking horse, rode back to Stamboul. White plumes were gleaming, staff uniforms flashing in all directions, and knots of young officers waited impatiently for a glimpse of the Sultan's harem. Many soon had that gratification. I was standing on a little grassy knoll by the wayside, when the araba containing the sister and two of the wives of his imperial majesty Sultan Medjid, followed by five carriages filled with the ladies of the harem, stopped for their fair occupants to admire the varied scene. Some of the ladies wore the yashmak of material so slight that it only served to give additional delicacy to their semi-Circassian complexions. Evidently the Stamboul ladies have great recourse to art for the supposed improvement of the charms by which

they seek to retain position. The eyebrows carefully arched were sometimes united in the centre, and a slight dark line pencilled within them; the large almond shaped eyes owed an expression of additional softness to the darkening of the lashes with soormai; and the rouge of the cheek, sometimes rather too strong, gave to many complexions the effect of what has been described as like a bunch of fresh roses dipped in cream.—pp. 44-46.

Our authoress thinks the beauty of the Turkish women has been exaggerated; that mystery has added much to their charm; that want of fresh air, constant smoking, dormant intellects, and feelings rendered passive by Moslem tyranny, make them, the large almond shaped eyes notwithstanding, inferior to 'an educated, kind-hearted, sensitive English woman, whose blush mounts from her heart, and whose eyes sparkle with the love of purity and the hope of conferring happiness on all around her,' to which, without having seen the Turkish ladies, and meaning them no disparagement whatever, we cordially assent.

These dames sat like veiled statues whosoever went past; the brilliant *cortège* of the Duke of Cambridge even failed to draw the eyes of the ladies from the distant perspective into which they were looking, for nothing but to keep up Oriental reserve, and a dignified appearance of apathy. Such it seems is Turkish etiquette. The English, ladies and gentlemen, did not, as their habit is, pay any great reverence to this custom of the country.

'One officer, indeed, after looking long into the carriage of the Sultan's sister, at length took off his cap, next bowed, then smiled, and gradually commenced a respectful advance, still smiling and bowing; on which a particularly unprepossessing looking African gentleman opened the carriage door, took a jewelled knife from beneath the seat, flourished it in the face of our somewhat alarmed courtier, directed the coachman to proceed, and with a most terrific scowl, adding clouds to his anything but sunny countenance, took his place in front of the araba.'—p. 48.

The chapter on Scutari is very interesting; everything that marks the spot in which so many of England's bravest soldiers are passing through the valley of the shadow of death; in which so many thousands lie on beds of languishing,—to find their way after a time back to the dismal battle-field, or else to shelter in the grave; the spot disgraced by the most shocking mismanagement of officials, and consecrated by as noble charity, love, and self-sacrifice as woman ever displayed; this shining land of sorrow, glory, and death, must now be interesting to every British heart.

'We passed the general hospital, a large well-built brick building, said to be one of the finest in Europe; but I imagine that, when completed, l'Hôpital des Français, at Pera, will alone deserve to hold that

rank. On the grass plot in front of the hospital were pitched the tents of Lady Errol, with one or two others, occupied by the staff-surgeons; and passing on, we came upon one of the finest scenes Turkey has ever boasted—the great encampment of the British forces. The Highlanders happened to be on parade, and made the scene, perhaps, more effective. Its great charm, however, apart from patriotic feeling, arose from the extreme beauty of the position which had been chosen for this great array of the national power and purpose. Before us lay the beautiful Bosphorus with the shining city of the Osmanli; to the rear the five mountains of Asia, and the dark cypress woods of the *Champs des Morts*; around on the undulating plain stretched lines of the British tents,—the promise of freedom to the darkened people of this most lovely land.'

To look inside the hospital at Scutari, however, we must take a few brief words from one who honourably distinguished himself by his kindness to the inmates, as published by him in the 'Times' of January 1st, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Osborne—'Would you learn to hate war; would you feel the prayer forced upon you that they who speak lightly of it should know more of what it is? Go to that scene,—those miles of ward and corridor,—thickly covered with war's work, written in all possible defacement of man once made in God's image. "*She must be told it; tell her how I felt the telling it to her!*" said one brave fellow for whom I wrote to one he loved, that he could not live.' Or from the 'Times' Commission of the 'Sick and Wounded Fund,' who has exerted himself nobly, and now speaks out honestly. 'A man must steel his heart with a certain amount of brutality here if he aspires to make himself useful, for there is a very small margin for the exercise of sentimental feeling. It is difficult to overtake the special work which you may have cut out for yourself—impossible to attend to one-hundreth part of the objects which appeal to your sympathies. You cannot walk along the wards and corridors of the hospitals without constant efforts to suppress emotion, natural and proper to a good man, but which there is no time to indulge. The whole spectacle is too oppressive to look at from that point of view, and one therefore strives to blind his eyes to the real character of these establishments, filled with so many choice victims of pestilence and war. There they lie upon their lowly and roughly made beds, from 4000 to 5000 men, many prostrate with wounds, still more with dysentery, some coughing their lives up in deep consumption—a few here and there with the staring eye and discoloured lip which mark the dreadful typhus. The majority of the wounded look cheerful and happy; assured of being on the high road to convalescence, they are in excellent spirits, and, though it may be purchased by the loss of limb, the sweetness of living compensates for all sacrifices. On the faces of those whose recovery seems more doubtful

you may trace a manly sadness stamped, except when the Book of God is in their hands, and they are, poor fellows, reading its blessed promises.'

It is deplorable that the formalities in which all departments are absorbed, should still prevent the war ministers, and directors of the army medical department, from accepting the services of medical men, well trained in civil practice, familiar with operations, and skilled by long experience in the course of wounds and injuries. They are far more experienced than most army surgeons, only a few of whom in time of peace see any practice worth speaking of. Yet with a few army surgeons only who have seen much practice, the authorities insist on keeping up the 'regulation' which requires medical recruits to be young and to enter as acting assistant surgeon, refusing in this terrible crisis to procure, or even to accept, the services of the practically trained medical men of whom we speak. We know that such have offered their services, gratuitously if preferred, asking only that temporary surgical rank which would ensure them some independent action and scope; and that, in obedience to this regulation, and in order that the proper grade of 'promotion' may be preserved, such men have been refused!

The time will come when this will be inquired into in parliament, and when the nation will indignantly denounce the system of official routine which prevents our brave, unspeakably valuable army from possessing the very best surgical and medical skill and experience which can be procured.

Even at Varna, and in spring, our authoress speaks bitterly of the same want of medical provision which has been dwelt on during the whole campaign by soldiers, officers, and correspondents of the press, which, after Alma and Inkermann, led to horrors innumerable, and which is now filling the heart of the English people with a tide of indignation. But will it be able to bear down an official 'regulation'? Will the 'rules of the service' not resist the strongest and justest national clamour? Can any amount of parliamentary remonstrance check the regular routine of 'promotion,' or secure to our wounded and dying men a sufficiency of trained and practised medical 'attendants'? Of the hospital at Varna, Mrs. Young says, 'It was a terrible place, and the sick had not half enough medical officers to attend them. The assistant surgeons were worked nearly to death, as many will bear me witness; and numbers of soldiers went in there who *never saw a doctor*, and were so sent on board a vessel in harbour used as a floating hospital.' And this *before* the field of Alma! A soldier who was wounded there and sent to Scutari, returned to the camp, and wrote home after the battle of Inkermann in which he had joined, thus recalls the shocking

scenes resulting from the want of a proper ambulance corps, and a sufficient supply of doctors at Alma:—‘Never shall I forget the night of the 20th September. We had to lie amongst the dead and wounded all night; and to hear the cries of the wounded it would melt a heart of stone; some crying to their comrades to shoot them dead, their sufferings were so great, others crying for help, but no one could assist them. There they lay, some all night, for the doctors could not attend upon all at once, being so many. They were days before they could attend to them. There the poor fellows were, weltering in their blood. I went at dark after the battle to the doctor to get my wound dressed, and never shall I forget the sight.’ Yet though such facts as this have been urged upon the authorities; though Balaklava and Inkermann have come to corroborate the tale, the army ‘regulation’ must not give way, the ‘rules of the service’ must be kept up, promotion must proceed in its regular routine, the army must get its medical recruits fresh from the ranks of the students, and the offers of men accustomed to the work required to be done must continue to be refused. Never was a greater wrong inflicted on a gallant army than this.

We thank our fair authoress for having led the reader’s attention to this official error, now requiring speedy redress; and in the hope of soon listening to her again, we bid her a respectful adieu.

ART. VI.—*The Life and Letters of Christopher Anderson*, author of ‘Annals of the English Bible,’ &c. By his Nephew, Hugh Anderson. 8vo. Edinburgh: Kennedy. 1854.

THIS volume is an affectionate, but not adulatory memorial of an amiable and devoted minister of Christ, extensively known and beloved in England, but pursuing the main objects of his laborious and useful life in Scotland; and it constitutes a pleasing and valuable addition to the already rich treasury of Christian biography.

Christopher Anderson was a native of Edinburgh, in which city his father was an ironmonger. He was born on the 19th of February, 1782. The family were dissenters, his grandfather, Robert Anderson, of Pittencreeff, near Dunfermline, having resigned his membership in the Scottish establishment while pursuing a course of study intended to prepare him for its ministry, and united himself with the old Scotch Independents, a body of which it seems probable he was one of the first members. In

Edinburgh, the congregation connected with this body met in the Candlemakers' Hall, having 'elders who pursued their callings through the week, and "spoke" at their meetings on Lord's-days.' In contact with this congregation we find our young friend Christopher, after a boyhood spent in the country for the sake of his health, and a good common education at the day-school of Lasswade, at the age of fourteen, without any religion.

'When Christopher returned from the country, he attended with his father on the humble ministry of the congregation assembling in the Candlemakers' Hall. But the discourses of William Cook, a worthy but uneducated man, were little calculated to attract or retain their hold of young and inquiring minds. One by one his brothers had left in search of something more interesting and adapted to their spiritual wants, and Christopher was not long in availing himself of his father's permission to accompany them to the Scotch Baptist Meeting-house, Richmond-court, or to the Circus, recently opened for public worship by Mr. Robert Haldane. The choice in his case, indeed, was the result of mere taste, not of religious conviction of any kind. He was naturally of an impulsive and fearless disposition, with a strong dislike to whatever was deceptive, and impatient of anything that was doubtful. With a more than usual aversion to hypocrisy of every kind, he never made the smallest pretence to religious feeling as long as he was conscious he had none. Till he could *enjoy religion*, he was determined to *enjoy the world*, and went so far in gratifying his taste for the gaieties of life as his place in a well-ordered religious family would permit.'—p. 6.

The pulpit at the Circus was occupied in succession by some of the most powerful nonconformist preachers of the age, and the mode of address which he there encountered at once arrested the young pleasure-taker's attention; but most of all was he impressed by the preaching of Mr. James Haldane.

'In the early part of 1799, when about seventeen years of age, he was sometimes alarmed at the course he was pursuing, and shuddered at the thought of where it must end; but would not allow himself to think long enough on the subject, lest it should cost him those pleasures which he knew to be inconsistent with a godly life. Returning late one evening of the following summer from a concert of music, an amusement in which he took great delight, he was suddenly and strongly impressed with a sense of the vanity of the world and all its pleasures. From that hour he resolved to "seek after God;" nor was it long till he found Him.'—p. 8.

The young convert naturally united himself to the church meeting in the Circus. He was, however, already in sentiment a Baptist, and falling in with a couple of English students of the same persuasion, he, with a few other members of the Circus church, was by one of them baptized in March, 1804—an offence, strange to say, for which they were summarily excluded from

communion. This act of ecclesiastical bigotry, exercised a powerful influence on young Anderson's future career, and the little band thus discarded from Christian fellowship for acting on their own sense of fidelity to their Lord, became the germ of the church of which he was subsequently the pastor. The step most easy to be taken, and under the circumstances the most natural, would have been to unite themselves with the Scotch Baptist Church in Edinburgh, then under the eldership of Mr. Archibald Maclean and Mr. Henry David Inglis; but a strongly marked difference with the churches of this body on the subjects of 'church government and the ministry of the word' prevented this. In truth, through the students from the south attending the northern universities, Mr. Anderson had obtained a fascinating glimpse of the 'English Baptist churches,' and 'hoping one day to enjoy fellowship with them,' he set his mind on the formation of an English Baptist Church in Edinburgh. This favourite object, however, was neither immediately nor easily accomplished. Mason's Hall, in Blackfriars' Wynd, was opened as a place of worship in the autumn of 1801, and Mr. Gray, afterwards of Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire, assisted by Mr. afterwards Dr. Cox, of Hackney, occupied it, but without permanent success. In the spring of 1802 the Hall was closed, and a weekly private meeting only maintained.

A powerful impression had been produced on the mind of young Anderson by the first visit of Mr. Fuller to Scotland, on behalf of the Baptist mission in India. This visit took place in 1799, when the new convert was in his first love, and his baptism in 1800 added to his general interest in the missionary work a denominational tie. The result was the generation of an earnest desire for service in India, and his private journal, from which some extracts are given, develops in an interesting manner the deep and earnest workings of his mind on this important subject. An interview with Mr. Fuller on his second visit to Scotland (in 1802) to some extent forwarded Mr. Anderson's views; and in 1804, having resigned for the purpose a lucrative position in an insurance office in Edinburgh, his formal application for 'mission service, if eligible,' was made. As at the same time, however, medical opinions were unfavourable to his going to India, Mr. Fuller encouraged his design of studying for the ministry, 'though it should have to be exercised at home—perhaps at Edinburgh!' Mr. Anderson was immediately accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, and, after pursuing his studies for one session at the University of Edinburgh, was, in the spring of 1805, placed under the tuition of Mr. Sutcliffe, of Olney. Before leaving for the south, however, he took a short tour in the Highlands, in company with his friend, Mr. Deakin, of Glasgow, and

he kept hold of the secret, but now apparently imperilled destiny of his life, by formally agreeing with the five Baptists with whom he had been connected 'to acknowledge each other as brethren in church union.' On this occasion he preached to them, and administered the Lord's Supper.

By the month of September Mr. Anderson 'saw clearly that it was not the will of Providence he should go out to India;' under which conviction his thoughts reverted to Edinburgh, and he at once resolved to renew the attempt of 1801, postponing the execution of his purpose till the following spring, in order that he might enjoy, during the winter, the advantages to be found in the Baptist College at Bristol, then under the presidency of Dr. Ryland. The year thus spent in various parts of England—on his way home he visited London and several provincial towns—naturally introduced him, not only to all the principal men at that time identified with the operations of the Baptist Missionary Society, but to many ministers and churches of the Baptist denomination, among whom generally he was a decided favourite.

During Mr. Anderson's absence in England, the church under the care of Mr. Haldane in Edinburgh had been violently agitated and rent by an eager, not to say an angry controversy, respecting chiefly the practice of mutual exhortation; and this controversy gave rise to the first phase of his experience as a minister in that city.

'On his return, he was affectionately welcomed by the little band in Cordiners' Hall, with whom he hoped to commence the cause as a church at once; but he was soon mortified to find that their freedom from the disputatious spirit which was wasting the Tabernacle Church was at an end, and with it, their zeal for the preaching of the gospel to sinners. "Mutual exhortation of the brethren," as an ordinance of the New Testament, had been introduced, and this, with some other observances which Mr. Anderson disapproved of as unscriptural in their authority, and prejudicial to the furtherance of the gospel in their effects, were insisted on being attended to, not only in their private, but in their public meetings on Lord's-day. To this he could not assent; accordingly, after meeting with them as a private member for several weeks in the morning and afternoon of the Lord's-day, and preaching in Skinners' Hall, which he had hired at his own expense for the purpose, in the evening, he withdrew; two only, and these females, out of the ten or twelve, going out with him.'—pp. 66, 69.

Enfeebled and disappointed, he neither abandoned his project, nor yielded to despondency. Encouraged by a pleasing attendance at Skinners' Hall, and by the company of two English students, Mr. Chase and Mr. Waters, he purchased Richmond-court Chapel, formerly occupied by the Scotch Baptist Church,

under Mr. Maclean, and opened it for public worship on the 23rd of November. After about a year's experience, the little flock, increased by ten members, and amounting in the whole to thirteen, gave Mr. Anderson 'a formal call to take the oversight of them in the Lord;' a call which he immediately accepted, and in pursuance of which he was ordained on the 21st of January, 1808. In the course of a few years the increasing church and congregation were insufficiently accommodated at Richmond-court, and in 1818 they removed to Charlotte Chapel, in the New Town, a place which was much more favourably situated, and which had been originally occupied by the Episcopalians.

While thus located in Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson's missionary spirit did not wholly evaporate. Within the first year of his pastorate he made two preaching tours in his own country, one into Perthshire and one into Ayrshire; and at once encouraged by success, and impressed by the importance of the work, in conjunction with Mr. Barclay of Kilwinning—the pastor of a church similar in constitution to his own—he formed an association for supporting itinerant preachers in the Highlands. The last personal effort in itinerating made by these devoted men was in 1810, when Mr. Anderson went as far north as Dingwall. The association, however, continued its useful labours till 1824, when a gradual diminution of its resources brought about its dissolution, and Mr. Anderson, as treasurer, liquidated an adverse balance of nearly £150 out of his private means. The work of the expiring association was taken up by a kindred institution—the Baptist Home Mission for Scotland—'a more widely organized and better supported society for the same object.'

The zeal of the young Baptist minister, however, was not wholly expended on schemes of denominational interest. From a distance admiring the object and original constitution of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he took the opportunity afforded by a journey to London on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1809, to make himself more fully acquainted with it; and he returned fully occupied with a project for forming a similar institution in Scotland. For him this must have been a matter of no little difficulty. His youth, his want of influence, and, above all, his sectarian position, were all adverse to his success. He succeeded, nevertheless. Aided by the earnest co-operation of Dr. Peddie, and making a skilful preliminary canvass of evangelical ministers of all denominations—'Dr. Peddie taking the dissenters and Mr. Anderson the churchmen'—a first meeting was held in October, 1810, and a general meeting for the formation of the society shortly afterwards.

'The business of the Edinburgh Bible Society devolved, for the most part, for many years on Mr. Anderson. He drew up the addresses

which were adopted and recommended for circulation by the committee, one to the soldiers of the army, another to the sailors in the navy, and a circular letter to the principal towns in Scotland, recommending the formation of associations for the same object. The correspondence and preparation of the report also fell to his share of the work till 1824, and occupied much of that leisure which had formerly been devoted to the communications of private friendship. He also took pleasure in visiting the depôts of the prisoners of war then in the country, men of various nations, to distribute in person the grants of Scriptures in French, Dutch, Danish, &c., made by the committee for this purpose.'—p. 123.

He was still at his post, when, in 1824, the great controversy respecting the Apocrypha arose between the Scotch and English Bible Societies. Advancing life and family bereavements having left him scarcely vigour enough for that struggle, and his spirit shrinking somewhat from the violence with which it was conducted, in 1827 he 'resigned the reins' which in office he had held, but continued, as a member of the committee, to afford his cordial support.

Another valuable society, of which Mr. Anderson was the projector, was the Gaelic School Society, which arose, in truth, out of his efforts on behalf of the Bible Society. Inquiring into the spiritual wants of the Highlanders, he found, not only much general ignorance, but a very extensive inability to read. Not the English but the Gaelic being the vernacular tongue, it was obvious that this evil was to be removed, and 'the written word' to be laid open to the people, only by their being taught to read in the Gaelic language, an effort, strange to say, which then remained to be made. Accordingly, in November, 1810, a society was formed for the support of Gaelic schools, and a fresh report was issued, containing a mass of facts which produced a powerful impression, both in Scotland and in England. 'Nor is it wonderful,' says Mr. Anderson, to one of his correspondents. 'Who could have conceived it? I declare that I was often grieved and surprised as the evidence came to me from various quarters. And after arranging the whole and drawing up the report, I felt as though it must excite general commiseration.' For the advancement of the object of this society, he laboured with great zeal and success. For some years he made an annual journey through the Highlands, inspecting the schools, and deciding on the spot on applications made by schoolmasters; and in 1821, 'having seen the society rise to such a measure of popular favour as would assure it of support as long as the want which it was designed to supply was felt,' he resigned the secretaryship.

The view which Mr. Anderson had been led to take of the

native inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, and the importance of their being instructed in the knowledge of their own tongue, after awhile extended itself to Ireland, a country which he had visited as early as 1809, and for the spiritual destitution of which he had deeply felt. He at length began to suspect 'that, as no language but Gaelic was known to many persons in Scotland,' so to many persons in Ireland might be known none but 'the same or a similar language.' This avenue of inquiry he determined to follow out, and in 1814 he took a journey for this purpose, during which he ascertained the existence of 'a numerous population, who ever since the invention of printing itself, had been neglected as to all education in their native tongue.' He immediately took up the object thus presented to him, and on his return employed all his leisure time in preparing and publishing a 'Memorial on behalf of the native Irish.'

'The publication of this Memorial produced a considerable and immediate effect, and that amongst almost all denominations, and drew upon its author an oppressive amount of correspondence. The facts disclosed were so startling, and the reasoning on them so conclusive, that few who were interested in the subject at all but were astonished and convinced. It was addressed to no sect or party, nor could any one learn from the pamphlet itself to what section of protestantism its author belonged. That he was a *Protestant*, however, was abundantly evident, though overflowing with love for the Catholic population of Ireland. More than one of those benevolent societies which have laboured for nearly forty years to impart instruction to the Irish in their own language, derive their origin from that publication, or from the correspondence to which it led; while other associations then in existence, which had contemplated the improvement of the natives through the English tongue alone, saw reason to modify their measures, and include instruction in the people's vernacular as part of their design.'—p. 137.

Other tracts on the same general subject followed the Memorial. In 1819, appeared one on the 'Diffusion of the Scriptures in the Celtic or Iberian Dialects;' and in 1828, a 12mo volume of 300 pages, entitled 'Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.' In 1830, came forth a second edition of this work, and a few years later a third, with its title thus altered—'The Native Irish and their Descendants;' while in the interval the author issued a brochure, the substance of which was mainly drawn from his larger work, chiefly for gratuitous distribution. This he called 'Ireland, but still without the Gospel in her own Native Language;' a title which sufficiently shows the bearing of his mind on what the author justly pronounces to be still 'the chief desideratum in Ireland.'

We entirely agree with the author of this Memoir in the
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to calculate the effects, and from this series of publications facts and views so touching and practical, that their force is deeply felt. The circulation and use so extensive and so useful, that the 'Historical Sketches' is gracefully acknowledged to have exercised a direct influence on the Society, and was the means of exciting a series of nearly similar names among pious churchmen in 1818, and in their own language. But none are to us more interesting than they led between the author and us, we think, of relieving, in our readers. The following, Elizabeth, in reply to her first additional information, exhibits the like phase of his domestic

Glasburgh, 11th September, 1830.

Since I first felt the same deep anguish the case, and felt an ardour, and a weakness; and I can only say, and so little being accomplished by other pressing professional duties which I have passed. You entered through the Highlands of Scotland the idea of teaching either the Highlanders. With the Highlands I was subject, the native Irish were engaged to cross the Irish Channel and a change. Judge of my delight in the two languages, and that, and judge of my distress and discomfort was also ascertained to be the case. I had been introduced to all from the then Archbishop of Glasgow, as the Irish are known to me, I may say individually, and without any incident duty of raising up these the medium of the "tongue which their to me signified nothing; I had felt as sure to gain the next morning. All this was in 1814. Then there were repeated

visits and journeys, Poor Paddy, at every journey (to use Bunyan's phraseology in another sense), invariably attacking my town of Mansoul. At the very first, of course, he had broken open Ear-gate; but then he must take lodgings in the recorder's house, Mr. Conscience, and nothing less would satisfy him but the Castle of the Heart. But, indeed, my dear friend, it was easily taken, and there has he lodged ever since. And so it ought to be, for oh! the long arrear which Britain has to pay; but I need not go on with a story which you may have gleaned already from what you have read.

'But why, you will say, were the Sketches of 1828 so long delayed? Ah! that is a tender question; but since you also have been in affliction, and apparently much of it, I feel the less reserve, and can therefore go on. Did you observe a book advertised at the end of the Sketches? If you have ever chanced to see it, the dedication will explain more than I can now repeat, and yet it does not explain the whole. A beloved wife and three much-loved daughters are there mentioned; but ah! my friend, this was not the end. Two sons survived—but they also are gone, and the father to whom they were so much attached was left to plough the deep alone. But no, I am not alone, for the Father is with me, and I am often, often a wonder to myself. The truth is, these two volumes, particularly the first, were composed amidst many tears,—often fled to in order to keep the mind from falling to staves, and the Lord Jesus himself alone hath sustained me. The first volume was never read by the parties to whom it is dedicated; and as for the second, I often yet see my last, my beloved sole survivor, only four-and-half years of age, running into the room, and saying, "And are you writing to the poor Irish yet, papa?" "Yes, love, I am writing *for* them." "Oh, you are writing *for* them!"'—pp. 148-150.

The reference thus incidentally made to the trials of the subject of this Memoir leads us naturally to a passing view of his domestic life. For eight years after his settlement in Edinburgh his only domestic companion was his widowed sister-in-law, Mrs. William Anderson, a lady to whose eminent piety and amiableness it may be permitted to us, from personal recollection, to pay a passing, but most sincere and affectionate tribute; but in the year 1816 he married Miss Esther Athill, eldest daughter of the Hon. James Athill, chief justice of the island of Antigua. The seeds of consumption, however, were in the family, and after two of her sisters had fallen by the touch of this 'spoiler of the loveliest of our race,' Mrs. Anderson herself fell a victim to its power towards the close of the year 1824. This connexion seems to have been in all respects a happy one—the husband happy in the affection which he sought, and the wife worthy of that which she inspired. It was crowned by the birth of five children, the death of the eldest of whom appears to have materially hastened the progress of her mother's disorder; and the other four were not permitted long to survive her. The two

within a year of their parent's death ;
 the eldest boy, bearing his father's
 highly interesting child, followed his sisters
 years more 'the last of that bright band,'
 a similar rest. These successive and
 doubtless due, under an awful but wise
 the early ripening of the seeds of
 from the mother, and they must have
 him whom they so utterly bereaved.

It is that these domestic trials were not
 as it is that the sufferer under them was
 without broke his spirit, and impaired
 work. They have been already referred
 to retire from the various secretary-
 and to apply himself to the more quiet
 work. The work to which under these
 he himself was the preparation of a
 and Design of the Domestic Con-
 siderable Obligations and Peculiar
 which, it seems, some American pub-
 and unusual liberties. The second
 by the author for the press, appeared
 The Domestic Constitution ; or, the
 of National Stability.

Mr. Anderson employed himself on another
 of magnitude—'A History of the
 volumes octavo. During nearly ten
 he so entirely devoted himself to
 correspondence and researches to
 anything but his pastoral duties
 of his performance, however, we have
 as our favourable opinion has

the principal occurrences in the life
 except those which relate to his
 Missionary Society ; and these,
 the order of time, we have for

intimately mixed up with controversies now long extinct, and on no ground worthy, if even capable, of revival. Let it suffice, then, to record that Mr. Fuller, from a very early period of his acquaintance with his young brother—the secret transpires in a letter written in 1808, the very year of his ordination at Edinburgh—had selected him for his ‘successor in the work of the mission;’ that the state of opinion which, after Mr. Fuller’s death, manifested itself among the friends of the mission was not favourable to the effectuation of this object; that, in the subsequent controversy with Serampore, Mr. Anderson took part with the seceding brethren; and that he devoted himself in a most energetic and unwearied manner to the efforts made for the support of the Serampore Mission, and yielded most reluctantly to their abandonment. The only thing *now* of importance in all this is, that certain ‘principles of missionary operation’ were during this process brought to the test, and to these principles exclusively we shall direct the few further words we have to say on the subject.

It is well known, that among the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society there existed a strong personal friendship; and this it pleased Mr. Anderson to consider so eminently accordant with the New Testament, that he set his heart on ‘perpetuating it as a principle in missionary enterprise.’ If in this respect he could have succeeded to Mr. Fuller’s standing and influence, he would have accepted the secretaryship of that society; it was because such a position was opened to him in connexion with the Serampore mission that he accepted office in it; and it was when the death of Mr. Hope, of Liverpool, broke up for practical purposes the circle of ‘confidential friendship,’ that he retired. To translate, however, language somewhat mystical into plain English, the conducting of a society on the principle of ‘confidential friendship’ was, in fact, the conducting of it by the few, without any influence exercised by the many. ‘Brother Anderson,’ says one of his correspondents on this matter, ‘is against, not only anything like a “rival society,” but even the formation of local societies, like that at Perth; wishing the plan to be, for a few individuals, in the most retired way possible, to give their money, circulate information, write what individually occurs to them, but to have no public meetings, no committees, and, if it can be avoided, no officers.’ This apparent plea for friendship, then, was in reality a plea for power, and for power without responsibility. Without saying that our faith is very strong in the absolute perfection of the present organization of missionary societies, we confess we are not of our late friend’s opinion, that this is ‘the very method by which Christ would have his kingdom advanced;’ nor do we think that,

whatever further light may break in upon them, the churches of Christ will be likely to repeat an experiment now twice made in their presence, and on both occasions with an infelicitous issue. We conclude these remarks by mentioning, what is highly to Mr. Anderson's credit, that on the reunion of the Serampore mission to the Parent Society, he gave his cordial aid, and continued to do so to the end of his life.

The close of Mr. Anderson's ministry was clouded by painful occurrences, too recent, perhaps, for impartial history, but requiring from us, as well as from the biographer, a somewhat serious regard. We have no intention to enter into details; it shall be enough to state that his growing infirmities rendered desirable the choice of a co-pastor, and that the election gave rise, not only to a divided state of opinion, but to proceedings of a nature so painful to him that under their influence he drooped and died. We give on this subject the following extract:—

'It is painful to think that a life like his, so peaceful in itself, so fraught with beneficence to all around, should, by the selfishness of one and the ingratitude of others, be disturbed at its close, or diverted, in any measure, from the course it had pursued so long. "But a lesson will come," writes an esteemed minister of the Church of Scotland, when he heard of his death—"a lesson will come from this martyr that will instruct the Christian wayfarer after we have all passed away; and he who wrote with such heart and zeal of a Fryth and of a Tyn-dale, will give strange matter and instructive lessons in his own life for the pen of some future biographer. It will be for him to tell how it could possibly happen, that such a man as Christopher Anderson should have his last days clouded by the ingratitude of any of his people, or that he should be driven from his pulpit, where, as a Christian Father, Friend, and Minister, he had spoken through a long life the words of kindness and warning and salvation, with a persuasion and a pathos and a fidelity that few men have equalled." '—pp. 459, 460.

With all deference, we do not think either the world or the church need wait long for the anticipated lesson. The cause of this catastrophe is, in our judgment, already patent, although the biographer has not stated it; and with feelings of the most perfect respect and affection, we shall venture to indicate it. Our readers will have in their recollection Mr. Anderson's beau ideal of a missionary society, as formed on a principle of 'confidential friendship.' His conception of a church was after the same model. From the beginning he wished his church to consist only of those converted by his own ministry, that they might all be as children to him, and he as a father among them. In accordance with this view, he accustomed them to transact all affairs unanimously, never by majorities; in other words, he prevailed on them to let him, in the end, have always his own way.

It was not only natural, but inevitable, that, in the course of forty years, such a dominating influence of the pastor should become irksome to at least a considerable portion of the flock ; and although we can say nothing to justify bitterness of spirit or irregularity of proceedings, we think it is but fair to view them in this case, to whatever extent they may be justly charged, as the recoil of a love of power much too tenacious, and wholly unscriptural. Ministers of the Church of Scotland may find it hard to see it, but congregational churches ought to have no difficulty in learning from this—which is only one of a group of similar facts, and some of them very recent)—that the true principle of their union is not friendship, but fraternity, and that their rule should be—not, the many submit to the few, still less to the one—but, ‘All of you be subject one to another.’

Mr. Anderson died on the 18th of February, 1852, on the eve of completing his seventieth year. ‘All is well,’ said he, ‘all is well. I experience His lovingkindness to me all the day, and His song is with me all the night ; and what more can I want ? I am quite happy.’ But he is far happier now that he has joined ‘the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.’ Thus the church and the world take leave of another good and useful man. Not gifted with genius, not of profound intellect, not of large attainments ; but of sterling piety, of quick sensibility, of expansive heart, of noble aims, of touching eloquence, of unconquerable energy, and of great business power, he rendered service to his generation, and his works shall follow him. In conclusion, we thank the writer of this volume for the simple and quiet, yet effective manner, in which he has presented to the public the character and life of his uncle.

ART. VII.—*Home Life in Russia*. By a Russian Noble. Revised by the Editor of ‘Revelations of Siberia.’ Two Volumes. London : Hurst & Blackett. 1854.

2. *Pokhozhdeniya Chichikov ili Mertvuiya Dushi*. (The Adventures of Chichikov ; or, the Dead Souls.) By Nicholas Gogol. Moscow. 1842.

3. *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*. Par Alexandre Herzen. Londres : Jeffs.

IF our statesmen in this war have prohibited privateering, they have not prevented piracy. Practically speaking, letters of marque are only forbidden to those who do not deal in letters. If Napier could not carry the works of Cronstadt, free traders under false

colours have carried off a rather famous one of St. Petersburg. So daring a feat is not recorded in the annals of Newgate.

The editor's preface informs us, that the work entitled 'Home Life in Russia' is written by a Russian nobleman who offered the manuscript in English to the publishers, and that the editorial task has been confined to altering such verbal errors as might be expected from one writing in a language not his own. The story, 'the author' affirms, is true, and the main facts are well known in Russia. Not a class of Russian life and society is unrepresented on the mimic scene, and the foibles of all are displayed with an unsparing hand. But the preface must speak for itself; it cannot well be described:—

'Still he (that is, 'the author') must not be regarded as an enemy to his fatherland: he acts under a salutary impression that the *exposé* can do no harm, and may possibly effect some good; and if he have such good fortune that his book obtains access into his own country, we feel sure that its truth will be immediately recognized and its severity pardoned, at least by those not in authority, on account of the author's strenuous exertions to do his part manfully in ameliorating the condition of his fellow-sufferers in Russia. In conclusion, we may regret that we are not at liberty to mention the author's name—not that the work itself requires any further verification, for its genuineness is avouched by almost every line—but the truth is, that the writer is too anxious to return to his native country, and is perfectly well aware that the avowal of his handiwork, and such a display of his satirical powers, will not serve as a special recommendation, except possibly as a passport to the innermost regions of the Siberian wilds.'

Coventry we should think the more likely destination.

In 1842, Nicholas Gogol, one of the most popular of Russian novelists, published at the university press of Moscow the work which stands second in the list at the head of this article—'Pokhzhdeniya Chichikov ili Mertvuiya Dushi'—the adventures of Chichikov; or, the Dead Souls. The censor very likely had not a keen eye for satire, and upwards of ten thousand copies, we are informed, circulated throughout Russia. The emperor had laughed very heartily at a satirical comedy, an earlier production of Gogol's pen, and it may readily enough be inferred that his grim majesty had a quiet relish for the castigation and exposure of corrupt officials, and of an idle, spendthrift gentry, vegetating in the remote country wildernesses of his empire. But all this was very unpleasant, and perhaps dangerous, to the bureaucratic hierarchy of the Tchin, and the publication of a second edition, it is said, was prohibited. One thing is certain, that Nicholas Gogol was not banished to Siberia, but held the distinguished position of Professor of Natural History in the University of St. Petersburg. The work came not stillborn from the press, but

was well criticized by the journals which represent a periodical press in Russia. It even raised a literary controversy as to the merits of the author.

The fame of the work was not confined to Russia. In 1846, a German translation was published at Leipsig, under the title of 'Dead Souls.' This version long ago was recommended to our notice as a good and faithful translation, by a Russian scholar, desirous that the literature of his country should be better known and understood in England. From this source we became well acquainted with Gogol's 'Dead Souls.'

In 1852, the work was made known in France through specimens published by M. Prosper Mérimée, which we have not seen.

At length, in 1854, it finds its way to England, not as 'Dead Souls,' not as the work of Gogol the Petersburg professor, but as a new and original work, 'Home Life in Russia, by a Russian Noble,' who, timid man, conceals his name lest he should be sent to Siberia! The hero, Tschitchikow, is outdone by the cool impudence of this speculation on English ignorance of Russian literature to palm off, under an attractive title, and as an original work, a very bad translation, with some verbal alterations and suppressions to give colour to the fraud, of a novel which has run a twelve years' popularity.

The fraud has been detected and denounced by the 'Athenæum' and the 'Leader,' and the denunciation of the former has called forth an explanation which we cannot help regarding as even more cool than the original audacity. The publishers, in reply to the criticism of the 'Athenæum,' say—

'The manuscript was purchased by them of a Russian baron, at present residing in England, as his own original production, and was published by them accordingly, by the title considered most suitable to the work. In consequence, however, of some doubt being expressed as to its originality, they lost no time in communicating with the author on the subject, from whom they received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—"Wednesday, Gentlemen,—In reply to your note of the 20th inst., I have to state that the MS. which I sold you under the title of the 'Adventures of Tschichikoff,' is a composition of my own, based on the facts which happened in Russia, and which became so very popular and familiar to every one there, that many Russian authors wrote on the same subject, with more or less deviation from the truth. I knew Nicolai Gogol (he is now dead); he wrote a very clever and long poem on the same subject, so did also, to the best of my recollection, the authors Gautcharoff, Grigorovitch Boutkoff, and several others; that subject has been handed down in Russia by every one, and with all has had an immense success.'"

This must be considered a triumphant vindication of the originality of 'Home Life,' for the work, still under that title, and the shady name of its Russian noble author, continues to be pub-

licly advertised with the addition of some critical puffs on behalf of its original merits.

Whatever may be the author's knowledge of Gogol's 'poem,' and we suspect it must be like our own, rather mythical, memory must have failed him as to the existence of Gogol's novel, or there has been a miracle more astounding than any enshrined in the Tsar's own holy church. To speak plainly, we have compared Gogol with the nameless noble, page by page, sentence by sentence, through the whole of the anonymous first volume, which includes chapters 1, 12, 2, 3, 4, and a portion of the 5th chapter of Gogol; we have examined the second volume, not continuously, but not the less closely, and wherever we have read we have only found a bad translation of the novel. Strict truth compels us to say that there are a few sentences original, where the author transposes Gogol's last chapter, in which is narrated the history of the hero, from the end of the work to the end of chapter the first. Our language has no word to characterize rightly this noble handiwork. To name it translation would imply too much fidelity to the original; to call it paraphrase would signify a too great departure, for the sense not only of every page but of every sentence is closely followed. The reader, however, will be able to judge from some specimens selected at random, which will convey a fair idea of the styles of author and translator, for we must now drop the 'author' fiction of the preface.

Gogol has one rare and most praiseworthy merit—brevity. The novel-in-three-volume-nuisance, for which one can find as much reason as Horace found for five acts, perhaps does not pay those who provide for the Tsar's reading public. Nevertheless, Gogol has contrived to say a great deal in twelve chapters of some two hundred and fifty pages 12mo. His translator has in doing doubled him in tomes, pages, and matter, by an expansive process, which possibly, as a last resource, may be claimed as the ground of the originality of 'Home Life.'

From 'Dead Souls.' By Nicholas Gogol.

'A rather handsome carriage, seated for two persons, such as is generally used by bachelors as lieutenant-colonels, staff-captains, noblemen worth about a hundred peasants—in a word, by those who aspire to gentility, stopped at the inn door of the government town of N—. In the carriage sat a gentleman, neither handsome nor ugly; neither too stout nor too lean. One could not call him old, but he could not be termed young. His arrival in the town did not produce the least ex-

From 'Home Life in Russia.' By a Russian Noble.

'One fine summer's afternoon a few years ago a pretty, neat-looking, but small spring britchka, drove into the court-yard of an inn in the governmental town of Smolensk. The vehicle was one of that peculiar description to which bachelors, retired colonels, *staats*-captains (*sic*), and landowners, rejoicing in the possession of about a hundred and fifty *souls*, give the preference for travelling purposes; in short, all those who in Russia are called "gentlemen of the middle rank."

citement; it was marked by no extraordinary circumstance, unless we except the exchange of a few observations by a couple of Russian peasants, who stood at the door of the public-house opposite the inn, which rather concerned the carriage than the riders.

'Just look at those wheels,' observed one. 'Dost thou think they will last as far as Moscow?'

'Oh, yes, to Moscow,' said the other. 'But not so far as Kassan.'

'Certainly not so far as Kassan,' replied the first.

'With this the dialogue ended.'—p. 1.

'The traveller who occupied the high seat in this convenient conveyance was a man who, at first sight, could not have been taken for handsome, yet we should do him injustice were we to affirm the contrary of him, for he was neither too stout nor too thin; it would also have been impossible to add that he was too old, as little as it would have been right to call him youthful. His arrival in the above-named town created no particular sensation; and, indeed, it took place without the occurrence of anything unusual, or even extraordinary. Two Russian mouzhiks, however, who were standing before the door of a dram-shop on the opposite side of the inn, were apparently making their strictures and observations, but which were confined to conjectures concerning the britchka, not upon the gentleman occupying the carriage.

'Dost thou see it?' said the one to the other. 'There is a wheel for you! What do you think of it? would it break or not, supposing it had to roll as far as Moscow?'

'It might stand the journey,' replied the other, musingly, as he scratched himself sedulously behind the ear.

'But supposing it broke on its way to Kazan. I think it would not stand the wear and tear of such a distance,' said the first speaker again.

'It will never roll into the ancient Tatar fastness,' responded his friend, somewhat affirmatively.

'Thus ended their learned conversation, the scientific depth of which we will not venture to explore.'—Vol. i. p. 1.

As Russian distances are reckoned, or as the crow flies, from Smolensk to Moscow would be no very wonderful task for wheels, whatever might be said of a trip to Kassan. How singularly natural and probable the historic reflection of the first mouzhik. So is 'Gogol' enlarged and improved from beginning to end by our 'Russian Noble.' From the first chapter, take another passage for comparison:—

Gogol.

'Themistoklus,' said Manilow, turning to the elder boy, who was striving to free his chin from the towel which

The Noble.

'Themistocelus,' said Maniloff, whilst turning towards his elder boy, who was just engaged in liberating his chin

the servant had tied too tightly. Tschitchikow slightly raised his eyebrows when he heard this classic name, to which Manilow, for unknown reasons, had added the termination *us*; but quickly his face resumed its former expression. 'Themistoklus, tell me which is the finest town in France.'

'Here the tutor directed the whole of his attention to Themistokles, and seemed as if he would jump into his eyes. But he became calm, and nodded his head with satisfaction, when Themistokles said, "Paris."

'And which is our best town?' asked Manilow.

'The tutor again stared at the boy.

'St. Petersburg,' replied Themistokles.

'And which besides?'

'Moscow,' said Themistokles.

'Splendid!—wonderful!' exclaimed Tschitchikow. 'Allow me to observe that the child possesses extraordinary talents.'

'Oh, you don't know him yet,' answered Manilow. 'He has an uncommon amount of sagacity. Alkid, the younger one, is not so quick, but Themistoklus runs after every beetle. I therefore intend to devote him to the diplomatic career. Wouldst thou like to be an ambassador?'

'Yes, father,' answered Themistokles, nibbling a piece of bread, and turning his head now to the right and then to the left. The servant, who stood behind, had just in proper time wiped the nose of the ambassador, or an unpleasant addition might have been made to the soup.'—p. 27.

from the napkin which the servant had tied too tightly round his neck. Tschichikoff lifted up his head, and frowned slightly when he heard this classic name, of which heaven knows why Maniloff had made the final syllable *us*; however, he recovered immediately from his surprise, and his features reassumed their wonted expression.

'Themistoclus, my boy,' repeated Maniloff, 'tell me which is the finest town in France!'

'Here the teacher directed all the power of his attention upon his pupil thus questioned by his father; and it seemed as if he intended to pierce him with his glance, but he gradually calmed down, and soon after nodded approvingly with his head when he heard Themistocles give the answer:

'Paris.'

'And which is the finest town in Russia?' demanded again Maniloff.

'The master fixed his eyes again upon his pupil, and frowned.

'St. Petersburg,' replied Themistocles, quickly.

'And what town besides?'

'Moscow,' again replied the boy, with sparkling eyes, for he seemed to be sure of his lesson.

'Now for the last question,' said his father, evidently pleased with his child's progress. 'Who are the natural enemies of Russia and of Christendom?'

'The Turks; and we ought to take Constantinople from them,' replied Themistocles, with the air of a conqueror, and looking for approval towards his master.

'Oh, the clever darling!' exclaimed Tschichikoff, when he heard all these replies. 'Really,' he continued, whilst turning with an air of agreeable surprise towards the happy parents, 'I am of opinion that this little boy displays signs of great proficiency.'

'Oh, you don't know him half,' replied Maniloff; 'he possesses a great deal of perspicuity. As for the younger son, Alcides (here Tschichikoff was startled again as before), he is not so sharp a boy as his elder brother. Themistoclus is livelier, and his eyes will sparkle at anything. If even an insect, he will

immediately run after it, and pay it the greatest attention. I intend to have him educated for the diplomatic career. Themistocles,' he continued, turning again towards the boy, 'would you like to be an ambassador?'

'Oh, yes, papa,' answered the child, with his mouth full of cake, and balancing his head like a Chinese mandarin.

'At that very moment the servant, who stood behind the future ambassador, wiped that young gentleman's nose; and it was well he did so, or else some mishap would have been the consequence.'—Vol. i. p. 138.

But it is idle to multiply extracts in proof of a fraud so transparent. We might print on thus in parallel columns till we filled our journal, and it would be Gogol literally on the one side and Gogol disguised on the other, in the wordy amplifications and stupid interpolations of this 'Noble Russian.' It almost passes belief that any one familiar with letters could be deceived as to the work. The character of fiction is stamped on every page. The clumsy manner in which the author of the falsification has transposed the ending of 'Dead Souls' to the beginning of 'Home Life' alone might have shown the least critical eye that a 'prentice hand had been making patchwork of a finished production.

The story of 'Dead Souls' has not many attractions for English readers, and the style in which it has been translated will not tend to a reception adequate to Gogol's literary merits. His hero is a hideous scoundrel, without one redeeming virtue, and the other characters are only less hideous with or without the scoundrelism. Indeed, this was in the author's plan. Mr. Paul Ivanovitch Tschitchikow, councillor of state, is openly and avowedly introduced as a rascal. Ladies, quoth the author, he is sure not to please, because ladies expect a hero to be a perfect creation, and if he present but the slightest mental or corporeal imperfection, then woe to the author. 'Alas! (he sighs) all this is well known to the author, for the more he has looked about him the more he has found that perfect heroes are the only ones that meet with success in this world.'

And the translator, the better to personate the model hero, moralizes:—'On glancing at all the productions of foreign genius, he has never met with any but fair and perfect heroes, and even in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' he was astonished at finding none but youthful, fair, and virtuous sufferers.'

But if the hero is a rascal he is a reality drawn from Russian

life. If the other personages are vile, frivolous, and rude, they are true to nature, as nature, garbed in humanity, vegetates in the dreary atmosphere of Russia. How comes it that the foremost works of Russian literature have the sombre hue of a Russian sky? Because they paint us likenesses of nature as nature is in Russia. Who can rationally expect the sunny pictures of life which in western lands we have only to seek and find around us, in the cheerless gloom which enshrouds an endless waste of humanity. Yet, would we trace aright our own progress, and seek hopes for humanity, we must use these pictures as we have them, not for our pleasure but for our profit. Fiction by a master-hand is only history in miniature. Without these little histories, great history would be but a skeleton. Should we reject them because the dry bones are clothed with a ghastly counterfeit of humanity? Is cultivated taste to play the part of a paternal censorship, and exclude all that would oppose or shock its sensibilities? Much, perhaps even the most part, of literature that is most profitable to instruction is that which is the least pleasing to the imagination. Who that seeks out wisdom in the vivid pages of a Tacitus hopes to find pleasure in that gloomy portraiture of the living death of Rome. Gogol and other modern writers of Russia have much of this kind of value. They paint life in that aimless dreary listlessness, without object or a hope, in which life lingers under the dreariest despotism that ever scourged the world. Had 'Dead Souls' no other value, it would be invaluable for its pictures of Russian life drawn by a Russian—pictures acknowledged by Russians to be true to life—for the confirmation of all that has been related to us by travellers of that terrible stagnation of humanity on which now rests the sway of one man over so vast a territory of Europe.

These pictures are not devoid of art, but it is a low art in its forms; the drunken boers of a Dutch painter to the graces of Raffaele.

The rascal hero, who has run the round of official corruption to gigantic fraud, finds fitting confederates and dupes in the characters whom the author has drawn as representatives of various kinds and classes of Russian society. His governors and vice-governors, and procurators and presidents, and other dignitaries of the Tchin, represent not merely a corrupt and venal official life, but the Manilows, and Sabakovitch's, and Nosedrew's are so many representative men, as Mr. Emerson would say, of the worthlessness, stolidity, and heartlessness of the privileged provincial nobles, who feed and riot on the slavery of millions of men. A terrible and saddening picture of

humanity debased has Nicholas Gogol drawn in his 'Dead Souls.' No title could so aptly describe the life of that wilderness.

Literature is a modern plant in Russia. It can hardly be reckoned older than the reign of the second Catherine. Under the mental rule of the Greek church, which cultivated nothing but dogmatism, and encouraged only blind submission, Russia from the tenth to the eighteenth century produced a few dry chronicles, an epic, and numerous plaintive songs, handed down orally from generation to generation, to tell how heavy was the life of this Asiatic people. The Christianity of Byzantium converted but it did not civilize. It spoke neither to the heart nor to the understanding, but it bound the Russian Slavonians in a soulless slavery ages before their bodies were enslaved. It is retrogression, not progress in Russia; slavery only became legal in the last years of the seventeenth century. Learning enough that holy church cultivated if its priesthood could mumble masses and posture with orthodox exactness. It never pretended to a higher mission. Light might have come to this as to other lands, but what eastern priestcraft began, barbarian warfare and the cruel bondage of a Mongol oppression finished; darkness reigned and reigns omnipotent. Born for a happier destiny, the Russian populations were easily moulded into a nation of slaves, animated machines, instruments for the caprice or pride of one man. What says their own historian—their lauded Karamsin? 'National pride was lost among the Russians; they had recourse to artifices which supply the want of strength among a people condemned to servile obedience. Skilful in deceiving the Tartars, they became also proficient in the art of mutually deceiving each other. Buying from barbarians their personal security, they became more greedy of money and less sensitive to wrongs and to shame, while exposed unceasingly to the insolence of foreign tyrants. It may be that the present character of the Russians preserves some of the stains with which the barbarity of the Mongols soiled it.' And again, speaking of the monarchical foundations laid by Ivan III., the courtly historian tells us, 'Having at last penetrated the secret of autocracy, Ivan became a terrestrial god in the eyes of the Russians, who thenceforward began to astonish all other people by a blind submission to the will of their sovereign.' If the Tsar Peter, the great drill master, was born for his people, his people were ready plastic instruments for his hand. 'I cannot say,' wrote the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, more than three centuries ago, 'whether it is the character of the Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether it is the autocrats them-

selves who have given this character to the nation.* Modern history and modern literature too of Russian produce, may help to solve this problem.

But if the dominant church in its nursing office destroyed the intellectual sources of freedom, it scattered abroad lavishly the seeds of future revolution in the hate and zeal of many sectaries. Schisms innumerable there have been in the Greek church of Russia, or the Tsar's, and schism almost as old as that church itself. In some the difference is radical, in the most numerous and antagonistic it is only on small points of form. The church ordains procession to commence at one point of the compass, and three fingers only to be used in signing the cross. Its stoutest and most formidable foes progress from the very opposite point, and use but two fingers. Sects have been persecuted with all the virulence of hate and authority; have even sought a freedom of conscience in Turkey; are suppressed, or now, perhaps, only tolerated with a contempt more hard to bear than active intolerance itself; but whatever the name, or form, or substance, or degree of difference from the state church in Russian nonconformity, these sects, however frivolous, and even despicable some may seem to be, have proved important instruments in giving a vitality to the faith of portions of the Russian people. Like a will-o'-the-wisp it may have shed a deceitful light, but without it there would have been utter darkness of mind and faith. Unity and uniformity would have been complete; one religion of posturing, one faith of submission to the terrestrial god of Russia. But the light, if it has led zealots into error, has, nevertheless, kept alive for some, perhaps for future active development, the only freedom of thought possible amongst the Russian people, that last refuge of freedom when faith dare only breath its utterances in secret. The prohibition of the worship of the Uniates, or United Greeks, added fresh fuel to the flame that smoulders. That was the work of the present Tsar—head and defender of the faith, Nicholas.

All of civilization, that vegetates sickly in Russia, has been imported. The first Russian grammar—the second Russian book, it is said, came from Oxford.† Middle age Europe had gone back to classic models when Peter the Tsar turned civilizer. Nothing is natural, all is copied. 'Throughout my journey,' says De Custine, 'I was constantly but vainly endeavouring to account for this mania (classic architecture) among the inhabitants of a country so different from those lands whence the architecture has

* Baron Herberstein, ambassador to Tsar Vassili Ivanovitch; quoted by Karamsin.

† Ludolf's *Grammatica Russica*. Printed at the Oxford University Press, in 1696.

been borrowed. The Russians cannot, probably, explain it any better than I, for they are no more masters of their tastes than of their actions. The fine arts, as they call them, have been imposed on the people, just like the military exercise. The regiment, and its spirit of minuteness, is the mould of Russian society.' All is artificiality; a bit borrowed here and there and everywhere; a gilded patchwork; something of everything except the freedom and morality and hopes of civilization.

Russian literature was but a collection of rude country songs which spoke the only utterance the serf dared breathe of his hapless lot. Song is the single solace of the slave, and Russian despotism has not yet been able to deprive him of it. A woful melancholy runs through all these relics of the Slavonic muse. Melancholy is for the most part characteristic of rude poetry, but this was the melancholy of desolation, and this was the old literature of Russia. It is a dread testimony of the condition of a people when the heroes of its literature are brigands.

Catherine, the friend and correspondent of philosophers, thought fit in her wisdom to lay on some polish to the drill work of her predecessor 'the great.' One little anecdote will express as well as a volume the spirit of her system. The governor of Moscow wrote to complain that the people would not send their children to the newly instituted schools. 'My dear prince,' replied the Empress, 'do not distress yourself because the Russians have no desire for knowledge; if I institute schools, it is not for ourselves but for Europe, in whose estimation we must maintain our standing; but if our peasants should really seek to become enlightened, neither you nor I could continue in our places.' French philosophy was imported with French wit, but the dialectics of the one, like the form of the other, was all that remained. Where it penetrated it destroyed belief, and replaced nothing but sensualism.

Lomonossoff discoursed learnedly on many scientific subjects in German, Latin, and Russian; and Derjavine in the latter addressed courtly odes to his royal mistress. 'High society,' says Herzen, characterizing this age, 'read nothing in Russian, society lower read nothing at all.' The first native production that was really appreciated was a comedy by Von Wiezen, in which, with clever irony, he satirized the squirearchy of Russia. Literature expanded from dilettantism into authorship mainly under the influence of freemasonry. Novikoff, the grand-master, was successful in promoting the union of men of liberal inclinations, for which, as soon as the progress of French revolution had alarmed despotism, he was rewarded with imprisonment and exile. Karamsine, however one may estimate his capacity as a historian, is another notable in the history of Russian literature.

He first directed the minds of his countrymen to the study of their country. He was the first Russian author, as M. Herzen remarks, who was read by ladies. Karamsine stood high in favour with the Emperor Alexander, and, in conjunction with Spéranski, was engaged on the project of the constitution which never saw the light, and died in the good graces of the present autocrat.

A great impulse was given to mental movement by the war of 1812. For the first time in a century, the government addressed itself to the people. The impulse came from without. When Alexander himself was forced to ridicule the ultra-monarchical pretensions of the Bourbons, could his soldiers scape some infection of liberalism in their march over Europe? The Alliance of Well-being, comprising in its ranks the flower of the youth noble by intellect and birth of Russia, was the most practical consequence of the march of ideas. It was a precursor of the Holy Alliance. The republican conspiracy of December failed, and autocracy held absolute sway. But literature was strongly impressed by the new spirit. The poetry of Ryléieff and Pouchkin had a widely extended influence over the cultivated society of the empire. Pouchkin admirably caught the spirit of the popular songs. He has been called an imitator of Byron; but Herzen, while admitting the influence of the English poet on his earlier efforts, maintains, and we think with justice, the originality of the Russian, which became more marked with the development of his genius. 'Pouchkin and Byron completely separated themselves from each other towards the end of their career. Byron was profoundly English, Pouchkin profoundly Russian—Russian of the period of St. Petersburg. He knew all the sufferings of the man of civilization, but he had faith in the future which the man of the West had not.' 'Oneguine,' the chief creation of his genius, is a work inestimable, at least towards the comprehension of Russian character and civilization. Pouchkin knew the bitter inheritance of genius in Russia. Scourged and exiled by the Emperor Alexander, after six years of solitude in the Caucasus, he was recalled by Nicholas to the sadder solitude of the court. His end was a sad one, but the tale must be repeated in brief, if only to exhibit another proof of the profound dissimulation of the Tsar. Pouchkin fell in a duel by the hand of his own brother-in-law. His death excited public indignation, for the poet was the literary pride of his country, and his slayer a Frenchman. The Emperor professed to share the public sorrow. An ambitious youth penned an ode to thank his majesty for becoming the protector of literature. The lyric fit of the poet was rewarded and his imagination sobered by two years' banishment to the Caucasus. The story of the young poet Polejaeff is very tragic.

When a student at the university, he wrote a comic travestie of 'Oneguine,' some lines of which hit the Tsar. The youth was dragged by night from his lodgings before the father of his people, and hurried off as a common soldier to the Caucasus. After a short and weary life he died in a military hospital. His friends collected some of the scattered poems, which they proposed to publish, with a portrait of the dead poet in his humble military cloak. The truth-loving government would not permit it, but insisted that the portrait should be decorated with the epaulettes of an officer! One more instance of the imperial patronage of genius and letters. A pious gentleman of Moscow wrote a book in favour of the Catholic Church of Rome. The production drew a cry of indignation from Greek Catholicity. The head of the church chastised his heretic son by sending him, not to Siberia, but to a madhouse.

Lermontoff has become well known in the West, through the admirable German translations of Bodensität, and Chopin's French version of his famous novel the 'Hero of our Days,' has been reproduced in two or three editions in England. The novel deserves attentive study, not merely as a leading production of Russian genius, but for its social revelations. But it is stamped with the hopeless sadness that belongs to the Russian muse whether in the garb of nature or draped in civilization. 'Civilization has ruined us,' exclaims Herzen, almost in the accents of despair; 'it has made us what we are—a burthen to ourselves and others, idle, useless, capricious; which passes us on from eccentricity to excess, squandering without regret our fortune, our heart, our youth, searching for occupation, for excitements, for distractions, like the dogs of Aix-la-Chapelle, described by Héine, which sought as a favour from the passers-by a kick to dispel their melancholy. We try everything, music, philosophy, love, the art of war, mysticism, to divert ourselves, to forget the immense void that oppresses us.' This is the philosophy of the Russian literature that passes the censorship. The history of its later writers is a tragic catalogue. Ryléieff was hanged by Nicholas; Pouchkin fell in a duel at the age of 38; Griboiédoeff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff fell in a duel in the Caucasus at 30; Vénévitinoff was killed by society at 22; Koltzoff, killed by his family at 33; Bélinsky at 35 perished of hunger and misery; Polejaeff died in the military hospital after eight years' forced service in the Caucasus; Baralinsky died after twelve years of exile; Bestujeff, still in youth, perished in the Caucasus, after surviving the forced labour of Siberia.

Reviews have great influence in Russia, and they are doing a great deal to disseminate a knowledge of the literature of the West. Plevöi, in his 'Moscow Telegraph,' which was sup-

pressed in 1834, did much to diffuse free thought. Senkowsky, Belinsky, and Tchaadaeff are honourable names in this humanizing effort. Herzen's stands not least in that brotherhood. Twelve years ago, as a contributor to one of the reviews of Moscow, he earned a reputation and the reward of liberalism. After banishment to a remote region of the empire he voluntarily sought exile in England, where he has established a printing press for the purpose of producing Russian books for circulation in Russia. One of the first fruits of this press was the clever and instructive essay, from which we have quoted, 'On the Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia;' which, apart from certain socialist opinions, will be a welcome addition to our knowledge of Russia. It is in the plan of Mr. Herzen to procure, if possible, suppressed manuscripts of distinguished Russian writers. In this he has not yet been successful, but as a beginning he has published three works from his own pen. The first entitled 'Yunev Den,' St. George's Day, is a short but eloquent appeal to the Russian proprietors for the emancipation of the serfs.

'Let the first free Russian word from behind the frontier (he says) be addressed to you. It is in the midst of you that the need for independence has shown itself, the efforts for freedom and all the intellectual activity of the age just past. It is amongst you that the self-denying minority is found which redeems Russia in the eyes of foreign nations and its own. From your ranks arose Muravyev and Pestel, Ruilyeev and Bestuzhev. From your ranks came Pouchkin and Lermontov. We, too, who have left our country, that one free Russian voice might be heard through a foreign land; we came from your ranks, and it is to you that we first address direct, not with words of reproach, not with a summons to conflict which is at this moment impracticable, but with a friendly word on the common miseries and the common shame, and with brotherly counsel. We are slaves because our ancestors bartered their human dignity for inhuman privileges, and we make use of these privileges. We are slaves because we are masters.'

A second publication consists of fragmentary tales of high merit and melancholy significance. But the most interesting work is the 'Tyurma i Isuilka. Iz zapisok Iskandera'—the prison and banishment, from the Memoirs of Iskander, in which Mr. Herzen with much graphic power describes his own sufferings as one of the later martyrs of Russia.

But we must now return to Gogol, who, after the peasant poet Koltzoff, is the most natural of all the Russian writers. Of noble birth, all his sympathies were, nevertheless, with the people. He was born in the early part of the present century, in Little Russia, where there is more of life than in any other part of the empire; and he made his appearance as an author by the

publication of some pleasant little novels descriptive of Cossack manners and scenes. 'Tarass Boulba,' a historic tale of the Cossacks, abounds with some charming and graphic descriptions of scenery and national customs, but when he left the Cossacks and went into Old Russia for his subjects, his pages became more sombre. The *tchinovnik* or employé, and the *pomeitschik* or landed proprietor, became the chief objects of his relentless satire. It is inexplicable to us how he escaped the Caucasus or Siberia. The reader will soon see how he deserved the imperial reward of literary merit.

The story of Tschitchikow is well designed to exhibit Russian life in its varieties. The hero, from childhood to mature age, develops at each step master talent for rascality. From a small place in a government office of forty or fifty roubles, he rises slowly and painfully to more profit. The sketches of officialism are slight, but penetrate to the marrow of the system. We pass over how he became a man of substance from the superintendence of 'government works', with one very little passage:—'Tschitchikow found ways and means to be elected a member of it, and soon proved himself to be one of the most active promoters. This committee began its operations immediately. During six years the committee busied itself about the building, but whether it was the harshness of the climate, or the want of proper materials, the crown building never rose above its foundation.'

We find him next in the paradise of self-seekers—the Russian custom-house, at once a model officer, and amassing a fortune in a smuggling association. Unluckily for himself, 'dissenter' is a term of reproach in Russia as England. Tschitchikow called his colleague and partner in the customs and smuggling a *staròver*. The *staròver* informed, and, lo! our Tschitchikow is reduced to seek the capital and a living by his wits, like many other gentlemen in the like predicament at home, by commission agency.

In Russia there is an institution called the Imperial Bank of the Council of Guardians, for the mortgage of landed property and serfs by the embarrassed nobility. Money is only lent upon real estate, that is, land and serfs; or as they are popularly called in Russia, 'souls.' It is left to the Council of Guardians to fix the period for redemption, and if the mortgagor cannot redeem, it is in the discretion of the council to have the property valued by a special commission, and then sold to the crown. This will explain why the numbers of the crown serfs appear in population estimates to be on the increase.

The hard driven Tschitchikow conceives the notable project of swindling this honourable board on a magnificent scale. The noble pays an annual capitation for each serf or soul accord-

ing to the return of each census, and should any die in the interval he must pay for the 'dead souls' as well. In fine, Tschitchikow resolved to procure, with or without consideration, as many dead souls as he could, to mortgage them for some two hundred roubles a-head as living ones, to the government. True, he had to face the imperial ukase which forbids the sale of serfs without the land, but Russians, it appears, can ride through ukases as we ride through acts of parliament. Mr. Tschitchikow purchased for emigration to the Kherson. With this magnificent end in view our hero travelled throughout the empire, and found the adventures recorded in Gogol's pages.

In the course of his travels Tschitchikow visits the land-owner Manilow, and there makes the first exposition of his trading views. Manilow is well drawn, an idle, aimless, amiable man, perhaps too indolent to be otherwise when the amiability is unaccompanied with any of the duties and responsibilities which in a civilized society belong to men of station and wealth. We select a passage or two illustrative of the peculiar domestic institution of the Russians. Mark how coolly human souls are reckoned in the holy and paternal land—that paradise of order.

'But allow me one question,' continued Tschitchikow, in a low peculiar tone, glancing round on all sides. 'Is it long since you presented your last revision list?'

'Why, yes; it is some time since. I cannot exactly say the time.'

'How many peasants have died since?'

'I don't know, I am sure. We must ask the steward. Ho, there! Call the steward here.'

The steward came up. He was nearly forty, was beardless, and wore a coat. To conclude from his full-moon visage he must have led a quiet life; his small hollow eyes and his yellowish complexion evidently proved that feather beds were not strange to him. One could see at a glance that he went through his career as stewards who are seigneurial serfs generally do. At first he was only an errand boy, and at the same time learnt to read, write, and reckon; then he married my lady's maid, became manager of the household, and finally steward. In this capacity he behaved, of course, like all stewards; he was the excellent friend of the rich ones, and made the burthens of the poor still heavier. Slept till nine o'clock, and then quietly sipped his tea.

'Hark, my good friend, how many peasants have died since we last sent in the list of persons?'

'How many?' asked he, opening his mouth, and holding his hand before him like a shield. 'Many have died since that time.'

'Yes, I own I thought so myself. Many have died,' said Manilow, addressing himself to Tschitchikow.

'But about how many?' asked Tschitchikow.

'Nobody has counted them,' answered the steward, quietly.

'Of course not,' said Manilow. 'I think the mortality was rather great; but the number is quite unknown.'

'Have the kindness to count them, and make a list,' said Tschitchikow, addressing himself to the steward.

'Yes, make a list of their names directly,' said Manilow.

The steward said 'I hear,' and went away.

The way in which Tschitchikow talks over his host into giving him the dead souls is well told, and shows the laxity of morals, when the horror of the landlord, so naturally excited at his guest's astounding proposal, was so easily stilled; but the dialogue is too long for extract, and we prefer a specimen of Gogol's comic powers, where he persuades a miserly, superstitious old woman to sell him her dead serfs.

We must first, however, quote a passage highly national and characteristic of Russia. How complete must be parental discipline, how perfect the system of order, when the slave complacently kisses the chain that binds him. The serf-coachman, in a state of drunkenness, has upset his master, and is threatened with a flogging.

'But what did I tell thee lately when thou wert drunk. Hast thou already forgotten it?' asked Tschitchikow.

'By no means, your highness; how can I forget it? I know my duty. I know that one ought not to be drunk. But to converse with a nice person——'

'When I shall give thee a sound flogging, then shalt thou know how to converse with nice people.'

'If it please your lordship,' replied Selizhan, who agreed with everything, 'if there must be a beating, it may be so. I have nothing to say against it. Why not beat if it is deserved? That stands quite at the will of the master. The peasant must be beaten that he may not become too insolent, and to make him well behaved. When one deserves it, why should one not be beaten?'

Against such sentiments Tschitchikow had nothing to say.

Our space will only admit of a portion, and that abridged, of the curious dialogue between Tschitchikow and the old lady Korobotschka:

'But let us return to our own characters. Tschitchikow deeming it proper to assume an easy manner, took the cup of tea without ceremony, put some raspberry syrup into it, and led the conversation.

'Your little village, matrushka,* is very pretty. How many souls have you there?'

'There are about eighty souls, patrushka,* said the hostess; 'but times are bad. We had last year a dreadful failure of the crops, from which may Heaven preserve us!'

'The peasants, nevertheless, have ruddy cheeks, and the cottages are neat. May I not know your family name. I am so absent in mind, and I came so late last night.'

* Little mother and little father. The Russians, in familiar conversation, are fond of using diminutives.

'Korobotchka, the collegium secretary's widow.'

'Very much obliged. And your christian name?'

'Anastasia Petrowna.'

'Anastasia Petrowna! A pretty name. I have an aunt, the sister of my mother, who is so called.'

'And your name?' asked the lady. 'You are, I presume, assessor of a circle.'

'No, matrushka,' answered Tschitchikow, laughing. 'I travel on my own private business.'

'Then you are a government contractor? What a pity I sold the honey last week. Thou wouldst certainly have paid a better price, patrushka.'

'I should have bought no honey at all.'

'Anything else? Perhaps some hemp? I have not much left, only half a curnock.'

'No, matrushka, I want very different articles. Tell me, have many peasants of yours died?'

'Oh, dear, yes—eighteen peasants,' said the old woman, sighing, 'and they were all stout workmen. Many have been added, but only little worms. And the assessor of the circle came and demanded the poll-tax for the dead ones as if they were still alive. Last week my smith was burnt to death—such a clever smith, he could make locks.'

'You have had a fire then, matrushka?'

'Heaven preserve us from such misfortune! A fire would be still worse. He burnt of himself, patrushka. His inside began to burn. He drank too much. Only a little flame appeared, then he glowed, and he became as black as coal; and he was such a clever smith! I cannot drive out anywhere now, as there is nobody to shoe the horses.'

'It was the will of God, matrushka,' said Tschitchikow, with a deep sigh. 'Against the wisdom and the will of God we must not murmur. Give them up to me.'

'Give up whom, patrushka?'

'Just the dead ones.'

'How can I give them up?'

'Very easily; or sell them to me. I will pay you for them.'

'But I cannot imagine what you want with them. Wilt thou have them dug out of the grave?'

Tschitchikow, perceiving that the old woman was very far astray, deemed some explanation necessary. In a few words he explained to her that the purchase would have value only on paper, as the souls must be named there as being alive.

'But what dost thou want them for?' asked the old woman, staring at him in amazement.

'That is my business.'

'But they are dead.'

'Who said they were alive? It is your loss that they are dead, as you must pay the poll-tax for them. Now, I will relieve you from that. Do you understand? Not only will I take upon myself the payment of the taxes, but I am ready to pay you fifteen roubles. Is it clear to you now?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' said the old woman, hesitating; 'I never sold any dead souls.'

'Of course, that would have been a miracle. Do you then really believe that they are worth anything?'

'No, I do not think that at all. Of course they have no value now. But it is just that very circumstance that makes it difficult for me to understand why you would buy dead souls.'

'Well, now, here is a stubborn old hag!' thought Tschitchikow to himself. 'Listen to me, matrushka, and consider well. You lose how much? You must pay the poll-tax for them as for living ones.'

'Oh, don't remind me of that, patrushka,' interrupted the old woman. 'Three weeks have not elapsed since I was obliged to pay a hundred and fifty roubles, and besides had to bribe the assessor nicely.'

'You see it now yourself, matrushka. But don't forget that you would no longer be obliged to bribe the assessor, because I should pay the taxes for these souls. Will you take my offer?'

'Indeed, patrushka, I never yet was in the position of selling dead peasants. I have sold living ones. Only three years ago I sold two girls to our pope* for two hundred roubles. He is very grateful to me for them; they are very industrious, and able to weave napkins.'

'There is no question about the living, bless them! I want dead ones.'

'Well, I fear I should lose by it. Perhaps thou cheatest me, my father, and they are worth more.'

'Take the most insignificant thing—a rag for instance. Even that has value, for it can be sold to the paper maker, but who wants dead ones?'

'Yes, that is true, but I stick only to the point that they are dead.'

'Dear me, what a stupid creature!' said Tschitchikow to himself, quite out of patience.'

At last by incidental hints at the future purchase of government supplies, and some skilful play on the superstitious feelings of the old lady, Tschitchikow got the souls. The mode by which each in his and her way tries to overreach the other is truly Russian, as is the prudent hint with respect to his guide:—

'Then don't forget, I beg of you, the promised government supplies.'

'You may be sure I will not forget you,' said Tschitchikow, stepping out into the entrance hall.

'You wont buy hog's lard, then?' said the hostess, following him.

'Why should I not buy? I will buy some; but not now.'

'Towards Easter I shall have some fresh.'

'We will buy some—why not?'

'Perhaps bed feathers may be wanted. I shall have some about Lent.'

'Good, very good,' said Tschitchikow.

* Priest.

'Thou seest now thyself, patrushka, that the horses are not yet put to the carriage,' said the old woman, as they arrived at the door.

'Will soon be here. Only tell me how I am to get from here to the high road.'

'How shall I describe it to you?' said the hostess. 'It is rather difficult to describe—there are so many cross-ways. I would rather give thee a little girl as guide. She can sit upon the coach-box; there is room enough.'

'Why not?'

'I will give thee the girl—she knows the way. But don't take her with thee. One has been already taken away by the merchants.'

Tschitchikow assured her that he would send back the girl, and Mrs. Korobotschka became quiet, and began to contemplate what was passing in the court. She cast a severe look at the housekeeper, who had fetched a wooden dish with honey from the store-room, called to the peasant, who made his appearance at the gate, and so got gradually absorbed in domestic life.

But why do we stay so long with Mrs. Korobotschka? Korobotschka, Manilow, Economy, *Æsthetics*, let us leave them. There are more curious things in the world; pleasure turns in a moment into sadness if thou considerest her more closely, and many strange thoughts arise. Perchance thou mayest even think—does Mrs. Korobotschka really occupy so low a degree in the infinite scale of human perfection? Is the gulf really so wide that separates her from her sisters who are living secluded in their aristocratic homes with sweet scents, and cast-iron staircases inlaid with brass, red-coloured wood, and tapestry? There they sit and yawn at the unread book, in expectation of the spiritual visit, as they call it, and, that they may seem brilliant, repeating the sentiments learnt by heart—sentiments, which, according to the rules of fashion, sway the town for a whole week—sentiments which concern not their homes or their estates, which, thanks to economical ignorance, are in disorder, but certainly relate to some political overthrow in France, or the direction of the catholicism now becoming so fashionable. But away from it! Why do we speak of such things? But why is there mixed even in cheerful harmless pursuits a gloomy melancholy? The smile has not yet disappeared from thy lips, the sound of laughter has not gone, and thou art already another, and thy face has assumed another expression.

One little peep into the interior of office. The Tsar has been a reformer in his way. Let us see how his reforms worked:—

Just about that time bribery was punished most severely. But Tschitchikow was not at all frightened, for he understood how to manage matters to his own advantage, proving in this the inventive genius of the Russians, who are only urged to more activity by the weight which falls on their shoulders. This was his plan of action.

As soon as a petitioner made his appearance and put his hand into his pocket to get at the well-known letter of recommendation signed by Prince Hovanskois (as we jocularly say in Russia), Tschitchikow would interrupt with a short laugh, taking the hand of the candidate

for office. 'No, no! You imagine, perhaps, that I——. No, oh no! It is our duty; we must do it without any reward. You can rest quite satisfied on this point. To-morrow everything will be arranged. Permit me to ask your address. You need not give yourself the trouble; we will send the papers to your residence.'

The delighted petitioner returns home, almost beside himself with joy. 'At last we have the man we want. If we only had more of them; he is really a precious jewel.'

He waits one day. Two days pass, but no papers. On the third day, the same number came. Calling at the office, his affair had not been mentioned. At last he calls on the priceless jewel.

'Oh, I really hope you will excuse me,' says Tschitchikow, politely taking him by both hands. 'We have been so overwhelmed with business; but to-morrow, positively, everything will be prepared. I really am ashamed to see you.' All this was accompanied with the most bland behaviour. If, for instance, his morning robe was a little out of order, he would immediately arrange it according to the rules of decorum. Nevertheless many more days passed over, and still no papers made their appearance. The petitioner grows thoughtful, and asks advice of a friend.

'You must give something to the clerk.'

'Oh, yes; certainly. I will give him a quarter of a rouble.'

'A quarter! Five-and-twenty.'

'Five-and-twenty roubles to a clerk!' exclaims the expectant, full of amazement.

'What surprises you?' rejoins his friend. 'It will only be as you yourself propose—a quarter-rouble to the clerk. The chief receives the balance.'

A ray of light at length beams on the mind of the simple petitioner, who rails at new customs in general, and the polite manners of officials particularly. 'Some time ago,' murmured he, 'one at least knew what to do. A red paper had to be taken to the principal, and the thing was finished. Now we must take a white paper, and lose a whole week, till one guesses at what should be done. Confound the unseltishness and nobility of these officers!'

The simple petitioner was not far wrong. So at present there are no servants of the state who allow themselves to be bribed. They are all honourable and noble men; it is only the secretary and the clerks who are rogues.

In this fashion has Nicholas Gogol, a Russian professor, described the manners and customs of his countrymen.

ART. VIII.—*Correspondence respecting the Rights and Privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed by Harrison & Son. 1854.

2. *Secret Correspondence.* By Order. Harrison & Son. 1854.

3. *Treaties.* Turkey and Russia. By Order. Harrison & Son. 1854.

THE most characteristic feature of the present struggle with Russia, that which distinguishes it from all former wars, is the openly avowed desire for peace by all the parties engaged. Russia was evidently not prepared to meet with serious resistance when she occupied the Principalities; Turkey declared war with the greatest reluctance; the French nation looked upon oriental affairs with indifference; the Emperor of France took them up only to consolidate his throne by an alliance with England, and eventually with the other European powers; and Lord Aberdeen mumbled 'peace, peace,' even when the first blood was already drawn. As to Austria and Prussia, they exerted themselves to the utmost not to drift into the whirlpool of war, and still the roaring of cannon burst once more upon the ears of Europe, and aroused her from the millenarian dreams of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Co. We begin to feel that the present struggle is one of those awful crises in the history of mankind, which cannot be put down by diplomatic notes, and by the tricks of politicians.

Looking on the present state of affairs from any point of view, the question cannot be repressed: What has been the cause, and what is to be the aim of the contest with Russia? And as the aim cannot be any other than the removal, or at least the neutralization of the cause, we see the politicians of our days frightened by the threatening extension of the struggle, representing the causes of the war as insignificant as possible. Mr. Macqueen, in the interest of Russia, and with a peculiar talent for special pleading, endeavours to persuade his readers, that it is altogether but a misunderstanding which led to the rupture; the Czar was induced to believe that his plans for the elevation of the condition of the Christians in the Turkish empire were fully appreciated by the English ministry, and that only a mistake, a misapprehension, or misrepresentation of the loyal intentions of the Emperor of Russia could have brought about hostilities.

The official 'Blue Books' published before the official declaration of war, and purporting to give the history of the (cooked) transactions which preceded it, speak principally of the squabbles

of the Latin and Greek monks in Jerusalem about the sanctuaries of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the inscription of the silver star in the Chapel of the Nativity in Bethlehem.

In the secret correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour, published somewhat later, the privileges of the Greek and Latin church are not mentioned any longer, but a far greater stress is laid upon the attack of the Montenegrine freebooters on the Turkish fortress Zabiak, and upon the summary retribution with which the robber-chief, Prince Danilo, was threatened by the Porte. The daily papers point to the insolence of Prince Menschikoff, not of his propositions,—since they were conceded by the Vienna note,—but of his manners, as to the real cause of the crisis. Next to the personal behaviour of the prince, the obstructions of the navigation of the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and lately the unusually strong fortifications of Sebastopol, which made it a secure basis for any offensive move against Turkey, are complained of by politicians, who seem to forget that each of these causes is only a link of the chain by which Russia, with a perseverance unknown in Western Europe, tries to fetter the freedom and independence of the continent. But as soon as we take a higher view of the matter, and do not mistake the symptoms of the evil for the evil itself, we must come to the conclusion that the present crisis is the necessary and logical result of the omissions and shortcomings of European diplomacy for the last eighty years; it is emphatically a war of retribution, one of those instances by which the hand of Providence is unmistakably revealed to mankind, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children and children's children.

In our utilitarian age, engaged in the hard struggle of competition, we are apt to value peace above all, since it is the only condition by which our prosperity and our progress can be secured. We cannot wonder, therefore, that many noble-minded men, fully aware that war and destruction cannot be the aim of mankind, forget that the infraction of the moral law in the highest spheres of national existence will be as certainly visited as any transgression of the physical laws of nature. The neglect of the laws of health results in contagions, the violation of the civil or criminal laws of the country is punished by the courts of justice; but if nations forget that they are linked to all other nations by duties as well as by rights, if they isolate themselves and declare that they are not their brother's keeper, they have sooner or later to rue their selfishness and isolation, and by their very attempts to evade a struggle they involve themselves in wars the bearing of which cannot be at once ascertained, and which are prolonged for years, until the moral wrongs are redressed,

which had been perpetrated by selfish indolence and culpable connivance.

The first great infringement of the law of nations in the more recent history of Europe was perpetrated by the first division of Poland in 1773. England connived at this disgraceful transaction, which she might easily have prevented, since France, according to the testimony of Frederic II., King of Prussia, sought to form a Western alliance against this encroachment, whilst the Empress Maria Theresa only reluctantly gave her consent to it. The autograph letter to her minister, Prince Kaunitz, about the transaction, is still preserved in the Imperial Archives at Vienna. The letter is worth quoting;—she had grown old and weary, and her son Joseph conducted foreign affairs:—

‘When all my possessions,’ says the Empress, ‘were attacked, and I did not know where I could safely give birth to my child, I put my trust in my good right and in the protection of God. But in the present matter, where it is not only the right which cries against us to heaven, but even equity and common sense turn against us, I must confess that I never felt in greater anxiety, and am ashamed to show myself. Think only, prince, what an example we give to the world when we jeopardize our honour and reputation for a miserable piece of Poland. I feel it that I am alone, and that I have lost my energies, and, therefore, I let matters go their own way, but not without the greatest regret.’*

When she had to sign the draft of the constitution, she put to her name the words:—‘*Placet*, because so many great and wise men wish it; but long after my death it will become apparent what comes from such a violation of all what until now has been held just and sacred.’ But even then she did not surmise all the extent and fatal consequences of her act and deed. Writing an autograph letter to the Empress Catherine, she signed herself *your most affectionate sister, but, please God, never your neighbour*. With the feminine instinct wiser than the cunning of her former enemy, the so-called Frederic the Great, and of her philosophical son, Joseph II., she felt that the neighbourhood of Russia implied the greatest dangers. She had a presentiment of the policy of the Czar’s which, according to the words of Sir John MacNeil, has almost been reduced to a regular formula as regards the means by which her acquisitions have been obtained. ‘It invariably commences with disorganization by means of corruption and secret agency pushed to the extent of disorder and civil contention. Next in order comes military occupation to restore tranquillity, and in every instance the result has been protection, followed by incorporation.’† Indeed, the contact

* Wolfgang Menzel’s *Geschichte der Deutschen*, ii. pp. 1024-25.

† *The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East*. Third Edition. London: John Murray. 1854. p. 6.

with Russia is fatal ; as soon as a power becomes her neighbour it feels unwell, it becomes the dying man. The sultans of the Crimea, the chiefs of the Kabardas, the kings of Poland, of Imeritia, of Mingrelia, and of Georgia, they have all been extinguished by contact with the Czar. Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Montenegro are already under the protection of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey was the next on the list, and likewise declared to be dying, whilst the other neighbours of the Czar, the Shah of Persia, the King of Denmark, with his Schlesvig-Holstein and the treaty of May the 8th, 1852,—the Emperor of Austria, with his Galicia, Hungary, and Italy,—and the King of Prussia, with Posen, and the Radicalism of Königsberg and the Rhine provinces, cannot be pronounced to be in good health,—all of them are already on the imperial road which leads to Russian protectorate and Russian dominion. Even now they owe their existence to the moral and material support of the Czar.

The necessary consequence of the first partition of Poland was the second partition in 1792. France, convulsed by a bloody revolution, and England on the point of declaring war against France, had no time to think of Poland, Prussia, and Russia ; on the contrary, England rejoiced at the increase of Russia's resources, as she was sooner or later to become her ally against the principles of French democracy. It was in vain that Burke branded the second partition, and that another statesman openly advocated an alliance with France against Russia and on behalf of Turkey, which, as he said, ' must to a certain degree be renovated, not by half, but by fundamental measures, managed through the co-operation of Great Britain and France.*' England, forgetting her interests and her duties, carried on a long war against France, and while she was subsidizing every bankrupt despot in Europe, in order to keep up a struggle against the principles of democracy in France, Russia seized Finland, and attempted to take the Danubian provinces.

The Turks were not willing to give up Moldo-Wallachia, but the English government fearing lest the Czar, her ally against France, might be defeated by the Turks, sent a fleet under Admiral Duckworth through the Dardanelles to Constantinople, in order to enforce the surrender of the Principalities to Russia. The gallant admiral passed the Straits with the sacrifice of one third of his crew, but seeing that the Turks were raising batteries all along the coast, he put back, and the schemes of Russia were once more frustrated. In 1815, peace was at last concluded, and the friendship between England and Russia, cemented by

* Morning Chronicle, July 28, 1792.

the so-called Russo-Dutch loan, that is to say, by a subsidy which even now continues to be paid by England to Russia.

As soon as Czar Nicholas ascended the throne he took up the old plans of aggrandizement, which in the last ten years of Czar Alexander had remained in abeyance. He made in 1827 war against Persia, and in 1828 and 1829 against Turkey. The English government again approved of all his schemes; the Turkish fleet had already in 1827 been destroyed at Navarino, in time of peace, and without a declaration of war by the allied fleets of England, France, and Russia, and Lord Lucan and several other distinguished English officers fought as volunteers in the army of Field-Marshal Diebitsch. The result of the war is well known: the Russians got the protectorate of the Danubian Principalities, and the command of the mouths of the Danube. The lame protest of Lord Aberdeen could not palliate the connivance of the English government.

In 1830, Poland rose against the Czar, to recover her independence. The sympathies of the English and French nation were roused on behalf of the heroes of freedom, and Louis Philippe was already willing to support Poland in case England would co-operate with him. But Lord Palmerston's dispatch in answer to M. Talleyrand's proposition contained the declaration that 'the intervention of the two courts could only be by force, in case of a refusal on the part of Russia, and the amicable and satisfactory relations between the cabinet of St. James and the cabinet of St. Petersburg would not allow his Britannic Majesty to undertake such an interference.' Had England at that time valued the alliance of France more than the 'amicable and satisfactory relations with Russia' the present war would scarcely have taken place.

Poland fell in this way, with the connivance of the English ministry, and in spite of the violation of the treaty of Vienna by the abolition of the Polish constitution,* in spite of the atrocity with which the Czar punished all those who had risen against his arbitrary rule, he was praised in England for his magnanimous moderation, for his wisdom and firmness, and for his broad views of policy; he was lauded as the political saviour of Europe, as the safe dyke against the waves of democracy, as the supporter of the monarchical principle in the person of the thirty tyrants of Germany. And if a man dared denounce him

* 'By the treaty of Vienna, the assignment of Poland to Russia was regarded as an European arrangement, to which the European powers were parties. That treaty defined the relations in which Poland should stand to Russia, and on that ground alone the other powers had a right to require of Russia that the constitution should not be touched.'—Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons.

as a grasping despot aiming at the supremacy of Europe, or expressed sympathy for the exiled Poles, he was, according to his possible importance, called either an enemy of order, or a lunatic, or a most amiable dreamer.

Again, in 1848, continental Europe was shaken to its very foundations by one of those providential crises which nobody could foresee. The hollowness of the treaties and institutions of 1815, and the bad faith of the continental princes, became apparent. But the English did not care for the commotions of the continent; strong in their insular position, they congratulated one another that they were not such sinners as their brothers on the continent, and wrapt themselves in their selfishness. When Hungary, rising in defence of her rights, had defeated the Austrians, and Russia was again making a bold step in advance, first by occupying the Danubian Principalities, and then by assisting Austria against Hungary, the opportunity had again appeared when a strong remonstrance of England might have prevented the present war, and established a barrier against the encroachments of Russia. But England remained silent, nay, the ministers declared in parliament that Russia had a right to lend her aid to Austria in her war against Hungary. Hungary fell accordingly, and peace was once more restored in Europe. The Peace-society flourished, and when General Haynau, the woman flogger, the hangman of Arad, the hyena of Brescia, honoured the anniversary meeting of the friends of peace with his presence in Frankfort, it was taken for a tribute involuntarily paid to the justice of the principles of the society, and many amiable men congratulated themselves on the dawning of the reign of peace and good-will, forgetting that the moral law of nations had been destroyed, and the foundations of society shaken by it more violently than by the vapid theories of the Socialists of Paris, or the Utopian schemes of the German professors in the parliament at Frankfort, which were held up as the great bugbear threatening the civilization of the west. We heard at that time the theory that war was not only unjust, but that it was impossible, since the finances of all the countries of Europe were in a more or less desperate state, whilst war must be carried on, according to the great strategist Montecucculi, first by money, then again by money, and once more by money.

Such was the condition of Europe at that time, that whoever spoke of the dangers of the future, and of Russia's imminent aggression on Turkey, was railed at as visionary. Kossuth, in May, 1852, predicted the speedy conflict, but his words were as little heeded as those of Cassandra at Troy. Another victim of Russia, the General Bem, wrote on the 8th of May, 1851, a

letter to a friend in Paris, from which we extract the following passage :—

‘ Though the disaster of Hungary has put all the country in mourning, still its consequences may become favourable to our cause, since now the war between Turkey and Russia has become inevitable, and the necessary consequence of such a collision must be the re-establishment of Poland. The forces of the Sultan are sufficient for destroying the power of Russia; his army is prepared to encounter our enemies. But it is necessary that the government at Constantinople should be able to throw off the fatal guardianship of the foreign ambassadors who fetter its movements. It is the influence of Europe which keeps me here *interné* at Aleppo.’

The policy of Russia was self-evident, it was known; but, as Kossuth said, she had either a spy or a tool in every cabinet of Europe, and was able to suppress every rising suspicion while pursuing her plans. The Czar believed he might now seize the opportunity of carrying the plans of Peter I. and Catherine II., and he knew that for doing it, it was not only necessary to have a spy or a tool in every European cabinet, but likewise to strike the blow at a time when no European power could resent it. The two great gates of the Russian empire, the Sound and the Bosphorus, were to be secured for the successors of Peter. No statesman in Europe has ever overlooked such a contingency. It is not yet very long ago that Thiers said, in speaking of the campaign of 1809: ‘ It was quite enough, in delivering Finland to the Russians, to have afforded them the means of a step in advance towards the Sound, as a point from which they will be not less menacing at a future day, when the Russian Colossus, with one foot on the Dardanelles and another on the Sound, will make the old world his slave, and liberty will have fled to America. However chimerical all this may seem now to narrow minds, it will one day be a cruel reality; for Europe, unwisely divided like the towns of Greece in presence of the kings of Macedonia, will have probably the same lot.’ Still, in 1852, on the 8th of May, the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia signed a treaty in London by which the eventual succession in Denmark was guaranteed to the Czars. Such being the case, Nicholas could not doubt that the Bosphorus might be transferred to him without greater difficulties. And, indeed, who could have checked his ambitious plans? Turkey had not the nerve to declare war against the advice of Western Europe; and should the Sultan be bold enough to do it, there remained always the chance that a new Greek insurrection might lead to a new Navarino. As to Austria, he knew that she was bound by gratitude to Russia, and though she may always be willing to occupy in time of peace any province, Bologna or Hesse Cassel, Tus-

cany or Schleswig-Holstein, Servia or the Principalities, that she was slow in drawing the sword, well aware that it is blunt and brittle, steeped in the best blood of Italy and Hungary. In England the military spirit was asleep, whilst Lord Aberdeen, the friend of the Czar of forty years' standing, was at the head of affairs. France had by the mouth of Louis Napoleon declared that the Empire means peace, and the interests of France were scarcely jeopardized by the Russian protectorate of Turkey. Such were the circumstances under which the Czar sent Menschikoff to Constantinople, to overawe the Sultan in his own palace. France had by the mission of Lavalette, and Austria by the mission of Count Leiningen, paved the way for Menschikoff. Both powers had pretended a protectorate over a portion of the Sultan's subjects; they could scarcely protest now against a claim, in regard of which they had established a precedent. Still the logic of events destroyed the diplomatic net of Russia; Turkey remained firm, and England and France supported her, because the English nation distrusted the Czar and hated his policy, and Napoleon III. was glad to find an opportunity for consolidating his throne by an alliance with England.

Nicholas occupied now the Principalities; he repeated only what in 1848 he had done with impunity, without even having met with a diplomatic protest. But times had changed, and a rupture seemed unavoidable. The Vienna conferences were held in order to heal the breach; an amicable arrangement was already agreed upon; the interests of Turkey were sacrificed by the specious wording of the Vienna note; but the trick was discovered in Constantinople, war was declared, and the diplomatists of Vienna had to avow that they had been duped by Russia: England, as Lord Clarendon graphically described, was drifting towards war, until breakers were a-head, and peace could no longer be preserved. But the statesmen of England, old men who had seen the wars of the French empire, took care to confine the struggle to the Danubian Principalities and to the Bulgarian plain up to the Balkan, that at any rate it should remain a war of armies, and not grow a war of nations—that the balance of powers should be its aim, not the victory of principles.

These were the reasons why they tried to tie Austria and Prussia to their own course; against public opinion in Europe they courted for months the favours of the most fickle and insincere governments with a tenacity worthy of a better aim. Still they only partially succeeded. The triumphant defence of Silistria by the Turks compelled them at last to do something in the field, and so they went to the Crimea, to the extreme end of Europe, where the echo of their cannons dies away along the steppes before it can reach and rouse the nations of Europe.

Again negotiations are opened in Vienna, which are to put Turkey under the guardianship of all the five powers of Europe, Russia included, and make the peace of the world dependent on any riot in the streets of Constantinople, or any intrigue in the Seraglio which the Czar may think fit to excite. Can such an arrangement be lasting? Can it give any security as to the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire, for the maintenance of which the allies have spent their treasures and their blood? Can they prevent the speedy fall of Turkey, which has now wasted her resources, and probably likewise her armies? Can the four points, the basis of the negotiation: that is to say, the common collective protectorate of the five powers over the Principalities, and besides over all the Christians of Turkey, the removal (on paper) of all the obstructions in the mouths of the Danube, and the revision of the treaty which shuts the entrance of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus to all the navies of Europe; can they alter the intentions of Russia, when her power is not crippled, and her integrity is guaranteed?

Indeed, whatever may be the views on the cause and necessity of the present struggle, so much will be admitted by every Englishman, that if Russia is not humbled, if she has not to repay the expenses of war even to Turkey, if Sebastopol is allowed to be rebuilt and to shelter a Russian fleet, peace cannot be restored on a secure basis. And still Russia will not consent to any reduction of her fleet, to any restriction of her sovereignty even to the extent of leaving a fortress in ruins, or to make good the enormous sacrifices of Turkey, which became necessary by the wanton aggression of the Czar.

The present war may be terminated by the negotiations just opened in Vienna, still such a peace will only prove to be a short truce which leaves to the Czar to 'bide his time, until by the dissensions of the other powers, until by the weakness of some of those powers, he should find a better opportunity for accomplishing his designs.'* Even if the professions of disinterestedness and moderation in Petersburg should have blinded us for a time to the intentions of Russia, in spite of her uninterrupted aggrandizement under every Czar, the revelations of the secret correspondence must have dispelled any doubt about the schemes and hereditary policy of Russia towards Turkey. Unless the power of Russia is crippled, or a barrier is erected against her encroachments, the danger in the East can be postponed, but not averted. The four points, with all their interpretations, do not cripple the resources of the great northern empire; they cannot by protectorates and diplomatic intermeddling strengthen Turkey, or quench the dis-

* Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons.

satisfaction of Hungary and Italy, which makes Austria ever dependent either on Russian or French support.

But we cannot suppress our doubts even as to such a temporary issue of the conferences. Whilst the diplomatists are splitting words in Vienna, battles are fought in the Crimea, and though a Turkish defeat might accelerate the conclusion of peace, a Russian defeat must break them up altogether, since the Czar cannot sign any treaty under the impression of a defeat. The fortune of war has hitherto favoured the arms of Omar Pasha, and the English and French are eager for a new harvest of laurels, more profitable, though not more honourable, than those of the Alma and of Inkermann.

The only efficient barrier against Russia's encroachment is the reconstruction of Poland, and a regeneration of those provinces which now are writhing under the yoke of Francis Joseph. Still we are told that Poland is dead, that we find Poland in Siberia and in France, in England and in the United States, in fact, everywhere but in Poland. Such an argument should indeed be good, as we hear it repeated ever since the day when Kosciusko, on the battle-field of Maciejowice exclaimed, '*Finis Poloniae.*' Napoleon believed it before he came to Warsaw, on his way to the bloody ice-fields of Russia, and then, too late, perceived his mistake; he was already bound, by his Austrian alliance, to leave his best basis of operations disorganized and helpless. The lesson he learned was not altogether lost, for the statesmen of the Congress of Vienna, and even the Castlereaghs, and Metternichs, and Talleyrands, admitted that Poland possessed still such vitality as to make it necessary to endow her Russian portion with a 'constitution.' And though this constitution was systematically violated by the court of St. Petersburg, still even under that shadow of liberty Russian Poland rapidly developed her resources; her agriculture improved, her industry rose, her literature flourished, and the struggle of 1830-31 itself became an evidence of her vitality. It is true that since that time we scarcely have heard anything of Poland beyond sad tales of confiscation, of banishment to Siberia, of a treacherous secret police, and of all the paraphernalia of the most stringent despotism. No English tourist was permitted to visit the country, and the few persons who in an official capacity, or on commercial business resided in Poland, had, of course, no opportunity of forming an impartial judgment on the moral position of Poland. They saw the iron yoke of the Czar weigh heavily on the neck of the inhabitants, but they could not see the feelings in the bosom of the Poles; they saw oppression and no resistance, and they jumped to the conclusion that Poland was dead, because unarmed and forsaken by all Europe, even by the English government, it did

not rush into acts of mad despair. Besides, there are very few who know the mutual relation of the races and the difference of nationalities in Poland, and because they see that in Posen the peasants are not hostile to the Russians, and that in Galicia the Austrian government was able to compass the murder of the dissatisfied gentry by the mob, stimulated by a prize of twenty shillings, paid for the head of any Polish landlord; they think that the great bulk of the population, the peasants all over Poland, are oppressed by the gentry, and well affected towards the government. A hasty glance on the distribution of the Polish race and its history, and on the condition of the agriculturists will soon dispel those prejudices.

Geographically speaking, the ancient kingdom of Poland is bounded in the north by the Baltic, in the south by the Carpathian mountains, to the east by the forests and swamps from which issue the Niemen, the Dwina, the Dnieper, and the many tributaries to that river; to the west and to the south-east there is no natural frontier. Poland in this way comprises the basin of the Upper Warta—a tributary to the Oder—of the Vistula, and of the Niemen, and extends along the Pripetz to the basin of the Dnieper and Dniester. All this country is a fertile, wheat-producing, cattle-feeding plain, the watershed between the different river basins nowhere rising to higher elevation than about one thousand feet above the general level of the country. It was occupied by Slavonian races with a sprinkling of Germans on the Upper Warta,—Posen,—and at the mouth of the Vistula,—Danzig; whilst the coast between the Niemen and the Vistula (East Prussia) was held by the knights of the Teutonic Order in fief from the crown of Poland, who gradually extirpated or Germanized the Russian aborigines, and raised their country in industrial and strategical importance, until it became independent. But the Slavonians settled on the Polish plain were not of the same origin and character. Poles held the banks of the Vistula, Lithuanians the basin of the Niemen, Ruthenes or White Russians the valleys of the Carpathians, the plain of Halitsch and Wolodimir, and the watershed between the basins of the Niemen, Vistula, Dniester, and Dnieper, up to the country of the Little Russians or Cossacks. Of all these races the Poles were the most important. From the beginning of their national existence they held the principles of constitutional monarchy and of popular representation; and if, in the eighteenth century, the splendour of the crown was tarnished, the fault lay rather in the indolent and profligate character of the Saxon house which sat on the throne of Poland than in the character of the nation. Their literature by far surpasses that of the other Slavonian races; the name of Copernicus suffices to show that positive

knowledge was not a stranger with them; their liberality in matters of religion was twice displayed in the most striking manner, by offering an asylum, in the fourteenth century, to the persecuted Jews of Germany, and in the sixteenth to Socinus and his followers. As to their gallantry, it is proverbial. The bulk of the Poles, as already stated, occupied only the basin of the Vistula, but the landed gentry all over the realm belonged to the Polish stock, or were soon Polonized, as for instance in Lithuania. The Lithuanians, in fact, do not belong to the Slavonian stock. Together with the original Prussians they formed a nationality of their own, but without any indigenous civilization; surrounded by Slavonians, and acted upon by Germans, they turned, in Prussia, Germans, and in Lithuania, Poles. In their physical constitution, as well as in their mental development, they are somewhat inferior to the Poles, who constitute not only the political but even the natural aristocracy in the country. Still the Lithuanians are by far superior to the Ruthenes or White Russians, amongst all the races of Europe the most degraded. Such being the case, it is natural that the country around the Vistula, the neighbourhood of Cracow and Warsaw, formed the nucleus and strength of Poland; whilst Lithuania, Podolia, Volhynia, Halitsch, Wolodimir, and Posen were the outlying provinces, dependencies of Poland Proper; and as the Polish aristocracy, lording it over the Lithuanian and Ruthenian serfs, could not infuse the feelings of patriotism, or even the habits of industry into those inert masses, they were rent off from Poland at the first serious attack of her treacherous enemies. The first partition of the country stripped her of all the non-Polish provinces; the second robbed her of the mouth of the Vistula. Of course, in all these spoils of Prussia and Austria, the Ruthene serf felt no great attachment to the Polish gentry, and he thought the enemy of the landed aristocracy must be his friend. The kings of Prussia availed themselves of such a feeling, and emancipating the serf, bound him to their German administration by the ties of interest and of gratitude. Austrian policy was less humane, and contented itself with fanning the latent aversion between the bondsman and his lord into open flame, which at last burst out in the massacre of the Galician nobility just when it tried to amalgamate the interests of the tenant and of the landlord by the abolition of the feudal tenure. In Lithuania, the Polish nobleman was oppressed by Russia in common with his Lithuanian serf. But in Poland Proper, in the Poland of 1815, the bondsman and the lord belonged to the same race; they felt themselves of the same blood, and in 1792 as well as in 1831, they stood together in the field against the

Russian tyrant, and though serfdom was not abolished, the scythemen of the Palatinate of Masovia and of Cracow fought the battles of freedom with the Polish nobles up to the last. But even at the present moment the educated classes and the landed gentry in all the ancient dependencies of Poland feel themselves as Poles, and call themselves Poles, though it was already in the time of their grandfathers that all the bonds were severed by which they had been attached to Poland. In Poland Proper all classes of society from the bondsman to the prince are fully alive to the great injustice inflicted upon them, and all are united in the hope of a reconstruction of their fatherland. All the intelligence of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of some German monopolists, and of the citizens of Dantzic, would hail the restoration of Poland with rapture, and even the reconstruction of Poland in the basin of the Vistula alone would not be devoid of those elements of vitality required in a country which would always be threatened by the neighbourhood of Russia. With the exception of Prussia, the powers partitioning Poland have not done anything to deserve the loyalty of the inhabitants. The means of communication have remained in the barbarous state of the last century; scarcely any railways have been formed except where strategical reasons demanded them; public instruction was neglected, and the resources of the country were not developed. A national government in Warsaw, therefore, could soon overcome the apathy of the Lithuanians and the ill-will of the Galician peasants by the benefits of civilization; whilst the Masurs and Cracuses have, even under the Russian yoke, made considerable progress in agricultural husbandry and manufacturing industry, led by the example of their landed gentry.

A peculiar sympathy has lately seized the Cabinets of Europe for the welfare and civilization of the Christian populations of Turkey, though in Servia and in Moldo-Wallachia they enjoy the most unfettered provincial, and in Bulgaria at least communal self-government. The Five Powers are to be the guardians of those populations and to tutor them into civilization; but why are the poor inhabitants of the basin of the Vistula and Niemen excluded from such a protectorate? The annals of the Christians in Turkey contain no tragedy so bloody as the murder of the Galician gentry in 1846, nor such duplicity and treason as the partition of Poland. The treaty of 1815, the fundamental law of Europe, contains no clause in favour of their constitutional institutions; nobody has ever asserted that they could grow strong enough to withstand Russia; they do not claim the protection of Europe, and still they are to be blest with it, whilst those who claim a protection, who, by the fundamental treaty of Europe, have a right not only to national existence, but

likewise to constitutional freedom, and who would constitute a firm barrier against Russian aggression, are forsaken and ignored by the powers of Europe ! It is in vain to ask why such differences are established, they are hidden by the darkness of secret diplomacy.

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Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Collected by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., and Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S.L. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Henry G. Bohn.

CAMBRIDGE was the stronghold of the Puritan party in the earlier period of our ecclesiastical dissensions, and an acquaintance with its history is absolutely needful to an accurate knowledge of much which took place during the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors. The documents contained in the present volumes commence with the University statutes of 1570, which were intended to check the growing power of the Puritans, and they terminate with the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and the Diary of Dr. Worthington, who was ejected in 1660 from the mastership of Jesus College. The historical student therefore need not be informed that such a work is of inestimable value, and its appearance at the present moment is specially opportune. The various measures which were adopted with a view to the regulation of the college life of Cambridge disclose many facts at which some of our contemporaries will greatly marvel, whilst the efforts made by religious bigotry and intolerance to check the growth of puritanism will explain points of our ecclesiastical history, which are, as yet, but slightly understood. Cambridge was emphatically the battle-field of contending religionists. Had they been left to themselves, there is little doubt

that puritanism would have triumphed. But when the Crown united with the Mitre, when the sword of the magistrate was placed at the disposal of the bishop, religious liberty was effectually repressed, and the supremacy of the prelatical hierarchy was established on the ruins of spiritual freedom. Such a work as the present constitutes an important episode in Puritan history, and should be attentively studied by all who are desirous of becoming familiar with it. Mr. Heywood is already honorably distinguished in what may be termed university literature, and the publication of these volumes constitutes an important addition to the services previously rendered. We tender him our best thanks for what he has done. Every descendant of the Puritans whose means are sufficient should possess a copy of the work, and those who are interested in English history, without sympathizing with Puritan views, should avail themselves of the aid it furnishes. The interest attaching to such a publication is not sectarian. It is far wider and more lofty than that which pertains to a party, and the thorough mastery of its details will augur well for a coming generation. The tale of Puritan struggles, the high-mindedness, the religious integrity, the unconquerable heroism, the yearning after truth not yet fully understood, which distinguished the Presbyterians and the Separatists of Elizabeth's time, cannot be too largely dwelt on, or too frequently repeated. It is well for religious truth that the facts are now better understood than formerly. Let these facts be patiently studied, and the character of our forefathers, whatever their imperfections and ignorance, will be regarded as amongst the most heroic specimens of our race.

Tales of Flemish Life. By Hendrik Conscience. pp. 364.
Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

THIS is the third volume of 'Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature,' and unless we are much mistaken it will be more popular than either of its predecessors. We say this without intending to disparage 'Jokai's Hungarian Sketches,' or 'Hettner's Athens and the Peloponnese,' of which we have already spoken highly. The present volume contains four tales, 'The Recruit,' 'Mine Host Gansendonck,' 'Blind Rosa,' and 'The Poor Nobleman.' These tales are described by the author as 'simple as the soil from which they grew, they are diametrically opposed to the reigning fashion; they are no medley of blood, thieves' slang, dishonour, connubial infidelity, barefaced debauchery, mocking unbelief, or destructive or morbid despondency; they do not make the reader anxious about his own virtue, or the future of humanity. No, no; the demon of Despair and Hate finds here no place. Nature in her unspotted freshness has woven these tales out of humble material, here and there lighted up by the pure pearl of a human heart.' Though not written in the form of poetry, they breathe its genuine spirit—the fine instincts, tender susceptibilities, and yearning humanities of the true disciple of Parnassus. The volume has strong distinctive points of interest which lay hold of the sympathies of the reader, and sustain him in a state of deep and permanent interest. It is the best book of the kind with which we have met for a long time,

and by its quiet, simple, and graphic sketches, admits us into the very heart of Flemish humble life. Pure and chaste in sentiment, unaffected in style, and exquisitely tender in its delineations of human character and passion, the volume is sure to prove an acceptable companion. It cannot be lost amidst the cloud of fictitious publications. It has strong points of individuality, and opens up a world of feeling and an order of domestic habits strikingly distinct from what prevails around us. Each of the tales has a sombre hue. There is nothing joyous in them, and it is a striking fact, the philosophy of which may well engage attention, that the fictions of our continental neighbours generally bear the impress of sorrow. The first tale, entitled 'The Recruit,' is our favorite. It is a lovely narrative, simply and tenderly told, of the faithful love of a Flemish girl. We pity the reader who can peruse it without emotion. For ourselves, we are free to confess that it has touched us deeply, and we are glad that the author has introduced some bright tints at the close of his sketch. We will not forestall the pleasure of the reader by saying more. We give the volume a hearty welcome, and assure our readers that they will be much pleased with its perusal.

The Acts of the Apostles; or, The History of the Church in the Apostolic Age. By M. Baumgarten, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, and Professor in the University of Rostock. Translated from the German by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. Vols. I. and II. *The Same.* Translated from the German by the Rev. Theod. Meyer. 8vo. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

IN our notice of the German edition of this work we unreservedly expressed a very high opinion of its value, declaring that of all the literary productions which had been occasioned by the Tübingen school, not one of them approached 'either in present interest or permanent value this admirable book.*' Its merits were termed 'pre-eminent,' and the appearance of this translation was anticipated with unfeigned pleasure. To these opinions we still adhere, and now that the translation is before us, we strongly commend it to that numerous class of readers who greatly need the aid it supplies, without being qualified to avail themselves of its assistance in a German form. The first and second volumes are translated by Mr. Morrison, who is already favorably known to the public as the translator of 'Ritter's History of Philosophy' and other works. Mr. Morrison being prevented by affliction from completing the work, the third volume has been intrusted to Mr. Meyer, Hebrew Tutor in the New College of Edinburgh. Contrary to the usual course, the three volumes are issued together, which has arisen, not from the design of the publishers, but from the fact that they have been prevented from supplying their subscribers with another volume of Hengstenberg's 'Christology,' by the personal and family affliction of that learned author. So far as the work before us is concerned, we do not regret what has occurred, as we cordially join in the opinion expressed by many competent judges, that a better book, or one more suited to the requirements of the theologian, does not exist in our language.

* Eclectic Review, February, 1854.

degree. Few men do. But his fitness for his task is, at least, respectable, and he has produced a volume of solid excellence. If we receive no important additions to our knowledge; if we are not surprised by originality nor dazzled by brilliance; if we are not compelled to admire profound reflectiveness, or life-like portraiture; if we meet not with the pith and shrewdness of Bishop Hall or the resurrection power of Mr. Maurice, still there is a large sphere for praise. Good common sense, competent knowledge, painstaking diligence, a serious practical spirit, and a sound English style, have secured a clear and interesting narration of facts, a correct description of the more prominent features of scene and character, and a goodly amount of profitable instruction. The work will be read with pleasure and advantage by a numerous class, to whom, with best wishes for its success, we commend it.

The Concessions of the Apostle Paul, and the Claims of the Truth.

From the French of Count Agénor de Gasparin, Author of 'The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith.' pp. 160. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1854.

THE first of these Essays has not appeared before; the second is a translation from the 'Archives du Christianisme.' The author is known by many in this country through his work, 'The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith.' He wields a vigorous pen. His convictions are distinct and strong; he pays a profound allegiance to truth; and he has a very forcible manner of expression. It would not be easy to select a theme more needing the treatment of a clear mind and honest conscience than that of our author, who is but too correct when he says that 'we live in a period of utilitarianism and accommodation. Never, perhaps, have interests been preferred to principles more impudently and invariably; never has faith in the absoluteness of truth been so much weakened.' The first essay is designed to defend Paul from the charge or commendation (as different schools might account it) of teaching and applying the maxim that 'the end justifies the means.' It maintains that the apostle made no concession to error or sin—that the institutions of the Old Law were not implicitly abolished 'in the introduction of the Gospel, but that there was a period of transition allowed, during which Jewish Christians might innocently observe ancient customs, and that this period extended to the publication of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The second essay is a noble assertion of the absolute claims of truth, in opposition to its accommodation in teaching, to the preference of practical teaching to abstruse doctrine, to the toleration of harmless errors, and to ecclesiastical association with its enemies. The whole work is eminently wholesome and seasonable.

Sermons preached at St. Thomas's Square Chapel, Hackney. By Henry Forster Burder, D.D. 8vo. London: Ward & Co. 1854.

THIS is a selection from more than five thousand sermons, preached by Dr. Burder in his own pulpit, at Hackney. They are thirty in number,

and on miscellaneous topics, including four on 'The Law of the Sabbath,' reprinted from a small volume published more than twenty years ago. Dr. Burder sends forth this volume in compliance with the very natural desire of the congregation over which he presided so long. To them and to their children it will be a suitable memorial of an unusually long and honored service in the church, and a perpetual instructor in the grand truths which made that long service sacred. Dr. Burder may be congratulated on the appearance of such a volume, however, independently of its pastoral associations. Every one of them might be taken as a favourable specimen of calm, clear, and elevating address to a Christian assembly, correct in sentiment, chaste in style, and breathing a mildly affectionate spirit. That on 'The Sovereignty of God,' in the 'Election of Grace,' is an excellent discussion of a doctrine seldom treated with so much scriptural learning and theological skill, combined with reverence for the majesty of God, as displayed in his holiness and in his love. The sermon on 'Sanctification' is a remarkably happy instance of *direct* practical address. The name of the venerable preacher is a guarantee for the sound and sober contents of this volume, and our readers may be assured that they are worthy of that name.

Why Weepest Thou? or, the Cry from Ramah hushed by the Voice from Heaven. In Letters, Memorial, Consolatory, and Radical. A Manual for Bereaved Parents. By the Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D. Second Thousand. London: Nisbet & Co. 1854.

DR. MACFARLANE has here turned to good account the experience of his own sorrows and consolations. His subject is one which never fails to be seasonable in the vale of tears through which we are all travelling to the grave. His established reputation as a writer will be confirmed, and his usefulness greatly extended, by this pleasing little volume. 'The Dirge of Childhood' is a sweet and touching lyric, worthy of being set to music by a composer such as Miss Lindsay, who has distinguished herself so much by her spirit-stirring 'Excelsior.' The 'Letters Consolatory,' or 'Childhood Salvation,' are wisely adapted to soothe the grief of mourning parents. We have no doubt that this tribute of the heart will find many a grateful response.

Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. By the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 273. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

WE should have been glad if this volume had fallen in our way in time to be duly noticed in our recent article on Lord Bacon. Such, however, was not the case; and we must now content ourselves with calling attention to it, and in strongly recommending its careful perusal. The Essay on Lord Bacon, extending to seventy-one pages, was read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1818, and is now reprinted from its 'Transactions.' It is not so much an exposition of the Baconian philosophy as an attempt to trace out its influence on the investigations and works of subsequent authors. A wide view is

taken of its range, which is shown to be identical with the limits of accurate science.

The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh is much more extensive, and originally appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' of which Mr. Napier became editor on the retirement of Lord Jeffrey, in 1829. The Biography of Raleigh had previously existed in a very incomplete state; and though the limits of this Essay preclude a thorough investigation of many of the topics which it raises, yet the diligent research, independent inquiry, and sound judgment of the writer have done much to elucidate some points of considerable interest. The career of Sir Walter Raleigh is at once instructive and interesting. There are few pieces of biography in our language to compare with it in these respects. He anticipated the views of some of our most enlightened modern colonial reformers, and broached principles on commercial matters which have but recently been reduced to practice. On some other points he partook of the worst features of his times, and his character was open to many and very serious exceptions. The elucidation of such a career, supplied in the volume before us, is a very valuable addition to our historical literature, and we heartily commend it to our readers. The two Essays, though very different in subject, are alike attractive, and will amply repay the labor of attentive perusal.

1. *The Sacraments.* An Inquiry into the Nature of the Symbolic Institutions of the Christian Religion, usually called the Sacraments. By Robert Halley, D.D. Part I.
2. *The Doctrine of Original Sin; or, the Native State and Character of Man Unfolded.* By the Rev. George Payne, LL.D.
3. *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament Unfolded, and its points of Coincidence or Antagonism with prevailing Systems indicated.* By the Rev. S. Davidson, D.D., LL.D.
4. *The Work of the Spirit.* By William Hendry Stowell, D.D. 12mo. London: Jackson and Walford.

THESE volumes constitute the third issue of a new and uniform edition of the 'Congregational Lecture,' and will be welcomed by many who were deterred from purchasing the original edition, by its comparatively high price. The four volumes, like their predecessors, are published at twelve shillings, and we are glad to hear that the success of the experiment has been decided. We hope that this fact will encourage the publishers, together with other bibliopolists, to issue cheap editions of standard works, so that the great body of our countrymen may be able to possess themselves of our best works on terms that are compatible with their means. We need scarcely say that the treatises constituting the 'Congregational Lecture' are of universal interest. The topics which they treat of pertain to all classes of religionists. A copy of the work, to say the least, should now be found in the family library of every congregationalist, and other bodies of Christians will find their advantage in closely studying the pages of these admirable treatises. The multiplication of such editions is one of the best services which can be rendered to our countrymen.

Mornings with Jesus. A Series of Devotional Readings for the Closet and the Family. By the late Rev. William Jay. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 502. London: Shaw.

WE regard with suspicion the class to which this volume belongs. It is so customary to collect the scraps of distinguished men in the hope of making something by them, that respect both for the dead and for the living compels us to receive such volumes with mistrust. This feeling is strengthened when the publication is anonymous. In such cases we suspect that the commercial element exists in larger measure than the religious, and would put our readers on their guard against being duped out of their time and money. Such were the feelings with which we sat down to the examination of this volume, and they were deepened by the fact that the name of the editor is not given either on the title-page or at the close of the preface. It is, however, simple truth to state, that our impression has been greatly modified by the examination we have instituted. The short papers of which the volume consists are said to be 'faithful transcripts' of the pulpit ministrations of Mr. Jay, and we are free to acknowledge that, in many cases, they bear strong internal indications of this. Shorthand notes of Mr. Jay's Sermons were taken down during the last twenty-five years of his ministry, out of which this 'series of devotional readings' has been compiled. The volume will prove an acceptable present to many; but we strongly demur to the right of any one thus to drag an eminent man before the public, more especially if the profits of the work are to be devoted to a personal object.

College-Education and Self-Education. A Lecture delivered in University College, London, October 17th, 1854, by David Masson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 22. London: Walton & Maberly.

AN admirable Lecture, full of sound philosophy, based on the most certain of all grounds—common sense. We have seldom read a prelection with so much pleasure, and strongly recommend it to our readers as pervaded by shrewd observation, sound judgment, and a large philosophy. The style of the Lecture is clear, masculine, and scholarlike. On one point we must enter an exception: Mr. Masson is evidently an advocate of governmental education. We deem it unsound in principle and pernicious in operation. Popular education has no more zealous advocate than ourselves; but in proportion as we prize it, is our anxiety to keep it free from the taint of state patronage and control.

Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera. By John Oldmixon, Esq., Commander, R.N. Post 8vo. pp. 409. London: Longman & Co.

WE cannot speak as highly of this work as of Lord Carlisle's volume, which we noticed in December. Commander Oldmixon passed over much of the ground travelled by that nobleman, but the contrast between the *spirit* of the two works is most striking. It is, indeed, as the author observes, 'a variety, from its strong contrast to the inva-

riable *couleur de rose* sunny pictures we have of France, Italy, and the East.' The language of complaint seems quite natural to the author. He grumbles from the beginning to the close of his volume. Few things are to his taste; and the reception, or, rather, want of reception, which he encountered from British authorities, was a source of perpetual annoyance. The judgments passed on what he saw are hasty and ill-tempered, and the multiplication of such travellers would be amongst the worst things which could happen for the popularity of our countrymen through Europe and in the East. It would be easy to afford several striking examples, but we content ourselves with expressing a hope that when Commander Oldmixon again sets forth on his travels he will be in a happier and more joyous mood than that with which he started on the journey detailed in the present volume.

Rural and Historical Gleanings from Eastern Europe. By Miss A. M. Birkbeck. For the Author. London: Darton & Co.

IN this very original and charming work there is not one chapter but will furnish the reader with good pasture for both entertainment and instruction. Rich in matter as the work is, one place after another is portrayed with striking reality, and peopled with persons and characters with whom we are even less familiar than the localities they inhabit. Take for example the vivid picture of Life on the Puszta, one of those vast plains so common in Eastern Europe; or the graphic descriptions of the semi-barbarous border races, the Croats and Serbians, the warlike and intelligent Szeklers, or the mysterious Cigany or Gypsies, all brought before our mind's eye in a like clear and spirited manner, and illustrated with numerous anecdotes and legends. In all relating to Hungary, there is a touching pathos which proves how faithfully Miss Birkbeck has preserved the characteristic spirit of the original communications which, as she informs us, were gleaned partly from the exiles whom the shock of the political earthquake of 1848 cast upon our shores. Indeed, throughout the work Miss Birkbeck deserves great praise for the masterly and elegant way in which she has reproduced these most interesting and novel series of sketches, which, as delineations of rural life in Hungary, may, perhaps, be regarded as the best of the kind yet brought before the English public. The historical portion of the work, which comprises the Golden Age, the Iron Age, and the New Era of Hungary, is equally worthy of mention, and possesses sterling value, from its evident authenticity. So many and forcible are the attractions of this volume that it has already gone through a second edition.

A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol. By a Non-Combatant. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

THIS is a very light book on a very heavy subject. We can only suppose that the author's motive in quitting his quarters in the Temple to visit the scene of carnage in the Crimea was that of Sheridan in descending a coal mine; that of being able to say that

he had done it. His sojourn at the seat of war occupied but a week or two, and his position was fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, such as not to allow of his witnessing the details of the only grand battle which was fought during his stay. His statements, however, bear upon them all the marks of intelligent veracity, and corroborate but too faithfully both the sufferings and the merits of the British army. In speaking of the hospital at Scutari, for example, he reports 'that so many of the rooms are occupied by wounded Russians that some of our countrymen are lying in the passages.' He notes 'the daily rations as one pound and a half of biscuit, one pound of salt meat, and half a gill of rum. Coffee,' he says, 'is also served out; but I have not taken pains to ascertain the exact quantity, seeing that it is given the men, not only unground, but raw, and they have nothing either to roast or grind it with.' We note this latter statement because, while it has been positively asserted in numerous letters from the camp, it was distinctly denied by a Cabinet Minister in his place in Parliament. The wretched paucity of surgeons and suitable assistants he shows with an evident truthfulness that defies contradiction, and, indeed, makes it manifest that much of the mortality in our army is owing to this lamentable deficiency. He gives instances of officers who have been recovered from cholera by hours of friction, and very naturally adds, 'But who is to apply such protracted remedies to the common soldier? It can only be done by retaining a far greater number of hospital assistants.' His comparison of the facilities of cookery in the French and English armies furnishes one illustration of many of the great superiority of our allies in all preparations and appliances for a campaign. Indeed, the whole result of this sketchy but evidently truthful book confirms the universal conclusion of the British press,—that the disasters we have suffered in this war are owing to no considerations or results of economy, but solely to the incapacity of our Ministers and to the radical viciousness of our system of military appointments.

The Old Chelsea Bun-House. A Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' Post 8vo. pp. 335. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

ANOTHER volume from the prolific pen of the author of 'Y^e Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell' is sure to meet with a cordial reception. She has taken her place amongst the favorites of a large class of English readers, and though her appearances are somewhat too frequent, and marks of haste are occasionally apparent, her hold on the kindly feeling and confidence of her readers continues undiminished. The present volume will not impair her reputation. It is certainly not inferior to its predecessors, and there are passages in it of superior worth and beauty. The interest of the volume centres around the Old Chelsea Bun-House, where Mrs. Patty and her sister Prudence, with their father and mother, keep house. The place is resorted to, after the fashion of the times, by persons of quality, and the opportunity is taken to sketch their conversation and character in

a style which illustrates the manners of the day, and throws light on the social habitudes of our forefathers. There is considerable skill and tact evinced in the sketch of character and in the quiet evolution, if such it may be termed, of the plot. Mrs. Patty and Mrs. Gatty are not quite to our mind, though very estimable and good. They want points of strong interest and individuality which should render them the objects of more intense regard. There is greater skill in the sketch of Mr. Honeywood; indeed, we question if the author has ever succeeded better than in this portrait. Cousin Tom is also, we confess, a favorite with us; young, volatile, and loquacious, he is a genuine specimen of the sailor class, who with much appearance of what is superficial and versatile really possesses a fund of deep and permanent feeling. We need scarcely add, that in tenderness and purity the Old Chelsea Bun-House is a model. It would be well for our people if their literature had always been pervaded by so chaste a spirit as prevails throughout this volume.

The War: Who's to Blame? or the Eastern Question Investigated from the Official Documents. By James M'Queen, Esq., F.R.G.S. 8vo. pp. 408. London: James Madden.

WE know nothing of Mr. M'Queen, and have, therefore, no standing quarrel with him. The present is his first introduction to us, and we enter on the examination of his volume without prejudice or ill will. A more unsatisfactory one we have never read. He professes to have examined—and in one sense he has done so—the voluminous document relating to the 'Eastern Question,' published by the British Government, and the conclusion at which he has arrived is, he tells us, 'that his country was completely wrong in the proceedings which have led to the terrible contest into which she has unguardedly rushed.' He assures us that the tales circulated respecting the menaces and threat of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople, 'were all Turkish, French, and English fabrications,' and that 'France and England are solely and entirely to blame for the melancholy results that have taken place.' These extracts from his preface will sufficiently disclose Mr. M'Queen's views, and the examination of his volume has only served to convince us that the caution and impartiality of his research bear no proportion to the strength and acrimony of his statements. A more one-sided and prejudiced exposition of a case we never witnessed. What makes in his favor is magnified, and what tells against it is overlooked. There is a singular neglect throughout the volume of the simplest rules of evidence applicable to such a case. We hate war as much as Mr. M'Queen or any other man can do, but have no hesitation in saying that if ever war was justifiable, the present is so; that it has arisen from the ambition and perfidy of the Russian Government, and must be prosecuted to a successful issue if the interests of civilization and good government are to be advanced. The unscrupulous manner in which Mr. M'Queen advocates the policy of Russia begets suspicions which we are unwilling to admit.

The Rose and the Ring ; or, the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fire-side Pantomime for Great and Small Children. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1855.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH furnishes the justifying precedent to all men of genius who have either the inclination or the necessity to devote their pen to the amusement of childhood, though the juvenile admirers of 'Jack the Giant Killer' and similar romances little think they are studying the author of 'The Deserted Village,' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Mr. Thackeray has chosen to tread in his steps in producing this fairy tale. Like all other fairy tales, it disarms by the humility of its pretensions any severity of criticism. It shows incessantly the touches of his genius and of his frolicsome humour. Whether it is worthy of Thackeray's talents and literary position is a matter which we might feel inclined to dispute; but his grotesque pictorial illustrations and the genuine fun which pervades this annual trifle will at least excite that merry juvenile laughter which in this country is the immemorial accompaniment and the indoor carol of Christmas festivities. The devotion of talent and skill to the entertainment of childhood is an act which lays a strong hold upon our sympathies, and it is this feeling alone that leads us to commend a volume, which, bearing such a name, we should otherwise be inclined to except against as trivial and unworthy. Mr. Thackeray has achieved a high fame, and one eminent contemporary of his should be a warning to him not to fritter it away by Christmas tales, which, with such authorship, can never be praised, however they may be tolerated by the kindly sentiments of the season.

The Iliad of Homer. With Notes. By W. G. J. Baxter. London : Longman & Co. 1854.

OUR predominant feeling in closing this volume is one of regret to see so much diligence hopelessly wasted. If the reader is acquainted with the distortions of the Scottish version of the Psalms he will understand us when we say that its faults are exaggerated in these stanzas to such a degree as to make it most difficult to perceive the meaning of passages, which in the original are simplicity itself. Horace says of poems, *dulcia sunt*, and compares all which do not charm to discordant music and rancid perfumes introduced at a banquet. On this principle the harshness and difficulty of this metrical version of Homer, whoever it may occasionally amuse, by the dexterity with which it fulfils its self-imposed and hard conditions, can never please, still less charm, and therefore never can nor will be read. With all the excellence of its 'getting up,' it must, we fear, come to the vile uses of the trunk maker.

How to Learn Latin ; or, Artificial Memory Applied to Latin Words. By Arthur J. King. London : Jarrold and Sons.

If the learning of Latin necessitated only a knowledge of the meaning of Latin words, Mr. King's book would better deserve its title. As, however, there is involved a knowledge of all the changeful laws—we

might almost say the metaphysics—of syntax, this work goes but a little way towards the fulfilment of its pretended design. Nevertheless it is an aid, well meant, and diligently executed, and cannot be without its advantage. The work is too good to be overlaid by a defective title.

Dante. A Divine Comedy. Translated from the Original by Thomas Brooksbank, M.A. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

THIS is a very happy reproduction of the original. The versification, in Dante's own metre, is most felicitous; and though every work, especially a poem, must suffer by translation, it is only doing the author justice to say that this is one of the most elegant metrical versions that have ever come under our notice; that his notes indicate a complete acquaintance with his author, and with all that classical and collateral learning necessary for the illustration of the Divine Comedy; and that the work deserves, and will, we hope, receive at other hands a more full and fitting examination than our space at present permits.

Thirteen Satires of Juvenal. The Latin Text of Otto Jahn. Edited with English Notes. By J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., &c. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1863.

MR. MAYOR has here given us the purest text of the Satires of Juvenal, omitting three, which, like some passages which he has suffered to remain, are far too obscene for the eyes of the young. The notes, which are very copious, are admirable for their learning; but as the work is intended for a school book, we must charge the author with the mistake of giving nine-tenths of them in Latin (which he might just as well have translated), and thus of safely securing them from the perusal of the very students for whom they are intended. No other school edition of Juvenal will be needed so long as the teacher can obtain the admirable edition printed for the use of one of our military academies, we think we are right in naming Sandhurst.

Classical Instruction; its Use and Abuse. Reprinted from the 'Westminster Review' for October 1853. London: John Chapman.

THIS work indicates the abuses to which classical study as at present conducted is open, and advocates wisely, as we think, the principle that, as the observation of objects naturally and necessarily precedes the exercise of reflection, and the practice of the higher intellectual arts, so the studies connected with this should precede those of classical literature, which have hitherto almost monopolized the field of high education. It is too late in the day to disparage those classical studies to which in some measure we owe our greatest works and our greatest men. The tendencies of the present age point to a wider range and a juster distribution of the subjects of study, and of the time employed in their pursuit. A vast array of intellectual and literary ability, and of public sentiment opposes the revolution advocated, but the writer has truth on his side, which must ultimately prevail, however illustrious may be the opponents who fall in the conflict.

Ethel; or, the Double Error. By Marian James. Crown 8vo. pp. 357. Edinburgh: James Hogg. — This volume is reprinted from the new series of 'Hogg's Instructor,' where the tale originally appeared under a different title. It is one of a numerous class which has recently come south, and is distinguished by much of the gracefulness, tact, and brilliancy, which with purity and tenderness constitute the best charms of female authorship. There are some passages in the volume written with great power, but on one or two points a capital mistake has, in our judgment, been made. The marriage of Ethel with Courtayne is out of harmony with the otherwise truthful character of the former, and the tenacity with which Philip clung to his artistic pursuits in Italy, and remained insensible to all other attractions, violates the probabilities of the case. Notwithstanding these and one or two other exceptions, which might easily be taken, we have read the volume with very sincere pleasure, and cordially recommend it to our readers.

The Conduct of the War. A Speech delivered in the House of Commons on Tuesday, 12th December. By the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P. 8vo. pp. 32. London: John Murray.

The Prospects and Conduct of the War. Speech delivered in the House of Commons on December 12th, 1854. By Austen Henry Layard, M.P. 8vo. pp. 33. London: John Murray. — These two speeches exhibit the strength and the weakness of the ministerial case, so far as the *conduct* of the Russian war is concerned. They were delivered on the same occasion, and Mr. Herbert's was, we have reason to believe, most effective at the moment. In matters of detail he was on many points clearly triumphant, but we are free to confess that on the larger and more important view of the case the honorable member for Aylesbury appears to us to have the advantage. Whilst believing that there has been exaggeration in some of the charges preferred against the ministry, we are clearly of opinion that they have

not realized the importance of the struggle on which we have entered, nor are their principles in its conduct such as promise the issue expected. A *coalition* administration is not likely to make that direct and earnest appeal to the popular sympathies of Europe by which alone a result can be obtained commensurate with the cost incurred. Our hope is that the course of events will carry them beyond their original desire, or that other men with larger views and more popular sympathies will take their place. In the meantime we recommend to our readers to familiarize themselves with the statements and reasonings of these speeches.

The New Household Receipt Book. Containing Maxims, Directions, and specifics for Promoting Health, Comfort, and Improvement in the Household. By Mrs. Sarah Hale. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 631. London: T. Nelson & Sons. — A companion volume to the 'Modern Household Cookery,' which we noticed last month, and belonging like it to 'Nelson's Household Library.' It contains a large collection of rules and receipts, with a vast deal of information on matters connected with a well ordered house. Mrs. Hale has rendered good and acceptable service in this compilation of maxims and specifics; and has given in a concise but complete volume a satisfactory course of instruction on all matters essential to those who undertake the important duty of managing a household.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Vols. I. and II. Foolscap 8vo. London: John W. Parker & Son. — These volumes belong to the 'Annotated Edition of the English Poets,' and we shall content ourselves at present with reporting simply their appearance. On the completion of the edition we shall record at large our judgment on its qualities, and in the meantime we express the pleasure we derive from the appearance of so neat, intelligent, and critical an edition of the 'Father of English Poetry.' The modes and usages he portrayed have long since

vanished; yet his pictures retain their original freshness and fascination.

The Census and Sunday-schools.—An Appeal addressed to the Conductors of Schools. By the Committee of the Sunday-school Union. London Sunday-school Union.—A careful analysis of the recent census, so far as Sunday-schools are concerned; with pertinent remarks and admirable counsels suggested by the census, and well adapted to the condition and requirements of such as are engaged in Sunday-school instruction. The committee of the Union has done wisely in issuing such an appeal, and the low price (two-pence) at which it is published should secure its very general circulation.

The Congregational Year-Book for 1855. Containing the Proceedings of the Congregational Union for 1854, and General Statistics of the Denomination. 8vo. pp. 304. London: Jackson & Walford.—In addition to a calendar supplying the ordinary information chronicled in such things, this very valuable publication contains a list of Congregational ministers throughout the British empire; the addresses delivered at the Spring and Annual meetings of the Congregational Union of 1854; biographical notices of ministers deceased during the year; and various other matters specially connected with the Congregational body, but not without interest to others. Such a body of information has never been collected before, and the low price at which the volume is published greatly facilitates its circulation. We are glad to learn that the sale for 1854 reached nearly 5000, being about 400 more than that of the former year. We strongly recommend the 'Year Book' to all our readers, and especially to those who are members of the Congregational body.

The Political Almanack and Reformer's Handbook for 1855. Fcap. pp. 96. London: William Freeman.—A very useful book of reference which supplies an able resumé of the political and other important facts of the past year. The intelligence is

brought down to a very recent period, and the opinions expressed are distinct and thorough-going.

Voyages and Discoveries in the Arctic Regions. Edited by F. Mayne. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 140. London: Longman & Co.—The seventy-third number of the 'Traveller's Library,' the greater part of which appeared some six months ago in a periodical publication. The events which have recently occurred naturally gave rise to the wish that the papers should be issued in a separate form. To this the author has acceded, and has added to her narrative two chapters embodying the most recent accounts of Arctic enterprise that have reached us. We need hardly recommend such a volume. It is sure to find readers, each one of whom will be deeply interested in the adventures and privations of our enterprising countrymen.

The Discontented Children, and how they were Cured. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. With Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). London: Grant & Griffith.—This small volume teaches a very useful lesson, in a style well suited to interest young readers. We have witnessed its effect in our own circle, and can strongly recommend it to the favor of our friends.

Sabbath Evenings at Calvary. By Rev. J. Logan Aikman, F.S.A. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.—This work is full of sound theology—the old evangelical truth which alone can satisfy the wants of the human spirit; but it is expressed with a literary smartness which is not usually found in pulpit compositions, but which we should like to see more cultivated than it is. Evidently it is the production of a scholar who, believing that divine truth is ever the same, perceives no necessity why the forms of stating it should be stereotyped. It has, within a very short period, reached a third edition; and we are much mistaken if 'Sabbath Evenings at Calvary' does not become a favourite among the well-educated classes of the religious community on both sides the Tweed.

Review of the Month.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA, in which we are unhappily engaged, continues to rage, if it may not rather be said to languish. It has already taught this country two momentous lessons; the one which it had previously learned from the feebler teaching of history—a lesson new to the present generation in so far as it could have been learned experimentally—namely, the general horrors and sufferings necessarily resulting from the collision of armed powers in the field of battle. Thousands of British families who had heretofore known of these only by tradition have now become acquainted with them by the most mournful experience. The second lesson is more urgent in all respects, but chiefly because it demands the most instant and determined public action. This is that the horrors of war may be aggravated in a ten-fold degree by the domestic mischief of military non-organization and official incapacity and corruption.


If the ordinary sources of public information are to be trusted, but a small proportion of our soldiers who have perished in the Crimea have been destroyed by the enemy, and four or five times that number have died through the culpable neglect of our officials at home and abroad. It may be said that nearly half a century of peace has naturally witnessed the decease of those who were practically acquainted with all the necessary devices and appliances of war. To a certain extent this is a justifiable excuse; but on the other hand, it should be recollected that during that period this country has borne an enormous annual expense for the maintenance of a war establishment;—that its rulers have had the advantage of the traditions of the great European strife which terminated forty years ago, and subsequently of victories and disasters in India and Southern Africa. But even apart from this experience the conduct of the Government appears to us utterly unjustifiable. A system of corrupt patronage has loaded our army with utterly incapable men; while the scheme of home administration, the clashing powers, or rather impotencies, of a number of expensive state departments, could not have been more conducive to perplexity, inaction, and disaster, if a deep conspiracy had planned these fatal results. In the last session of Parliament the offices of Secretary of State, of the Colonial Department, and that of the Secretaryship of War were separated, but the separation was so effected as only to create increased embarrassment, for the Secretary *at War* was retained with a control over every measure that involved expenditure. Hence, instead of an undivided responsibility, we still have the Ordnance, the Treasury, the Horse Guards, the War Office, and the Home Office clashing with each other, and by their mutual jealousies, and we fear we must add by their common indolence, embarrassing public business when it is of the last importance that it should be conducted with promptitude and undivided responsibility.

The pernicious consequences of the disorder and delay thus occasioned have been fatally exhibited in the Crimean campaign. Our soldiers have perished by thousands for want of those arrangements which would have been easily made by any of our large mercantile firms. Our transport service has been an utter failure. Waggon trains we have none. Our hospital arrangements have been fatal even to our convalescent troops. Our medical staff has been miserably insufficient. Medicines, nurses, and appropriate diet have alike been wanting; and our soldiers slightly wounded have perished from the hospital pestilence, the effluvia of which could be perceived outside the walls of those miserable buildings. No landing places have been constructed for the reception of our abundant stores and munitions. No roads were made for their conveyance from the harbour to the camp; and our soldiers have perished for want of food, clothing, and shelter, all of which had been supplied in abundance from this country, and might have been conveyed in two hours to our suffering troops.

That this is not dependent upon unavoidable conditions is shown by the judicious appointments, and consequently the comparative comfort of the French troops in the same climate, and in sight of our camp. Their excellent commissariat, landing-places, and roads, show in striking contrast to our wretched arrangements; and but for their generous assistance, it is impossible to say what might have been the condition of the relics of our army. We have reason to know that an invaluable consignment which one department of the Government was most anxious to send, and for want of which our brave soldiers were dying, was so delayed that the vessel which should have conveyed it was in the Mediterranean before the order could pass through the labyrinth of conflicting offices whose sanction was required for its transmission.

A still more monstrous case has recently been made public. 'A vessel arrived at Balaklava loaded with boots and shoes. Having no bill of lading, and the cargo being merely stated as shoes for the army, the vessel was ordered out of the harbour to wait her turn. A few days afterwards an order came from Lord Raglan to obtain a vessel to proceed to Constantinople instantly on a most pressing service. This vessel was consequently ordered to proceed to Constantinople, with Lord Raglan's agents, without unloading. When she had nearly reached that place one of the agents imparted in confidence to the captain that he was going to Constantinople to purchase boots and shoes, the army being in a great state of destitution for want of a supply. The captain replies, 'Why, my vessel is filled with boots and shoes.' Upon which the ship was put immediately about and returned to Balaklava.'

To remedy the frightful evils thus developed by the new condition of a European war, public opinion, as enunciated through the press, appears unanimously to have insisted upon two points. The first is the entire reconstruction of our administrative arrangements, so that the governmental departments may not neutralize each other; and the second is the abolition of that system of promotion to office which excludes all consideration of merit and service, and consults



alone the conditions of aristocratic relationship and connexion. This leads us in passing to refer to Mr. Cobden's recent address, at Leeds, on the Russian war. In it we find much to occasion surprise and regret;—especially his attempt to show that the original design of this conflict was the restoration of certain oppressed nationalities, appears to us strikingly ill-judged and sophistical. In one of his remarks, however, we heartily concur. He says: 'All parties will agree that a more wretched exposure of our system of naval and military administration, a more clear manifestation of the total break down of aristocratic routine in matters of administration when that is brought to any strain or stress, could not have been elicited than has been done in the conduct of this war.'

But how, it must be inquired, is this universal feeling of the British public to find an organic expression, and an effectual embodiment? We answer fearlessly, that the experience alike of peace and of war points to one remedy and to one only—a Parliament which faithfully represents and reflects the opinions of the great body of the British people. If the statistics of education, if the administrative ability shown by the working classes of our countrymen, even in the erroneous courses to which they have been impelled by distress, fail to convince the legislature of the rightmindedness and intelligence of the great masses of their fellow-countrymen, let them commence or refresh a faith in the intelligence and patriotism of the humbler classes of society from the letters which they cannot have helped reading from the martyred privates of the Crimea. **THE HOUR IS COME AND THE MEN.**

Meanwhile Sardinia, though a portion of its territory is at this moment distracted by a conflict with the Vatican for the secularization of religious houses, has joined the alliance of the Western Powers, and supplied a reinforcement of 15,000 soldiers, which, with the army of Omar Pasha, now landed in the Crimea, and other auxiliaries speedily we hope to appear, present such a force as must compel the Czar to a submission that will secure a lasting peace to Europe.

THE SELF-IMPOSED MISSION OF MISS NIGHTINGALE and the nurses who form her charitable brigade to minister to the necessities of our sick and wounded fellow-subjects in the Crimea has been made the topic of severe animadversion by a portion of the public press, which demands an emphatic notice at the hand of every public journalist. If this melancholy and disastrous war has produced but two results honorable to the character of our country, they have been the intrepid bravery of our troops under every conceivable disadvantage, and the benevolence of our countrymen and countrywomen in coming forward under the pressure of extreme taxation to supplement, by their voluntary and beneficent exertions, the calamitous deficiency and neglect of our national administration. Every trade has contributed its voluntary quota, in the hope (frustrated, alas! by administrative incapacity) of soothing the woes of our devoted Crimean army. Meat and drink, medicine and convalescent diet, cordials and tobacco, have been consigned to those indolent vessels which were destined only to tantalize our suffering troops by their inaccessible proximity. This is bad

enough; but when ladies from our highest families voluntarily leave their homes of comfort and luxury, in order to give their gentle attentions, amidst privations which we cannot imagine, to their suffering fellow-countrymen, and are censured and sneered at for their pains, we cannot restrain the expression of our indignation. 'It was,' says the 'Times,' 'to Miss Nightingale that the thought first occurred—and eternal honour to her for the thought—that, whatever the sufferings of our soldiers in the mismanaged hospitals might be, the one sight that would raise their drooping spirits and cheer their failing hearts would be the presence of an Englishwoman among them.' The charges against her have been twofold, and we find it difficult to notice either of them without expressions which we should be unwilling to publish. The first accusation lies against her feminine delicacy. How much of delicacy, or even of common decency, can have characterized those who made this charge we will not stop to inquire; but we will say, that to attribute immodesty to a lady who seeks to mitigate the sufferings of soldiers writhing under amputations, fainting under gunshot wounds, or pining under the deadly stroke of epidemic disease, is too infamous to be characterized by language. The letters of private soldiers abundantly indicate the comfort they have received from Miss Nightingale and her associates. The head of the chaplain's department at Scutari writes in the 'Times':—'A considerable change is taking place in our band of nurses, in consequence of the arrival of fifty new ones, under Miss Stanley. Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge have gradually established the original band of nurses here, and this in spite of many and serious difficulties. What we all feared would be an impossibility has been admirably accomplished, and will, I doubt not, be continued with success.' The second charge brought against Miss Nightingale is, that she is heterodox in her religious views, and that, therefore, her administrations in our military hospitals in the East may be injurious to the orthodoxy of the sick and the dying. We do not know whether this charge should be met with the expressions of shame or of ridicule; we will first give the facts as stated by the wife of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary at War. She says in a letter which she felt herself compelled to write, though, no doubt, with great reluctance: 'Miss Nightingale is a member of the Established Church of England, and what is called rather Low Church.' And again, 'As to the charge of no Protestant nurses being sent, the subjoined list will convince you of its fallacy. We made no distinctions of creed; any one who was a good and skilful nurse, and understood the practice in surgical wards was accepted, provided, of course, that we had their friends' consent, and that in other respects, as far as one could judge, they were of unexceptionable character.' We have never seen a more painful exemplification than this of what has been called the *odium theologicum*, and the absurdity of the charge is still more striking than its bigotry. Many hundreds of languishing soldiers demanded the incessant attentions of Miss Nightingale. Insufficient appliances doubtless render her applications to her assistants almost incessant, and yet a bigoted section of the press sounds an alarm lest in plastering a wound she should infuse a

heterodox doctrine. The absurdity of such a suggestion relieves us from the necessity of a reply. Still we will give the statistics of the religious persuasion of the Scutari nurses, for the benefit of any whose timidity may have been misled by the rampant orthodoxy of a portion of the press. We name Mrs. Sidney Herbert as our authority.

LIST.

The first party of nurses, sent out on the 23rd of October, were Miss Nightingale and 38, viz. :—

From St. John's-house	6
From Miss Sellon's	8
Selected hospital nurses	14
Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity	10
	—
	38

The second party of nurses, sent out on the 2nd of December, were 47, viz. :—

From St. John's-house	2
Protestant ladies	10
Selected hospital nurses (Protestant)	20
Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity	15
	—
	47

Total, 86 nurses; of whom 60 are Protestants, and 26 Roman Catholics.

We lament to say that the number of sick and wounded who come under the care of Miss Nightingale and her colleagues, are far too great to allow of those common attentions which it is their self-imposed mission to render. If Miss Nightingale is to infuse heterodoxy into the minds of her suffering patients, her homilies must be remarkably brief. The dressing of an amputated thigh, and the probing for a gunshot wound in the side, afford but slight opportunities for dissertations upon sacramental efficacy and the doctrine of the real presence. Her mission is one of mere and necessary charity; and the fact of her undertaking it is of itself a proof that she is a follower of Him who went about doing good. In such a case we are content to set aside her opinions on theological points.

‘ Shall I ask the brave soldier that fights at my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree!’

Miss Nightingale has undertaken a mission that will immortalize her name. Her fair fame will not be damaged by the indelicate reflections that have been published against her delicacy. Moses had no time to discuss with his death-smitten followers the points of a ceremonial law, but simply raised before their eyes the brazen serpent; and if the toils of this lady admit of a moment of religious earnestness, we doubt not that she will point the dying sufferer to the glorious anti-type of that emblem. In this confidence, and in spite of the sneers of a bigoted press, we bid her God speed in her work, and trust to the

humane feelings of her nature that she will not apply consecrated fomentations, or administer to her patients heterodox gruel and tractarian sago.

PARLIAMENT RE-ASSEMBLED ON THE 23RD, and the nation was supremely anxious to mark its proceedings. Never, probably, has it been regarded with deeper or more earnest interest. One subject engaged universal attention. All classes of the community looked forward to its debates with intense solicitude, and hoped that some means would be devised, of extricating our brave countrymen in the Crimea from the terrible sufferings, to which ministerial incapacity and effete officialism had consigned them. Notices of motion were immediately given by the Earls Winchelsea and Grey in the Upper House, and by Mr. H. Drummond and Mr. Roebuck in the Commons. These were followed up on the 25th by Lord Lyndhurst, and everything presaged a severe and searching debate. In the mean time, rumors of division in the Cabinet were extensively prevalent, and the public journals reported that on the 24th, immediately after a protracted sitting of the Council, the Premier had repaired to Windsor, to have an audience with the Queen. By some it was supposed that Lord Aberdeen's object was to tender his own resignation; by others it was conjectured that the whole Cabinet had resigned; whilst a third party darkly insinuated that intrigues and personal ambition had availed themselves of the perplexities of the moment to compass their end. At length it was distinctly announced that Lord John Russell was the seceding party, and the impression instantly became universal that his retirement was decisive of the fate of the Cabinet. Such was the state of things when the Houses met on the 25th, and the Duke of Newcastle in the Lords, and Mr. Hayter in the Commons, announced that the noble member for London had resigned office. Under these circumstances the Houses adjourned to the next day, when the ex-President of the Council explained the grounds of his retirement. We have read Lord John's statement with much attention, and have no hesitation in saying that he has made out a strong case in his own vindication. Our only ground of exception respects the precise time when he resigned. We wish that it had been earlier. We think that it should have been so. Still, there is much to be pleaded on behalf of his Lordship in this matter. It required a very clear and undoubted case to justify his secession, and this scarcely existed at a period much antecedent to the present. It now appears that about the 17th of November his Lordship expressed to the Premier his great dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war, and proposed a new arrangement of offices, with a view of placing Lord Palmerston at the head of the War Department. To this Lord Aberdeen objected, alleging that he 'could not honestly recommend it to the Queen.' This was the time when Lord John Russell's resignation should have been tendered, and, for his own sake, we wish it had been. It must, however, be borne in mind that Lord Palmerston himself earnestly counselled his continuance in office, and that the other members of the Cabinet, with whom he was in the closest political alliance, joined in this advice. Mr. Roebuck's motion at length brought things to a

crisis. The ministerial leader of the Commons was not prepared to oppose it, yet saw strong objections to the mode of inquiry that was proposed. What may be the result of his resignation it is idle to speculate. One thing is significant. Lord Palmerston has been already, there is reason to believe, substituted in the place of the Duke of Newcastle, and the terms in which, following Lord John's statement, he referred to a former misunderstanding with his lordship, prepares us to see them in active and cordial co-operation.

Mr. Roebuck's motion 'For a select committee to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army,' was submitted on the 26th; and we deeply regret that the impaired health of the honorable member compelled him to refrain from the observations he had intended to offer in its support. Several members spoke, and the debate was ultimately adjourned to the 29th. Whatever vote may be taken on the motion, the coalition government may be regarded, we presume, as defunct. Whether the Whig members of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet will be able to constitute a stronger administration remains to be seen. Some expectations are entertained of Lord Derby's return to office, and of an appeal being instantly made to the country under the promise of an energetic and more skilful conduct of the war. For ourselves, we have no faith either in the stability of any administration or in the wisdom of its measures, until new men are introduced into official life. We want practical men, men conversant with business, accustomed to extensive and complicated arrangements, and qualified by actual experience to conduct to a successful issue those arrangements which become a perfect chaos in the hands of unpractised peers or more wealthy commoners. If Lord John Russell and his associates are prepared to avail themselves of the practical skill which is at their command, they may succeed. Otherwise, their failure will be signal and most disastrous.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Reformatory Schools in France and England. By Patrick Joseph Murray, Esq.
Comparative Statement of the Decimal Accounts and Coinage proposed to the Committee of the House of Commons, &c. By Theodore W. Rathbone, Esq.

Poems. By William Bell Scott.

The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems. By James D. Burns, M.A.

Edward Irving. An Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks.

Idyls and Songs. By Francis Turner Palgrave. 1848—1854.

The Two-fold Slavery of the United States. With a Project of Self-Emancipation. By Marshal Hall, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History. By Ann Hawkshaw.

The Sphere and Duties of Government. Translated from the German of Baron Wilhelm Von Humboldt by Joseph Coulthard, Jun.

Egypt's Place in Universal History. An Historical Investigation. In Five Books. By Christian C. J. Bunsen, D.Ph. & D.C.L. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cotterell, Esq., M.A. Vol. II.

The Geography of Herodotus Developed, Explained, and Illustrated from Modern Researches and Discoveries. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Plans.

A Letter to the Subscribers to the Eighth Edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on the Articles 'Calvin' and 'Channing' in the Sixth Volume of that Work. By John Gordon.

Life, Religious Opinions, and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon.

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language. Being an attempt to furnish an Improved Method of Teaching Grammar. (Abridged by the Author.) For the Use of Schools. By John Mulligan, A.M.

The Great Journey. A Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God. By the Author of 'The Faithful Promiser,' 'Morning and Night Watches,' &c. 3rd Edition.

The Stepping-Stone to Animal and Vegetable Physiology. By Mary Shield.

Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture. By Henry Barnard. 2nd Edition.

Poems. By Wm. Stephen Sandes.

The Village Bridal, and other Poems. With a Fragment of Autobiography. Also Two Lectures on 'The Poetry of Feeling and the Poetry of Diction,' and 'The Best Means of Elevating the Working Classes.' By James Henry Powell.

The Ballad of Babe Christabel; with other Lyrical Poems. By Gerald Massey. 4th Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

The Quiet Heart. By the Author of 'Katie Stewart.' 2nd Edition.

The Doctrines of the Bible Developed in the Facts of the Bible. With an Appendix, containing a Catechism on each Section for the Use of Families, Scripture Classes, and Schools. By Rev. George Lewis.

Studies from History. Vol. I. Richard I. and the Third Crusade, Mohammed II. and the Fall of the Greek Empire. By Rev. Wm. H. Rule.

Detached Thoughts and Apophthegms Extracted from some of the Writings of Archbishop Whately. First Series.

A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity. By Robert Wm. Mackay, M.A.

A Memoir of Anna Maria Clarke, Wife of the Rev. Thomas Clarke, B.A., Vicar of Mitcheldever, Hants. By her Son, the Rev. Thomas Grey Clarke, M.A.

The Claims of Capital and Labour. With a Sketch of Practical Measures for their Conciliation. A Paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society. By William Pare.

Discoveries in Chinese; or, the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing, as a Contribution to Philology and Ethnology, and a Practical Aid in the Acquisition of the Chinese Language. By Stephen Pearl Andrews.

A Third Gallery of Portraits. By George Gilfillan.

The Messiah, as Predicted in the Pentateuch and Psalms. Being a New Translation and Critical Exposition of these Ancient Oracles. By J. R. Wolfe.

The Morning Land. A Family and Jewish History. By the Author of 'Leila Ada,' 'Leila's Diary,' &c.

THE

Eclectic Review.

MARCH, 1855.

ART. I.—*Census of Great Britain.* Number and Distribution of the People. Ages of the People. Conjugal or Civil Condition of the People. Occupations and Birth-places of the People. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

2. *The Results of the Census of Great Britain in 1851.* London: Edward Cheshire; John W. Parker & Son.

THE census of Great Britain when first taken in 1801 was little more than an enumeration or roll-call of the people. Decade by decade, however, its range has been extended;—first, the ages came to be enumerated, and then the birth-places and occupations, and the last census has further embraced the conjugal or civil condition, the provision for religious worship and the extent of the private and public educational means of the nation. Although it cannot be affirmed that the details on each of these primary indications of the nation's status and condition are equally complete and exhaustive, it is unquestionable that they furnish data sufficiently accurate for a safe induction on many deeply interesting and some warmly contested questions of economic and social science. The indications, too, both of the habits of the people and the state of manners and of morals are many and significant; whilst the distinct and minute particulars which are afforded in the census of the occupations of the people, furnish ample means for determining with considerable precision the nature and value of the national industry, the degree in which it has availed itself of the aids of science, its effects in determining the aggregation of the population; and, as a collateral result, of rendering more potent and intense all the

means of social and intellectual progress, though not without intensifying also some of the causes of social and moral disorder.

The compass of a notice like the present altogether precludes the attempt, at a sketch merely, of all the great facts and conclusions of the census. Some of those facts and conclusions have already been dwelt upon in the 'Eclectic,' and will be referred to only as they may be necessary for the purpose of elucidating new conclusions. The main object now proposed is to develop the character of the nation's industry, and from that development to draw certain conclusions which it seems logically to warrant, relative to the state of the productive arts, and the social and moral condition of the people at large. A passing notice, however, must not be omitted on two important points,—firstly, the movement and distribution of the people, and, secondly, the relative ages of the people.

It was shown in a former article, that the proportions of the population located in the rural and the town districts respectively, are nearly equal, the former numbering 10,403,189, and the latter 10,556,288. It was also shown that more than *one-third* of the population is comprised in six principal manufacturing counties, and that, adding to these the population of London, the aggregate is nearly *one-half* the population of England and Wales, leaving the other half to the remaining thirty-two counties,—namely, twenty-two agricultural, three mining, and seven mixed agricultural and manufacturing counties. The table exhibiting these proportions is reproduced here, because the figures will be again referred to in the subsequent portion of this article.

	ENGLAND.		
	Population. 1801.	Population. 1861.	Increase. 1801 to 1861.
Six manufacturing counties	2,007,088	5,599,940	178 per cent.
Seven mixed manufacturing and agricultural counties	1,007,582	2,226,031	121 ..
Two metropolitan counties	1,087,172	2,562,627	130 ..
Three mining counties	394,212	899,176	129 ..
Twenty-two agricultural counties	3,835,280	5,602,234	48 ..
Total	8,331,434	16,881,008	102 per cent.

It would be a very absurd conclusion to suppose that these differences in the growth of the population, in the several sections of counties, as indicated in the last column, have arisen from corresponding differences in the prolificness of marriages. Not only is such a conclusion at variance with fact, but the tables of the census, which show the birth-places of the people in counties,

demonstrate that the more rapid growth of the four first groups as compared with the fifth group, has arisen from the transference of great numbers, year by year, from the fifth group into each of the others, and in the highest ratio to the metropolitan and the manufacturing counties. It is a moderate estimate, that betwixt the years 1801 and 1851, the vast number of 2,000,000 of people, born in the twenty-two agricultural counties, have emigrated into the four other sections of England. The causes of this movement of the population are obvious enough. Agriculture, though greatly improved as an art, demands fewer labourers, relatively to the immensely augmented acreable produce of the soil, whilst the wonderful applications of mechanical and chemical science to the manufacturing arts, and the vast extension of foreign commerce, have opened up an almost indefinite field for enterprise and the employment of labour there. It is equally obvious, too, that the aggregations of the manufacturing population have been determined by certain natural peculiarities in particular sites, such as the proximity of coal, ironstone, and limestone, the abundance of water power, and ready access to safe, capacious, and convenient ports. The movement of the population from the agricultural to the other counties is the principal but not the only one. No less than 2,685,747 persons have emigrated to Canada, the United States, Australia, and other parts of the world, thereby deducting largely, both for the moment, and prospectively, from the numbers of the people of Great Britain; but at the same time extending English civilization and the English language, and either rapidly augmenting nations of British origin, founded in America during the last two centuries, or peopling new regions where the Anglo-Saxon race seems destined to found a third great offshoot from the original stock, and where, hitherto, though the world has existed very nearly to 6000 years of duration, civilization has had no habitation. A third great movement of the population has been from Ireland to Great Britain. The cause of this movement need not be pointed out; the results, however, are interesting and important. The tables of the birth-places of the population show that in 1851, there were in England and Wales 519,959, and in Scotland 207,367 persons of Irish birth. If to these be added the descendants of persons of Irish birth, born in England, it is exceedingly probable that Great Britain contains a million and a half of persons, perhaps more, either born in Ireland or of Irish extraction.

One or two observations must suffice relative to these great movements of the population. The immigration of the rural population in such large numbers into the towns will render more close the connexion of town and country, assimilate

opinion, intelligence, and national character, and soften down, if not entirely obliterate, that feeling of antagonism which, partly owing to the corn-laws, but more to the absence of intercourse, has unquestionably existed betwixt the two great sections of the population—the agricultural and the manufacturing. The growing preponderance of the town population may not be unaccompanied by the development, in greater force, of certain forms of evil, licentiousness, and crime by which great town populations are unhappily characterized; but on the other hand, progress in arts, science, and general intelligence will be advanced, and the standard of national character will be elevated. Rural life may present fewer crimes, and less of gross vice and immorality; but town life presents infinitely more mental energy and enlightenment, and from it emanate principally those powerful agencies and influences which have raised England to what it is as a civilized and great nation, and which are not restricted to the realm of England, but are being felt in every quarter of the globe, and most of all in the new nationalities of far off lands.

The continuance of emigration need not be dreaded. It matters little, save as respects the material strength of the nation, where the sons and daughters of Great Britain are located. They will be off-shoots, not aliens and strangers, and, in a commercial and pecuniary point of view, more advantageous to the mother country than had they remained in their native land. They have, too, a great mission of their own. What that mission is, will be best understood in the contemplation of what English colonization has done for North America. The world will be better for the growth of kindred nationalities in other hemispheres.

The Irish immigration was an Irish necessity and an English difficulty. It had its evils, but the good has preponderated. It relieved Ireland of a dead weight, and supplied England with labour that was wanted. Morally, it was to be deprecated; but it is far from improbable that the final influences of the contact will be much more beneficial to the Irish who have come amongst us than injurious to ourselves. In all probability, the last serious immigration has taken place; all present indications pointing to the development of Ireland's vast resources at no distant day—a development to which the moral elevation and regeneration of her people will be the inevitable corollary.

The CENSUS OF AGE must be merely glanced at. It is deeply interesting, but to do it justice needs a separate notice. The censuses of 1801 and 1811 took no account of the ages of the people, the census of 1821 being the first which included that important element. The most significant fact developed by a comparison betwixt the age-abstracts of 1821 and 1851 is the

greater proportion in the latter year of the population, both male and female, of twenty years of age and upwards :—

Ages of the Population of England and Wales.

	Under 20 years.	20 years and upwards.
1821	6,981,068	7,441,738
1851	9,558,114	11,626,896

In the year 1821, the proportions of these sections of ages were 48 and 52. In 1851, they were 45 and 53—showing a considerable augmentation of the number of adults, relatively to the whole population. A similar indication is afforded by a comparison of the number of males above 20 years of age; the number in 1821 being 3,587,600, or 24·8 per cent. of the whole population, and 5,610,777—or 26·6 per cent. in 1851. The men of the military age, 20 to 40, were also more numerous, relatively, in 1851; the numbers in 1821 being 1,966,664, or 13·6 per cent., and 3,193,496, or 15·8 in 1851. Of women of the marriageable age, 20 to 40, the numbers in 1821 were 2,119,385, or 14·7 per cent., and in 1851, 3,362,468, or 15·9 per cent. It follows, that for all purposes of active life, and for the discharge of the great business of society, 1851 is, relatively, stronger, wiser, and more powerful than 1821, other things being alike—that is, supposing the individual adults of 1851 were no stronger, wiser, or more moral than the adults of 1821. But supposing the present generation to have improved in all the essentials of a true civilization on that of 1821, then is the nation stronger and greater not only in the simple ratio of numbers, but in the proportion of its wisest and best, to its least wise and most immature members, and in the intellectual and moral superiority of the individual units of its wisest and best members over the same class in 1821.

The ABSTRACT OF OCCUPATION is the most interesting portion of the census, not excepting the census of religious worship, or of education; for, if these latter show the extent of some of the means of social enlightenment and virtue, the former gives us the measure of that enlightenment and virtue, as it pictures to us the forms and relative proportions of the multifarious pursuits—professional, mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural—in which the active mind and soul of the nation are daily engaged. It is to be regretted, however, that this department of the census is by no means satisfactory, either as respects classification or nomenclature, but more especially the former. A consciousness of this defect shows itself in the Report, not only in the admission that the ‘classification was framed at an early stage of the work, before either the analysis was undertaken or the nomenclature settled,’* but in the avoidance of all attempt to deduce

* Census of Great Britain, 1851. Vol. I. Report, p. 81.

any broad results from the tables, or to do anything more than point out the principal groups of people engaged in some occupations. True, the materials for generalization and classification are there, in the 1100 or 1200 distinct trades and occupations enumerated; but there still remain errors and defects in nomenclature which prevent the attainment of a strictly accurate and scientific classification. It is most earnestly to be deprecated that another census of occupation should be taken, without a previous and careful settlement, alike of terms and of the principles of classification; and that the settlement should not be made in the bureaucratic fashion which characterizes so much of our legislation and administration, but with the aid and counsel of persons who, though neither principals nor subordinates in office, are placed in a better situation than either to determine nomenclature at least, if not classification. It would not be beneath the dignity of the heads of departments to submit a scheme of analysis and classification to public criticism, or, at the very least, to invite the assistance of competent persons, whether scientific men or practical men of business. An opportunity which occurs once only in ten years is too golden a one to be lost for want of previous preparation.

The defects of the census in the matter of nomenclature are considerable, but one only will be distinctly named. The various classes or grades of persons, juvenile or adult, employed in the great textile manufactures, are comprised under one term—e. g., COTTON MANUFACTURES. Now, under this comprehensive term, there are ranked occupations exceedingly diverse in character, in the physical or intellectual qualifications demanded, in the social position of the persons employed, and in the *artistic*, not to say the *æsthetic* position of the several classes of workmen. The *most skilled* and the *least skilled* classes are thrown into the same heap or category. The specific nature of the occupations and all the conditions of ventilation, juxtaposition with deleterious substances or agencies, exhausting labour, or long hours, as respects specific numbers and ages, cannot be ascertained; and the physiologist is deprived of the exact data on which, combined with the records of births and deaths, he may measure the influence of employment on the vital energy, thereby affecting the duration of life, or in fostering diseases which mar the happiness and indirectly impair the morality of social life.

It is undesirable, and would be very inconvenient, to give very minute details, but it is necessary, for many important purposes, to discriminate the numbers respectively engaged in connexion with steam or water power and those who work apart from it; and further, to give the workmen in each of these sections under several distinct heads, of which the terms piecer,

reeler, spinner, and weaver are types. Not only is such a specific analysis essential for many purely scientific purposes, but it is obviously necessary in order to a clear view of the whole organization of the nation's industry, and to ascertain the specific direction of the skill and strength of the people—juvenile and adult—male and female.

The compilers of the Census of Occupations have arranged the whole number of persons, who are returned as following *some* occupation, in seventeen classes, as follows:—

TABLE I.

Census of Occupations—Great Britain, 1851.

CLASS.	MALES.		FEMALES.		Total.
	Under 20 Years of Age.	20 Years of Age and upwards.	Under 20 Years of Age.	20 Years of Age and upwards.	
The Queen	1	1
1. Persons engaged in the general and local government	1,495	71,191	89	2,526	75,291
2. Persons engaged in the defence of the country	7,771	85,714	96,485
3. Persons in the learned profession and their immediate subordinates	12,451	98,279	53	1,410	112,193
4. Persons engaged in literature, the fine arts, and the sciences	4,692	41,618	8,318	64,336	118,064
5. Persons engaged in domestic offices, as wives, children, or relations	3,389,492	21,779	3,780,565	3,227,150	10,418,986
6. Persons engaged in entertaining, clothing, and performing personal offices	120,504	512,209	458,168	1,329,202	2,420,173
7. Persons who buy or sell, &c.	20,372	130,380	2,690	56,010	209,461
8. Persons engaged in the conveyance of men, animals, and goods	100,345	235,686	5,423	7,479	398,933
9. Persons possessing or working the land and cultivating it	385,193	1,421,354	129,690	454,421	2,390,568
10. Persons engaged about animals	12,454	86,528	225	1,055	100,262
11. Persons engaged in art and mechanic productions	121,028	624,503	5,288	11,617	763,336
12. Persons working and dealing in animal matters	91,087	293,531	84,383	162,862	631,863
13. Persons working and dealing in vegetable matters	192,976	654,859	185,229	341,950	1,375,014
14. Persons working and dealing in minerals	209,970	677,476	24,428	34,330	946,204
15. Labourers—branch undefined	61,320	322,788	2,461	9,217	395,786
16. Persons of rank or property— not otherwise returned	614	33,681	1,968	136,536	172,699
17. Persons supported by the community, and of no specified occupation	17,879	39,444	15,687	84,412	157,402
Other persons of no stated occupations or condition	14,207	54,786	33,080	73,780	175,853
Total	4,764,743	5,458,815	4,737,535	5,908,384	20,959,477

With some of these little fault can be found, but on others it is impossible to bestow any commendation, and the whole wants coherence, dependence, and logical consecutiveness. It is a

thing of parts, but it has no unity—it is parts only—not a whole, consisting of parts mutually related and dependent. Taken altogether, it gives no clear bird's-eye view of the relative masses of distinct forms of labour, or pursuit, or of their relations, antecedent or consequent. The parts, too, are not homogeneous. Thus in the 12th Class, 'Persons working and dealing in animal matters,' we have grouped together tripe-dealers and woollen cloth manufacturers, fishmongers and silk manufacturers, bone-gatherers and stuff merchants, catgut makers and velvet manufacturers—and so on. The above basis of classification here is the *common occupation of all, some one way and some another in or about animal matter*—whether as butchers slaughtering sheep and oxen, and supplying the animal man with food, or as woollen or silk manufacturers, producing the fabrics which are necessary for warmth, health, ornament, or show. In like manner brewers and bakers, grocers and tobacconists, oil-millers and india-rubber makers, bellows-makers and sawyers, mat-makers and oakum dealers, are included in Class 13, along with linen and cotton manufacturers, muslin and lace manufacturers, *because each of these occupations are about or in some kinds of vegetable matter*. A more strange and grotesque medley surely never met since birds and beasts, insects and reptiles, found refuge in the ark.

It is evident that an arbitrary and even fanciful classification has been adopted, without any careful consideration of the heterogeneous and strange associations and juxtapositions which it would involve. No useful purpose could be answered by making it the basis of conclusions of any value, if the object of such conclusions be to give a scientific portraiture of the organization of the nation's industry. It will, consequently, be disregarded in the main in the further pursuit of the subject of OCCUPATIONS; yet a strictly scientific classification will not be attempted. Reviewers are not government officials, and, like them, drawing from a full purse, *pro rata* to the labour of arranging and classifying the huge mass of details contained in the schedules of the enumerators. It is obvious, too, that several distinct classifications are practicable and desirable, just as distinct kinds of results are sought for. One class of analysers might propose to show the respective numbers of skilled and unskilled labourers, another of producers and distributors, a third of employers, capitalists, &c., on the one hand, and of the receivers of wages on the other; whilst a fourth might divide the whole into a few great masses—say producers of food, producers of clothing, builders of houses and mills, constructors of engines and machines, and of distributors, dividing the last section into distributors of home and foreign products—applicable as food and as *materials* of manu-

factures—applicable to the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of civilized life. It would be a work of no little labour to complete any one of these modes of presenting the subject, and the attempt will not be made here. Nevertheless, as it would be ungracious to find fault with the census classification without offering something different, if not better, the following abstract is given, not as possessing unity, in a scientific point of view, but as throwing together analogous occupations, whether the *manner* and instruments of operation are considered, or the ends to be answered by the commodities produced, and as furnishing data from which to deduce some pertinent conclusions as to the efficiency, power, and character of the national industry.

TABLE II.

Census of Occupations—Great Britain, 1851.

CLASS.	MALES.		FEMALES.		Total.
	Under 20 Years.	20 Years and upwards.	Under 20 Years.	20 Years and upwards.	
1.* The Queen and Government ...	1,485	71,191	89	2,527	75,292
2.* The army, navy, &c.	7,771	88,714	96,485
3.* The learned profession ...	12,451	98,279	53	1,410	112,193
4.* Literature, arts, and sciences ...	4,692	41,618	8,318	64,336	118,964
5. Agriculture ...	384,728	1,397,256	129,485	439,900	2,351,369
6. Textile manufactures ...	174,573	407,321	245,622	360,582	1,188,098
7. Mining, in metals ...	21,693	58,402	4,667	3,212	87,974
8. Ditto coal ...	65,644	151,722	1,295	1,354	219,015
9. Manufacturers, in metal ...	25,747	71,179	550	649	98,125
10. Blacksmiths and whitesmiths ...	23,709	98,024	21	606	122,360
11. Machine and engine makers ...	12,063	54,142	11	43	66,259
12. Shipwrights, dock labourers, &c. ...	7,474	39,939	226	246	47,885
13.* Transit, land, river, and sea ...	100,345	285,686	5,423	7,479	398,933
14. Building trades ...	87,598	492,588	4,314	8,124	592,624
15. Makers of clothing ...	73,064	341,950	114,761	448,273	978,048
16. Furnishers and fitters of houses. ...	12,638	48,402	1,447	6,857	69,344
17.* Labourers ...	54,803	312,669	1,645	7,434	376,551
18. Distributors of food ...	54,972	351,737	3,590	128,415	538,684
19. Ditto of manufactures ...	25,824	105,994	5,663	36,875	174,356
20. All other occupations ...	187,238	823,618	96,594	480,127	1,587,577
21. Servants ...	36,739	97,605	333,226	772,785	1,240,355
Total of occupations ...	1,375,251	5,437,036	956,970	2,771,234	10,540,491
22. Scholars ...	1,410,370	...	1,342,457	...	2,752,827
23. All others,—children, wives, &c. ...	1,979,122	21,779	2,438,108	3,227,150	7,666,159
Total ...	4,764,743	5,458,815	4,737,535	5,998,384	20,959,477
	10,223,558		10,735,919		

Certain of the classes are identical with those of the census, and are marked with a star (*), though it must be noted that some of these are nearly as much open to objection as those specifically condemned above; but it would require more labour than we can bestow on them to render a new arrangement complete and accurate.

The first and most salient indication of the table is the large

proportion of the working to the non-working section of the whole population, it being more than one-half. In a community so highly civilized, and so wealthy, this is a striking fact. It need not be concealed that there are several classes of persons included in the list of *occupations* whose labour does not contribute to the production of the material necessities and convenience of life. This class discharges the business of general oversight, direction, and control—preserves the order and peace of society, and is the guiding intellect rather than the working bone and muscle of the State. Not the less, however, is its occupation of value to the State, for without it the body-politic would realize the old Roman fable of the ‘Members and the Belly,’ and die of inanition—or, worse, by violent convulsion. There is also included in the number following *some* occupation, 1,240,355 domestic servants; but excluding these, as not contributing to the production of commodities of use, but rather to the luxury, comfort, or wants of domestic life, the proportion of the actual workers is considerably more than a comprehensive surface view of society would lead us to expect. This proportion could not exist, except as juvenile labour and adult female labour was rendered available. The adult males of Great Britain, it is shown by the table, with few exceptions, fill some post of utility, follow some profession or trade, or practise some art of production; and excluding domestic servants, 20 years of age and upwards, one-third of the adult females follow some trade or art. Adding to these 1,339,000 males and 623,000 females, under 20 years of age, the total is 3,962,000; showing a ratio of female adult and male and female juvenile labour to male adult labour as 4 to 5½. It would be irrelevant to the purpose of the moment to discuss the question of social and moral gain or loss involved in the large proportion of the labour of juveniles and of female adults; but it is most pertinent to remark that the numbers employed in connexion with factories are insignificant compared with the numbers employed in agriculture and other productive arts. The respective numbers are as follows:

	JUVENILES.		ADULT FEMALES.
	MALES.	FEMALES.	
In agriculture	384,728	129,485	439,900
Domestic servants	36,739	97,605	772,765
Wholesale and retail trade	80,796	9,223	165,290
All other occupations	698,415	475,035	1,033,677
Total	1,200,678	711,348	2,410,652
Factory labour	174,573	245,622	360,582
Total	1,375,251	956,970	2,771,234

Two consolatory conclusions are deducible from these figures. *First*, that admitting, *though only for argument's sake*, factory labour to be physically and morally deteriorating to juveniles and to female adults, the proportion of both to the respective totals is insignificant; and, *second*, that if means could be devised for superseding altogether such labour, the quantity which would have to be absorbed into other branches of occupation is not such as to cause very serious inconvenience, not to say that the possible and even probable process of change may be the entire withdrawal of the numbers so employed from the labour market to the school and the household, in consequence of the augmented energy and productiveness of adult male labour, through the further applications of mechanical and chemical science to the arts of life. As the case stands, the numbers of the people who in some way or other minister to the wants, comforts, and luxuries of life, is a very large proportion of the whole, and compared with 1841, shows an increasing proportion, the numbers of the *non-working population*, so to speak, in that year being 10,977,865, out of a total of 18,844,123, and in 1851 only 10,418,986 out of a population of 20,959,477. This striking fact is partly accounted for by the increased proportion of adults, as already shown; but it does not explain the whole difference; nor is the explanation very obvious. Not so the conclusion—that great activity and industry characterize the people of Great Britain.

A second great indication of the table is the large amount of skilled labour, understanding by that term labour requiring great manual dexterity, more or less knowledge of mechanical and chemical science, and more or less of intellectual culture and development. This general definition would exclude from the table the first four Classes—agriculture (not as *unskilled labour*, but as *not in this particular category of skilled labour*), labourers, distributors, and servants—leaving the following numbers at each age—viz.:

MALES.				FEMALES.				TOTAL.
Under 20.	20 and upwards.			Under 20.	20 and upwards.			
791,786	...	2,871,973	...	474,931	...	1,312,352	...	5,451,242

It appears, then, that more than half of the total number who are returned as following some occupation rank as skilled labourers, the extent of skill varying from that which suffices to superintend the simplest movement of a machine, or to dig for coal or ore in the bowels of the earth, to that which can adjust the proportion and put together the parts of the most elaborate machine, or conduct the most difficult processes of chemical science.

A sentimental notion has got abroad, fostered, and indeed originated, by a class of writers who have made the condition and

characteristics of labour the material of a popular literature, that the introduction of machinery and the factory system have tended to the intellectual as well as the physical and moral deterioration of the labourer, thus affording another instance how rarely the poetical is found in connexion with the rigorously philosophic in mental conformation ; or, to pass from the abstract to the concrete, how seldom men who are most skilful in seizing individual and class-characteristics—whether of manners, morals, or mental habits—are capable of developing general laws, or of tracing the progress and discriminating the processes of great social facts and changes. The idea alluded to is something like this—machinery simply requires watching, without any intelligent perception of the mode of its operation on the substances submitted to its action, and dispenses therefore with mental effort beyond mere attention. Some dexterity of manipulation, quickness of movement and of eye may be required, but that is all ; whether the machine chops turnips for sheep, or prepares wool or cotton for the spindle or the reel. Were this notion as psychologically just as we believe it to be the contrary, it is necessary to inquire in what respects the former system differed from it. Machinery, as the system of the productive arts, is but one hundred years old, and enough is known of the previous economy or organization of labour to determine the matter at issue. Prior to 1750, the woollen and flax trades were the staples of the nation. Now it would be a curious question in psychology to determine how much more of mental power was needed to twirl the one-thread wheel, or to drive the hand-loom under the former system, than to superintend a roving-frame or a power-loom under the present ; and still more curious to determine the precise difference in the degree of mental activity and exertion produced by the respective systems, and all their adjuncts of place, circumstances, and associations. We suspect philosophy would give a very different answer to that which sentimental philanthropy in the pages of some of our most popular and attractive writers has made so current. But to press the question, as one not of sentiment, but of fact, a little closer, it may be asked, admitting that the spinner and weaver under the olden system were more intelligent than the modern factory operative,—simply as workers, and apart from the matter of general mental activity, is there a moment's comparison betwixt the degree of skill in the preparation of the mere instruments of labour now in use and those used under the old system ? It is but to place on one hand the one-thread wheel, the common loom, and the hand-card, and on the other, the steam-engine, with its long train of beautiful and wondrous machines, to determine the several degrees of mechanical skill necessary to

produce each. The discovery of the steam-engine and of the many machines which it propels, has created an entirely new class of artisans, far more skilled and intelligent than those who made the rude implement used in the previous organization of industry; whilst the application of steam to other purposes besides those of the textile manufactures, has demanded in every branch of industry a higher intelligence in every class of workmen and artisans. There is no reason to believe that Bottom the weaver, Snug the joiner, Flute the bellows-mender, or Starveling the tailor, in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' were caricatures of those classes; but the contrary, for Philostratus tells Theseus, in reply to his question, 'What are they?'—

'Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never laboured in their heads, till now.'

If some modern Shakespeare were to introduce representatives of the same classes into the drama, would he say of them, 'They never laboured in their minds till now'? Mr. Dickens gives another and a very different picture. Theseus might not say of *their speech* as he does of Prologue's in the play—'It is like a tangled chain, nothing impaired, but all disordered.'

To return from this digression, the table gives the total number of persons employed in the textile manufacture at 1,188,098. The census of population shows that in the interval from 1750 to 1850, the periods of transition from the mere manual economy of manufacture to the economy of steam power and machinery, the numbers of the people had increased three-fold, say from seven to twenty-one millions; but so vast an augmentation of productive power has ensued under the new economy, that the consumption of cotton wool has risen from 3,000,000 of pounds annually to 800,000,000, and of sheep's wool from 72,000,000 pounds to 300,000,000 pounds. An increase in flax, hemp, and silk, approximating to that in cotton-wool, has also taken place in the same interval. It is a well authenticated fact, that prior to the introduction of machine carding, spinning, and weaving, the labour of fifty-eight persons was required to make a pack of wool into cloth in a week. At that rate it would require 1,200,000 persons to make up the 300,000,000 pounds of the sheep's wool consumed in 1851; but *less than that number*—viz., 1,188,098, as shown in the table, not only work up that weight of wool, but some 900,000,000 pounds of cotton, and some 350,000,000 pounds of flax, hemp, and silk besides—the texture, perfection, and beauty of the fabrics as much exceeding those of 1750 as the self-acting mule and the steam-loom do the cottage one-thread wheel, or the hand-loom. But not only in its productiveness, but in the mechanical and chemical skill which it has called forth, is the textile branch of

British manufacture the foremost type of the national skill ; for apart from the ingenuity of the classes employed immediately in the fabrications of cotton and wool, and flax and silk, there are large classes indirectly, but as necessarily connected with it—viz., the artisans who construct the moving power and the machinery which it impels, and also in the manufacture of the raw materials of iron, copper, tin, and brass. In these departments of the national industry the table shows there are employed 252,358 persons, of whom 188,728 are adult males. It is a striking fact, illustrative of the effect of the discoveries of Watt and Arkwright, that in the production of iron alone, there has been an increase from 17,000 tons in 1742, to 3,000,000 in 1853, a vast proportion of which supplies the textile manufactures with its auxiliaries to mere manual strength, the remainder furnishing the means of railway and steam-vessel transit, or is applied in the construction of mills, workshops, and houses, to an extent, which, but for the power of steam, alike in the processes of mining and in the manufacture of iron, would have been impossible.

It is another remarkable fact shown by the table that 592,624 persons are employed in the building trades, under which category are included bricklayers, carpenters, masons, and other cognate employments. Still more remarkable is the fact that no less than 978,048 persons are employed in giving to the fabrics of our looms and tan-yards the forms in which they are of use as articles of personal apparel. These employments have not as yet been much altered in character by the application of science. It may reasonably be doubted whether there be any mechanical substitute for the human hand and the needle in the trades of the tailor, the shoemaker, or the milliner and dress-maker ; but it is undoubted that the craft of the carpenter, the bricklayer, and the mason, admits of very large improvement of a mechanical kind. The commissioners appointed to report on the New York Exhibition of American manufactures state that machinery is largely employed in the United States, in the planing of wood, in box making, in the making of lasts and boot-trees, of ploughs and furniture, and in stone-planing. So effective are these machines, that with them eight men will make thirty ploughs per day, and twenty men one hundred doors per day. The power of combination in these trades has prevented, hitherto, a large application of steam power to these branches of handicraft, just as at first it did in the sawing of timber and veneer, and the making of blocks for ships. These trades cannot long remain in their present state. There is an enormous waste of human strength in the manner in which they are now conducted, which might and would find other modes of employment ; the ultimate result being a vast augmentation of the products of the whole

industry of the nation, and not, as is commonly supposed, the substitution of the IRON MAN for the human man, to the exclusion of the latter from employment altogether. That fallacy cannot long outlive the teaching of the last one hundred years, as respects the employment of labour in the textile arts,—the lessons of free trade,—and the example of America.

There are many other interesting features in the table inviting comment, but the foregoing must suffice. One or two observations on it, *as a whole*, may not, however, be omitted. The twenty-three classes admit of division into numerous sub-classes, and these again into individual and distinct employments. After much compression the census commissioners have reduced the number of these latter to some eleven or twelve hundred, but in that number are very many generic designations, the species under each being numerous and diversified. These minute subdivisions of labour, these many and diversified employments, are the result and the measure of the perfection of the productive arts, and are unmistakeable evidence of a high civilization. To produce any one article of use as food or clothing, a great variety of separate classes of workers and agencies must be set in motion, many of them not only distinct in organization from all the rest, but isolated and unconnected, save, as through the factor and the merchant, they are brought together. Thus an enormous capital is invested in Lancashire, Cheshire, Renfrewshire, and Lancashire, in cotton mills and machinery, and more than two millions of persons are brought up to the business of the cotton manufacturer, and depend on it for their daily bread and their very existence, though both capitalist and labourer are dependent for the raw material on the industry of many other nations thousands of miles away, and on the enterprise of two distinct classes, the merchant and the shipowner, to supply them fully and regularly with that raw material. The extent to which each is dependent on all the rest, in a particular country, for the commonest necessities and comforts of life, and one commercial nation on all others, is one of the most interesting of the complicated phenomena of high industrial status, and, excepting the United States, probably no other nation will bear comparison with England in the minute subdivision of labour, the extent of mutual dependence internally betwixt its several sections of producers, and externally, betwixt it and the world's races; nor on the grand results of their condition—the variety of products which it either produces or purchases, and the amplitude of the share which it commands for every unit of the population.

Before closing this notice of the census, it will be quite pertinent to the subject to inquire, whether the facts revealed by it throw any light on two important social questions—namely, the

progress or otherwise of the operative population in material and moral well-being ; and, second, the gain or loss to the same class by the large introduction of machinery within the last eighty or hundred years.

It would be illusory, or more correctly speaking empirical, to take any and all the facts established by the census as data from which to answer, definitely, either of these queries ; but it will be quite philosophic to take those facts and place them in combination with other and equally well established facts, and thereby to establish a sufficiently wide basis for a safe induction. The census shows that betwixt 1801 and 1851 the population of Great Britain increased, in round numbers, 100 per cent. On very good data it is calculated that the increase in the previous 50 years, 1750 to 1801, was about 57 per cent., and in the 50 years, 1700 to 1750, 17 per cent. The census further shows, that the great staple trades of the nation are conducted in connection with steam or water power, and all the mechanical appliances of which the last eighty or hundred years has been so productive. Apart from the census, it is known that steam and water power are applied in every branch of manufacture where great force is requisite, and even in the making of machines and all the appliances of machinery. Steam-power impels and guides the tools which heretofore were exclusively moved by the human arm. The steam-engine and machinery have, in fact, invaded every department of the national industry ; and though, as already noticed, there are departments in which its introduction is only partial, it is quite palpable that to these also it will ere long be applied. Now, there is not a doubt that the productiveness of labour, juvenile and adult, has been mightily augmented by the application of steam-power and of machinery ; nay further, that application has rendered available a large amount of juvenile and female adult labour, which heretofore was non-productive, or of little value. The degree of that increased productiveness, if measured by the productiveness of unaided human labour, *in precisely the same processes*, is something fabulous, but as production became more facile, skill and science were applied to render the products of our looms and forges more elaborate and tasteful, and thus the quantum produced has been less than the enhanced power of the labour of the nation was equal to, all products retaining their previous form and character, but it is incomparably more beautiful, and presents forms of utility and of luxury previously unknown, and indeed, unattainable. Allowing for this new condition of production, it may safely be affirmed that in manufactures, properly so called, the augmentation has been, at a moderate estimate, *seven-fold* ; but let it be taken at a *five-fold* increase. How has

that additional production been distributed? Has the capitalist absorbed it all, leaving wages as they stood before, or has the labourer participated in it? On the supposition that the capitalist has absorbed the whole difference, the profit of capital ought to have vastly increased; strictly speaking, it should be equivalent to something more than four-fifths of the value of any manufactured article, or rather of that portion of value which is conferred on any particular raw material by the operation of manufacturing, properly so called. For example, if the cost of *manufacturing* a pound of wool into woollen cloth be 5s., does the capitalist get 4s. as interest on the steam power and machines which he owns, and which are used in the processes through which the pound of wool has passed? Let it be especially noted, that so much of whatever the capitalist receives as simply replaces the steam-engine and machines—in other words, covers ‘wear and tear’—is only the wages of labour in another form. The question is as to the nett share which comes to the capitalist, specifically as interest on capital invested in the new instruments of manufacture. If that interest absorbs the whole additional produce, the only person benefited by the introduction of machinery is the owner of the machine—no other party, call him consumer or labourer, for these terms are, in this case, convertible, is at all benefited.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that *as a rule*, the capitalist, in the case supposed, does not get *one part* out of the five-fold increase consequent on the application of machinery; and if so, the gain to the consumer is a diminution of three-fourths of the cost of a given commodity, or what is an equivalent expression of the issue, he gets four-times the quantity for the same price. It is impossible to deny this conclusion, unless it can be shown that the owner of the new productive power—steam and machinery—gets, as his share, all the difference in the quantity produced by that power, in conjunction with human labour and superintendence. It may be answered that although the consumer may be benefited, the labourer is not, for one result of the application may be to render fewer labourers necessary. The answer to this is, that the demand for labour is measured by the area of the field for its employment and the relative proportion of capital to labour, and not by the perfection of the implements of labour,—the latter measuring the reward of labour, and not determining the demand for it. But waiving the politico-economical argument, what says the census? Why, that simultaneously with the application of machinery and steam-power, the population of Great Britain rose from 17 per cent. in the first fifty years of the eighteenth century, to 59 in the second fifty years, and to 100 per cent. in the following cycle from 1801 to 1851—that

whereas the increase of the population in the agricultural counties in the last cycle was only 48 per cent., it was 178 per cent. in the manufacturing counties, and on the average of the town population of those counties 278 per cent. In other words, the census shows that just where steam power and machinery have been most largely applied, *there* population has aggregated in the largest masses, and has manifested the highest ratio of increase, a result utterly irreconcilable with the theory that the use of machinery *supersedes*, not *supplements and aids*—human labour.

It would unduly expand this article to notice all the collateral facts in the history of the last hundred years, which concur with the fact of an accelerated rate of growth in the population, utterly to disprove the long current theory on the effect of machinery. It must suffice to say, that the wonderful increase in the quantity of the raw materials of manufacture imported, demonstrates the fact of *augmented production—relatively to population*, and that the relative price of labour and of commodities of all kinds, is equally demonstrative of the participation of the labourer, *as a consumer*, in the benefit of that augmented production. Those who still maintain the opinion that machinery supersedes human labour, though cognizant of the fact of an accelerated growth of the population simultaneously with a constantly increasing application of steam-power and machinery, are not to be reasoned with—their is a chronic obtuseness of the raciocinative faculties altogether incurable.

But what of the intellectual and moral condition of the people as indicated by the census? That a mere abstract of employments should be an index of intelligence and morality, may, at first sight, appear very questionable, but in reality the indication is by no means trifling or of doubtful significance. The form which the productive arts have taken in the country demands a much higher intelligence in the workman than sufficed in their primitive condition one hundred years ago. A quicker perception, a more extended and varied knowledge, is demanded of the operator who works with the existing implements of manufacture than was requisite to conduct the simple manipulations of production, before Watt and Arkwright changed the whole character of industrial art. Besides, as has been previously observed, new arts have been created by the introduction of the steam-engine and of machinery, which require in the workman a knowledge of the properties of matter, of mechanical or of chemical science, and, in many departments of art, a degree of taste for which no call existed prior to such introduction. Nor are the workmen of this class few in number. The aggregate of skilled workmen in our factories, forges,

foundries, machine and engine-shops, dyehouses, chemical manufactories, in the porcelain, glass, and pottery manufactories, in the cutlery, japan-ware, and a thousand other branches of production, is probably a much larger number than was employed in the boasted woollen trade, our great and almost *sole* manufacture for several hundred years. In the department of transit, too, what comparison can be instituted betwixt the staff of the *road* and the staff of the *rail*, or the crew of a steamer and that of the ancient sailing vessel? The comparison of the *present* with the *past* of industrial art in England might be pressed further, and without lessening the force of the contrast which it would develop, but it is surely needless. The fact of the immense difference in the condition of the arts, supposes a corresponding difference in the skill and intelligence of the artisans.

But is there any connexion betwixt this higher intelligence and a higher morality? The question is fair, and will be fairly met. Not necessarily, as implying a connexion of cause and effect betwixt the one and the other, but unavoidably, certainly, as a correlative result from a common cause. The same conditions which have raised the intelligence of the operative, have materially improved his material and social position, and fact, not to say philosophy, affirms a close connexion betwixt material and moral well-being. Notwithstanding the assertion of Lord John Russell some few sessions back, that mechanical improvement had indeed wonderfully added to the productive power and wealth of the nation, but had, as yet, done little towards improving the condition of the operative class—it is deliberately affirmed that in dress, in the important matter of household accommodation, in the nature and quantum of his daily food—the operative of 1851 is immensely in advance of the operative of 1801, and still more of his type in 1750. The opportunities and facilities, too, of stepping up in life are greatly multiplied. The pedigree of a large portion of our first-class manufacturers and merchants need not go back *more* than two generations to trace descent from the humblest walk of operative life, and betwixt the millocrat and the millionaire, there never was a period in which the number of individuals, ranking in the successive grades of capitalists, down to the artisan who owns his box of tools, or dwells in his own freehold cottage, was so large. An old pamphleteer, descanting on this view of the connexion betwixt competency, and comfort, and morality, represents the debauched labourer answering a sage churchwarden, who finds him at the ale bench, and reproves him for his intemperance and neglect of family. ‘What have I to live for? You give me 7s. a week, and the workhouse when I am old. Here, landlord, another pot.’—All other things being alike, the prospect and hopes of bettering one’s condition

and attaining a higher place in the social scale, will decide, in but too many instances, whether the workman seeks to drown care, and dissipate the tedium of existence at the ale bench, or rigorously prosecutes his craft, centres his affection in wife and child, and finds in the domestic circle and around the domestic hearth relaxation and relief after the day's fatigues.

ART. II.—*Poems*. By Mathew Arnold. Foolscap 8vo. Second Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

2. *Poems*. By Mathew Arnold. Foolscap. 8vo. Second Series. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

It is a profound remark that the eyes can see only just so much as they bring with them the power of seeing, and many minds have not the power to see that there exists a poetry in the living, bustling, perplexed life of the present. There are those whose eyes are darkened by ignorance, or blinded with the bitter tears of misery, for whom poetry lights up the face of nature with magical beauty in vain; who read not her manifold and wondrous revelations, who hear not her eternal melodies warbling far above the din and confusion of this steam-car of a world. Then, there are the lovers of the good old times, who steadily fix their eyes on the beloved past, and who, if compelled to move on with the rushing tide of events, persistently advance backwards, and still refuse to see the flowers of beauty blossoming about their feet, or the golden sunrise that is streaking the sky of the future.

Lastly, we mention the scholastic mind that reads human life in books, and has so long pored over the records of the past that the eyes have become dim, so that it has to look through spectacles on the life of to-day, in which it sees little or no poetry. Yet we hold that although these may never catch a glimpse of it, or see it only through a glass darkly, this living, breathing, working, warring world of ours—this mystery of human life that fills the nineteenth century, is as full of poetry and all poetic elements as any life—any century of any past. Is not the world full of poetry, revelations of beauty, written by the fingers of the Everlasting, on the hills and the woods, the ripe waving corn, the flowers that start up at the voice of spring, the starry skies of winter, the auroral hues of summer dawns, the magnificent ocean, the secrets contained in the bosom of the earth, in the clouds that voyage about the summer-skies like

barks of beauty, in the song of the bird, and in the happy temperament of the bee that will suck honey from the thistle, and sweets from the furze on the desolate moor, in the southern wind, sighing out its soul among the pines, in the summer night's voluptuous aromas; in the voice, smile, step of woman; her silent heroism, her unconscious self-sacrifice; in the child's lisped endearments, and in a thousand other things? Yes, in all the wise and wondrous arrangements of creation there is poetry as lofty now as when the Psalmist cried out in the fulness of his heart, 'O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things.' He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

Until the poet Wordsworth came, who would have believed that so much beauty existed in the despised common things of the earth? But he, watching with a patient eye of love, found a secret meaning and a soul of loveliness where other passers-by had seen nought but blank nothingness. Just as the many pass by some human face and think it plain—perhaps ugly—until the true lover comes, and finds an unfathomable beauty there. In like manner did Burns reveal the beauty and the poetry that lurk amongst the people in the byways of humanity. It is a part of the poet's work to pluck the veil from hidden loveliness, to find language for the unuttered thoughts; and the world is at the present time full of such ambrosia for the poet's soul, and material for poetry. He who can see no poetry in the present would never have seen any in the past, if he had lived in it when it was the present. In no one of the elements translatable into poetry do we find the bygone time to have been superior. Take, for example, that physical bravery and prowess in arms celebrated with such pomp and pæan in the olden epic strains, and we can find a match for it. Think for a moment of that magnificent death-parade of our light cavalry brigade on the heights of Balaklava, with the fame of which the world still rings—where some seven hundred men, at the word of command, rode, with bloody spur and unblenching heart, straight through the gaping gates of death with a proud light on their faces, as though they had caught the smile of the angel Duty that hovered over them there? To parallel that feat of heroism we must go back to those three hundred Spartans who in that summer dawn sat 'combing their long hair for death' in the passes of Thermopylæ, and who went there to die at the command of their country. And surely a more noble daring, a more conquering valour, never flashed out in the old days of Greece and Rome than was manifested at Alma and Inkermann. Nor can the history of the whole world show an instance of sublimer fortitude, or more glorious courage, than was shown by that regiment of British soldiers lost with the ship 'Birkenhead.' When it was known that the vessel was

doomed, and fast sinking, the troops were mustered on deck by command of their officers. There they stood to arms, each man by his bayonet, facing the coming death as calmly as if they were on parade. They saw the women and children put into the boats. There were no boats for them. Nevertheless, not one of them moved to snatch a selfish chance at life. Down, down, and down went the ship, but that band of heroes stood firm and calm. Each heart knew its own bitterness, and was busy with its own peculiar sorrow, with the last thoughts of home and friends far away, or with a silent prayer to God above; but not a cry was uttered, with death only an arm's-length from them. As the ship gave her last lurch, they fired a salute, and went down, each still in his rank as the waves closed over them. The past cannot show us a greater tragic triumph. No; the poet need not turn to the past to show us the heroism, the chivalry, the martyrdom, the suffering, and the victories that make up the glory of humanity. They may be all discovered in the manifold life of to-day, or in that marvellous human heart which is beating beneath it.

Mr. Arnold evidently turns to the past for inspiration; so we gather from his poems, and from the prose preface attached to the first series. For him the present is not sufficiently hallowed for poetical purposes. He has that peculiar sight mentally which some have physically—farsight—or inability to see things in their proper proportions, unless they are presented at a distance. We agree with much that Mr. Arnold's preface asserts, we differ with the rest. We consider it to be a bad sign when a poet troubles himself at all about theories. Poetical theories may do for talent to work in, but genius only begins where they end. Theories belong to the mechanics of art. Genius has no theories to account for its impulses, and great poets never yet wrought by rule. The why and the wherefore of their highest operations remain a profound secret to themselves. They do not so much choose as they are chosen. They gravitate to that which belongs to them, and take their own unwittingly. It would puzzle the lover to account for his selection of such and such a woman to become his wife. After all his attempts to do so, it would remain a matter of inexplicable instinct. And the workings of genius are hidden as those of love. Herein lies an everlasting source of beauty, and hence genius is an endless series of delightful surprises. It steps over the threshold of all theories into the infinite, and we cannot know beforehand with what treasure it will return. Mr. Ruskin, in his recent lectures on decoration, colour, &c., gave some fine illustrations of this unconsciousness of genius in choosing the right thing and the right way. He exhibited a painting of some purple and yellow plums by Mr. Hunt. He was sitting by

the artist when he painted them. He asked him why he used a certain colour, and Mr. Hunt replied, he could not say, but he felt it would conduce to the required effect. He also said that a friend of Mr. Tennyson's, one of the greatest living masters of versification, took the trouble to collect illustrations of the elaborate laws by which the poet wrote, and to show them to him; but, to his astonishment, Mr. Tennyson was ignorant of them all. He had done it by instinct. The mind of Mr. Arnold seems to be more essentially critical than creative. Now, the province of the poet is the creative—not the critical. It is his province to produce the rare result, and not to hold a light to reveal the working of his machinery, or state publicly wherefore he produced it. The poet includes the critic, as the greater includes the less, but his criticism works silently, and his poetry will be the best exponent of his critical creed, if he have any. Our author's poetry does not furnish satisfactory illustrations of the truth of his prose propositions. He is strongest and most poetical when he overleaps his theories.

Great actions, he says, are the eternal objects of poetry, which he defines as an act that imitates actions. Here it will be at once seen how limited are his notions of poetry and its objects. The eternal objects of poetry are by no means restricted to actions, or what becomes of the lyrical? The sweetest songs ever sung do not necessarily relate an action, they chronicle a thought, or a sentiment. And again, how shall we deal with this wondrous living age of ours, so transitionary, so full of hopes and fears; its fettered energies, its phases of faith, its mental revolutions, if we are to have actions alone represented? For our own part we believe there is a world of unuttered thought yet to be uttered subjectively, and that it affords as great and glorious a field for the poet as all the great actions of the past, although we may not see it till the great genius comes making its own laws, and surprising the whole world with its magical results.

Mr. Arnold's definition of the treatment necessary for the subject of a poem, appears to us to be only what we should demand of the historian. We ask a great deal more than he does of the poet, whether epic or dramatic. It is quite true that

'We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages; not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions. I verily think that the majority of them do not in their hearts believe there is such a thing as a total impression to be derived from a poem at all, or to be demanded from a poet. They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images.'—Preface, p. xxi.

Who can deny this that has read the poetry and criticism written during the last three years! Look at the working up of the poetical scrap-books that we have had. The paste that has been made with the plums stuck in afterwards. The tinselling and tinkering, and artificial-flower making. The wealth of imagery hiding the poverty of thought. We have had a perfect *renaissance* in poetry; such has been the straining after point, finery, and effect. Few of our young singers have the earnest directness and simple heart-homeness which mark the grand old singers of the past. They seldom utter a plain honest truth without a wildering prelude of *floriture*. They are like the singers of the opera, who cannot give you a simple song but they must trill and *roulade*, and get up a grand pyrotechnic display of brilliance, hurrying you through their 'foreign parts' to get at what should have been a simple melody of the English heart and home. We think a great deal of this is traceable to the influence of 'Festus,' a poem which is full of fine material set in the most vicious of styles, a style which will never bear imitating or repeating. We welcome any protest against this kind of writing, and are grateful to Mr. Arnold for his, which is richly merited.

A few words on the question of poetical expression, and we must pass on to the poetry. Mr. Arnold opines that Shakespeare, with his unrivalled wealth of expression, is not a safe model for a young writer; and that while in his works the thought almost always strikes so deeply, and grasps so widely in its rootage, as to bear the abundant foliage waving with all its rich warmth of colour above, yet this faculty, which in him is only an accessory, will, in a smaller mind, become the absorbing and vanquishing motive. Expression is apt to become the one and sole object of pursuit, so that the young mind may lose sight of what it has to say, in the intensity of desire for saying it finely, and degenerate into a carelessness as to whether it has anything to say or not. Indeed, this word-painting is a witching lure to the inexperienced and undisciplined imagination, for there is such a beauty in some words that they seem to possess as great an attraction, or even greater, than the thought they symbolize, even as the graceful form and winning lineaments of the beloved may eclipse the charms of her mind. Both Keats and Tennyson fell into this error in their first poems, until they learned to prune the young luxuriance of their style; and one or two of our rising poets, in their fondness for colour, bedaub themselves like very savages. But for all this, we would not have poetical expression become bald and meagre. We would not have paltriness and triviality mistaken for simplicity. After Shakespeare, we can never return to the severity of the Greek tragedians. We are more pictorial, and have a stronger sense of colour than they had. They are

statuesque in style as well as in their sculpture. Their sculpture fitly illustrates their literary character. They sought after beauty of form, even to the neglect of expression of face. We do not advocate expression of face to the neglect of beauty in the form, but would have them combined. Doubtless, the noble simplicity of Sophocles is ever admirable ; but we cannot forego one dainty delicious epithet in the 'Eve of St. Agnes' on that account. Nor would we advocate a return to Pope and Dryden as models of poetical expression. Their expression is effective because of its fitness, and fitness is the first requisite, although it is not the last grace. With them expression seldom breaks into beauty ; they are the great masters of the terse and commonsensical. With Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Keats, and Tennyson, fitness is allied to beauty.

The mind of Mr. Arnold is akin to the Greek in its predomi-
 nance of form, its want of colour, its calm and severity, its love
 of action and its statuesqueness ; and these qualities naturally
 determine his peculiar views. It is no fault of ours that we have
 thus far carried on a controversy rather than a criticism. Mr.
 Arnold's preface challenges it at the outset. We have got over
 it as briefly as possible, anxious to shake hands and be all the
 better friends. He is a poet in spite of his critical intellect and
 his self-assertiveness ; nor does he need us to tell him so. He
 does not belong to the band of the great masters in the realms of
 song. It does not appear to be a vital necessity with him to
 pour the flood of fiery feeling, or the rushing tide of thick-coming
 thought into song, as a relief for an overflowing nature. Yet one
 cannot read these two volumes through without coming to the
 conclusion that he is a poet, and that Parnassus has room for
 such a denizen. We cannot define genius, notwithstanding all
 our attempts ; but it always defines itself, and makes its presence
 felt. So of poetry ; we always know it when we meet with it,
 although we may fail to define the wherefore. Speaking of
 poetic genius, old John Dennis, the critic, says it is caused by a
 'furious joy and pride of soul on the conception of an extra-
 ordinary hint.' Many men have their hints without their motions
 of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agi-
 tate their spirits ; and these we call cold writers. Others, who
 have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the
 fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints. We
 take Mathew Arnold to represent the former. Our author
 is too cold and colourless. He does not thrust his hand into
 ours pulsing divine inspirations, and warm with human feel-
 ing. He is not sensuous enough to be widely popular. He
 appeals to the intellect, to the neglect of passion and feel-
 ing, from which poetry still draws much of its richest life. His

muse is very pure and noble. She commands our admiration and respect, but we do not passionately love her. Reading his poems is something like walking among the portraits in sculpture at the Crystal Palace, in that Hades of the departed where the spirits of the past are ranged with their white faces and serene brows, sitting in eternal calm. There seems to be some strange remoteness in Mr. Arnold's mind, resulting, we think, from his greater book-education than life-experience. A more perfect acquaintance with human life and its many-sided mystery—a larger fulfilment of his own being—will doubtless bring him nearer to us.

Yet, although his subjects may be remote, he never writes without a strong, clear purpose. He does not sit down to 'make' poetry, by stringing together pretty images, and saying fine things. What he sees, that he sees clearly, and without a mist of metaphor. His blank verse has a stately grandeur in the rhythm. And there are great elements of poetry in 'Sohrab and Rustum' and 'Balder Dead,' which are somewhat after the Homeric manner touched by Tennyson. The former is by far the most successful of the two, but we shall not be able to quote from either. Our quotations shall be from two poems, both of which offer potent refutation of Mr. Arnold's favourite theories—the 'Forsaken Merman' and 'Tristram and Iseult.' The first is a tale of one of the sea-kings who had wedded an earthly maiden. The old king of the sea tells the tale of their mother's desertion to the children. It is Easter time in the world, and she left them for the little church on the hill-side, promising to return, but she comes not back. The wild music and the touches of pathos have seldom if ever been surpassed—

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
 'Children, dear, was it yesterday?
 Children, dear, were we long alone?'
 'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
 'Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
 Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down,
 Where the sea-stocks bloom to the white-walled town,
 Through the narrow paved streets where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers;
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle, through the small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar, we saw her clear.
 'Margaret! hist! come, quick, we are here!'
 'Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.'
 'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

'But, ah! she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
 Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more.
 Come away, come down, call no more.'
 Down, down, down,
 Down to the depths of the sea.
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings: 'Oh, joy! oh, joy!
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy;
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun.'
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.
 She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
 And over the sand at the sea,
 And her eyes are set in a stare,
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh,
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,
 And the gleam of her golden hair.—

First Series, p. 172.

Now, it is not the magnitude of the action selected that gives such interest to the poem, but the genuine human feeling that the author has put into it, and this brings the poor wailing Mermaid nigher to us, and wins a stronger sympathy than any 'Dead Balder.' And here are two passages from 'Tristram and Iseult,' containing some of the richest writing that Mr. Arnold has permitted himself to pen, and it is because of their warmer colouring that they take the reader, and have been quoted oftener than any other passages. The first is a description of the chamber of the dead lovers by night, the second is an exquisite picture of children sleeping—

The air of the December night
 Steals coldly around the chamber bright,
 Where those lifeless lovers be.
 Swinging with it, in the light
 Flaps the ghost-like tapestry.
 And on the arras wrought you see
 A stately Huntsman clad in green,
 And round him a fresh forest scene.
 On that clear forest knoll he stays
 With his pack round him, and delays.

He stares and stares, with troubled face,
 At this huge gleam-lit fireplace,
 At the bright iron-figur'd door,
 And those blown rushes on the floor,
 He gazes down into the room
 With heated cheeks and hurried air,
 And 'o himself he seems to say—
 'What place is this, and who are they?
 Who is that kneeling Lady fair?

*And on his pillows that pale Knight
Who seems of marble on a tomb?
How comes it here, this chamber bright,
Through whose million'd windows clear
The castle court all wet with rain,
The drawbridge and the moat appear,
And then the beach, and, mark'd with spray,
The sunken reef, and far away
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain?*

*What, has some glamour made me sleep,
And sent me with my dogs to sweep,
By night, with boisterous bugle peal,
Through some old, sea-side, knightly hall,
Not in the free greenwood at all?*

*That Knight's asleep, and at her prayer
That Lady by the bed doth kneel:
Then hush, thou boisterous bugle peal!*

*The wild boar rustles in his lair—
The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air—
But lord and hounds keep rooted there.
Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
Oh, Hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tassell'd bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pastime take!*

*For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here.
For these thou seest are unmov'd;
Cold, cold as those who liv'd and lov'd
A thousand years ago.—Ib. pp. 120, 121.*

CHILDREN SLEEPING.

*But they sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest
On the castle's southern side,
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide,
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on the window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day.*

*It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel heads doth play,
Turn'd to each other: the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheek reposed.*

*Round each sweet brow the cap close set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair;
Through the soft opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.*

*One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby owner chased
The butterflies again.*

This stir they have, and this alone,

But else they are so still—

Ah! you tired madcaps, you lie still;

*But were you at the window now,
To look forth on the fairy sight
Of your illumined haunts by night,
To see the park glades where you play
Far lovelier than they are by day,
To see the sparkle on the caves,*

*And upon every giant bough
Of those old oaks whose wan red leaves
Are jewelled with bright drops of rain—*

How would your voices run again!

*And far beyond the sparkling trees,
Of the castle park, one sees
The bare heath spreading clear as day,
Moor behind moor, far, far away,
Into the heart of Brittany.*

*And here and there locked by the land
Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,*

*And many a stretch of watery sand,
All shining in the white moonbeams;
But you see fairer in your dreams.—*

Ib. pp. 118, 119.

ART. III.—*Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.* Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice. Translated by Rawdon Brown. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854. pp. 327 and 340.

MANY valuable official documents and family papers have been brought to light of late years, which have yielded much information of the manners of our ancestors. Some of these documents form considerable additions to the historical literature of the country; others give us an insight into the homes and the domestic habits of people whom we have far outstripped, not only in refinement, but also in those many things which we class under the general name of comforts. We have a tolerably correct

idea probably of the manners and customs of the English people from the reign of Charles I. We know what was the 'formal cut' of the habiliments of the earnest men who, with the ardour of true patriots, in the Lower House of Parliament, resisted that despotic monarch's attempted encroachments upon the constitution; and we can tell, in some cases, even the prices paid for those garments. We know the hours of rising, dining, walking, sleeping,—the religious observances, the time and method of worship, the structure and cost of the houses of our forefathers in that age, the fashion of their furniture, their amusements and festivities, their social assemblies, and the etiquette which obtained amongst them, the modes of their travelling, their times for marketing, and the expense of many things in their domestic economy. In fact, our knowledge of these and other matters is so ample, that we can easily furnish ourselves with a picture of the public and private life and morals of the England of the seventeenth century. If we refer to an earlier period, however, there is very much still to be learned of the life of the English people, and our information of it becomes more and more scanty the farther back we direct our inquiries. The majority of the earlier historians have erred in almost entirely passing over, or, at least, in taking but the slightest notice of the popular habits and practices, except in so far as these may at any time have given offence to the ruling power, or to the haughty noblesse which sustained it. Thus, in their records, we find hardly any mention made of the people, of their wrongs, their sorrows, and their advancement towards a more perfect civilization; but those works narrate chiefly the intrigues and gallantries of the court, the movements of armies to gratify 'the pride of kings,' their victories and defeats, and the rapid rise and doleful fall of those men who were the unfortunate favourites of an hour. How much have we yet to learn of what England really was in its many homes, among its toiling, oppressed, and benighted population, during the reigns of Elizabeth, and her superstitious sister, and indeed of the whole Tudor family! We have some information of royal progresses during the long and not inglorious reign when Shakespeare struck his wizard-harp, and when Burleigh, Spenser, Drake, and Raleigh adorned the court of the English queen. We know, to some extent, what was that monarch's manner of life, apart from the jealousies, heart-burnings, and multitudinous intrigues which obtained during a great portion of her rule;—that she rose early, lived coarsely, refreshed herself with strong ales, and delighted in the vanities peculiar to many of her sex. In the obscurity of remote years, we have some perception of the manner in which Mary lived, and how her youthful brother and predecessor enriched his mind with the

treasures of the unforgotten past, the philosophy, the oratory, and the poetry, which will survive when the Cæsars and their pomp and luxury have all faded from the memory of man.

But a painful blank remains—we know something of the monarch, but little of the people, and scarcely anything of the cottage. How inestimably valuable would be any public or private papers, could such be discovered, which should give us exact information of the condition of the farmers and traders in the remote provinces during the Tudor dynasty; of the mode in which they lived; the quality and cost of their food and of their clothing; how they bought and sold, and especially of the influence which the parochial priests exercised upon them for good or for evil; also, of the condition of the farm-labourers and artisans, the terms under which they toiled, their domestic and sanitary state. Thus might we well perceive how slow is the growth of a nation, how tardy its progress towards a partial refinement, and how that progress is accelerated by the establishment of a government in which the people have a voice, and by the extension of free institutions.

On directing attention to the volumes, the title of which is prefixed to this article, we had hoped to have found, at last, the long-desired information, and that the Venetian ambassador's letters would have cast a ray of light upon the life and manners, not only of the court, but also of the English people. In this particular we have been painfully disappointed—although the historical worth of these volumes can hardly be too highly estimated;—for Sebastian Giustinian seems to have had an eye only for royalty, its angers, flatteries, sports, and weak talk, but to have given no heed to the condition of the masses of industrious citizens; but, in an age still overshadowed by feudalism, the labouring classes were held of no account by either statesmen, philosophers, or historians. With the exception of a 'Report' of his legation in England to the Venetian senate—of which after-mention will be made—and which relates the personal qualities of the king and queen, of Cardinal Wolsey, of the peers, and of the English military force, the volumes convey but a faint idea of what a foreigner thought of England and its people; but they manifest an ambassador, an Italian of consummate craft and power of intrigue, and with the shrewd watchfulness of a minister of secret police, noting every phase in the often-shifting scene of politics, and stealthily reporting to his government the progress or otherwise of his negotiations. In fact, these volumes repeat the familiar tale of king plotting against king, by means of agents at once wily and unscrupulous—the negotiations themselves frequently interspersed with the strangest theological references and scriptural quotations—the

use of cipher-writing, evincing occasionally the delicate and sometimes the infamous nature of the subjects of dispute; and the same cunning, trickish, shuffling, long-drawn correspondences between ambassadors and their courts, only less disgraceful and futile than those we meet with in the present day, when the minister condescends to place one of his wearisome blue-books before Parliament. These volumes, however, do not commend themselves to the reader so much for the novelty of the facts detailed in them, as that—to quote a sentence from Mr. Ruskin, in his work on the architecture of Venice—the history contained in them ‘is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen and heard out of the mouths of men who did and saw—the events which in those days were actually passing before the eyes of men.’

From an early period, the English government had taken a part more or less active in continental politics, and, as generally has happened, to the sad neglect of reforms and changes which were needed at home. Thus, when war broke out between any of the great European powers, recourse was always had to this country, the insular position of which rendered it not only secure from invasion, but able to afford powerful help to any maritime state, and without the liability of being attacked in return. The absolute authority of the monarch, and the resources of the mercantile classes, readily furnished for the purposes of foreign aggression, caused the English name to be respected far and wide, and its alliance to be eagerly desired by continental potentates. The Venetian ambassador forcibly represents this, when alluding to subsidies furnished by the English court—for, an unhappy willingness to interfere, by that method, in European politics, has been for many ages distinctive of its government. ‘It is more necessary than ever,’ he wrote to the Doge, ‘to cultivate the friendship of King Henry, *who is so well able to supply your enemies with money*, and thus support the war against you without openly declaring himself. You also perceive that here in London are embassies from all the greatest princes in Christendom, and all hammer at this anvil—some for money, some for favour.’ Long before the accession of Henry VIII., Venetian vessels had touched at Hampton, as Southampton was then termed—vessels called ‘the Flanders galleys,’ bearing as cargo—‘carico,’ as it was expressed in the Tuscan language,—the productions of the fertile and costly East, the luxuries of Italy, which then was to other nations that which France now is, and the wines of Syria, Greece, and Spain—the malmsey so often alluded to in the works of our early poets. At that time the Venetian republic was in its glory. From the palace of St. Mark had gone forth those decrees which affected distant nations; before which

the fiery Moslem quailed, and which the Spaniard and the Genoese reverently heard. Her fleets had fought, for the empire of the sea, with the mightiest armadas which had ever floated upon the waters of the Mediterranean, and the Cross had never been opposed to the Crescent with greater skill and valour than when the 'Bride of the Sea' sent forth her forces to battle for the honour of the Church, and for the independence of the West. Successive Doges had shed a long-descending glory upon the city of lagoons. Both mercantile and martial, Venice was a name of plenty and power, and, 'throned on her hundred isles,' she was at once the Tyre of commerce and the Carthage of naval prowess. When her very existence was threatened by the league of Cambrai, it was of great importance to the republic that England should not join that formidable confederacy; and ambassadors were sent to the court of London to obtain, if not its active aid, at least the assistance of its subsidies, hoping thereby to regain the cities of Verona and of Brescia, which had fallen into the power of the Emperor Maximilian.

Sebastian Giustinian has furnished amusing narratives of his entry into London, which throw some faint light upon the rudeness and simplicity of the times. He wrote: 'With the aid of our Lord God, we reached Dover, having been at sea (from Boulogne) twenty-four hours, owing to the foul weather, which buffeted us mercilessly;' subsequently entering London with a retinue of two hundred horse. One of the Venetian embassy described himself as entering into London, wearing two shirts, 'one over the other,' his doublet all patched and moth-eaten, in a sorry shabby fashion—obliged to clothe himself afresh in the rough frieze of the country—for they manufactured no silk cloth at that time in England; and, as he quaintly expressed it, 'purchasing each of my penn'orths for twopence,' and under the painful necessity of hiring servants who were common thieves; so that 'one glutton robbed him of a silver-gilt ewer,' which had cost its owner twenty-eight ducats. Some years later, an ambassador, the Cardinal Campeggio, brought thither by the business of Queen Catharine's divorce, was not so fortunate in his entrance into London, according, at least, to the account of it given by Hall. Told in the homely phraseology of the time, the brief narrative forcibly describes the barbarity of the age, and the utter absence of that dignity which is now supposed to hedge the representative of a powerful monarch; and all this, too, thirty years after that Columbus had discovered America, and opened its vast continents to the introduction of Christianity and of a partial civilization. Much of the ambassador's luggage, as it would be termed in the present day, had been placed upon mules, which slowly advanced to the City. When they came

into 'Chepe,' a mule broke loose from the driver, overturned its own burden, and threw the procession into confusion, overthrowing the packages of two or three other mules. The various parcels were burst by the violence of the fall, 'and out of some fell old hosen, broken shoes, and roasted flesh, pieces of bread, eggs, and much vile baggage;" at which sight the boys cried, "See, see my lord legate's treasure; and so the muleteers were ashamed, and took up all their stuff, and so passed forth.'

The despatches of Sebastian Giustinian refer frequently to Henry VIII., the latter part of whose reign has caused him justly to be regarded as a harsh and bloody tyrant; but, during his earlier years, he had many of the better qualities of a prince. The avarice of the father had not deprived the son of the advantages of the best education the times could afford; but it was an education altogether in harmony with the age, tending rather to the development and perfection of his physical, than to the expansion and strengthening of the intellectual powers; but the latter were far from having been neglected. One of the most expert and valiant knights of his day, unless, indeed, courtly flattery has too favourably represented his skill and prowess—and viewed with a strict morality, the tournament of that day was but little superior to the 'prize ring' of the present:—He also spoke French and Latin, and, not wholly unacquainted with Italian, he was an accomplished musician—a talent which was inherited by his daughter Mary, who, in her most melancholy moods, loved to resort to the delicious airs which, in her youth, she had learned in the palace from the minstrels of the south.

In the 'Report,' made by Giustinian to the senate, much is related of the English monarch, who won the praises of the sensual Italian. In his twenty-ninth year, when that document was written, and extremely handsome, wearing a beard 'which looks like gold;' a good horseman and jousting; passionately fond of hunting and of tennis, and withal hearing masses daily, we can readily believe that the monarch was held in admiration by his subjects, who, charmed by his fascinating exterior, were unable to pass fitting judgment upon either the mental or the moral characteristics of the *man*. Loving pleasure above all things, and carefully fostering all that could produce it, he was naturally fond of peace, admiring in war its 'pomp and circumstance,' rather than the stern encounters of the field, although he kept three 'armies' in full equipment. Inheriting the wealth painfully hoarded by his father, and with a large revenue derived from estates, forests, and meres, from custom-duties and from confiscated property—always large under a despotic rule—and from numerous other sources always open to irresponsible autho-

richly, Henry was, perhaps, the wealthiest monarch in Europe. Luxury, however, is expensive. Even for the pageants of royalty there must be a day of reckoning; and Henry soon experienced that often-recurring courtly pleasures are ruinously costly; and that the money-lender is often mightier than the king. Fond of display, no inconsiderable part of his revenue was expended in dress, amounting annually to 16,000 ducats—an enormous sum in that semi-barbarous age, when commerce was restricted and specie scarce. The richness of the king's clothing, of which many details are given, attracted the attention of the ambassador, who reported: 'He is the best dressed sovereign in the world: his robes are the richest and most superb that can be imagined; and he puts on new clothes every holiday.' While enumerating the many qualities, and referring to the habits of the English ruler, the shrewd Italian does not omit to mention that Henry was greatly addicted to the silly vice of gambling—losing, to some Frenchmen at his court, 8000 ducats in a day.

Next to the monarch, to a foreigner the most attractive person at the English court was the Cardinal Wolsey, at that time forty-six years old, industrious, intriguing, eloquent, and unscrupulous. Of low origin, he had gradually risen to the highest offices in the state, and to a dignity in his church inferior only to that of the pontiff himself. The 'Despatches' of Sebastian Giustinian contain many highly interesting details of the pomp and arrogance of this ecclesiastic, and of the great power which he wielded in England. In fact, Wolsey was general-director of the kingdom, managing all state affairs of every kind, paying great attention to the wants and wishes of the poor, earning for himself thereby golden opinions from the masses of the people. The ambassador appears to have thoroughly understood the character of the wily churchman, and has expressed it when he wrote—'His right reverend lordship never says what he means, but the reverse of what he intends to do.' Giustinian speaks of him as a man being quick of quarrel, easily exasperated, and, while irritated, he would often nervously 'gnaw a cane' which he held in his hand, and to which Skelton alluded;—

' In Chamber of Stars,
All matters there he mars,
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word;'

his irritation often inducing him to make use of fierce and insolent language, and which, with his extreme arrogance, ultimately lost him the favour of the king, and hurried him to that doleful fall, from which he was destined, 'like Lucifer, never to rise again'—a reverse of fortune which the greatest of English poets has portrayed in immortal verse. The following quotation

from the ambassador's 'Report' to the Venetian senate, supplies valuable additions to the information we had previously possessed of the wealth, power, and haughtiness of the Cardinal:—

'The cardinal is the person who rules both the king and the entire kingdom. On the ambassador's first arrival in England, he used to say to him,—"*His Majesty will do so and so*:" subsequently, by degrees, he went forgetting himself, and commenced saying, "*We shall do so and so*;" at this present he has reached such a pitch that he says, "*I shall do so and so*." He is in very great repute—seven times more so than if he were pope. He has a very fine palace, where one traverses eight rooms before reaching his audience-chamber, and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week. He always has a sideboard of plate, wherever he may be, worth 25,000 ducats; and his silver is estimated at 150,000 ducats. In his own chamber there is always a cupboard with vessels to the amount of 30,000 ducats, this being customary with the English nobility. He is supposed to be very rich indeed in money, plate, and household stuff. The archbishopric of York yields him about 14,000 ducats; the bishopric of Bath, 8000. One-third of the fees derived from the great seal are his. His share amounts to about 5000 ducats. By the New Year's gifts, which he receives in like manner as the king, he makes some 25,000 ducats. . . . No one obtains audience from him unless at the third or fourth attempt. As he adopts this fashion with all the lords and barons of England, the ambassador made light of it, and at length had recourse to the expedient of making an appointment through his secretary, who sometimes went six or seven times to York House before he could speak to the cardinal. It is the custom for the ambassadors, when they go to the court, to dine there, and on their first arrival in England, they ate at the cardinal's table, but now no one is served with the viands of the sort presented to the cardinal, until after their removal from before him.'—pp. 314, 315.

The conception which the ambassador formed of the English military force seems to have been correct, so far as we have the testimony of his contemporaries. He represents the army as deficient in that cumbrous heavy cavalry, which generally formed a large proportion of continental troops in those days, when the strictness of military discipline had not as yet succeeded to the irregular method of warfare which obtained in mediæval times. Giustinian estimated the whole cavalry force of the island at less than a thousand, but the infantry, the real military power of the kingdom, at 150,000, and who were in fact archers—'their prowess is in their bow'—that weapon which had oftentimes won victory for their forefathers, not only upon French fields, but in multitudinous conflicts with the undisciplined and unfortunate levies which the Scottish kings led against the southern chivalry. He observes—'they insist on being paid monthly, nor do they choose to suffer any hardship; but when they have their com-

forts, they will then do battle daily, with a courage, vigour, and valour that defy exaggeration.'

These 'Despatches' shed but the faintest gleam of light upon the condition of the great body of the English people. In them he mentions some destructive rioting in London, occasioned by a conspiracy formed among the populace for the slaughter of all the foreign residents, and for the sacking of their houses—outbreaks 'caused by the absence of the king and cardinal'—and to resist which the householders appear to have armed *en masse*. The riots much alarmed the Italian, and he prayed his government to give him permission to return home, on account of the risk 'to his person and property.' He makes another brief allusion to these disturbances—but the details are wanting, swallowed up in the darkness of that remote past. Frequent mention is made in these despatches of the 'sweating sickness'—*sudor Britannicus*—that mysterious disease which, introduced by the invading army of the Duke of Richmond in 1485, during the succeeding half-century again and again committed frightful ravages in England. Probably it was some modification of typhoid disease; but the earlier writers, Doctors Caius, Mead, and Cullen, are not agreed in opinion, either of the nature or origination of this formidable malady. During Giustinian's residence in London, the pestilence destroyed vast numbers of the people—the disease not continuing more than twenty-four hours, and, at the end of that time, if the patient survived the horrible sudorific process, he very rapidly returned to vigorous health. It was peculiar to this plague, that foreigners resident in England escaped the infection, while the natives suffered severely. Reference is made in the ambassador's letters to such exemption, and all writers on this disease, from the earliest down to M. Rayer, have remarked upon it. Wolsey had repeated attacks of the disease—his pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham affording no protection against a renewal of the evil. The royal household suffered much, even the pages, who slept in the king's chamber, dying; the court was broken up; the disease produced universal fear; merchants fled from their stores; the gay and dissolute abandoned the scenes of their frivolity and revelry; the wretched labourers feared to go forth to work; abroad there was danger, at home there was dread; the king, nobles, ambassadors, in fact all who were able, fled from the pestilence-stricken cities and towns, hoping to escape, in the purer air of the country, from that contagion which fell like a dire mildew both on palace and cottage. The disease had a tendency to recur. No attack, however severe, shielded the patient from a second; and having himself suffered, twice in one week, his servants lying dead in his house, Giustinian entreated

the Doge to grant him permission to return to his much-loved Venice, from the island of the fatal and inscrutable disease.

The careful reader will find in these volumes much valuable information of the times of Henry VIII.—many curious narrations, which will be sought for in vain in the received histories of that age, and which, to some extent, illustrate the ecclesiastical and political institutions under which the English nation was benighted and enslaved during the reign of the intemperate iconoclast of our first reformation,—and narratives which are all the more valuable, insomuch as they were written, not only by an eye-witness of the events they record, but by a careful and most shrewd observer of the king and court. The volumes, which are in an antique style, are very elegant; and they are enriched by a large body of invaluable notes, and by an appendix by Mr. Rawdon Brown, who seems to have admirably performed his part as translator of the very interesting despatches of the republican ambassador. We heartily recommend the volumes, the worth of which has been considerably enhanced by the efficient manner in which they have been brought to light from the hidden treasures of Venetian archives, and presented to modern readers. They will be consulted and reperused when multitudes of contemporary publications have been cast aside and forgotten.

- ART. IV.—*Orr's Circle of the Sciences*. A Series of Treatises on the Principles of Science, with their Application to Practical Pursuits. London: Orr & Co.
2. *The Museum of Science and Art*. Edited by Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. London: Walton & Maberly.
 3. *Lectures, in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce*. Delivered at St. Martin's Hall. London: Routledge & Co.
 4. *Lectures on Education*. Delivered at the Royal Institution by W. Whewell, D.D., F.R.S.; Professor Faraday, F.R.S.; R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S.; C. G. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S.; Professor Tyndale, F.R.S.; J. Paget, F.R.S.; W. B. Hodgson, LL.D. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THE education of the people has been the favourite subject of discussion for a long period, and it has engaged the attention of men holding the most opposite opinions. A careful examination of all that has been written or spoken upon this great question

will show that one conclusion stands forth from all the controversial points pre-eminently clear. As amidst the boiling of storm-troubled waters, the roar of winds, and the rush of dark and angry clouds, the great Pharos of the British Channel sends forth its cheering radiations to warn and guide the voyager, irrespective of his nation—be he friend or foe—so, from the tempest of words, and the storm of conflicting opinions, beams one truth, recognised by every creed and party—around which, let us hope, all may rally and learn lessons of love and peace in its pure illumination.

SCIENCE every one now admits must form an important part of every system of education which may be adopted. This has lately been seized upon as a newly recognised truth, and many have dilated upon it as a discovery of their own. It is not new—but it has of late risen into importance amongst us, and hence 'Practical Science' and 'Popular Science' have become fashionable phrases.

The *Mechanics' Institutions* were organized by Dr. Birkbeck, from a conviction that the artisan class would be improved by knowing the principles of the machines and tools which they were in the habit of using. The *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* was founded to carry out the great principle of teaching all men science. The *British Association*, with its annual meetings and its itinerating character, had for its main object the diffusion of a taste for scientific inquiry amongst the people. From these efforts has the now fully recognised truth grown—but it has grown quicker since the year 1851 than it did before, the accelerating cause being the Great Exhibition. In that vast gathering we saw the result of a long series of educational struggles—a remarkable combination of circumstances so singularly happy that they could not be regarded as fortuitous. In that great temple of industry, as men contemplated the results of thought and labour, they saw that those who were most familiar with nature and her laws took the foremost positions, and gained the highest honours. They learned that the laws of mechanics, the elements of physics, and a knowledge of chemical affinities, led to excellencies which could not be arrived at by any amount of uneducated labour. Thus, the value of science, as a branch of popular education, was forced upon all, with the strength of a firm conviction.

This manifested itself in various ways. The 'surplus fund' of the Great Exhibition was expended in the purchase of land upon which it was proposed to raise a people's college—a 'Solomon's House,' in which should be realized the beautiful dream of Bacon's Atlantis—and in aid of this grand scheme the House of Commons, by a most liberal vote, showed the feeling of its

members. The government organized the new Department of Science and Art, selecting for its direction two men who had been the most active in the business of the Great Exhibition ; and they added a School of Mines to the already existing Museum of Practical Geology, the most popular feature of which has been the courses of evening lectures given by its learned professors to working-men.

The Society of Arts has endeavoured to revive the spark in the decaying ashes of the Mechanics' Institutions, and to some extent the effort has been successful. An extensive union of these associations has been formed, and naturally this insures an increase of strength. Recently the same society arranged an Educational Exhibition, during which lectures were delivered, some of which have been published in the volume quoted at the head of this article. When we find the Master of Trinity College, the Dean of Hereford, Cardinal Wiseman, and William Ellis lecturing from the same platform, in the same cause, we have certainly a convincing proof of the popularity of the subject of Practical Education. The Royal Institution, too—usually regarded as the aristocratic temple of science—has had its lectures on the same subject given by able and earnest men. Oxford and Cambridge have been roused from their repose, and compelled to give to Physical Science a place beside the classic throne. In addition to these examples we may add the numerous serials devoted to popular science, from which, however, we have chosen the two which are at the head of this article as being peculiarly illustrative. They are different in their characters. One of them is much more 'popular' than the other, but its aim is not so high ; they are the best and the cheapest of the scientific serials.

Although such strenuous exertions are now being made to give science its proper place in the schools, we must not fail to remember that the present efforts are but the renewal of equally zealous attempts, dating as far back as the commencement of the present century.

Standing, then, just within the circle of a new year, we can but inquire what are the manifest results of those efforts which have been spread over so large a portion of time and embraced so wide a space.

The reply is not so satisfactory as we could desire. There has been an extensive diffusion of knowledge, but the great mass of the people observe as imperfectly as they ever did, and draw imperfect conclusions from what they do observe. Science has been well said to be *trained and organized common sense*, yet we find common sense as much at fault now as it ever was. Notwithstanding the diffusion of scientific knowledge the people remain defenceless against the practices of cheats. Surely the

test of a correct education is the power which it gives the possessor of examining for himself. Let facts speak—the public will swallow any pill if it be only gilded with electricity. There is no tale too absurd for belief if it be associated with magnetism; hence, the masses are constantly the dupes of specious pretenders and plausible charlatans. Facts of every-day occurrence show that the public are as open to the schemes of deceivers, and are as readily worked into a mania in 1855 as they were in the days of Mississippi bubble, or of *The Great Mine Adventure*.

Dr. Lardner has some remarks in his 'Essay on Weather Prognostics' which are much to the purpose of our position.

'It is astonishing in this age of the diffusion of knowledge how susceptible the public mind is of excitement on any topic the principles of which do not lie absolutely on the surface of the most ordinary course of elementary education. It was only in the year 1832 that a general alarm spread throughout France lest Biela's comet, in its progress through the solar system, should strike the earth; and the authorities in that country, with a view to tranquillize the public, induced M. Arago, the astronomer royal, to publish an essay on comets, written in a familiar and intelligible style, to show the impossibility of such an event. Several panics in England, connected with physical questions, have occurred within our memory. There prevailed in London a "water panic," during which the public were persuaded that the water supplied to the metropolis was destructive to health and life. While this lasted, the papers teemed with announcements of patent filtering machines; solar microscope makers displayed to the terrified Londoners troops of thousand-legged animals disporting in their daily beverage; publishers were busy with popular treatises on entomology; and the public was seized with a general hydrophobia. It was in vain that Brande analysed the water at the London Institution and Faraday attempted to reason London into its senses. Knowledge ceased to be power; philosophy lost its authority. Time was, however, more efficacious than science; and the paroxysm of the disease having passed through the appointed phases, the people were convalescent.'—Vol. i. p. 68.

Still more strongly would similar remarks apply to the lamentable mania for table-turning and table-talking, and to the yet more recent disease connected with the discovery of gold in England. No amount of reasoning could carry conviction in the former case, and absolute ruin was the only argument which brought men to their senses in the latter.

There must be something radically wrong in the systems of education which have been hitherto adopted, otherwise men would, at least, form correct opinions on things which were occurring before their eyes, or, at least, they would be conscious of some fallacy, even if they could not detect it, when an interpretation wide of the truth was volunteered by others for probably interested motives.

Our education has consisted mainly in learning the signs by which ideas are expressed or truths told. Would it not be an improvement to cultivate ideas and teach truths at the same time that a knowledge of the signs is being acquired?

It may be argued by some that this has been done; that the classic studies of our universities tend to awaken in the mind the highest powers of thought; and that mathematics and logic train the possessor in the use of those powers.

Mankind appears to advance in knowledge by one of two methods. The first, a process of abstract thought; the second, a system of inductive observation and deductive reasonings. In the great literatures of Greece and Rome which have descended to us we find principally examples of the former method, and our modern philosophy is an instance of the latter.

In the classic books we find beautiful truths. These truths were the result of psychological efforts, such as we rarely meet with now-a-days. The scholars of Athens or of Rome 'saw through a glass darkly,' and, aiming for light, they established a process of *thinking out* the truth. This was not exactly what we now signify by the word speculation; it was an inner process, such as we sometimes know to be in action in that state of the mind called *reverie*, when there is produced an exaltation of mental power—a *far-seeingness*. Hence those books are full of beauties which we cannot afford to lose, and they contain truths which every one must profit by who studies them. But let us not forget that

‘Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off the crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.’

We must admit, however, that we have rarely risen from the study of a 'book of sage antiquity' without feeling that it possessed a power of thought which advanced it above the condition of ordinary human efforts; that it gave indications of the mind's immortality, in the advances which were ever made to that condition of *prævideo* which so nearly resembles prophetic power. Therefore we are far from desiring that the ancient philosophers or poets should be banished from our schools. We are not of that class which teaches utilities alone; and we believe the present age is suffering from the miserable *cui bono* cry of the past thirty years. No truth, however abstract it may appear, becomes known to man without lifting him in the scale of intelligence, and it is certain eventually to have its application in purposes of high utility. A few examples of this will demand our attention presently. An eminent naturalist,

whom it hath pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to remove from the scene of his labours, in the very busiest year of his busy life—a man beloved by all who knew him, and regretted deeply as a real loss to the ranks of science—writes:—

‘Far be it from me to disparage the educational value of the glorious literatures of Greece and Rome, or to withhold due honour from ~~the~~ many able and learned men who give dignity to their profession as educators. To them I would appeal for the rectifying of the evils of a one-sided education. I would implore them, in the name of Aristotle, the greatest of naturalists, and most admirable of observers—how ~~great~~ otherwise none knows better than they do—to avail themselves of ~~that~~ science upon which he laid so much stress, and through it to cultivate those tracts of the mind that now lie fallow and unproductive.’—Edward Forbes on the Relations of Natural History to Science and the Arts.

The same teacher again says, so truly, that we may take the passage for our text on popular science:—

‘The earliest efforts of infant intellect are directed towards the observation of natural objects. Animals, plants, minerals, are collected by the schoolboy, who delights to note their shape and qualities, and rudely to compare and classify. But the thirst for natural knowledge thus early and unmistakably manifested is rudely quenched by unpalatable draughts of scholastic lore administered too often by a tasteless pedagogue, who, blind to the indications of a true course of education, thus plainly pointed out by human nature, developing itself according to the laws of its own God-given constitution, prunes and trims, binds and cramps the youthful intellect into traditional and fantastic shapes; even as our gardeners of a past age tortured shrubs and trees into monstrous outlines, vainly fancying to improve their aspect, arresting the growth of the spreading boughs and the budding of the clustering foliage, mistaking an unhealthy formality for beauty.’

Education is a term commonly employed with an exceedingly loose signification. One man conceives religious and moral training to be its aim and end; another interprets the term to signify reading, writing, and arithmetic; a third says it is teaching him those things by which he can best get his daily bread; and a fourth argues it is a knowledge of ‘common things.’ Without undervaluing any of these views, we are not disposed to regard either of them as fully expressing our meaning of education, which we think, should be a process of training, by which the reasoning powers of mankind may be improved, the perceptive faculties exalted, and the religious tendencies cultivated in the highest degree.

We desire to witness the realization of that state which Bacon looked forward to when in his ‘*Novum Organum*’ he wrote—

‘Only let mankind regain their rights over nature, assigned to them by the gift of God ; that power obtained, its exercise will be governed by right reason and true religion.’

Man, when placed upon the earth, was instructed *to subdue it* ; and it becomes a duty, impressed upon the race by every religious and every moral consideration, to improve those powers which the great Creator of all things has given, that he may, indeed, become the subduer of nature, and the controller, in a limited sense, of the physical agencies by which all phenomena are effected.

Science is only well-regulated common sense. Many are scared away from scientific studies by the difficulties which appear to stand at their very beginning. The difficulties of hard names and of the systems of classification which have been found necessary, appearing, like new languages, to be acquired only by persevering efforts. The principal cause why the labour of acquiring this preliminary knowledge is so great, may be traced to the defective nature of early education. Artificial instead of natural methods of training are adopted ; the modes of thinking are constrained ; and reasoning is directed by dogmatic power, along some circumscribed and one-sided path. As Professor Forbes has said, the young plant is cut and trimmed into some grotesque fashion, and all its natural beauties are destroyed.

All that is necessary to form that condition of mind which we desire, is to observe how nature works, and to follow out her indications. It may not be out of the place here to examine the progress of an individual mind in the pursuit of knowledge.

All knowledge is acquired by observation or by memory. We either observe for ourselves, or learn the results of observations made by others. The last method renders us dependent upon the mental powers of others, and induces the habit of thinking upon authority, the first generates an independent system of thought, which depends mainly upon the evidence of our senses. An authority may be good or bad, reliable or otherwise ; it is therefore important that we should have the power of examining into this for ourselves, and to do this it is necessary that we shall have improved our powers of observation.

The senses may deceive us ; the eye, the ear, the nose, and the hand, may lead us astray unless we are on the watch. The tricks of the conjuror and the deceptions of the ventriloquist furnish familiar examples of this, and the sciences of optics and chemistry supply instances of a striking character. Therefore it is necessary to train the organs of sense into correct methods of observation, and to learn to examine their evidences in juxtaposition with the evidences of well-tried authorities ; to learn to observe correctly for ourselves, and to test these

observations by the recorded views of acknowledged students in science.

An observing child finds a stone which has some striking peculiarity of form or colour. He, without knowing it, compares it with what he has seen before, or with other stones now spread around him. He has observed a fact, but unaided he can advance no further than this. He now seeks information from some authority, and he learns that his prize is a crystal, or some peculiar mineral. An intelligent mind will desire something more than this. What crystal? What mineral? will be questions on the inquiring lip. The crystal may be a diamond. How is this to be known? The mineral may be an ore of a valuable metal. How is this to be determined?

In whatever direction the fact observed may lie, the progress of inquiry is of the same order; and hence the importance of providing reliable books on popular science, that those who seek may find, and finding have no fear of being deceived.

Orr's 'Circle of the Sciences' is peculiarly the kind of work we indicate. Men eminent in their respective walks of science are engaged in writing the treatises on the principles of the sciences—men who can speak with authority. Such men as Owen and Latham are conferring a lasting benefit on the popular literature of the day, by employing their pens in diffusing correct knowledge in the cheapest form.

Dr. Lardner's work, 'The Museum of Science and Art,' occupies another position and a most important one. The treatises included are essentially popular, and few men can popularize science so skilfully as Dr. Lardner. His extensive knowledge, the polytechnic character of his mind, enables him to convey a larger amount of knowledge on a greater number of subjects, within given limits, than almost any other man. Therefore 'The Museum of Science and Art' is peculiarly adapted for awakening curiosity on any of the subjects of which it treats, while the 'Circle of the Sciences' will, if it be continued as it has been begun, be equally adapted for guiding that curiosity and satisfying it.

A great number of books on popular science have, within a few years, been presented to the public. The amount of error in these books has been so large as to destroy the good effects of the truths which they have disseminated. Lectures on popular science are given at all our 'Mechanics' and Literary and Philosophical Institutions. These are usually single lectures, or if the lecturer is permitted to deliver two lectures in sequence, he must be in high favour. The class of lecturers on science in these institutions is generally low; there are but some half-dozen men having any reputation in the world of science who undertake lectures in these institutions of

the people. Consequently truth and error are sadly blended together; the listeners have not the power of separating one from the other, the desultory system of lecturing, leads to the worst possible habits of thought, or rather it destroys the power of thinking at all. Truth and error are amalgamated, and spread with all that assumption of knowledge, which is the mask and domino in which ignorance performs its tricks.

Much as we talk of education, of popular science, and cheap scientific literature, we feel warranted in saying, that the spread of correct and useful scientific knowledge is as limited as the extension of pseudo-science has been wide. To improve this state of things, the books we have quoted will do much; we desire to see an extension in this direction, and to have the true philosophers of the age becoming the teachers of the people in their own institutions.

We hear men still inquiring what is the use of scientific knowledge. Let us answer by giving a few examples of the effects which arise from its want.

In the introductory treatise to the 'Circle of the Sciences' we find the following :—

'For want of the knowledge of the crystalline form of the diamond, a gentleman in California offered £200 for a small specimen of quartz. The gentleman knew nothing of the substance, except that it was bright, shining mineral, excessively hard, not to be touched by the file, and which would scratch glass. Presuming that those qualities belonged only to the diamond, he conceived he was offering a fair price for the gem. The offer was declined by the owner, who, had he known that the diamond was never found crystallized in the form of a six-sided prism terminated at each end by a six-sided pyramid, he would have been able to detect the fact, that, that for which he was offered £200 was really not worth more than half-a-crown.'—*Ib.* p. 19.

Owing to a want of knowledge of the fact that certain geological conditions are essentially necessary to the existence of coal, much money has been wasted in mining for fossil fuel where it could not be, by any possibility, found. It should be taught that over England the period of the coal formation, was more recent than that which produced the *old* red sandstone and mountain limestone, and before that of the *new* red sandstones and the lias, all of which are much older than oolites and other tertiary formations. In rocks much older than those on which the coal was formed, the Silurian rocks of Radnorshire, deep pits have been sunk at an enormous cost. In the Wealden formations of Sussex, and the oolites of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, rock formations which are in the very youth of time compared with the antiquity of the true carboniferous period extensive search has been made; and even within the last year men have seriously discussed the question of the existence of coal

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beneath our great metropolis. 'A little knowledge' is, in such examples as those, proved to be indeed a 'dangerous thing.'

In mechanical science, mistakes of the most curious character are constantly being made through a want of the knowledge of the laws of motion and gravitation. To give an example—A man of much natural intelligence had learned, that the velocity of water flowing from an orifice was determined by the height of the column of water above the point of efflux; and again he had read Newton's law, that action and reaction are always equal, but in contrary directions. These were two truths obtained, and he immediately set to work to apply them, without acquiring the additional knowledge necessary to correct the wanderings of a speculative mind. He proposed to place at the back of a railway carriage a tall tube of water; through a hole at the bottom of the tube this water was to flow out with a force due to the height, and he conceived the *reaction* of the force of the flowing fluid would propel the carriage in a contrary direction. Most elaborate calculations, founded on false data, were made—considerable money was expended in the construction of a model—and, eventually, a costly journey undertaken with the view of 'bringing out' this new motive power. Although a model carriage and much costly apparatus had been made, *an experiment had never been tried*. It was with difficulty, at last, that a man of science convinced this inventor of the fallacies of his schemes, all of which would have been apparent at first if he had sought to make himself acquainted with the laws of fluid pressure. Numerous examples from other departments of science might be given, if such were necessary. The advantages which men derive from a knowledge of science is a more agreeable theme, therefore we quote from the introductory essay to the 'Circle of the Sciences' a few passages which show the utility of scientific knowledge under various circumstances:—

'Again, as to the animal kingdom, how large the mine of knowledge it embraces, and that of interest and importance not confined to the naturalist! The merchant, the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the traveller, the sportsman, have all to seek aid, in their several pursuits, from a knowledge of this department of natural history. Look to the value of our fisheries, and judge how available to the commercial world becomes this knowledge of animal nature. Nay more, but for our knowledge of natural history, one of our most important articles of food would in time have entirely disappeared from our waters. We allude to the salmon, the fry of which and the *parr* are now universally acknowledged to be identical—this fish is well known by the transverse dusky bars which mark its sides. Under the name of *parr*, it abounds in all salmon rivers; and until the researches of Mr. Shaw, Sir William Jardine, and others, proclaimed it to be the young of the salmon, it fell in thousands before the strategies of every village boy

who possessed a crooked pin and a yard or two of line. Science has now established its value, and invoked regulations for its preservation. . . . A practical illustration of only a slight knowledge of zoology, presents itself in the case of a traveller or emigrant in some unknown country. He has pitched his tent, or raised his hut, and then he finds the locality infested by serpents. He is all anxiety and fear. He knows not what to do, whether to proceed to another spot, or to remain and brave the danger. Some acquaintance with the structure of reptiles would at once have decided his plans; for with the first he killed he could decide whether they were venomous or harmless. The former, and the common viper is one, possesses on either side of the head glands which secrete their venom; and, to conduct it to the wound they inflict upon their prey, they are furnished with two hollow but long, recurved, and sharply pointed teeth in their upper jaw. The harmless serpents have no such apparatus; and thus, the two genera are at once distinguished by the absence or presence of a fang. . . . A treatise might be written on the benefits which an acquaintance with the vegetable kingdom is capable of affording. Of how great use is it in strange countries to be able to distinguish plants fit for food from such as are poisonous, and to recognise those which have been employed in medicine, or in any one of the numerous arts to which the vegetable kingdom is subservient. Even an elementary knowledge of botany is of exceeding interest and importance. Travellers in unknown lands know full well that life or death often depends upon their acquaintance with the science—an acquaintance, it may be, not derived from learned treatises, but simply from little more than the ordinary observation of those edible plants with which all persons are familiar. But even this is still a knowledge of botany. An all-wise Providence has so arranged that plants may be associated into families from their external resemblances; and, further, that plants possessing such resemblances to each other have many properties in common. One of the great families of plants is the *cruciferae* or turnip tribe, every member of which, marked by very obvious characters, is easily recognised, and scarcely to be mistaken, and all are remarkable for edible and antiscorbutic properties. The crew which accompanied Vancouver in the expedition of 1792 suffered severely from scurvy, and from want of vegetable food. The surgeon advised that they should make the first land; and at Cape Horn he found a plant, resembling spinach, which he directed to be used as food, with the happiest effects. The icosandrous plants, or such as have an indefinite number of stamens attached to the calyx, are remarkable for their fidelity to this law. They are all edibles, and are represented by the apple and pear tribes, the cherry, the strawberry, &c. There is another great family, the grasses, the members of which exceed those of any other class in number and in their essential importance to the whole animal creation. This family comprehends the grasses, commonly so called—the wheat, oat, barley, rye, &c.—of our temperate climate, and the sugar canes of tropical regions, and all possess the common properties of being nutritious and healthful. During Lord Anson's voyages, on the failure of provisions, the mariners landed

and found vegetables, which, although unknown, were recognised as belonging to this great family, and proved to be highly beneficial."—*Ib.* p. 20.

The worth of knowledge is indeed inestimable, and, to such a community as ours, remarkable for its persevering industry exerted upon nature's raw material, what knowledge can exceed in value a knowledge of science?

We know there are people who still conceive science to be some mysterious thing, curious enough in its way, since they have seen beautiful experiments performed with electricity and in chemistry; but they cannot see how mankind has been benefited. A few words on this. An old Grecian philosopher noticed that amber (electron) when rubbed, possessed a peculiar attractive power. The curious fact was noted, and nothing more. At length it was discovered that sulphur and glass became attractive or repellant under similar conditions. Hence the first electrical machine—a ball of sulphur fixed on an axis, with a bar of iron as prime conductor, held by silken strings. Curiosity was awakened by the strange phenomena which presented themselves, and powerful electrical machines were soon made. Eventually Benjamin Franklin thought he saw indications that the brilliant spark from the prime conductor of a machine bore some relation to the terrific flash of the thunder-storm. He sent a prepared kite into the air, and realizing the fable of Prometheus, Franklin drew fire from Heaven. This grand experiment soon produced great practical results. Men learned how to protect themselves from the devastating storm. The conductor was made to discharge quietly into the earth the electricity of the overcharged air—to drain the lightning from the cloud—and quietly to restore the equilibrium of power which nature is always seeking to maintain. While in this direction the men of science were investigating the phenomena of frictional electricity, Galvani observed what he considered to be indications of animal electricity in the convulsive motion of frogs when placed in contact with two dissimilar metals. Volta, however, soon corrected this error, and showed that the electricity was due to the chemical action of the moisture on the frog's body on the metal employed. Chemical-voltaic electricity, or galvanism, was thus discovered, and the voltaic battery became, in the hands of Davy, an agent capable of breaking up the most powerful chemical affinities, and of proving to the world that the earth, magnesia and lime, clay, and the alkalies potash and soda, were metals combined with oxygen. The chemical effects of the electric current being thus determined, Mr. Spencer of Liverpool taught mankind to use it in metallurgy, and hence all the processes of electrotype and electro-plating. Magnetism had long

been thought to be a form of electrical force, its attractive and repelling power so much resemble that of an electrified body. Oersted of Copenhagen first proved to the world the real relation of the two forms of force. He showed that a magnet always placed itself at right angles to the direction of an electric current. Sturgeon—a man to whom too little honour has been done—a self-educated man, who rose from a common soldier to become a teacher of science in England—Sturgeon showed that a bar of soft iron placed at right angles to a current of electricity became a magnet. Great has been the result of these discoveries. Wheatstone saw the useful part which this electric current might play, and to him we owe the electric telegraph, which now, over land and under ocean, carries from one end of Europe to the other man's messages, regardless of time or space.

In 'The Museum of Science and Art' will be found by far the most complete account of the Electric Telegraph in all its varieties which has yet been given to the world. The value of this instrument scarcely requires a word from us, it is now so evident to all; but the following experiment, prepared and performed by M. Leverrier, the celebrated astronomer, and Dr. Lardner, will show its powers:—

'Two wires, extending from the room in which we operated to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire extending to Lille and back, making a total distance of 336 miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several coils of wire wrapped with silk were obtained, measuring in their total length 746 miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one *continuous wire measuring 1082 miles*. A message consisting of 282 words was then transmitted from one end of the wire. *A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgment in fifty-two seconds—being at the average rate of five words and four-tenths per second!* By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of 1000 miles at the rate of 19,500 words per hour.'

Appropriately does Dr. Lardner quote the singularly beautiful words of Job—'Canst thou send the lightnings that they may go and say unto Thee, Here we are!' Job xxxviii. 35. The Electric Telegraph Company alone have now organized communications over 4625 miles of country—this involves the use of 25,233 miles of wire. In the six months ending June 30, 1854, they had communicated 235,867 messages, for which they had received £62,435. The telegraphic wires of various companies now reach from Aberdeen in the North to Viterbe and Corsica in the South.

From Cork in the West to Lemburg and New Orsova in the East. They reach from Königsberg in the Baltic to Marseilles and Toulon in the Mediterranean. These wondrous wires are now being laid over the bed of this great inland sea, and will shortly unite Africa and Europe. Reaching Egypt, they will quickly extend still further eastward. In our Indian possessions 3000 miles of telegraph are now in course of construction—these will eventually, without doubt, meet the wires from Egypt—and London may then convey instantaneous messages to Bengal or Calcutta.

In the United States of America there were at the commencement of 1854 telegraphs extending over 41,392 miles, and now an electric telegraph is projected to unite the Mississippi with San Francisco, a distance of 2400 miles. Such are the great results which have sprung from the abstract truth observed by Oersted, that a magnet placed itself at right angles to the direction of an electric current.

The extension of our railroad system, too, which has facilitated in so remarkable a manner the means of transit, completely altering indeed the relations of town to town as it regards distance, is entirely due to the original investigations of an instrument maker of Glasgow.

'Many are old enough,' says Dr. Lardner, 'to remember the time when persons, correspondence, and merchandise were transported from place to place in this country by stage coaches, vans, and wagons. In those days the fast coach, with its team of spanking blood-horses and its bluff driver, with broad-brimmed hat and drab box coat, from which a dozen capes were pendant; who handled the ribbons with such exact summate art, could pick a fly from the ear of the off-leader, and turn into the gateway at Charing Cross with the precision of a geometer, were the topics of the unbounded admiration of the traveller. Certain coaches obtained a special celebrity and favour with the public. We cannot forget how the eye of the traveller glistened when he mentioned the Brighton 'Age,' the Glasgow 'Mail,' the Shrewsbury 'Wonder,' or the Exeter 'Defiance.' The 'Age,' which made its trip in five hours—and the 'Defiance,' which acquired its fame by completing the journey between London and Exeter in less than thirty hours.

'Let us imagine that such a person were to affirm that his contemporaries would live to see a coach like the 'Defiance' making its trip between London and Exeter, not in thirty, but in five hours, and drawn, not by two-hundred blood-horses, but by a moderate-sized stove and four bushels of coal!'

Dr. Robison relates that he called on James Watt and found him with a small tin cylinder between his knees—and that Watt with all the joy of a great discoverer, like Archimedes with his shout of *Eureka*—proclaimed the discovery of a real steam-

engine, with arrangements for condensation and for preventing loss of heat. Those who constructed engines moved by steam before the time of Watt, took steam as they found it, and when it had done its work of raising the piston it was allowed to escape, and the weight of the atmosphere forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. These men, ingenious and industrious, were precisely in the situation of those who are now endeavouring to apply electricity as a motive power, or as an illuminating agent. They take voltaic power—that is, the batteries,—as they find them—and they attempt to apply the power developed, perfectly ignorant of the physical conditions which regulate the force, unable to follow out the train of research,—in which alone any hope is found,—necessary to the improvement of the means for developing electricity, and of collecting and retaining it when developed. Watt knew what Papin, Savery, Newcomen, and Smeaton had done. He saw that the philosophy of the force was not understood—that the relations of heat and steam were very imperfectly known. He established a set of inductive experiments. Nature disclosed her secrets to the ardent evocator—and Watt secured for the world a source of unlimited power—a magazine of uncountable wealth. Not by electricity and by heat alone has mankind advanced in knowledge and in power—light, the most ethereal of the physical forces, has been compelled to do man's bidding.

The astronomer, by studying the laws of what is, unfortunately, called the polarization of light, has been enabled to determine the physical condition of the sun's surface—the existence of a *photosphere* or a gaseous envelope of *light* has by this means been proved. The maritime surveyor by polarized light is enabled to determine, with great exactness, the depth of water above a coral reef while yet many miles distant from the deceptive shoal, insuring thus the safety of the ship, and avoiding the labour of sounding. The sugar-refiner knows by the use of the polariscope when his syrup is in the proper state for crystallization, and beyond this, where, as in France, sugar is obtained from the beet-root or the parsnip, it enables him to decide, with unerring exactness, the condition of the crop, and thus to secure the largest quantity of saccharine matter. These and many other valuable applications are derived from the discovery of a French engineer officer that the light of the setting sun reflected from a window open, on its hinges, at a certain angle, differed in some respects from light reflected at any other angle.

Photography, too, affords us numerous examples of the value of every scientific truth, however abstract it may be. An alchemist observed a salt of silver to blacken in the sunshine, and thus we learned the chemical power of the solar rays. By the

agency of the sunbeam, we are now in possession of faithful representations of Egypt's wondrous ruins, with all their hieroglyphic records. The Temples of the Assyrian monarchs are no sooner opened to the light of day, than the solar pencil is made to draw them on the prepared papers of the explorer. Our portfolio contains photographic pictures of the Pagodas of Birmah, with portraits of the priests and the people—the classic ruins of Rome, and the Palatial Halls of Venice;—the cathedrals of the continent from Moscow to Madrid, and the fanes of our own land;—portraits, too, of friends, lost to us in the flesh for ever; of heroes and philosophers; of beasts, birds, and even of fishes, all taken from the life, and each in its native element.

Photography aids the engineer, becoming his clerk of the works. Mr. Vignolles builds a suspension bridge in Russia, and weekly in London he receives pictures, which cannot tell an untruth, showing every stone that has been laid, every chain that has been hung. Photography comes to our aid, too, in the sad necessities of war. The coasts and fortresses of the Baltic were taken by means of the camera obscura, with singular fidelity from the deck of a steamer, rolling on a restless sea, and borne onward at the rate of ten knots an hour. These are but a few of the triumphs which are derived from man's having noticed that a peculiar salt of silver—the chloride of silver—blackens in the sunshine.

Surely with such examples as these, and they might be multiplied ten-fold, none can deny the advantages of science as a branch of popular education. Let us, however, guard against the introduction of an inefficient system of instruction; one error perpetuated, does more real mischief than two truths gained can do good. The child should be encouraged to employ his observing faculties, and to examine the things which he observes. The natural system should be followed, and the artificial system avoided. A truth should be impressed on the mind of the child as a 'thing of beauty,' not for the mere value to be obtained by its practical application. The habit of looking at science as a commercial aid, of weighing truth in the scale of a chapman, is degrading in every way. The discovery of truths by the agency of inductive science is of the most exalting character to the minds employed, and the deductions of the philosopher should lift the student above the earthy world. In teaching truths—in rendering science popular—the object should be to show the bearings of *abstract* discoveries on great natural phenomena, and to advance the young mind from the consideration of nature, to the contemplation of the Almighty Creator, by whom all things have been commanded into being.

ART. V.—*The Chinese Empire.* Forming a Sequel to 'Travels in Tartary and Thibet.' By M. Huc. Late Apostolic Missionary. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

WE were prepared to find in these volumes a picture of China taken from a peculiar point of view. M. Huc travelled as an apostolic missionary; he never forgets the fact—nor should we. His opinions, therefore, are cautiously explained, for his object is to depreciate by inuendo, rather than by direct statements, the labours of all churches but his own. This remark we make, before entering into the analysis of M. Huc's impressions, because it is convenient to notice at once the only circumstance which lessens the weight of his testimony. In all other respects we may accredit him as a just critic, and as an impartial narrator. Even on religious subjects which throw him upon the original bias of his mind, he is neither so dogmatic nor so exclusive as many others who have shared or emulated the labours of the Roman Church. Much experience of the world has taught him that men should compare their ideas without jealousy, maintain them without arrogance, and discuss them, not as competitors striving for dialectic triumph, but as students searching eagerly for the pure truth. As far, consequently, as discipline and prejudice will permit, the Abbé Huc is a clear-sighted observer of men and things. We find in his work no account of miraculous successes, of supreme influence, or of prospects for the future, superior, in a very astonishing degree, to the chances of other communions. He affirms—as a missionary apostolic may be expected to affirm—that his brethren have been in labours more abundant than those of other churches, and that they have wrought the greater part of the changes that have silently progressed in China; he attributes to them a power over the manners and feelings of the people which may be reasonably doubted; but he does not go to the length of asserting that the revolt, which has made the Tartars tremble on their throne, was produced by Roman-catholic interpositions between the intellect of the nation and the will of its alien rulers.

The revolution, according to him, was predatory before it was political. It is partially a religious movement; but, far more, an insurrection of disaffected spirits, impatient of the Mantchu reign, desirous of subverting it, in the hope of better fortune springing up for them amid its ruins; but careless of the dynastic consequences so long as they enjoy a prospect of victorious riot and luxurious plunder.

But it should be observed that the Chinese revolt occupies

little of M. Huc's attention. It is alluded to in a cursory manner, and we cannot help thinking that the author was judicious, while the revolution was pursuing its wavering and eccentric course, and while he had his own adventures to describe, in abstaining from speculations on what is as yet a wonder and a mystery. The course of the civil war are not ascertained, though plausible explanations are given. We discern the elements of religion, of politics, of personal ambition, of domestic feuds, rising and mingling in the storm; but who can yet tell by what agencies those mighty powers were exerted, combined, and hurled so powerfully against an ancient throne? Yvan and Callery affirm one thing; they believe another; and Hung Jis, a Chinese convert, has persuaded some European writers, that he possesses the secret of the rebel commotion; but the various reports that are made by every mail leave us still dubious, and by adding romances to romantic reality, only serve to increase the mystery.

In our view, M. Huc was right when he determined to give a summary of his vast journey, and a summary of his four years' residence in China, without sailing away into the region of conjecture, the bold antiquarians who read hieroglyphs by conjecture—the safety lamp of speculation. They may therefore be disappointed to expect a new plan of the dynastic war; but they are amply rewarded by finding a body of information on the social state of China, more copious, more plainly arranged, and more interesting than any that has been brought to Europe during a long series of years. M. Huc has written, indeed, an extraordinary book on the aspects and varieties of Chinese life—a curious subject, seldom illustrated in a manner so vivid, so anecdotal, or so picturesque. Readers, when they consult these volumes, must lay aside their faith in certain current epigrams about the immobility of China, the petrified society, the Median and Persian laws, the unity of customs, the hereditary transmission of ideas. M. Huc does, in a popular way, what Remusat did, in his erudite style, and shows that Asia is but a gorgeous Europe, in which human impulses, caprices, and interests have their sway, and change the face of things precisely as they have changed the conditions of Greece and Rome, of Italy and Spain, of North and South America.

M. Huc, leaving the high plateau of Thibet, travelled under the imperial protection with a strong escort, and was received in the towns and villages with the most sincere cordiality. The days had passed when a missionary could be dragged from spot to spot in malefactor's chains, until he had seen the fate of the Lazarists (and never returned), therefore, to

adopt the native costume, and with his eyebrows shaved proceeded to assume the emperor's own colour, and hereupon an amusing altercation took place. He had already, in the eyes of the mandarins, violated all laws of humility, by travelling, like a lord of the realm, in a palanquin; but the climax came when he selected the pink of Pekin fashion for his attire:—

'We cast aside our Thibet costume,—the frightful wolfskin cap, the checked hose, and the long fur tunic, that exhaled so strong an odour of beef and mutton, and we got a skilful tailor to make us some beautiful sky-blue robes in the newest fashion of Pekin. We provided ourselves with magnificent black satin boots, adorned with soles of dazzling whiteness. So far the aforesaid Tribunal of Rites had no objection; but when we proceeded to gird up our loins with red sashes, and cover our heads with embroidered yellow caps, we caused a universal shudder among all beholders, and the emotion ran through the town like an electric current, till it reached the civil and military authorities. They cried aloud that the red sash and the yellow cap were the attributes of Imperial Majesty,—allowable only to the family of the Emperor, and forbidden to the people under pain of perpetual banishment. On this point the Tribunal of Rites would be inflexible, and we must reform our costume accordingly. We, on our side, alleged, that being strangers travelling as such, and by authority, we were not bound to conform to the ritual of the empire,—but had the right of following the fashion of our own country, which allowed every one to choose the form and colour of his garments, according to his own fancy. They insisted,—they became angry,—they flew into a furious passion;—we remained calm and immovable, but vowing that we would never part with our red sashes and yellow caps.'—
Vol. i. p. 5.

The mandarins at length submitted, and the missionary apostolic, thus grandly equipped, commenced his progress, and began descending the mountains into China. The many folded hills between which the roads wound were covered with brilliant flowers which sweetened the atmosphere. Numerous rivulets fed the fertility of the soil, but the aspects of the country varied, for rugged tracts, naked and wild, alternated with these rich scenes. After passing among valleys so pleasant that they seemed bright with the exuberance of a Syrian spring, the travellers reached a frightful maze of mountains, laden with eternal snow, and full of terrible abysses. However, these northern regions began to wear a softer appearance as M. Huc approached the second great city within the frontier, and a vivid contrast was here presented between the exterior life of Thibet and that of China. It was the month of June. Instead of white plateaus, monotonous and bare, an undulating surface of hills and plains was clothed with woods, orchards, groves of orange and

lemon trees, flowering richly, and fields of grain. The villages, each with a fanciful pagoda, gaudily painted; farms enclosed within thickets of bamboo and banana; inns by the wayside; shops with open fronts; groups of peasantry engaged in agriculture; and itinerant sellers of rice, wine, soup, pastry, and tea, formed a Chinese picture of peculiar life and truth; above all, a strong odour of musk impregnated the air, as it does in every part of China. Says M. Huc:—

‘Travellers in remote countries have often remarked, that most nations have an odour which is peculiar to them. It is easy to distinguish the negro, the Malay, the Tartar, the Thibetan, the Hindoo, the Arab, and the Chinese. The country itself even, the soil on which they dwell, diffuses an analogous exhalation, which is especially observable in the morning, in passing either through town or country; but a new comer is much more sensible of it than an old resident, as the sense of smell becomes gradually so accustomed to it as no longer to perceive it.

‘The Chinese say they perceive also a peculiar odour in a European, but one less powerful than that of the other nations with whom they come in contact. It is remarkable, however, that in traversing the various provinces of China, we were never recognised by any one except by the dogs, which barked continually at us, and appeared to know that we were foreigners. We had indeed completely the appearance of true Chinese, and only an extremely delicate scent could discover that we did not really belong to the “central nation.”’—*Ib.* p. 21.

Reaching a town of the second order, two days' march from the frontier, they were conducted to a palace, and waited on by attendants clothed in silk; but at the next city, the capital of the province, ominous rumours reached their ears. A great throng met them in the streets, and M. Huc's palanquin was followed by a military guard. They were to be ‘brought to trial by order of the Emperor!’ For what offence? They knew nothing; but it seemed afterwards that the design was to obey the letter of the law, and ascertain the character of the stranger and his companions, who came with a foreign doctrine into the land. M. Huc is not very polite to his judges. The first dignitary he met was the father of the garden of flowers, ‘short, broad, and round,’ with a face ‘like a great ball of fat,’ but still more imposing was the aspect of certain familiars of this Chinese inquisition, who might be seen from the waiting room of the hall of justice, running backwards and forwards in long red robes, and hideous peaked hats of black felt or iron wire, surmounted by a straight plume of pheasant's feathers. They carried immense rusty swords, and a most torturing

plements, of strange and terrible forms. At length a cry as of demons was heard :—

'A great door was then suddenly opened, and we beheld, at a glance, the numerous personages of this Chinese *performance*. Twelve stone steps led up to the vast inclosure where the judges were placed; on each side of this staircase was a line of executioners in red dresses; and when the accused passed tranquilly through their ranks, they all cried out with a loud voice, "Tremble! Tremble!" and rattled their instruments of torture. We were stopped at about the middle of the hall, and then eight officers of the court proclaimed in a chanting voice the customary formula :—"Accused! on your knees! on your knees!" The accused remained silent and motionless.'—*Ib.* p. 49.

Of course M. Huc would not kneel, and the trial ended in formalities. In spite of the Inspector of Crimes, 'a kind of attorney-general, a wrinkled old man, with a face like a pole-cat,' the missionary apostolic would *not* be terrified, and the Chinese missed their aim. Up to a recent period missionaries visited China at their peril; and even now, although an imperial edict has been promulgated in their favour, they are liable to insult and persecution. A Chinese mandarin, of the ordinary stamp, is the worst specimen of human nature endued with a little brief authority. He is meanly obsequious to those of higher rank, and meanly tyrannical to all below him. Filled to the lips with maxims of pedantic clemency, he has in his national literature not one source of true moral learning; for though Europe was once fascinated by an ideal view of China, drawn by Voltaire, few are now inclined to accept the estimate of one who understood only the forms of virtue, and confounded pretentious epigrams with principles of real morality. Montesquieu knew more of the East, and M. Huc confirms his opinion and ours that China, under Chinese religion and Chinese laws, is one of the most degraded empires in the world. Wherever Christian proselytes have been made, within its limits, their manners have been softened, and their social relations improved; but the light only glimmers, and it is for many future pilgrims to warm and beautify with Christian teaching the people of China. The doctrines ascribed to Confucius—himself a mythical personage—are those of the worst fatalisms, calculated to make nations servile, rulers ferocious, animals of men, and beasts of burden of women. These are views not very common in Europe; and it is important to test their accuracy. We will adduce from M. Huc's narrative passages of unpremeditated corroboration, in order to aid in destroying those false ideas of China which certain sectaries propagate, in order to show that the Chinese were a simple, virtuous people, whose partial corruption is derived from

their intercourse with Europe. We ourselves have no belief in happy heathenism, or in beneficent tyranny, and we take China as no exception to the rule that Asia, the region of pagans and despots, is that quarter of the world in which the signs of original learning have been quenched, and in which men retrograde, because they have not the grace which makes nations pious or the knowledge which makes them free. Good principles are to be discovered in the Chinese system, such as that of communal suffrage; but their influence is neutralized by the servility which every man practices to those above, and the superciliousness he shows to those below him, in the exactly graduated scale of official authority. But M. Huc's judgment is most severe in its meaning when it is most temperate in its expressions. 'We must not,' he says, 'wholly despise the Chinese.' We must not, indeed, despise them or any other people so lost; but our sympathy cannot be the same as we feel for races whose ideas are kindred, and whose civilization is coeval. They have to be raised from intellectual sloth and from social barbarism; and to the Christian communions of Europe the charge of their instruction is confided.

M. Huc naïvely describes the hypocritical parting between himself and the viceroy of the first Chinese province through which his journey lay. The magistrate declared, with pathetic eloquence, that the missionary's departure would 'rend his heart,' and the missionary, with an adaptiveness very like a Jesuit, but not very like an 'apostle,' vowed that the separation would 'plunge him into a depth of grief.' Nevertheless, without many pangs, they bade a mutual adieu, and 'at last we entered our palanquins, and the procession, preceded by twelve soldiers armed with rattans, opened for us a passage through a dense throng of curious spectators. All were desirous of getting a glimpse of these famous 'western devils,' who had so strangely become the friends of the viceroy and the emperor; and of this fact no one could doubt, since, instead of strangling us, they allowed us to wear the yellow cap and the red girdle.'

That China is a country of pretences, every page of M. Huc's narrative more clearly shows. The traveller describes his conversations on Christianity, the incidents connected with Catholic missions, the part taken by the Emperor, and the notions of the people themselves, on such matters. Material luxury is the object of their lives, and never do their authors glow with such enthusiastic rhapsody as when, like Mr. Samuel Warren, they celebrate the glories of primitive jewellery and costume. M. Huc's account of a palace is more tame, but very suggestive:—

'After traversing a vast court planted with trees, we ascended to the main building by thirty beautifully cut stone steps. The apartments

were spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, and deliciously cool and fresh ; the furniture was richly ornamented with gilding, in an infinite variety of patterns ; the hangings were of gorgeous red or yellow silk, the carpets made of woven bamboo-peeling, and painted in the liveliest colours ; there were antique bronzes, immense porcelain urns, vases of the most elegant forms, in which flowers and shrubs of the most whimsical appearance were growing : such were the ornaments that we found in this superb abode. Behind the house was an immense garden, in which Chinese industry had exhausted its resources to imitate the freedom and even the capricious sports of nature. It would be difficult to give an exact idea of these curious creations, the taste for which prevailed for a long time in Europe, and on which the rather unsuitable name of English garden has been bestowed by us.—Ib. p. 188.

Notwithstanding this, and the repetition by travellers who never go fifty miles from the coast, about Chinese industry and practical civilization, the roads and bridges are in a lamentable state of decay, like those in Turkey. Great public works were formerly carried out, but the Mantchus have destroyed them ; and a system of universal pillage and neglect hastens them everywhere to ruin. Trees are wantonly cut down, pavements broken, canals left dry, and fortifications dilapidated. The people fancy that boasting makes them great, and believe that they are the only polished nation, because they are ignorant of all others. Mock courtesy, mock humility, mock liberality, are characteristics of their manners ; and paper-lanterns are emblems of their progress—a gaudy pageant, in which the dust and ashes of the sepulchre are concealed by titular gilt and heraldic decorations. Try the Chinese by their social laws—and by that most infallible test, the state of their women :—

‘The condition of the Chinese woman is most pitiable ; suffering, privation, contempt, all kinds of misery and degradation, seize on her in the cradle, and accompany her pitilessly to the tomb. Her very birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and a disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of Heaven. If she be not immediately suffocated (according to an atrocious custom which we shall speak of by and by), she is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race.

‘This appears so incontestable a fact, that *Pan-houi-pan*, celebrated, though a woman, among Chinese writers, endeavours, in her works, to humiliate her own sex, by reminding them continually of the inferior rank they occupy in the creation. “When a son is born,” she says, “he sleeps upon a bed ; he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls ; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents.”’—Vol. i. pp. 248, 249.

We have been at some pains to investigate the subject, and we take it as an axiom that in no country, however, Voltaire may talk of patriarchal virtue, have women ever enjoyed their rightful position unless under the Christian law; and yet we are aware of no nation so degraded in this respect as the Chinese. The Mohammedans are slaves enough; but the Buddhist China surpasses them in the superiority assigned to men, who esteem women as animals, and think it noble to be more excellent than they! Writers have enlarged on the grace of a Chinese bridal, when the young girl throbs in her drapery of silk, in her chaplet of flowers, and in the pomp of her marriage pride. M. Huc has an apt commentary:—

‘But alas! a young married woman is but a victim adorned for the sacrifice. She is quitting a home where, however neglected, she was in the society of the relations to whom she had been accustomed from her infancy. She is now thrown, young, feeble, and inexperienced, among total strangers, to suffer privation and contempt, and be altogether at the mercy of her purchaser. In her new family, she is expected to obey every one without exception. According to the expression of an old Chinese writer, the “newly-married wife should be but a shadow and an echo in the house.” She has no right to take her meals with her husband; nay not even with his male children: her duty is to serve them at table, to stand by in silence, help them to drink, and fill and light their pipes. She must eat alone, after they have done, and in a corner; her food is scanty and coarse, and she would not dare to touch even what is left by her own sons.’—*Ib.* pp. 250, 251.

She may be beaten, starved, sold, degraded; and here M. Huc adds that the Christian converts are, from this point of view, superior to the rest of the nation. He does no more than we expect him, as a missionary of the Roman Church, to do, when he launches into a torrent of eulogy on the brethren of his own denomination who have accomplished this work. He quotes, grandiloquently, a list of the saintly sisters of his creed—Helena, the mother of Constantine, Clotilda, protectress of the Franks, Paula, the entertainer of St. Jerome, Monica, friend of Augustine, and certain other women, who ‘preserved much better than the greater part of the learned doctors of their time the traditions of a mystic philosophy;’ but his praise is not reserved for his own sect only, for it extends to all other Christians, and includes in the blessings given by a fervent heart, every labourer who takes a share in the good work. There are some interesting details in the book with reference to the suicides so frequent in China. A work in the native language treats the matter with scientific erudition:—‘The Chinese appear to have invented a terrific variety of modes of suicide. The most common is “strangling” especially is very rich; the aun

by hanging," "strangled on the knees," "strangled lying down," "strangled with a slip knot," and "strangled with a turning knot." He describes carefully all the marks likely to appear on the body, and indicates the differences where the individual has strangled himself.

A common method of revenge practised by the poorer Chinese is to kill themselves so as to let their neighbours know whose conduct has impelled them to the deed. A rich man is exposed to great trouble and loss if any one he has insulted commits suicide in his house. As usual, these social contrasts produce the largest amount of suffering, and the highest and the lowest classes are the least accessible. Among the middle orders it is that Christianity has made most way.

That the opulent Chinese, possessed of such a literature as that in which his countrymen find so much cause to boast, should be impervious to moral teaching, may appear singular; but his pedantry fortifies him in ignorance. Europe is singularly curious as to the institutions and manners of Asia, but Asia is profoundly indifferent to the laws or customs of Europe. Thus the one progresses and the other decays, and in China especially, the national literature being made up of a lifeless body of treatises, apothegms, formal dialogues, and florid romances, stimulates to no inquiry, and injures the mind by satisfying it with mere scholastic philosophy, much oftener false than true. As to the language, original, antique, unchanging, and vastly spread as it is, it is suited only to a people low in the intellectual scale. Few men acquire it thoroughly, for it taxes the memory more than any other, being a compromise between sounds and ideas, and composed of innumerable signs, each with its peculiar meaning. Popular enlightenment, through such a medium, must be slow, and the Chinese, addicted as they are to change—having had fifteen revolutions, in a space of time not longer than the reign of the Bourbons—find it hard to understand foreign ideas.

All this by no means implies that they are not an ingenious people. Ingenuity is their characteristic. It is a necessity of their existence; for, isolated from the world, they are compelled to supply their own wants by their own inventions; and crowded in the habitable districts along their rivers, they have been found to devise curious modes of self-sustenance. In the practice of medicine, deprived of European science, they have found recipes of much utility; and in jurisprudence they have checked the vindictive passions of their nature by salutary laws. It is one great preventive of assassinations in China that a corpse is regarded with horror. Contact with it is held to be fearful. Burials, therefore, are conducted with many forms, and mur-

derers, who would not shrink from the crime, dare not drag the victim to a hiding place. Of course there are public executioners who have no scruples of the kind; but it is considered fortunate to be certain of a dignified funeral. M. Huc had a complimentary friend who, during his illness, assured him, with delicate cordiality, that he had ordered a coffin from the first maker in Kueng-Kiang Hang, and that it was quite ready! 'Could there be a more polite man,' says the apostolic missionary. But, returning to the subject of ingenuity, M. Huc saw the floating islands, on a lake of the interior, which support some of the people in the most densely inhabited provinces:—

'We passed several floating islands, those curious productions of Chinese ingenuity, which no other people seem ever to have thought of. These floating islands are enormous rafts, generally constructed of bamboos, which resist the decomposing influence of the water for a long time. Upon the raft is laid a tolerably thick bed of vegetable soil; and, thanks to the patient labours of a few families of aquatic agriculturists, the astonished traveller beholds a whole colony lying on the surface of the water,—pretty houses with their gardens, as well as fields and plantations of every sort. The inhabitants of these floating farms appear to enjoy peace and abundance. During the leisure time which is not occupied by the culture of their rice-fields, they employ themselves in fishing, which is at the same time a pastime and a source of profit; and often, after gathering a crop of grain from the surface of the lake, they cast their nets and bring up a harvest of fish from its depths; for these waters teem with creatures fit for the use of man. Many birds, particularly swallows and pigeons, build their nests in these floating isles, and enliven the peaceful and poetic solitude.'—Vol. ii. pp 95, 96.

We may remark that M. Huc is in error when he supposes that no other people have thought of a similar device, since the natives of Kashmeer have, from time immemorial, launched artificial islands on the lakes which adorn their valley. Still more curious, however, is the Cormorant fishery:—

'Just as our pleasant journey on the Pinghou was approaching its termination, we encountered a long file of fishing boats which were rowing back to their ports. Instead of nets, they carried a great number of cormorants, perched on the edges of the boats.

'It is a curious spectacle to see these creatures engaged in fishing, diving into the water, and always coming up with a fish in their beak. As the Chinese fear the vigorous appetite of their feathered associates, they fasten round their necks an iron ring, large enough to allow of their breathing, but too small to admit the passage of the fish they seize: to prevent their straying about in the water and wasting the time destined for work, a cord is attached to the ring and to one claw of the cormorant, by which he is pulled up when inclined to stay too long under water. When tired, he is permitted to rest for a few

minutes, but if he abuses this indulgence and forgets his business, a few strokes of a bamboo recal him to duty, and the poor diver patiently resumes his laborious occupation. In passing from one fishing ground to another, the cormorants perch side by side on the edge of the boat, and their instinct teaches them to range themselves of their own accord in nearly equal numbers on each side, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the frail vessel; we saw them thus ranged throughout the little fleet of fishing smacks on Lake Pinghou.'—*Ib.* pp. 100, 101.

Productive art, however, decays in China; and the picturesque architecture of former times is vanishing. These results are owing to the spirit of indifference entering so largely into the native mind—a spirit engendered by fatalism, which, again, belongs to Buddhism, prolific of moral vices and absurdities. M. Huc questioned some people in a temple who were moving quickly about before the idol, but addressing no prayers to it. A relative was sick, and 'all they knew was that when a person was in danger of death, it was customary to run this way and that in pursuit of his soul, and try to bring it back, and they adopted this practice simply to do as others did, without ever asking whether the custom was reasonable or absurd, and probably also without having any great confidence in it themselves.'

As we have so far allowed M. Huc to be the exponent of his own views, we will select another passage illustrative of the social state to which China, under its rulers and teachers, has been reduced. With the exception of a society to provide the poor with coffins, partly a selfish beneficence, no associations exist for the benefit of the indigent; but

... 'The poor do not fail in retribution to form companies for taking advantage of the rich. Every one brings to the common stock some infirmity real or supposed, and this formidable capital of human misery is turned as far as possible to profitable account. The poor are formed into companies, regiments, and battalions, and this great army of paupers has a chief, who bears the title of "King of the Beggars," and who is actually recognised by the State. He is responsible for the conduct of his tattered subjects, and it is on him the blame is laid when any disorders occur among them that are too outrageous and dangerous to public peace to be endured. The King of the Beggars at Peking is a real power. There are certain days on which he is authorized to send into the country some of his numerous phalanxes and bid them ask alms, or rather maraud all over the environs of the capital. The pencil of Callot would be necessary to paint the burlesque, disorderly, scandalous appearance of this army of vagabonds, marching proudly to the conquest of some village. Whilst they swarm about like some devastating insects, and seek by their insolence to intimidate every one they meet, their king calls a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and proposes for a certain sum to deliver them from

the hideous invasion. After a long dispute the fighting parties come to an agreement, the village pays its ransom, and the beggars decamp to go and pour down like an avalanche upon some other place.' —Ib. pp. 326, 327.

This extraordinary usage reminds us of the 'King of the Thieves,' so often a hero in the coffee-house romances of the Rammadhan in Turkey and Egypt. We must now close our account of M. Huc's travels. Our extracts will have shown that the work in which these travels are described is of a varied and interesting character. It is a true picture of Eastern life and manners. It discloses, without theoretical formula, much that is connected with the marvellous Chinese rebellion; and it adds largely to the information which we had derived from previous explorers. Written in a graphic and animated style, and cleverly translated, it is likely to find a considerable number of English readers. We will venture to sum up our opinion of its contents by saying that it opens a scene of political and social decay, and that this decay, acted upon by the influence of Christianity, corroding and renovating at once, may produce a wonderful and beautiful transformation in China.

ART. VI.*—*Jashar. Fragmenta Archetypa Carminum Hebraicorum, in Masorethico Veteris Testamenti textu passim tessellata collegit, ordinavit, restituit, in unum corpus redegit, Latine exhibuit, Commentario instruxit Joannes Gulielmus Donaldson, S. Theol. Doct.; Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses quondam Socius.* [Jashar. Original Fragments of Hebrew Odes interwoven in the Masoretic Text of the Old Testament, collected, arranged, restored, digested into one body, translated into Latin, and furnished with a Commentary. By J. W. Donaldson, D.D.] pp. 352. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1854.

THE vast improvement which has taken place of late years in the tone and spirit of German theology, and which still continues to make way at a rapid rate, is a cheering prognostic of a brighter future for Christendom. The palmy days of rationalism are gone by never to return. Once dominant in nearly every German university, it is now barely tolerated in a few; and its gray-headed

* Messrs. Williams and Norgate are the London Agents for all the works noticed in this article.

professors have lived to see the crowds of students which formerly thronged their class-rooms become 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' until there seems a fair prospect of the speedy extinction of the school for want of disciples who may be indoctrinated in its withering principles. Ever since the time of Schleiermacher its star began to set. Himself undeniably a rationalist, that great man was yet the leader of a reaction which could not fail eventually to explode the system. By recalling men's thoughts to the indestructible facts of the Christian consciousness, he showed that there was another depository of the truths of revelation besides the Book, and one which all the shafts of criticism must fail to reach. Here, in the mysterious life of the church, springing out of the facts of the Gospel history, and perpetuated from age to age, Christianity was mistress of an impregnable fortress, which would for ever defy all the assaults of her foes. Let men cavil at their pleasure against her sacred records, they would still have to deal with her inscrutable history and her undeniable existence. The Bible was not written on paper only; it was engraven in the hearts of millions, and this *subjective* testimony to its truth and divinity was plainly one which, from the nature of the case, could never be got rid of. Reason, so far from achieving a triumph over the religion of Jesus, by throwing a slur upon its documents, thereby only rendered the problem impossible of solution. To explain away miracles, it was shown, was of no avail, unless that marvellous concrete deposit, so to speak, of God's mighty creative acts in human history—the Church—could also be explained away. By the earnest and incessant reiteration of such appeals to subjective Christianity on the part of Schleiermacher and his numerous disciples and followers, the pride of an overweening science, 'falsely so called,' received a wholesome check, and was brought to a sudden halt in its sweeping generalizations. The new impulse thus created soon gathered strength, assisted as it was alike by the moral and intellectual weight of its ever multiplying friends, by the proverbial love of the German people for the subjective, and by the circumstances, both religious and political, of the times. The events of the last great European war had a peculiarly sobering effect upon the nation, and predisposed it for the religious awakening which attended the celebration of the third centenary of the Reformation in 1817, soon after the peace. The controversy occasioned by the publication of the celebrated theses of Pastor Harms, which produced a sensation throughout Germany only second to that caused by those of Luther himself, was a heavy blow and great discouragement to Rationalism, from which it has never recovered. Even the appearance of Strauss's infidel 'Life of Jesus' did good service in more ways than

one. Besides annihilating the insidious of Paulus, in order, by getting rid of his ch naturalisms, to make room for his own bolder mythical t y, Strauss compelled all the waverers to choose sides, and rendered palpable to the blindest, the utterly anti-christian character and aims of the negative criticism. Then came the revolution of 1848, the recoil from which, amidst much that is anything but matter of congratulation, has at least had this good result—it has given the coup de grace to Rationalism. The demon is cast out—the German Church begins to be herself again, and is earnestly striving to recover her lost position as the first-born daughter of the Reformation.

We are aware that there are some persons who still are sceptical as to the mighty change which is asserted to have come over the spirit of German theology, and will be ready to imagine that it is hope rather than reality which tells this flattering tale. The conversion is so sudden that, in spite of the best and clearest evidences, they will hardly be convinced of its genuineness. Saul, amongst the prophets, and his namesake, the persecutor, amongst the saints, are marvels more easily comprehensible to some minds than this strange and unlooked-for transformation. The reaction against Rationalism, however, is a great fact, all such gloomy misgivings and ungenerous suspicions notwithstanding. It is in full career, and there is even manifest peril of its being pushed too far in the opposite extreme. A movement analogous to the Puseyite ferment in the Anglican communion, has shown itself in the German Church, and will require to be very jealously watched by all the true friends of Protestantism both there and here. The danger is the more threatening, precisely on account of the previous wide prevalence of those sceptical habits of thought which made Rationalism so popular in its day. Every thinking person is aware that unbelief and superstition are constantly thus playing into one another's hands, and that they are less incompatible evils than at first sight may appear. The facility with which the French nation exchanged the lessons of the Jesuits for those of Voltaire is an example on the grandest scale, to which, on a smaller, Robert Owen's child-like submission of his reason to the 'spirit-rappers' of New York affords an edifying counterpart. To disbelieve the Christian evidences requires no larger share of credulity than is fully equal to the task of crediting the story of a saint's crossing Dover Straits on his cloak, or of swallowing the dogma of transubstantiation along with the sacrament. Or, to put the matter in another light, Rome and Tübingen have equally firm faith in man, and are equally destitute of faith in God. Both put human reason, or what they choose to consider such, in the place of Divine revelation. Let any one read Cardinal Wiseman's *Life of the Roman*

catholic Religion,' on the one hand, and Strauss's 'Glaubenslehre' on the other, and he will see that the conclusion implied in both is one and the same—viz., that we have no need of the Bible.

The books on our table are amongst the most noteworthy theological publications which have appeared in Germany within the last few months. No pains have been taken to weed out those of a rationalistic tendency. Of course, therefore, if we may judge from the current talk in certain alarmist circles, the tares are out of all proportion to the wheat. What is the fact? Only two or three out of some score are at all infected, and by far the most morbid specimen of the whole is, we blush to say it, the production of an English divine. 'Palmarum qui meruit ferat.' It would be difficult to rake up from the charnel-house, in which the abortions of the most licentious Rationalism of a bygone day lie rotting and forgotten, a more offensive work than that to which we allude. The author has certainly done his best to earn the 'bad pre-eminence' of which he seems ambitious, as chief of the *sansculotte* brigade in the army of unbelief. Just at the time when its old standard-bearers are flagging, when every fresh appearance of Baur in print is more moderate than the last, when Schweigler, disgusted at the ever accelerating 'retrograde march' of theology, transfers his critical scepticism from the barren field of the apostolic history to the more appropriate one presented by 'Livy's Annals,' lo! a new champion rushes to the rescue of the failing cause, and seeks to reanimate the dispirited host, in the person of a countryman of our own. Dr. Donaldson, who has greatly distinguished himself as an acute etymologist and classical philologist, in his 'New Cratylus,' his 'Varronianus,' his edition of 'Pindar,' and other works, has unhappily taken into his head that he is destined to bring about a complete revolution in theology. For some time past we have heard ominous whisperings in various quarters as to the terrible mine which this certainly clever but somewhat conceited grammarian was preparing to spring beneath the foundations of all existing churches and beliefs. Well, the redoubtable book has appeared, and there is no denying that it is charged with combustibles enough to create a most tremendous explosion—of laughter or indignation, according as the matter is looked at in its lighter or graver aspect.

For aught that we can see, had Dr. Donaldson simply fulfilled the letter of the promises which his title-page holds out, by collecting, arranging, restoring, exhibiting as a whole, translating into Latin, and commenting upon the ancient fragments of Hebrew odes, assignable, in his opinion, to the lost book of Jashar, which is actually twice cited in the Old Testament (viz., Josh. x. 13 and 2 Sam. i. 18), he might perhaps have earned the thanks of the true friends of biblical science, and would, at all

events, not have outraged propriety, and insulted the religion of which he professes to be a minister, as he has done by writing what we cannot refrain from stigmatizing as one of the most atrocious libels upon the Book of God ever penned. He has prefixed as his motto our Lord's words in John v. 38, 'Search the Scriptures,' and seems to understand them as affording him a warrant for tearing the Scriptures to pieces. According to him, the Old Testament, as we have it, is a huge imposture. His 'Book of Jashar' is the real Bible, if any such there be, and all the rest is 'leather and prunella.' Moses never wrote a line of the Pentateuch, which is for the most part a tissue of mythical narratives—mere dross, with here and there only a glittering nugget of the true gold of Ophir. These precious fragments all belong to the old Hebrew anthology, styled the 'Book of Jashar,' or 'Uprightness,' the composition of which our author refers to the time of Solomon. Anterior to that epoch the Jews cannot be said to have possessed any sacred books. Then, for the first time, during the long and peaceful reign of the wise king, the worshippers of Jehovah, long harassed by foreign and domestic wars, had leisure to devote themselves to literature, and then accordingly various kinds of books were published. Amongst them are those attributed to Solomon himself:—

'Besides these there were genealogies and stories of the acts of the patriarchs, and the book of the wars of Jehovah, and songs of anonymous poets relating to the same subject (Num. xxi. 27); there were epic traditions concerning the Judges, amongst which the story of Samson was put together in a manner displaying, as it seems, a good deal of ingenuity; lastly, Davidic Annals were in circulation, whence the author of the books of Samuel must have drawn a great part of his materials. But,' adds the master of Bury St. Edmund's Grammar School, 'all this literature savoured rather of history than of religion, however ready we may be to grant that that theocratic history of the Israelites was closely bound up with the rule of piety. Accordingly, in order that the faith of the worshippers of Jehovah might have somewhat whereon to rest, there was composed, or rather compiled and put together, the Book of Uprightness (*Liber Probitatis*, סֵפֶר הַיֶּשָׁר), which, in my opinion, taught that man in the beginning was upright, but that, through carnal wisdom, he had revolted from the spiritual law; that the Israelites were elected that they might keep and hand down to others that law of uprightiness; that David had been made king on account of his cultivating religious uprightiness, and that, after many victories, he had handed over the kingdom, established in the profoundest peace to Solomon, his son, who, by dedicating the temple to Jehovah, and causing this anthology of the older and more recent odes to be published, seems to have carried the Jasharan bliss (*felicitati Jasharana*) to the highest pitch. It is probable that the prophet Nathan, David's counsellor, Solomon's

instructor and tutor (2 Sam. xii. 25), who is even reported to have written the annals of his own time (1 Chron. xxix. 29), was the editor of the book, of course under Solomon's auspices, and with the assistance, perhaps, of Gad. The book, therefore, was the first-born offspring of the schools of the prophets, and one which ministered spiritual aliment to the greater prophets. Accordingly, Dr. Donaldson goes on to say, in explanation of his design, 'what I have attempted in this work is as if out of a wall composed of ancient stones and bricks of a later age, after the manner of a tessellated pavement, one were to pluck out those stones which formerly constituted the vestibule of the sacred edifice, so as to restore the pristine shape of the architecture. He who should do so would not hasten the fall of the tottering edifice, but rather 'Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.'—Præfat. vii., viii.

Our author then proceeds to express his surprise that whilst Welcker, Hermann, and others, have bestowed great pains on the fragments of Æschylus; whilst Meinecke has edited the relics of Greek comedy in four whole volumes; whilst Alcæus and the other lyric poets have found those who did not disdain to collect their 'scattered limbs,' no one has thought it worth while to expend the same labour on the oldest monuments of Sacred Scripture, 'especially when by so doing we may get down to the inmost marrow of the Divine Book.' Accordingly, since no one else would attempt the adventurous descent, he has himself, he says, determined to try 'whether it may not be possible to drag back this buried treasure of revealed truth from its Herculaneum into the domain of day,' 'which endeavour,' he adds, 'should it answer my expectations, I hope to kindle a new light over the whole of theology.' The preface concludes with a statement of the author's reasons for having his work published in Germany, and accordingly writing it in Latin, in preference to enriching the literature of his own country with the inestimable gem. These reasons (which perhaps were not the only ones) are not very flattering to our national pride. He thinks there are no biblical scholars amongst us competent to deal with a production of such prodigious learning, and therefore seeks for judges only amongst the Germans, 'in whose midst flourishes the knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, every kind of incitement to biblical science, an uncorrupted love of the truth, and, in fine, that true and fearless faith which invites candid and honest discussions, and does not shun the light of truth.' What he contemplates is, he says, a *concio ad clerum*; the swinish multitude and the seditious ringleaders of faction he detests and spurns from him. For our own part, we have no objection whatever to his being left in the hands of the German divines. We are quite sure that justice will be done upon him by the jurisdiction of his own choice. He has appealed unto Cæsar, and so far as we are concerned, unto Cæsar he shall go.;

Hence it is rather in our interests, than with any view to the of a monstrous hypothesis, that we add a few sentences. We say, then, let no one be alarmed at Dr. Donaldson's very concretion of the Old Testament in the name of his critical genius, in order to extract therefrom the few drops he offers us as elixir in the shape of his 'Book of Jashar.' He has simply found a mare's-nest, like other pert philologists before him who have dreamt of setting up a popedom, with the substitution of the successors of Priscian for those of Peter. He looks out upon Christendom from his school-room at Bury, and thinks that with his ferule and the *abracadabra* of his grammatical quiddities he is about to give the law to us all, and to enlighten our ignorance in a trice. But that popular Christianity for which he everywhere affects such profound contempt can afford to smile at a hundred such fussy eureka's. His boasted discoveries are all moonshine, and his processes are happily as arbitrary as he intends them to be sweeping and destructive. There is far more show of reason in Eichhorn's atomistic theory of the composition of Genesis, which has been long since completely exploded, than in this new and still more daring scheme. To state Dr. Donaldson's hypothesis is to expose its many vulnerable points. Thus the following is his method of eliminating the 'archetypa fragmenta' from the baser matter in which they lie embedded. He first adduces his special arguments, in addition to the general one drawn from the tranquillity of Solomon's reign, to show that the composition of the 'Book of Jashar' is to be referred to that epoch. All but the first are of the kind called *quodlibet*, as will be seen at once from the sequel, although the conclusion is one which nobody would care to dispute, so far at least as the real 'Book of Jashar' actually cited in Scripture is concerned. As to the other, its date is the year of our Lord 1000, the person responsible for it is certainly no Solomon. These are his six arguments in brief:—

- (1.) 'The collection containing the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan, as appears from 2 Sam. i. 18, and accordingly must itself have appeared at David's time.' (2.) 'Since, in the Benediction of Jacob (Gen. xli. 5) in the Song of Moses (Deut. xxxii., xxxiii.), which is of perfect certainty to that collection, all is rough still forming one body, before the revolt of Jeroboam.' (3.) 'Since, in the time of Jacob (Gen. xli. 5) the Greek word *μαχαρπα* i. e., *μαχαρπα* occurs, which I not have become current before the time when David surrounded the mercenaries troops (2 Sam. xv. 18, xx. 7; 1 Sam. xxi. 1), a fact must be referred to the later years of David's reign, and not to the time of Jacob.'

bute the Jasharan collection to the same period.' (4.) 'The name "Shiloh," in Gen. xlix. 10, according to the most probable interpretation, is only a shortened form of the name 'Solomon,' and hence it is to be inferred that that song was written during Solomon's reign.' (5.) 'Since the 'Book of Uprightness' (Jashar) starts from the fact that God made man *upright*, and since this is the very *dictum* of Solomon (Eccles. vii. 30), it is clear that Solomon would be the fittest person to compose or to set on foot that collection.' (6.) 'David subjugated the Edomites (2 Sam. viii. 14), but in Solomon's reign the Edomites recovered their independence, and this latter fact is distinctly alluded to in a fragment of the Book of Jashar (Gen. xxvii. 40). Hence that book was not compiled before Solomon's time.'—pp. 26, 27.

All this betrays a pretty flippant style of criticism, but what follows is still more buoyant :—

'This point thus settled,' he continues, 'it will not be difficult to discover where the scattered limbs of the Jasharan anthology lie hid, and to restore their pristine arrangement. For we have many finger-posts to guide us on our journey, which will preclude our deviating from the right road. In the first place the title of the book, and Solomon's *dictum* that Adam was created "upright," present themselves as such. Hence we are enabled to infer what was the starting point of the Jasharan collection, and how it would exhibit the unique destiny of the religious nation (Israel). In the next place, since the law given from God through Moses comprehended the foundations, as it were, of Israelitish piety and ethics, the Chaldee Targumist's interpretation of the name Jashar reminds us that certain fragments are to be sought for in the *book of the law*. To these will have to be added promises of bliss, and the blessings which attend obedience. The former of the two citations (Josh. x. 13) teaches us that the collection included certain triumphal odes, which celebrated the victories of the *upright*; the latter (2 Sam. i. 18) affords the hint, that the exploits of David found a place there; and if that anthology was compiled in the most flourishing period of Solomon's reign, it is impossible to believe that this great king passed over in silence his own felicity and splendour. Lastly, to prevent the possibility of our going wide of the mark whilst we are cutting our way, an eye-witness is at hand, who knew the ancient landmarks well, and who will teach us how to strike into the right road—viz., Micah the Morasthite. He, for certain, since he prophesied in the reign of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, could very well have in his hands that collection of Jasharan poetry; nor were there many other books extant at that time, whose words he could appropriate to his own use. Now it is manifest that Micah (i. 10) has transcribed verbatim that paranomastic refrain of the Jasharan lament, 2 Sam. i. 20: *Tell it not in Gath*. Moreover he alludes to the prophecy of Balaam (vi. 5), which everybody will refer to the same collection, and he frequently cites Deuteronomy, which, as we shall see, is concocted for the most part out of passages copied from the Book of Jashar. And what is of chief moment, he so uses the word יָשָׁר (Jashar) in vii. 2, as though he wished to refer his readers

to the principles of our book. Guided by the evidence furnished by such witnesses and testimonies, I have undertaken to restore the Book of UPRIGHTNESS. The book, if my views are correct, may be distributed into seven parts, the *first* of which unfolds the notion contained in the word 'Jashar'; the *second* teaches why Israel (יִשְׂרָאֵל) which name our author connects etymologically with the word יָשָׁר was elected; the *third* shows how the elect nation came into possession of the promised rest; the *fourth* contains the commandments of uprightness; the *fifth* proclaims the blessings; and the *sixth* the triumphs of Israel; lastly, the *seventh* delineates the fortunes of David and Solomon as matters of the writer's own times.—pp. 27, 28.

This is the sort of critical legerdemain by which the Old Testament is made to shrink into the dimensions of a small pamphlet. Thus is it to be expurgated of its fabulous elements, and fitted for the digestion of the squeamish science of the nineteenth century. The 'Book of Jashar,' as restored by Dr. Donaldson, is all the salvage out of the wreck of what in our simplicity we have been wont to regard as the most venerable and sacred writings in existence. This is the true jewel, for the sake of which we may well be content to part with all the wood, hay, and stubble amongst which it has so long lain hidden. Behold, reader, the Bible in the Bible, which our author, by dint of such critical processes as he has himself described above, has succeeded in extricating from its shroud and recalling once more to life.

The reader would be greatly mistaken if he inferred from the Scripture references, that in reconstructing the 'Book of Jashar' according to his lively fancy, Dr. Donaldson has simply dovetailed the passages indicated together, so as to form a kind of —, not mosaic, for that word is palpably unsuitable in this instance, but German buhl-work. Our slashing editor has freely used his powers of emending, as well as combining the texts, and thinks nothing of substituting the name Shem for Adam, Adam for Noah, Abel for Nahor, and other pleasantries of this sort. As a specimen of his free handling of materials, we may cite the Third Part of his Book of —, in which, by dint of omissions, additions, and other freaks of composing, he has reshaped the Mosaic history of the Deluge into a narrative of the Exodus! Thus it reads, if we have time to read it in hemistichs aright:—

Gen. vi. 5-14. 'And the whole earth lay buried beneath a deluge

Jeho

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ed uprightly and religiously,
not snatched from the raging
r explains.

- He should arrive at length at a land of rest.
 An ark, therefore, was constructed by command of Jehovah, in which he might sail over the waves of earthly wickedness.
- Gen. vii. 6-11. Now Israel was six hundred years old when he entered into the ark.
12. Through the desert, as through the waters of the sea, he wandered for forty years.
- Gen. viii. 6. But when those forty years were over,
7. Israel sent a raven,* that it might search out a tranquil habitation;
 Which went forth to and fro and brought back no tidings.
- Gen. viii. 8. Therefore after a space of time he sent forth a dove,†
9. Which when it could not find a tranquil habitation
 Returned to the ark, and was taken into it again.
10. But when another space of time had elapsed
 Israel again sent forth the dove,
11. Which at eventide returned to him,
 Bearing in its beak a green olive leaf which it had plucked off.
12. But a space again having elapsed he sent her forth a third time,
 And she no more returned to the ark.
11. So Israel knew that the troubled waves had subsided.
- Gen. v. 29. And that he had become a man of rest (Noah);
- Gen. viii. 4. Thus having found a tranquil habitation in the holy mountain
 He rested there in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month;
- 1 Kings vi. There he built a magnificent HOUSE OF GOD (*Bethel*),
- 1 Kings viii. 43. And abiding there continually in the PRESENCE OF GOD (i. e., in *Peniel*),
- Deut. vi. 18. And, doing that which is *upright* and *good*,
- Ps. v. 8.
- Ps. xlviii. 9. Piously worshipped Jehovah in His holy temple.'
 —pp. 133, 134.

Such is a sample of the text of the new Bible, with which our critic intends to supersede the old one, and which we are to receive without further ado on pain of being set down as incorrigible blockheads and dolts. The Commentary is a still more

* An allusion to the wicked spies, who terrified the Israelites by their report of the promised land.

† The faithful spies.

staggering affair. In it the most rampant Rationalism runs riot. Even this, however, is not the most objectionable feature of this superlatively bad book. The author's chief offence is of such a nature, that to expose it otherwise than by a faint allusion, would be almost to repeat it. We will only say that, not content with rejecting the current interpretation of the history of the fall, and roundly affirming the non-existence of angels good or bad to be as clearly demonstrated as any proposition in Euclid (p. 69), he persists in putting such a sense upon the narrative as, were it the true one, would render it incumbent upon every decent person to bury this leaf, at least, of the Bible nine fathoms deep in the earth. And this perverse and filthy interpretation he unfolds with a disgusting minuteness of detail which is perfectly shocking. He knows that he dares not expound this passage in his sense of it to his boys at Bury, and yet, forsooth, it is before such new light that the obscurities of theological science are all at once to vanish! In his unhallowed hands the *protevangelium* itself has positively been transformed into—but no, we must not soil our passages by saying what it has become.

After this *exposé* of the wild escapade into which an Anglican clergyman (who by the bye, facetiously tells us in parting (p. 347), that he has advanced nothing in his book but what is in strict coincidence with the Thirty-nine Articles and his ordination vows) has unhappily been betrayed, we suppose our assertion will be believed that none of the recent imports sent us by those 'sinners of the Gentiles' on the Continent is a match for this astounding production. We have a work by Ewald on the 'Antiquities of the People of Israel,' ('Die Alterthümer des Volkes Israel.' 2^{te} Aufg., Göttingen, 1854, 8vo, pp. 426), which is intended as an appendix to his well-known 'History' of the same nation. Ewald's Rationalism is notorious, and we are, therefore, not surprised to find him a great favourite with Dr. Donaldson. But even he shrinks from being identified with the Tübingen school, whom, in the preface to the performance before us, he roundly denounces as atheists, and seems to hate as cordially as he does the pope, which reminds us of the Pharisaical cabman who was so mightily affronted at being confounded with 'that degraded class of men, the Smithfield drovers.' Ewald, however, though somewhat of a theological Ishmaelite, is something more than a good hater of the Roman Antichrist, to whom he is in the habit of addressing once a year or so a very plain-spoken epistle. He is also undoubtedly one of the first Orientalists in Europe, and his writings, however we may regret the false *gnosis* that pervades

them, are too important to be neglected. The treatise before us displays his usual erudition, and although it is not a complete Biblical archæology in the usual sense, will not be without its value even to those who may not require it as an accompaniment to his larger work, of which, although sold separately, it forms an organic part.

Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig comes as a theologian under the same category as Ewald, and like him is a profound Hebraist and Oriental scholar. His version of the prophetic books of the Old Testament ('Die Prophetischen Bücher des Alten Testaments, übersetzt,' Leipzig, 1854, 8vo, pp. 365), forms an indispensable supplement to his commentaries upon them in the 'Kurzgefasste Exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament,' the plan of which work did not embrace translations of the annotated books. The performance cannot be otherwise than welcome to Biblical students, as presenting in a concentrated shape the results of much learning and critical acumen expended upon the illustration of the sacred text, by a distinguished scholar, whose renderings may be often correct, although his opinions may not be always acceptable.

The theological standpoint of Dr. Volkmar, of Zürich, from whose pen we have an interesting monograph on Hippolytus ('Hippolytus und die Römischen Zeitgenossen; eine Kirchengeschichtliche Untersuchung.' Zürich, 1855, pp. 174), may be inferred from his being a contributor to the 'Tübingen Theological Annual,' the organ of the Baurian party, but is not offensively obtruded upon us here, although it is true his rejection of the authenticity of the fourth Gospel and the Pastoral Epistles does leak out. The piece is occasioned by the important literary discovery which has made us acquainted with so many interesting particulars heretofore unknown, respecting the early history of the Church of Rome. Our author canvasses in a calm and scholarlike manner the arguments for and against assigning the long lost 'Philosophumena' to Hippolytus; and at length, although he rejects several of the proofs brought forward in favour of the affirmative, by Bunsen, Jacobi, Döllinger, and the majority of the learned men who have examined the question, acquiesces in the conclusion. He even carries his independence of his own school in this matter so far as to style the hypothesis of Baur, its acknowledged chief, who attributes the anonymous treatise to a contemporary of Hippolytus, namely, the Roman presbyter, Caius, a mere myth. The authorship of the 'Philosophumena,' however, is by no means the only question into which Dr. Volkmar enters. He investigates the sources whence Hippolytus may be supposed to have drawn the materials for its composi-

tion, and the relation of later hæresiological writers, e. g., Epiphanius and Theodoret, to him; and points out the welcome stores of information upon matters of all kinds relative to ancient Christianity opened up to us by that venerable church-teacher's happily recovered treatise. Such monographs are written by few besides the Germans, and the present is a fair specimen of the class. Their aim to exhaust a subject gives them for the most part a unity of purpose, and a fulness and roundness of proportion, which are quite refreshing and beautiful to all who wish thoroughly to master a question. For general readers they are not intended, and to such, it is true, they are sure to seem tedious. But for such as love to drink deep of the Pierian spring there are no books like them. We can honestly commend Dr. Volkmar's monograph on Hippolytus to all who are fond of early church history and patristic literature, of course with the *caveat* which we have already pronounced against some of his speculations.

And now to our great comfort our black list is exhausted, unless, perhaps, we must still add to it a most curious and interesting work by Professor Müller, of Basle, entitled 'A History of the Primitive Religions of America.' ('Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen.' Basle, 1855, 8vo, pp. 706.) We do not intend to notice it otherwise than very cursorily in the present article, since we hope to have an opportunity of recurring to it shortly. Our doubts as to the theological whereabouts of the author have been mainly suggested by his marvellous slowness of heart to believe in any connexion between the remarkable American *sagas* respecting a deluge, as also of the building of a tower whose top was to reach heaven, which was interrupted by the sudden descent of celestial fire, followed by a dispersion of the nations, and the Biblical narratives. We should like to know how Dr. Donaldson, who believes these narratives to be pure mythology, would explain the existence of such traditions across the Atlantic. For we presume that with Dr. Müller he would allow their authenticity, and does not imagine them to have been borrowed from the Christian settlers of the New World. As to Dr. Müller, he does not pretend to account for the circumstantial coincidences which they present with the Mosaic account, but simply confines himself to a dogged denial of any other than an accidental agreement. We give from his book (p. 515) the substance of the Mexican traditions of the flood as a specimen. The story runs thus:—At the end of the fourth age of the world, the goddess of the waters, Matcacuajé, the wife of the water-god Tlalok, appeared, and destroyed the human race by a universal deluge. One human pair alone survived the general ruin. The man was named Coxcox, and the woman Xochiquetzal. These

two had recourse to the trunk of a *cypress* in order to save themselves (the gopher wood, of which according to Moses the ark was made, is actually, as interpreters are agreed, the *cypress*). They at length landed upon the mountain Colhuacan. Coxcox is also known by other names; e. g., Cipatli, or sea-monster; Teocipactli, or fish-god, and Huehuetonacateocipatli, or ancient fish-god, belonging to our race. The reader may ask the first Russian prisoner he meets with to pronounce this name for him, which contains only one-sixth the number of syllables assigned to one word at least in that language—a word which, as Cotton Mather said of some of those in the North American Indian tongues, must have been growing ever since the building of the Tower of Babel. Another variation of the Mexican tradition gives their Noah the name Tezpi, which means the man who escaped the flood. This Tezpi, in order to save himself built a vessel, and filled it with animals of all sorts. When the waters seemed to be abating he sent forth a kite, which, however, preferred feasting upon the floating carcass of one of the drowned giants to returning into the ark. Tezpi then sent out a humming-bird, which flew back with a twig in its beak. What can be more surprising, we ask, than these distinct echoes of the Bible account? Except, perhaps, the icy insensibility and provoking stolidity of a professor of evangelical theology, who can append to such narratives the incomprehensibly dull remark, ‘on the strength of such analogies with the Biblical history of the flood, we are neither to assume any historical dependence of the primitive races from one another, nor a Christian influence upon the American traditions, but only independent formations.’ Verily, the credulity of your scientific doubter is quite a pattern for believers. Their faith is indeed that of ‘little children.’

The remaining books on our table, constituting an overwhelming majority of the whole, are, happily, as orthodox in sentiment as any published in this country. A volume in Dutch (‘Nieuw Archief voor Kerkelijke Geschiedenis, inzonderheid von Nederland. Leyden, 1854. ‘New Archives for Church History, particularly that of the Netherlands’) has got amongst them by mistake. It appears to contain, so far as our superficial knowledge of the language enables us to judge, a good deal of interesting and valuable matter, principally relating to ecclesiastical antiquities. Passing by this as not germane, we have to welcome two of the leaders of the Historical school in theology, which has already done so much to bring about the reaction against unbelief. Dr. Michael Baumgarten’s fine Commentary on the Acts is already in the hands of thousands of English readers, and has not disappointed the high expectations

excited by literary notices of the German original. The second half of his 'Night Visions of Zechariah; or, the Voice of a Prophet to the Present Times' ('Die Nachtgesichte Sacharias' Braunschweig, 1855, 8vo, pp. 546) is just published, and will richly reward a careful perusal. It is a most gratifying sign of the times that the continental revival of the faith of the Reformation age is attended with an awakening consciousness of the fearful mistake then committed (or rather crime, for it was nothing else) when the State was invoked as the patroness of the Church. Zechariah is peculiarly the anti-state-church prophet, and Dr. Baumgarten has done good service in calling attention to his testimony against the Byzantinism of the age. In Russia we have that baneful system carried out to its legitimate results. Let us hope that Western Christendom will soon break altogether with this Russian idea, as we are already engaged in an internecine struggle with its hereditary representative, the Tsar.

Dr. John Henry Kurtz, Ordinary Professor of Theology at Dorpat, although as yet but little known in this country, is a worthy coadjutor of Baumgarten, Delitzsch, Hoffmann, and the other great men of the historical school. His 'History of the Old Testament,' of which the second volume lies before us ('Geschichte des Alten Bundes' Berlin, New York, and Adelaide, 1855, 8vo, pp. 564), carries out on a grand scale the leading idea of this new and influential school—viz., that revelation is to be conceived of as *history*, rather than as *dogma*. It is the history transacted between God and man. We cannot, therefore, refer the student to a better work than the present for an exemplification of the principles and method of these equally sound and learned divines. The work goes over pretty much the same ground as Ewald's 'History of the People of Israel,' but in as different a spirit as can well be imagined. Besides the present history, Dr. Kurtz has written on the 'Unity of Genesis' against Eichhorn's fragmentary theory, the 'Bible and Astronomy,' which has gone through several editions, and other important works.

The 'Union' *octroyée* by the present King of Prussia, between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in his dominions, and maintained with such a high hand against the formidable protest of the old Lutheran party, is the fruitful source of perpetual controversy. Good, however, comes out of seeming evil, and the excitement leads to the thorough discussion of the most vital questions. The constitution of the Church, which the Germans have heretofore terribly neglected, is at this moment their great theological topic, and occupies the thoughts and pens of their pro-

foundest thinkers. To Löhe's striking 'Aphorisms' and 'Three Books on the Church,' Delitzsch's 'Four Books on the Church,' Karsten's 'Seventy-two Theses on the Constitution of the Lutheran Church,' and countless other recent treatises on the same absorbing theme, some of them equally noteworthy, we have now to add Kliefoth's 'Eight Books on the Church' ('Acht Bücher von der Kirche. Schwerin und Rostock, 1854, 8vo, pp. 510), and Münchmeyer's monograph on the dogma of the Visible and Invisible Church ('Das Dogma von der sichtbaren und unsichtbaren Kirche. Göttingen, 1854, pp. 182.) The former is a masterpiece for calm Christian investigation of what the author duly feels to be the weightiest subject ever proposed to human contemplation. He approaches his august theme in no irreverent mood, and while he feels oppressed with a sense of its importance and difficulty, braces up his energies for his task in the humble but trustful temper of one who deeply feels his need of the enlightening influences of the Spirit, who dwells in the church.

'For thousands of years,' he observes, 'has medicine searched the whole field of nature and mind, in order to understand the diminutive body of man, taken from the dust, and soon to crumble again into dust, and must at last herself confess, that the extent of what she knows, is far exceeded by the amount of what is and will remain an enigma to her. Who, then, can feel confident of so explaining and anatomically depicting the body of the Lord, born and perfecting itself in miracle, extending through the fulness of the ages, through time and eternity, through heaven and earth, that everlasting, mystical body, so that no mystery shall remain?'—Preface, p. v.

Münchmeyer's *brochure* also is written in a very earnest spirit, and is not unworthy of attention, although we must protest against the conclusion to which he comes, that the 'mali et hypocritæ' are members, although dead ones, of the mystical body of Christ. It is true he attempts to guard this startling proposition from abuse, which we, for our parts, hold to be impossible, since the dogma itself is a contradiction in terms, and a flagrant abuse of both thought and language. We are right heartily glad, however, to see the subject discussed on all sides. We look upon this German ferment about the church, as a movement of œcumenical import, since it is becoming more and more clear every day that the shortcomings of the Reformation have their root in the unsettled state in which the Reformers left this cardinal question.

The sacramental controversy, on the other hand, which now agitates the Lutheran as it does the Anglican communion, is of more local interest, although it also is not without its more

general bearings. Dr. Stier's 'Holy Supper' ('Abendmahl,' Barmen, 1855, 8vo, pp. 105) is merely a reprint of a portion of his excellent work, 'The Words of the Lord Jesus,' which is already announced. Besides this, we have before us the first volume of Dieci's 'Evangelical Doctrine of the Lord's Supper in the Reformation Age' ('Die Evangelische Abendmahlslehre im Reformationszeitalter geschichtlich dargestellt,' Göttingen, 1856, 8vo, pp. 656), which is written in a high Lutheran tone. As a contribution, however, to the history of the miserable divisions between the Reformers upon the doctrine, which were so disastrous in their results, and continue to be so to this day, the work is not without its value.

Here we must stop for the present, reserving the remainder of our budget for a future occasion, as we have already reached the limits of our space. We cannot, however, delay the expression of our unfeigned pleasure at the commencement of a new series of Tischendorf's magnificent 'Monumenta Sacra Inedita,' by which that indefatigable scholar has done the Christian world under such deep and lasting obligation. The beautiful facsimiles of the uncial MSS. of the New Testament, and of the Septuagint version of the Old, are priceless treasures which no public library, nor any private one that is a scholar's friend, ought to be without. The present volume ('Monumenta Sacra Inedita,' Nova Collectio. Vol. I. Fragmenta Palimpsesta, sive Fragmenta quorum Novi tum Veteris Testamenti Palimpsestis antiquissimis nuper sunt Fragmenta Psalmarum Papyratorum Palimpsesta item Fragmenta Augustani. Nunc primum eruit et edidit A. F. C. Tischendorf, Phil. et Theol. Dr., &c. 1855, 4to, pp. 320) will equally refresh the eyes of the typographical amateur and the Biblical scholar. We regret that we cannot now do more than announce its anxiously looked for appearance.

ART. VII.—*My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of my Education.* By Hugh Miller, Author of 'The Old Red Sandstone,' &c. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter. 1854.

THE present work is the history of a man's education, written by himself. The successive incidents of a full life; the parentage, friendships, to a casual

meetings, change of place and of seasons, health, sickness, convalescence, are all regarded as influencing the character and forming a part of the life-long education; as the schools and schoolmasters, under whose discipline the young intellect and affections attained maturity. Nor is this volume a diary, in which from time to time events as they occur are recorded, with parallel and contemporaneous reflections; it rather is a retrospect, in which the ripe judgment passes in review the influences which have impinged on the life past, and assigns to each its place and value. Then it is the retrospect of no ordinary mind; and the author's powers of memory ensure an accuracy not often found in the recollection of long past events, each in its place, with the attendant thoughts and feelings. Already the name of Mr. Hugh Miller is very familiar in England; and in Scotland it has become a household word; its bearer having appeared before the public in many characters,—as a narrator of 'Tales and Legends of the North and of the Border,' as a powerful controversialist, and especially as the interpreter of Nature in some of her most recondite departments. He has been an investigator as well as an interpreter, and has combined as few have done the faculties of original discovery and of popular exposition.

Such a book written by such a man could not be otherwise than very instructive, and it will be found no less interesting. As a literary work it may justly claim a high place, and the narrative skill displayed, especially in the effective handling of details, renders the volume very attractive. Its greatest merit, however, lies deeper. It is the work of a man of rare moral worth, and shows throughout the actions and the judgments of one whose characteristics are justice, truth, manly independence, and godliness. For working men, to whom it is especially addressed, this volume has peculiar attractions; but its general popularity is well attested by the fact, that, after having been first published in the columns of the 'Witness' newspaper, it has already, in the course of a few months, reached a third edition. In America, as well as in England, we anticipate for it a very wide circulation. It is seldom we meet with a biographical work so heartily to be commended as a book for the reading of all classes.

We have already said that the work is rather a retrospect than a diary. The life is revealed to the reader, not as it would have appeared to a contemporary friend, to whom the progressive changes in the author's tastes and judgments were as apparent as those visible in his physical and intellectual growth; but, on the contrary, as it is viewed by the author himself, after having passed through a long course of discipline, when his judgment has reached maturity, and is qualified accurately to

weigh the events which he had to *value* and record. The difference is great and obvious. In the one case the life might be represented, pictorially, by a series of views, each taken from a different point and at a different time; in the other, by one grand picture, which should assign to each particular incident its due magnitude and prominence in the representation of the life. Either form of narrative may be very instructive, and each may have its peculiar advantages. When the events of each day are written with the reflections which at the time they suggested, we have a double chronological record—one of the external, the other of the internal life; but the narrative is not a work of art, in so far as it does not supply the unity by which the whole is to be reconciled and understood. On the other hand, when a matured and cultivated mind has undertaken, through memory, with whatever aid of supplemental materials, to record its whole past experience, passing judgment or making reflections successively on each more important act or incident, the narrative may, especially if based on a large and various experience, have all the interest of a romance; from the most common form of which it will differ chiefly in the facts of the story being taken in the order of their occurrence from *one* life, not selected and rearranged from *many*; and in its containing, for the sake of their moral value, things which the mere novelist would have rejected as needless complications or encumbrances. Thus, even in autobiography of the kind before us, there is great room for art; and the narrative opens with all the interest of a novel:—

‘Rather more than eighty years ago a stout little boy, in his sixth or seventh year, was despatched from an old-fashioned farm-house in the upper part of the parish of Cromarty to drown a litter of puppies in an adjacent pond. The commission seemed to be not in the least congenial. He sat down beside the pool and began to cry over his charge; and, finally, after wasting much time in a paroxysm of indecision and sorrow, instead of committing the puppies to the water, he tucked them up in his little kilt, and set out by a blind pathway which went winding through the stunted heath of the dreary Maolbuoy Common, in a direction opposite to that of the farm-house—his home for the two previous twelvemonths. After some doubtful wandering on the waste, he succeeded in reaching, before nightfall, the neighbouring sea-port town, and presenting himself, laden with his charge, at his mother’s door. The poor woman—a sailor’s widow, in very humble circumstances—raised her hands in astonishment: “Oh, my unlucky boy!” she exclaimed, “what’s this? What brings you here?” “The little doggies, mither,” said the boy; “I couldna drown the little doggies; and I took them to you.” What afterwards befell “the little doggies,” I know not; but trivial as the incident may seem, it exercised a marked influence on the circumstances and destiny of at least two generations of creatures higher in the scale than themselves.

The boy, as he stubbornly refused to return to the farm-house, had to be sent on shipboard, agreeably to his wish, as a cabin boy; and the writer of these chapters was born, in consequence, a sailor's son, and was rendered, as early as his fifth year, mainly dependent for his support on the sedulously-plied but indifferently remunerated labours of his only surviving parent at the time, a sailor's widow.'—pp. 1-2.

We have now to learn something of the processes of growth and discipline by which the boy born into these circumstances became such a man as we find him. What powers, capacities, and tendencies, he brought with him into this world, which ought to be regarded as peculiar to himself, not held in common with other men, we shall not attempt to inquire. Such an inquiry, within our present limits, could lead to no satisfactory result, and we shall best profit by the lesson taught in this volume, if we consider of not the original elements of character in which Mr. Miller differed, but those chiefly which he shared with ourselves.

The interesting sketches of the author's ancestry, which the first chapter contains, we must pass over almost without remark. They suggest matter for reflection, and well illustrate how deep and permanent, and of how great ultimate results on the character, are some of the impressions made in infancy. Even for a seaman the father's life had been one of much adventure; and some of the stirring scenes which he described to the child, or within his hearing, were tenaciously remembered. He must have been a man of much energy and firmness, and was of a temper so equable, that his wife only once saw him angry, when it was the anger of a strong and dominant nature. During 'long Indian and Chinese voyages' he learned to write; and, under the instruction of a 'warm-hearted though reckless Irishman' he was qualified to 'take the reckoning' and 'keep a log-book,' and formed a taste for reading. He was a man of great personal strength and daring. Driven to mutiny against an overbearing and capricious captain, he had been pressed into the king's service, and, among a crew of five hundred, was the strongest man on board. But 'the country had borrowed his services without consulting his will,' and he seems to have reclaimed them on his own behalf, without first asking leave. As an instance of his promptitude and self-possession, it is mentioned that when sleeping in his boat, which was moored in one of the mouths of the Ganges, he was suddenly awakened by a huge tiger hanging on the gunwale, when with one of the boat's footspars he effectually repelled the attack. 'When not much turned of thirty, the sailor returned to his native town, with money enough, hardly earned, and carefully kept, to buy a fine large sloop, with which he engaged in the coasting trade; and shortly after he married his cousin's

daughter,' whose life so if to hi dangers. Once, in her presence, g sk, saved from drowning, beside the pier of Cromarty, one of 1 men, and this shock, from which she never recovered, was followed, at the interval of twelve-months, by a second, which proved fatal—the false news, foolishly told her, of her husband's missing sloop having fallen a prize to French privateers.

Escaping when his sloop the 'Fr ship' was wrecked on the bar of Findhorn, the stout skipper, by he aid of his friends, soon acquired a new sloop, and was again r rried. 'There was a very considerable disparity between their ag s,—the master was forty-four, and his wife only eighteen,—but ever was there a happier marriage. The young wife was simple, confiding, and affectionate; and the master of a soft and genial nature, with a large amount of buoyant humour about him; strong, reliable, and gentle; altogether such a companion as might be expected to make home joyous. 'I was born, the first child of this marriage, on the 10th day of October, 1802, in the low long house (in Cromarty), built by my great grandfather the buccaneer. My memory awoke early. I have recollections whi a date several months ere the completion of my third year; but, like those of the golden age of the world, they are chiefly of a mythological character.'

Here follow boyish recollections of the bright gleams of joy by the fireside, when the husband and the father came home; studies of ships in the offing, and the r cognition of his father's, by 'the two slim stripes of white which ran along her sides; golden memories, too, of splendid toys, brought with him, to be soon broken with infinite delight, and it may be not without much profit to the child, who took all to pieces in the disappointed hope of finding so ing curious within. 'But there was a time of sterner mem at hi ' The father's last letter to his wife was written from t on the 9th of November, 1807; and the day after a fatal tem arose and the master and his crew were never more heard of. As yet there were no forebodings in his dwelling; the letter had just been received, and his wife was sitting on the following evening beside the fire, when the author was sent to shut the door, and experienced the following apparition—

'What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a very vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a grey haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less tl d of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a c t and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm v ose of a

female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. . . . Then followed a dreary season, on which I still look back in memory, as on a prospect which, sunshiny and sparkling for a time, has become suddenly enveloped in cloud and storm. I remember my mother's long fits of weeping, and the general gloom of the widowed household; and how, after she had sent my two little sisters to bed,—for such had been the increase of the family,—and her hands were set free for the evening, she used to set up late at night, engaged as a seamstress, in making pieces of dress for such of the neighbours as chose to employ her. . . . I remember I used to go wandering disconsolately about the harbour at this season, to examine the vessels which had come in during the night; and that I oftener than once set my mother a crying, by asking her why the shipmasters who, when my father was alive, used to stroke my head, and slip half-pence into my pockets, never now took any notice of me, or gave me anything! . . . But months and years passed by, and the white stripes and the square topsails I never saw.—pp. 23, 24.

The fatherless boy had the rare happiness of finding, in his two maternal uncles, those who gladly admitted and dutifully discharged the high claims on their sympathy and guidance which this great calamity sanctioned. They were both men of the strictest integrity. The elder uncle James, a harness maker, is remembered as having 'a clear head, much native sagacity, a singularly retentive memory, and great thirst for information.' He was a keen local antiquary; fond of traditionary lore; and of such reputation for wisdom, that his advice was often sought by the neighbours; 'and the counsel given was always shrewd and honest.' 'I never knew a man more entirely just in his dealings than uncle James, or who regarded every species of meanness with a more thorough contempt.' 'My uncle Alexander was of a different cast from his brother both in intellect and temperament; and his religious feelings, though quiet and unobtrusive, were perhaps more deep. James was somewhat of a humorist and fond of a good joke. Alexander was grave and serious, and never, save on one solitary occasion, did I know him even attempt a jest.' After having acquired the trade of a cartwright, he entered the navy, 'and during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen, in which he had not a share. He sailed with Nelson; witnessed the mutiny at the Nore; fought under Admiral Duncan at Camperdown, and Sir John Borlase Warren, at Loch Swilley; assisted in capturing the 'Généreux' and 'Guillaume Tell,' two French ships of the line; was one of the seamen who, in the Egyptian expedition, were drafted out of Lord Keith's fleet to

supply the lack of artillerymen in the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby; had a share in the dangers and glory of the landing in Egypt; and fought in the battle of the 18th March, and in that which deprived our country of one of her most popular generals. He served, too, at the siege of Alexandria. And then, as he succeeded in procuring his discharge during the short peace of 1802, he returned home with a small sum of hardly earned prize-money, heartily sick of war and bloodshed. I was asked not long ago by one of his few surviving comrades, whether my uncle had ever told me that *their* gun was the first landed in Egypt, and the first dragged up the sandbank immediately over the beach, and how hot it grew under their hands, as, with a rapidity unsurpassed along the line, they poured out in thick succession its iron discharges upon the enemy. I had to reply in the negative. All my uncle's narratives were of what he had *seen*, not of what he had done.' 'He had not his brother's fluency of speech; but his narratives of what he had seen were singularly truthful and graphic; and his description of foreign plants and animals, and of the aspect of the distant regions which he had visited, had all the careful minuteness of those of a Dampier. He had a decided turn for natural history. My collection contains a murex, not unfrequent in the Mediterranean, which he found time enough to transfer, during the heat of the landing in Egypt, from the beach to his pocket; and the first ammonite I ever saw was a specimen, which I still retain, that he brought home with him from one of the liassic deposits of England.'

It was under the guidance of this naturalist that the author received his earliest lessons on the wonders of the shore; and the direction of his later productive pursuits may have been in great part determined by this unequal companionship. Mr. Miller's mature judgment on the character of his elder uncle, James Wright, has been solemnly expressed in the inscription which he wrote with his own chisel on a monumental stone, as that of 'an honest, warm-hearted man, who had the happiness of living without reproach, and of dying without fear.'

The author's literary education began with the 'signposts' of Cromarty; by the spontaneous study of which he became familiar with the letters of the alphabet. Before his father's death he had been sent to a dame's school where he was taught to pronounce the letters in the old Scotch fashion to such effect 'that still when I attempt spelling a word aloud, which is not often,—for I find the process a perilous one, the *aa's* and *ee's*, and *uh's* and *vau's*, return upon me, and I have to translate them with no little hesitation as I go along into the more modish sounds.' 'During my sixth year I spelt my way under the dame, through

the shorter Catechism, the Proverbs, and the New Testament, and then entered upon her highest form as a member of the Bible class: but all the while the process of acquiring learning had been a dark one, which I slowly mastered in humble confidence in the awful wisdom of the schoolmistress, not knowing whither it tended; when at once my mind awoke to the meaning of that most delightful of all narratives—the story of Joseph. Was there ever such a discovery made before! I actually found out for myself, that the art of reading is the art of finding stories in books; and from that moment reading became one of the most delightful of amusements.’ The stories of Samson and the Philistines, of David and Goliath, of Elijah and Elisha, followed that of Joseph. Then came the stories and parables of the New Testament. Next the contents of a library of his own—a ‘box of birch-bark about nine inches square, large enough to contain a great many immortal works—Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack and the Bean Stalk, and the Yellow Dwarf, and Blue Beard, and Sinbad the Sailor, and Beauty and the Beast, and Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, and several others of resembling character.’ For ‘those intolerable nuisances, the useful-knowledge books, had not yet arisen, like tenebrious stars, on the educational horizon.’ So he passed on, naturally, to Homer, the Pilgrim’s Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver’s Travels, Ambrose on Angels, the ‘judgment chapter’ in Howie’s Scotch Worthies, Byron’s Narrative, and the Adventures of Philip Quarll, with other voyages and adventures, including the first volume of Cook’s, which he found among his father’s books; the collection also containing, what proved great treasures to the boy, the Voyages of Anson, Drake, Raleigh, and Dampier; and volumes of solid theology, such as Flavel’s works, Henry’s Commentary, Naphtali, the Cloud of Witnesses, and the Hind let Loose, to be grappled with long afterwards.

At the end of the first twelvemonth the boy exchanged the dame for the grammar school of the parish, then taught by a scholarly and honest man, who discovered, in a class of about one hundred and twenty boys, this pupil’s ability and promise, at a time when he seems to have been far from a diligent scholar, and advised that he should be transferred from the English to the Latin form. For a day or two he laboured with tolerable diligence at the ‘Rudiments,’ but finding the rules and inflections unintelligible, and the book altogether the dullest he had ever seen, the boy’s attention and industry soon flagged, and he found himself the lowest of those who formed what the master had come to designate the ‘heavy class.’ He made a better appearance in translating, however, than he deserved; his singularly good memory enabling him to repeat, nearly verbatim,

the rendering into English of the day's lesson. The master, 'good simple man that he was,' gave on the meeting of the school each morning. With all his carelessness he was plainly a favourite with the master, who used to address to him observations on the English lessons, such as, 'That, sir, is a good paper, it's an *Addison*;' 'That is one of *Steele's*, sir;' and took the pains of carefully criticizing a stray 'Poem on *Care*,' which he found inscribed in the copy-book, pointing out faults of spelling, grammar, and punctuation, but generously telling the young author 'the general sense of the piece is good—very good, indeed, sir;' and adding, with a grim smile, '*Care*, sir, is, I dare say, as you remark, a very bad thing; but you may safely bestow a little more of it on your spelling and your grammar.'

Leaving the parish school and its kind good man, who was, apparently, for the majority of his pupils, not an efficient teacher, our hero was entered at a subscription school recently established by some of the wealthier tradesmen of the town; and came under the authority of the third schoolmaster who held office there; described as 'a person of high if not very consistent religious profession, who was always getting into pecuniary difficulties, and always courting, though with but little success, wealthy ladies, who, according to the poet, had "acres of charms." The new master, who appears never to have won the respect of the boys, had wit enough to see the author's dominant influence in the school, and set himself to discover its grounds. An examination of the 'copy-book' disclosed 'deplorably scabbled couplets and stanzas, blent with occasional remarks in rude prose, that dealt chiefly with natural phenomena.' Deeming these borrowed, not invented, the master required a poem 'on the dancing school ball'—to come off next week at Christmas. The poem was produced, and for a time the boy was rather a favourite with the master. 'I had become, however, a wild insubordinate boy, and the only school in which I could properly be taught was that world-wide school which invited me, in which toil and hardship are the severe but noble teachers. I got into sad scrapes.' The final quarrel with the master, which led to a tough wrestling-match between them on the school floor, in which the pupil was at last thrown and cruelly injured, ended in our hero taking his cap off the pin and immediately straight out of school—thus leaving for ever schools and schoolmasters of that sort—originated in the lessons of the simple dame who was his first teacher, and whose influence on his little life was still so predominant as to prevent him from doing 'awful' according to the master's requirements. He left, however, not unnavenged, having written and put in circulation in the school a sufficiently severe metrical satire on the

Having thus ended his attendance at school, and declining firmly to pursue such studies farther at College as his uncle had wished that he should, and had undertaken to provide the means of his doing, the author had before him the prospect of a life of manual labour; 'but never yet was there a half-grown lad less willing to take up the man and lay down the boy.' It was decided that he should be a mason; and he was bound for three years an apprentice to the husband of one of his maternal aunts, who was of that trade, and who usually kept an apprentice or two, and employed a few journeymen. His thoughts in the retrospect are widely different from those which, in the prospect, clouded his future life. After the experiences of the 'school in which honest labour is the teacher,' he judged it 'the best and noblest of all—save the Christian one; one 'in which the ability of being useful is imparted, and the spirit of independence communicated, and the habit of persevering effort acquired; and which is more moral than the schools in which only philosophy is taught, and greatly more happy than the schools which profess to teach only the art of enjoyment. Noble, upright, self-relying toil! Who that knows thy solid worth and value would be ashamed of thy hard hands, and thy soiled vestments, and thy obscure tasks,—thy humble cottage, and hard couch, and homely fare?' . . . 'But I little thought of the excellence of thy character and of thy teachings, when, with a heavy heart, I set out about this time, on a morning of spring, to take my first lesson from thee in a sandstone quarry.'

Before following our author into the busy life which he entered when he left school, let us in a few sentences advert to some of the preparatory training which his narrative relates. He was come of a strong-bodied race; few boys of his height, he tells us, could beat him in wrestling; and his later indications confirm the inference that he was a well-built, broad-chested, robust youth. Then he had been early inured to dangers, fatigues, exposures; courage, perseverance, activity, love of adventure, had been the plain characters of his boyhood, and the presumed grounds of his influence with his schoolfellows. Long frequent rambles among the sea-rocks and in the woods; a wild, romantic life in the caves of the old coast line, where he and his favourite companions spent many an hour, cooking their dinner of potatoes and shell-fish, with such various dessert of wild fruits as the cliffs yielded; building extensive fortifications of turf; setting up armies of shells, and illustrating tactics on the sands; cutting, along with an old soldier, a path by which a coveted hitherto inaccessible fishing stance on the overhanging cliff might be reached; recovering, by force or stratagem, for the use of the school, the unduly withheld accustomed tribute of peats from

the passing boats ; even, on one occasion, but on one only, and that sorely repented of, robbing an orchard ; such are some of the passages in the history of his earlier years, during which a spirit of self-reliance was nurtured. More important than any of these, at least in relation to the pursuits of his life, must be reckoned his walks on the sea-shore with his uncle the naturalist, where he first learned to observe and be interested in its endless, various, and beautiful, productions. A mere boy, we find him observing rock fragments, watching insects, collecting fossils ; yet the peculiar direction of his investigations was determined, he tells us, by his irksome daily tasks. 'It was the necessity which made me a quarrier that taught me to be a geologist.' Then his strongly marked nationality, one of the most constant and noticeable elements of his writings, was very early implanted. 'I first became thoroughly a Scot,' he tells us, 'some time in my tenth year ; and the consciousness of country has remained tolerably strong within me ever since.' To the story of Wallace, the Guardian of Scotland, as told by Blind Harry, the old minstrel, the author ascribes his earliest experiences of this passion. In these burning narratives, too, his early developed faculty of story-telling seems to have found its first materials. Such was his facility and exuberance of invention, that he mentions it to have been quite usual when walking with his favourite cousin George, to make the story co-extensive with the journey, though that should be ten, twenty, or even thirty miles in length. But we are reminded that our limits are already passed ; and that a few sentences must contain what remains to be told.

Most manfully he did the work which he had undertaken. Through all hardships and temptations of general companionship, he resolutely kept his way ; submitting neither to the seductions of dissipation nor to the tyranny of his fellow-workmen. He thoroughly mastered his business. On more than one occasion during his apprenticeship, while engaged in dyke building, with stones wet and dirty, he tells us, 'I have had all my fingers oozing blood at once ; and those who think that in such circumstances labour protracted throughout a long day can be other than torture, would do well to try.' The man who has uncomplainingly passed through such an ordeal is not likely to be easily diverted from his purpose.

According to the usage of the north of Scotland, mason-work is discontinued from about Michaelmas until spring. This gave ample time for reading, which our author turned to good account. He used to write much, too, in prose and in verse ; and would sit for long hours meditating or composing in the seclusion of a comfortless loft.

His favourite reading seems to have been in the earlier and

classical poets, in books of travel, and in the older divines; from which, with the Bible, he acquired that pure and vigorous style which is now so rare a possession; and what he once read he never forgot. During fifteen years spent in stone-cutting he had good opportunities of observing the condition and habits of his countrymen; and many of his remarks relating to these are very sagacious and instructive. His health had suffered seriously, and his life even had been endangered by the malady which to stone-cutters proves so fatal, that but a very few of them outlive their forty-fifth year. He had resolved to be independent by means of his trade; thus avoiding the error which has been the ruin of so many gifted men; and so well had he kept his resolution, that he 'never incurred pecuniary obligation, and never spent a shilling for which he had not first laboured.' He was already thirty-two when an appointment as accountant in a Branch Bank in his native town delivered him from manual labour, and put it in his power to fulfil a marriage engagement which had a very romantic origin, and, so far as can be judged, a very happy issue. When the Church controversy, which has since become so important in its results for Scotland, was reaching its climax, the Cromarty Bank accountant wrote and published a very masterly letter to Lord Brougham, on his judgment in the Auchterader case, which excited such notice as led to its author being offered the editorship of the 'Witness' newspaper, then in contemplation, an office which he still holds. Thus, as he truly writes, 'Man being what he is, I fear an ability of efficient squabbling is a greatly more marketable one than any ability whatever of extending the boundaries of natural science;' which yet remains the high purpose of his life, and from which great results are still to be hoped.

How he was taught that the true central sun of the Christian system is the 'Word made Flesh, appreciated not as a *doctrine*—which is a mere abstraction, but as a Divine Person,'—how he found within the little town of Cromarty and its neighbourhood the materials at once of geological and of moral study,—how by diligence, fidelity to Nature, and patient hope, he has inscribed for himself a name and a monument in the Old Red Sandstone of his native region; what honest purpose and resolute accomplishment mark his course; how true, and loving, and manly a man he is, his own words will best discover, and to these, with the most cordial recommendations, we now refer the reader.

ART. VIII.—*Bill to Relieve Dissenters from the Payment of Church-Rates in certain cases, and otherwise to Amend the Law respecting the Making, Assessing, and Collecting of Church-rates.* Mr. Pack. Read a First Time Tuesday, 9th May, 1854.

2. *Bill for the entire Abolition of Church-rates.* Sir W. Clay. Read a First Time Tuesday, 23rd May, 1854.

3. *A Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens in the Execution of their Office.* By Charles Greville Prideaux, of Balliol College, Oxford, M.A., and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Sixth Edition. 1853.

BOTH parties having abandoned compromise, the controversy has at length settled down to a distinct issue, and Church-rates are either to be imposed or abolished throughout the entire country. According to the semi-official 'Edinburgh,' setting out in some detail a scheme which had been heard of previously, the growing opposition of vestries is to be gotten rid of by taking away their right to interfere in the matter. A surveyor and a county magistrate are to decide and enforce everything henceforward respecting the repair of the church. The plan is very simple and effective. It will sweep away one of the oldest rights of every parishioner in the kingdom, and it will secure to the Church £250,000 a year. Indeed, it will do still better, for it will increase the receipt by re-subjugating all those parishes which during the last twenty years have emancipated themselves from the impost. According to Sir W. Clay's Bill, on the other hand, by whatever other means or from whatever other sources the fabrics of our churches are to be maintained in repair, *this* mode is to come to an end immediately. This plan is quite as simple and effective as the other; of the two we prefer it. It destroys no ancient liberties, and it gives us no manner of uneasiness as to the due preservation of that important part of the public property—the parish church.

With respect to the first of measures, the only positive fear about it is lest it should orthcoming. It would really be a great pity if it did not. It was something new to us to find a proposition thus t 'Edinburgh, so much more audacious, and c : in la e quite as insolent towards dissenters as any to mind in the 'Quarterly;' and there would be ng to the sensation if, after all, it did not beco a sure. With respect to the Abolition Bill, we u y kn her to attribut our anxiety to a predomin of no or It is red possible to carry the l v : this ment. We

italicise this sentence, because we wish our readers to realize the position in which the matter actually stands, and to exert themselves with all the vigour which that position requires. If success is possible this session it ought to be worked for on the understanding that it is meant to be won this session. Consider what has been done. Up to last year the question had never been fairly grappled with. Independent members, and even Cabinet ministers, had brought forward resolutions, or asked for committees, and a certain number of members had been found to express an opinion or to sanction an inquiry, but no one had ever proposed to legislate. We believe Sir W. Clay has the merit of having been the first to suggest that the time was come for positive action, and that the proper action was to abolish the tax. For the first time then in the history of Church-rates a Bill has been brought in, and that Bill one of sheer abolition. It has been carried through a first reading by a private member despite the opposition of the Cabinet. On the motion for a second reading, notwithstanding pressure used to keep away members (it being out of the question now to get new votes against Church-rates), we have come to within twenty-seven of a majority in a House of four hundred members. On both sides of the House we have made converts, and from two Cabinet ministers we have obtained declarations such as are usually regarded as the forerunners of a decisive event. Mr. Gladstone described the case against Church-rates as 'irresistible'; Lord John Russell spoke of them as bound up with the existence of the monarchy. As we never knew of a doomed abuse that was otherwise, we regard this last opinion with especial satisfaction. While so much ground has been gained in the House, at least as much has been done in the country; and all that was done last session can be done again, and this time much more effectively. We know our men; the general election is at least twelvemonths nearer: and in almost every constituency, however varying the strength of dissent, it has now been ascertained that in the conflict of parties it is an element that *tells*. Under these circumstances we urge it, in all seriousness, as a crime of no slight magnitude, if every one of these elements of success is not tried to the uttermost during the next few months. There must be more petitions and more signatures: there must be more correspondence with our representatives, and where there is any doubt as to their votes deputations should come to town purposely to wait on them; and if only to meet that last compromise suggested by Mr. Gladstone of retaining the Church-rate system *in parishes which like it*, the Braintree case, which has been used so well during the last year, must now be brought to bear wherever a churchwarden can be found to propose a rate.

It is to this last mode of attack that we are anxious just now to draw special attention. As well as the other modes mentioned, we have reason to know that this is cared for by those who have already so successfully guided our movements; but it is more liable than others to be neglected, both because its prosecution is essentially local, and because it requires a knowledge, not of a legal kind precisely, but of the way in which business is transacted at public meetings, greater than is in point of fact commonly possessed. We have been at some pains to collect detailed information of the late vestry contests, and we have been surprised to observe in how many cases the anti-rate party have literally abandoned the victory from sheer ignorance that they had won it. This has been the case sometimes where they have had the clear majority; but we believe a majority is by no means essential to ultimate success. We have seen a letter from a clergyman, written in a style not very creditable to its author, professing to explain how he and six ratepayers can always carry a rate. The writer clearly acted illegally; but we believe that in a large number of cases a few sensible men may defeat a rate without at all violating their self-respect. The fact is, that notwithstanding the impetus given to church-rate contests by the House of Lords' judgment in the Braintree case, the immense value of that decision has not yet been fully appreciated. In many parishes it is probably even now not understood that a Church-rate is a thing resting from beginning to end on the option of the parish vestry; and where this is understood, the ratepayers are not acquainted with the steps for giving effect to their wishes. Since Lord Truro's admirable judgment, no professional work has appeared on the subject; the approaching extinction of church-rate law probably deterring some writers, while others may well be loth to incorporate into their treatises a result so contrary to their avowed sympathies, and so destructive of their carefully-elaborated suggestions for the future enforcement of the tax. The only 'hand-book' on Church-rates is still Prideaux's 'Churchwarden's Guide'; and what is wanted is a somewhat similar work, which, in the shape of a ratepayer's guide, should correct some of the conclusions and supply some of the omissions of the learned writer we have named.* Such a work, we may hint to those whom it concerns, being virtually a manual of the law relating to the conduct of business at public meetings, would undoubtedly outlive its immediate purpose.

It will be seen immediately that we are contemplating nothing which is in any sense contrary to law. But we draw rein, never-

* We learn with pleasure that such a work is in preparation.

theless, in deference to an objection of conscience, expressed sometimes by our friends, but more frequently by our opponents, in the formula, 'Obey the law: change it if you will, or if you can; but while it is the law it ought to be obeyed.'

Now we shall perhaps meet this with something very apposite presently; but meanwhile we choose to oppose it by the distinct point blank assertion, that in the only sense in which this principle can have any sort of application Church-rates are NOT the law. If it means anything, it means this;—that Church-rates are the mode appointed by the Legislature for the repair of the church fabric, and, therefore, that he who opposes that mode violates the law. And we say that they are not so appointed, and that the law designedly leaves the whole matter open.

That the parish is charged with the repair of the church we not only do not deny, but shall be ready to assert when it comes in question, as some day it may. Every parish church is national property; and we, who in this matter represent the whole community, are especially concerned to see to it, that the appearance of title does not pass over to the hands of a section, by allowing them to become exclusively charged with its preservation. But the authority to decide whether it wants repair, what repair it wants, and how that repair is to be provided, is entrusted by the Legislature to the vestry alone. A few sentences from the Braintree case, which we take as forming the very groundwork of the Lords' judgment, establish these broad positions. In extracting them, we regret only that it is to our professional readers we must look for the full perception of their strength. Their meaning, fortunately, can be seen by all.

'It has been agreed on all hands, and it is too well settled to admit of doubt or discussion, that the parishioners are liable to repair the body of the parish church. . . . It is equally clear that any rate for such repairs can be imposed only by a majority of the parishioners in vestry assembled. . . . *Neither the ecclesiastical courts, nor the ordinary, nor special commissioners, nor the churchwardens as such, can impose a church-rate, even when the vestry meeting has contumaciously refused to make one.*'—JUDGE CROMPTON.

'The law has cast upon the parishioners the duty of repairing the church. On this point it leaves them no option. On the parishioners in vestry assembled it casts the duty and confers the privilege of determining *whether any and what repairs are needed, whether the estimates be proper, and what amount will be necessary, and what will be the just proportion* in which the common burden will be borne by the individuals.'—LORD DENMAN.

'A church-rate is of the nature of a bye-law; and thereby the persons liable to the duty of making the repairs decide among themselves that *the mode of performing the common obligation which they elect to adopt* is to raise a sum of money by a rate. And in my

opinion the parishioners, and they alone, are competent to make this election; and if they determine to effect the repairs in any other manner, as by their personal labour, they may legally do so; in the same manner as the inhabitants of a parish might at common law have repaired a highway, or the inhabitants of a county might have repaired a bridge. It is quite true that for many years a rate has been generally if not universally resorted to for the purpose, as the most convenient and equal mode of performing the duty; but *before the time of legal memory I have no doubt that the effecting repairs by a rate was a thing almost unknown in country parishes.*—BARON MARTIN.

Now, in urging our friends—not so much to use the rights as to discharge the duties here indicated, we are so far from straining a technical point, that their not having duly attended to them was, in this case, and has constantly been, made by the judges a main foundation of their decision in support of a disputed rate.

‘On this record,’ says Mr. Justice Coleridge, arguing in support of the rate, ‘no dispute appears as to the necessity for the repairs or any objection to the amount of the estimate. . . . I have a right, therefore, to treat the vestry, one and all, as admitting these two points, or rather as having decided them in the affirmative: as saying, we find the church needs repairs, the expense of doing which has been estimated at a reasonable sum. Having got thus far, it will not be disputed that they could not, without infraction of the law, refuse to find the necessary means of doing the repairs estimated for.’ “Nothing,” says Mr. Courtauld, in his evidence before the House of Commons’ committee (Mr. Trevelyan’s), “nothing can be more striking to any person through all these judgments, nothing can strike an attentive reader more strongly than this, that in every one of those judgments in which the validity of the rate is maintained, it is specifically based upon this averment, that we agreed to the necessity of the repairs.”—Qu. 538.

Inasmuch therefore as we have all this while put ourselves wrong with the judges by the neglect of these things, we propose that the ratepayers shall neglect them no longer, but shall henceforth find their legal protection in the discharge of their legal duties. The effect of this simple course will, we believe, startle any who have not considered it. Rates are now-a-days constantly carried (nominally), and being so carried are collected, by an audacious reliance upon the ignorance of the vestry. By none is the law more constantly violated than by those whose great plea for Church-rates is the formula we have quoted—obey the law. Sometimes rates are not proposed to the vestry at all, but are levied—we really wonder with what notions of a premunire—by the sole authority of a rector, or vicar and churchwardens, or of the former alone; sometimes parishioners on a poll are denied the votes with which the law entrusts them; and we have before us letters from clergymen indicating no indistinct

sense of the advantage which their chairmanship is supposed to give them of 'knocking off' opposition votes; sometimes the rate is loaded not merely with unnecessary items, but with items the presence of which renders the whole rate illegal. To such an extent is this the case, and so well adapted are the defences which the law has erected for the protection of parishioners, that if they would only steadily use their resources, it would almost require a special act of Parliament to obtain a rate in a single parish in the kingdom. No doubt there is an exception to this remark where money has been already borrowed under act of Parliament on security of future rates. The national faith is, in this case, pledged to the creditor for the continuance of his security until his advance is repaid; but even this exception would be undoubtedly qualified by a strict scrutiny of the accounts. In all other cases we believe it to be perfectly possible for parishioners, even although not forming an absolute present majority in a vestry opposed to the principle of ecclesiastical taxation, yet by the fair and reasonable assertion of their position before the law, to give effective support to that movement which is bringing the system to an end.

The fact is, that if a Church-rate opponent will only think a little what he is about, keep his head and show ordinary firmness and self-possession, he will have in most cases very little to do. He does not labour under the disadvantage of having to begin by putting himself right, for he is that already. The Church-rate system being unconscientious, he is *morally* right in seeking to oppose it. The law having (as we have seen) imposed upon him and his fellow-parishioners the duty of examining and deciding every proposition relative to the repair of the fabric and the maintenance of the furniture, he is *legally* right in entering into this examination and placing before the vestry those considerations which must be adverted to in order to obtain a correct and conscientious decision as far as the case admits of it. All that is necessary for him is, that while morally and legally right, he should not be technically and formally wrong. He should not, for instance, expose himself to be stopped, and very properly stopped, by the chairman, for arguing, *when the vestry has already passed the estimates*, that the church does not want repair, and moving an indefinite adjournment; and on the other hand, it is clearly his own fault if he gives up what is frequently half the effective strength of his position by confining the argument to the injustice of *compulsory* repair, when the sole question immediately pressing for decision is whether repair is wanted at all—a question in which (as concerning national property) he may be as anxious for an affirmative decision as the vicar himself. To avoid blunders of this kind, at the frequency of which we really are

ashamed, nothing more is necessary than lain English
 common sense, of which we presume our friends will not admit
 that their long exile from Oxford and Cambridge has deprived
 them. Consider for a moment the order in which, according to
 the very sensible observations of Justice Coleridge, the ques-
 tions arise. In the first place any repair wanted?—not, is
 there *likely* to be any wanted before the year is out. If that be
 all, the decision will most properly be made when the likelihood
 becomes a certainty, and the vestry may adjourn immediately.
 If the churchwardens should state that repair is *now* wanted, the
 vestry cannot either morally or legally relieve themselves from
 responsibility by accepting without further inquiry their opinion
 on a point upon which every parishioner is competent to form
 a judgment of his own. The law requires that the churchwardens
 should present estimates, framed by competent surveyors, for the
 guidance of the vestry; and if such estimates are not produced,
 vestries are judicially advised to adjourn until they are forth-
 coming. Even if produced they are in no sort binding;
 and in the very frequent case of estimates being presented
 which contain no sufficient information what the repairs are
 for, or even as to their real necessity, the vestry ought most
 certainly to adopt the advice of the judges, and adjourn until the
 estimates are amended. We are counselling nothing *veracious*;
 we are advising nothing more than every one of us would do in
 his private business, or if he were acting on a committee for the
 interest of others. He would never rely implicitly upon the esti-
 mates of the most competent and respectable surveyor. It would
 be his right in the one case and his duty in the other to cut down
 and perhaps to repudiate what it might be the other's duty to
 offer, as it would certainly be his interest to enlarge. He ought,
 therefore, when he finds himself in a vestry meeting called to
 levy a Church-rate, to form a clear opinion for himself, and
 to obtain explicit decisions from the vestry, first of all upon the
 two questions—Are any repairs *now* required, and if any, *what*?
 If he thinks repairs wanted, by all means let him join in an affir-
 mative vote; but if not, let him not weaken his position by losing
 the votes of all those who may be at one with him thus far, but
 who having this decided adversely may be willing to ease their
 own burden by bringing it on others of whose consciences they
 may not regard themselves as keepers.

With regard to the second part of this question, *what repairs*,
 we have seen many estimates during the past year, but we can-
 not call to mind one which would be accepted by an ordinary
 man of business in his private affairs. We have seen far too
 many of such a character, that if every item in them were sepa-
 rately objected to, and every objection followed up by a distinct
 vote, and every vote by a distinct poll (which by the way is

matter of right on all questions), it would be no more than the framers deserved. Of the repairs intended to be done they convey no real information, and they are stuffed full with items which it is a mere abuse of the patience of the vestry to place before them. Some of them may, perhaps, be advisedly left in, as by their gross illegality vitiating the rate even if carried; but with exceptions of this sort there is frequently no course open if the churchwardens adhere to their estimates, but to move first for their rejection in the lump, and if defeated on this point, to move separately as to each item that it be expunged. The chairman may possibly, and if he be the clergyman of the parish he probably will, attempt to put down these motions, or even refuse to put them to the vestry. Let him do so. The only thing necessary for the opponent of the rate is to adhere to his motion or his amendment; give distinct notice that he does not waive it, and require it to be entered upon the minutes. He will do well to add a formal protest against the conduct of the chairman in not putting his motion or amendment to the meeting. Under this protest he may take part in the subsequent proceedings, and vote affirmatively or negatively upon any question put from the chair. If he succeeds in carrying the vote against the chairman, upon his own ground, so much the better; but if not, and if he has only duly timed his motions as we have suggested, with reference to the questions then before the vestry, all the proceedings subsequent to his protest go for nothing, and the rate, if made, is invalid.

We wish we could represent these suggestions as proceeding from an abundant caution contemplating a merely possible case. We conceive, and we appeal to the personal experience of many of our readers, that we are exhibiting the essential spirit of the system in its actual effects. We have before us the reports of many vestry meetings held both during the pendency of the Braintree suit, and since the Lords' decision of it, showing how vestries were habitually browbeaten then, and are cajoled and overridden still. 'We do not come here to discuss estimates,' said a chairman at one of these meetings, 'we come here to make a rate.' So generally had this feeling spread, that although not formally adverted to, the consciousness of it evidently underlies several of the arguments of the judges in their advice to the Lords, and gives a point to some striking hints as to tactics by Mr. Justice Coleridge, which any one turning over half-a-dozen pages of the 'Guardian,' or of the 'English Churchman,' will find to be thoroughly appreciated by its clerical correspondents:—

'I am not aware,' said the learned judge, 'that at assemblies of the nature of a parish vestry, and constituted as parish vestries usually are, it has ever been held necessary that any precise form of proceeding

should be pursued. It would be very mischievous if it should be so held. If the questions for decision are fairly and intelligibly stated; if every one present and desirous of making a proposition has an opportunity of doing so; if every one desirous of giving a vote has an opportunity of doing so on every question proposed, all has been done in these respects which is necessary.'

Very sound sense certainly; and we doubt not, very sound law. The learned judge adds, however, 'and this was amply done here;' and supports this assertion by an argument to prove that the amendment for refusing any rate whatever was illegal, and went for nothing, and that consequently there was 'no necessity for again putting the original motion.' In relying upon this part of the argument, the pro-rate party seem not to have noticed that on both points the advising judge was directly met by Lord Chancellor Truro, speaking the voice of the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor's judgment, independently of its argumentative superiority, which is great, is in point of law final and conclusive; and upon both points it establishes—first, that the course of proceeding required by Judge Coleridge was *not* 'amply done here,' and next insists more than once, as invalidating the rate, that the question for or against was never put to the vestry. The somewhat forcible language in which his lordship found it necessary to speak of the attempted 'evasion of an anticipated negative,' of 'authority assumed to make a rate in a manner different from the usual form,' of 'remote and analogous circuitous reasoning and tortuous presumption, and constructions contrary to palpable fact and truth,' and other expressions not less peremptory, show with ample clearness what manner of spirit it was which the highest court of judicature in the land was thus constrained to bridle.

We think, then, that in no case (except when success is certain) should opposition be postponed until the final question is put of rate or no rate. The whole system is bad, and the whole system ought to be opposed. The taking of the chair, the validity of the notice, the estimates and the rate should all in turn be brought upon the table. It will surprise our readers perhaps to be told that even the assumption of the chair by the parish clergyman is remarked on as an indiscretion, and as actually practised is often an illegality. The right rests on inference only: the judicial recognition of which is of limited extent, and accompanied with expressive observations on the danger of giving too great power to the clergy. It is almost too much perhaps for human nature to expect that a chairman circumstanced as the clergyman is, should be impartial; as a rule his impartiality is not a thing to be looked for. If the clergyman is not punctual, Sturges Bourne's Act requires the Vestry 'forthwith' to elect another. This right to elect another chairman

should be insisted on, and not given up without protest; and when he retains the chair, his conduct should be watched with vigilance, and any undue stretch of authority be peremptorily withstood. 'Every clergyman of discretion,' says Dr. Lushington, 'keeps himself aloof and away from Church-rates,' and he says, "that is the business of the churchwarden and the vestry: it is not mine." If he imprudently intermixes himself with the Church-rate, then he is very likely to get into a difficulty; but all the prudent clergy whom I have known have always kept apart.'—Question 2376.

Then, again, with respect to the notices of meeting. The old rule was that every householder should receive a notice, and there are cases on the books showing it to have been doubtful whether for some purposes anything less than a house to house notification would suffice. Sturges Bourne's Act substitutes, under certain conditions, a notice paper on the church and chapel doors. It has been quietly taken for granted—and so far, we fear, correctly—that 'chapels' do not mean dissenting chapels; but the notices are sometimes pulled down as soon as posted, and all the strictness of the King's Bench (contrasting but too honourably in this respect with the Ecclesiastical Courts) has hardly secured a *bonâ fide* statement on the notice paper of the 'special purpose' of the meeting. Now, to insist upon these points, is obviously far enough removed from technicality, but the fact is also that unless they are attended to, the vestry meeting is not duly constituted, and its proceedings go for nothing.

Of the estimates we have already spoken sufficiently for our present purpose (which is rather to direct attention to the proper points than absolutely to satisfy inquiry), and we will pass on to a suggestion or two as to the best mode of meeting the proposal for a rate—if the churchwardens get so far. As we have said, where success is certain, the best mode of meeting this proposal is not by amendment but by voting the direct negative, which, if carried, settles the question for that time. The disadvantage is that defeat settles the question still more completely than success: for upon the rejection of this negative the rate is, *ipso facto*, carried. It is, therefore, always advisable, where the anti-rate party are not all-powerful, to meet the rate by an amendment; and the only question is what form the amendment should assume. We think it should not at this stage assume the form of an indefinite adjournment; which might be open to the observations of Mr. Justice Coleridge already cited. The question now is—how the repair is to be paid for; and this may properly be answered, either by suggesting some other mode, e.g., a voluntary subscription, or by simply negating the mode proposed, e.g., a rate, leaving further suggestion to be made by the churchwardens. It will be observed that either of these amend-

ments raises a question different from that which is involved in the proposal of the churchwardens, and must, therefore, according to the rules governing these cases, be disposed of before that can be entertained. For instance, it is premature for the churchwardens to ask for a decision whether the rate shall be sixpence in the pound, when the question is raised whether the vestry will make any rate at all, or whether the money shall not be obtained by voluntary subscription. The first of these questions must be decided in the affirmative, or the second in the negative, before the ground is clear for the churchwardens' proposal. It is further to be remembered that supposing these amendments defeated, the vestry does not thereby pronounce any decision in favour of the rate demanded. It may still, after having decided against a subscription and for a rate, object to the rate proposed; and other amendments for a smaller rate, or otherwise, are within the limits of discussion. Too much attention cannot be paid to these points. We know of more than one instance during the last year in which the pro-rate party, after using every device of mere electioneering to procure a majority on the poll, lost all the fruit of their exertion, because, after they had defeated the amendment, the chairman forgot to put the original motion to the vestry. The rate then made came directly within the Lords' decision in the Braintree case; it was 'invalid, as not having been put to the vote.'

We are perfectly aware that in cases of such amendments as we are now suggesting—'that no rate be granted,' or 'that the churchwardens be requested to raise the money by voluntary subscription, and that the vestry do now adjourn [for two months] for that purpose,' clerical chairmen not unfrequently ignore them altogether. What we said at the outset applies. The mover must beware of not waiving his amendment, and must give formal notice that he requires it to be put. After this, the pro-rate party may carry their rate if they will, and enforce—it if they can.

One word more. We have observed, in examining the details of many meetings, that vestry contests are now being conducted more generally by dissenters of social position and influence than when SAMUEL COURTAULD addressed himself single-handed to the encounter. There is, however, evidence in the correspondence before us, that these battles are still too often left to be fought by individuals who have every qualification indeed that a high sense of right can give them, backed by a courage worthy of the martyrs, and a chivalry which feels worse than a wound a stain upon their Redeemer's honour, but whose defeat is already ensured by reason of their incompetence to deal even with such a smattering of law as we have been submitting to our readers. Nor must it be forgotten that their

relative position with their opponents is not favourable to the cultivation of those personal courtesies, which, in these contests more than in any other, add so much to the worth of success, and deprive even defeat of its power. A large part of the ill-feeling of which vestry contests have been the occasion—we cannot honestly admit them to be the cause—must be ascribed to the absence of the class who would feel the prevention of bitterness an important part of duty. We ask such to reconsider their position. It is not now as formerly; that the prize was not worth the struggle. In the system against which we are striving, every rate defeated effects a breach; every rate opposed loosens a connexion. Many whom we address cannot give their personal attention, but all can give their influence and most their aid. There are no parishes surely in the country in which they cannot find some shrewd heads fully competent to do more than ‘better our instruction.’ Some judgment exercised in the selection of such agents, and some confidence exhibited in the objects of the choice, an outlay (sometimes) of a few pounds in procuring professional advice at the outset, and a little trouble in communicating proceedings to the local press and to the Liberation of Religion Society, are not, we should hope, exertions for the want of which our success is yet longer to remain in abeyance.

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The Warden. By Anthony Trollope. Post 8vo. pp. 336.
London: Longman & Co.

THERE is considerable talent displayed in this volume. It is visible in the delineation of character rather than in the construction of the plot.

The latter is meagre and unsatisfactory, wanting a moral, and failing to satisfy reasonable expectation; but the former is spirited and clever, frequently effecting by a few bold touches what a more elaborate description might fail to accomplish. 'The Warden' is concerned with the administration of one of the charitable trusts of our country, and brings out in striking relief the weak points of such administration, and the perplexities to which they give rise in the case of conscientious men. In 1434, John Hiram, a wool stapler, died at Barchester, leaving by his will his house and certain meadows near the town for the support of twelve superannuated wool-carders. An almshouse was to be built for them, with a fitting residence for a warden. The men were to receive sixteen-pence a day and the warden a corresponding salary. In the course of years the bequeathed property greatly rose in value, and, as often happens in such cases, the salary of the poor men remained stationary whilst that of the warden was largely increased. At the time when our story commences, the latter had £800 a year, whilst the old men continued to receive their sixteen-pence, with an additional two-pence, through the personal kindness of Mr. Harding, their warden. The race of wool-carders had long died out at Barchester, and the inmates of the almshouse were, therefore, selected from the hangers-on of the bishop and other ecclesiastics. Here was as good a case as could be desired for church reformers, and it was not long before a fitting one was found in the person of Mr. John Bold, a surgeon, with independent means. Legal measures are speedily instituted for a more equitable distribution of the finances of Hiram's hospital. The case engages public attention, eminent counsel are secured, and a leading newspaper, designated the 'Jupiter,' descants with great talent and much bitterness on the manifest abuses practised by the trustees and warden. The tale is complicated, of course, by a narrative of love; John Bold and Eleanor Harding, daughter of the warden, are sincerely attached to each other, and hence arises much of the interest and many of the perplexities of the volume. We shall not detail the incidents of the narrative. Those who wish to learn them will consult the volume itself. It is enough to say that in the sketch of the Bishop of Barchester and of his son, Dr. Grantly, as also in that of the feeble-minded but conscientious warden, much descriptive power is evinced. There is, however, one defect in the volume, which, in our judgment, mars the whole. A *moral* is wanting. To say nothing of the fact—in itself significant—that the views of the author on the subject of ecclesiastical revenue are not apparent, there is no fitting end attained by all which is done. The only result of the measures adopted by John Bold is to unsettle everything, and to make all parties miserable. The bishop, the dean, the warden, the bedesmen, John Bold himself, and the queen of his idolatry, are all perplexed and rendered wretched. The impression left, so far as it assumes any definite form, is that of regret at the affairs of the hospital having been brought into question. The facts of the case are sufficiently indicative of the inequitable arrangement maintained. But there is no indication of the better things that might have been done with the property bequeathed. Everything is left in disorder and ruin, as though the design of the

writer was to teach the folly of attempting to rectify abuses which have grown up under our charitable trusts. It would have been a better, a wiser, and certainly a more useful course, to have shown how such funds might have administered to the comfort and well-being of a much larger number of aged men.

A Journal of the Swedish Embassy in the Years 1653 and 1654.

Impartially written by the Ambassador Bulstrode Whitelocke.

First Published from the Original Manuscript by Charles Morton, M.D., F.S.A. A new edition, revised by Henry Reeve, Esq., F.S.A.

In Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 451 and 468. London: Longman & Co.

WE have no very high opinion of Bulstrode Whitelocke. He was far from being one of the great men of his day. Whether compared with the Pym and Hampdens who led the early decisions of the Long Parliament, or with the Vanes and Sidneyes of a later date, he sinks into a diminutive and somewhat contemptible figure. 'He was, in fact,' as the editor of the present work remarks, 'a timid and time-serving politician, who might have lived and died, in less agitated times, as a courtier, a crown lawyer, or the head of a college.' Though awakening personally little admiration, Whitelocke's position, and the services he rendered the State at a critical period of our history, render his movements matters of interest, and dispose us to make inquiries respecting him to which otherwise we should be disinclined. His 'Memorials' are known to every student of English history, but the work now before us is in our judgment far more interesting, and throws a light on some incidents, which is not the less acceptable from its relieving what would otherwise be total darkness. 'One of the chief merits,' says Mr. Reeve, 'of this record of his embassy appears to be its fidelity as a picture of the manners of the age, and especially of the remarkable persons who figure in its pages. Conversations of Cromwell, Queen Christina, and Oxenstiern, faithfully noted down by him to whom they were addressed, are memorials of no common interest.' Whitelocke was nominated to the Swedish embassy by Cromwell, with that sagacity which enabled him to read accurately the characters of men, and to choose for his emissaries those who were best fitted for the work to be done. He received his commission from the Speaker on the 29th October, 1653, sailed from Gravesend on the 6th of the following month, and arrived at Gothenburg on the 15th. Very soon after his departure Parliament resigned its power to Cromwell, who was immediately inaugurated as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. The change thus effected in the form of the English Government did not interfere with Whitelocke's mission, who successfully negotiated an alliance between England and Sweden, was present at the resignation of Queen Christina, and returned to England in June, 1654. The *Journal* of his embassy was first printed in 1772, under the editorship of Dr. Morton, from a manuscript now in the British Museum, and the present edition does little more than modernize its orthography, and introduce an occasional emendation. 'Marginal notes have been added for the convenience of reference, and

the more important parts of the Appendix, selected by Dr. Morton from other manuscripts of Whitelocke, have been subjoined to the text.' The duties of an editor have been discharged by Mr. Reeve with propriety and good taste. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he is more concerned to bring his author than himself before the public. It is only where real service can be rendered that he speaks. His words are few and well chosen; and all intelligent readers will appreciate his abstinence, and feel grateful for it. Such a work, so edited, is eminently worthy of the patronage it seeks, and should be carefully read by those who wish to acquaint themselves with the foreign relations of England under the Protectorate of Cromwell.

History of Christian Churches and Sects, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. Parts I.—III. 3s. 6d. each. 8vo. pp. 320. London: Richard Bentley.

WE have read this work—so far as it has yet proceeded—with very considerable pleasure, and hasten to recommend it to the notice and confidence of our readers. Mr. Marsden is already honorably known as the author of 'The History of the Early,' and of 'the Later Puritans,' two works which entitle him to very high rank amongst intelligent and candid historians. The period to which his attention was directed has been commonly the battle-field on which intolerance, bigotry, and class prejudices have been allowed to display themselves in full canonicals. The incumbent of St. Peter's, Birmingham, has, however, presented a spectacle as refreshing as it is unique. With slight exceptions he does justice to the virtues of the Puritans without denying their faults, and admits an honest censure to be passed on the men of his own party without portraying them as the personification of all conceivable faults. Our knowledge of his previous labors induced us to commence a perusal of the present work with large expectations, and we have not been disappointed. There is the same breadth of view; the same chastened judgment; deep earnestness combined with catholicity; justice to individuals in union with warm attachment to religious truth; patient investigation of evidence combined with a scrupulous adherence to what is deemed true. The work is published in monthly parts, each part consisting of seven sheets, and is designed to consist of eight, thus forming two volumes. Such a work, composed in the spirit and displaying the research and discrimination evinced by Mr. Marsden, will be a very valuable addition to our theological literature. It is quite distinct from other analogous works, and possesses advantages over them which will be instantly recognised by an intelligent reader. We have been specially gratified by the articles on 'The Episcopal Church of America,' 'The Anglo-Catholics,' 'The Brownists,' and 'The Church of England.' The last of these articles, commencing on page 169 of the second part, extends through the whole of the third part, and is not yet completed. There will be some difficulty, we fear, in keeping the work within the prescribed limits if the same scale be adopted in its subsequent portions. 'I have endeavoured,' says Mr. Marsden, 'to place myself in the situation of

a candid member of the church or sect whose story was before me, and to avoid distortion and false coloring. I have drawn my facts from the authors of each party, and have given their own version, unless it be when opponents have denied their accuracy. Where the matter is controverted, the statements on both sides are, in general, placed before the reader, and he is left to draw his own conclusions.'

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1. *The Poetical Works of Beattie, Blair, and Falconer.* 8vo. pp. 298. With Lives, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. George Gilfillan.
 2. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Vol. I. pp. 314. By the Same. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THE former of these volumes will be a great favorite with many readers. The poems which it contains have a strong hold on our sympathy, and though their popularity has appeared somewhat to decline of late years, we are satisfied that little is wanting to revive the interest with which they were formerly regarded. Indeed some passages in Beattie's 'Minstrel' and Blair's 'Grave' are cherished by our countrymen with a fondness which betokens great admiration. Beattie was formerly known as the author of the 'Essay on Truth,' but this is now merged in the higher claims of the 'Minstrel'—the descriptive powers, strong sentiments, and tender yearnings of which will never fail to interest a large class of readers. The author, in the words of Mr. Gilfillan, 'had many of the powers, all the virtues, and scarcely one of the faults generally supposed to be connected with the character, mind, and temperament, of a poet.'

The theme of Blair's poetry is remarkably distinct from what is reported to have been the temper of his mind. The one is gloomy, the other was almost uniformly cheerful and happy. The popularity of the 'Grave' was unbounded. The author rose rapidly into fame, and unlike most of his class, was not tempted by success to a second effort.

Of Falconer, less is known. When 'The Shipwreck' first appeared it was greatly overrated, and some most absurd comparisons were instituted between it and the 'Æneid' and 'Odyssey.' The usual result has followed. A reaction has taken place. What was once unduly magnified is now as unduly depreciated. The poem 'has in most of its descriptive passages a certain rugged strength and truth, which proves at once the perspicacity and the poetic vision of the author, who, while he sees all the minute details of his subject, sees also the glory of imagination shining around them.' Mr. Gilfillan's Introductions are brief and appropriate, somewhat more subdued, and if it be not heresy to say so, in better taste than some of his previous sketches. We thank him for supplying us with so admirable a volume, and repeat emphatically the recommendation, which, on frequent occasions, we have given to the series of which it forms part.

Having recently expressed at considerable length our judgment on Dryden's poetry, we shall do nothing more at present than record our opinion of Mr. Gilfillan's edition. The volume is printed in beautiful style, the notes appended are brief and apposite, and the preliminary

sketch of Dryden's life puts the reader in possession of the main incidents of his career. We, like Mr. Gilfillan, 'yield to none in admiration of the varied, highly cultured, masculine, and magnificent forces of Dryden's genius, but are painfully compelled to admit that his moral qualities were utterly unworthy of his intellectual endowments.

Voices of Many Waters ; or, Travels in the Lands of the Tiber, the Jordan, and the Nile. With Notices of Asia Minor, Constantinople, Athens, &c. &c. 9s. By Rev. T. W. Aveling. London : Snow.

THE author of this volume has acquired distinction as a faithful preacher, a diligent pastor, and a judicious man. His health failed, and short seasons of relaxation were not sufficient to restore it. His medical adviser recommended him to avoid the 'severity of a northern winter by a sojourn in some of the more genial climates that are found on the shores of the Mediterranean.' This induced him to 'determine on a tour in the East.' From the time we heard of this determination, we anticipated that he would publish a volume soon after his return. The antecedents of Mr. Aveling induced us to expect that he would be minute in his observation of men and things ; that he would perseveringly investigate evidence ; and that he would be proof against the numerous impositions so often practised on Eastern travellers. Our expectations have been fully realized. We could, did our space allow, refer to several passages illustrative of the statements we have made ; but one may suffice. On pages 337 and 338 he has most satisfactorily exploded the delusion indulged and practised by the Greek and Roman Christians in reference to the site of the Holy Sepulchre. His volume is written in a lucid, though rather ornate style. Judgment curbs imagination throughout. The love of the beautiful never allows the writer to forget the accurate lineaments of the true. We can cordially recommend this volume to confidence, assuring all who desire correct knowledge of the lands of the Bible, that it contains valuable information on which full reliance may be placed.

Rome, Regal and Republican. A Family History of Rome. By Jane Margaret Strickland. Edited by Agnes Strickland, Author of 'The Queens of England.' London : Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THIS volume is the first of a series, which, while exhibiting ancient Rome in all its stages of conquest, civilization, luxury, and decay, will also contain the early history of the Christian church ;—the moral influence it exerted, and its lamentable declension from purity of doctrine and simplicity of practice. One peculiar feature in this scheme is the introduction of biographies of all the most distinguished historical characters both Heathen and Christian ; and another is the elucidation of the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy in the great events of Roman history. The volume is occupied, as its title imports, with the first two eras of Rome ; the shadowy and traditional age

in which the state was under the government of kings, and the longer and more properly historical period of a republican legislature and a consular executive. It extends from the foundation of Rome B.C. 753, to the fall of democracy with Caius Gracchus, B.C. 121. In defining her purpose Miss Strickland says, that her work being designed not only for the Family Library, but also for the great mass of the British people, 'to the unlearned portion of which the classic originals are unknown, much care has been taken to render the study of Roman history a source of pure and profitable information, deprived of all those pernicious details that render Heathen authors unfit for perusal.' The author, by giving her authorities at the foot of every page, shows her own close intimacy, not only with the classic originals, but with every distinguished modern writer in this grand department of history. Among the former the reader is referred to Livy, Florus, Plutarch, Suetonius, Valerius Maximus, Dionysius, Polybius, and others, and of the latter to Niebuhr, Arnold, Hooke, and Échard.

Miss Strickland has performed her task in a manner in all respects highly creditable. Her style is pure, vivid, and attractive, and there is about her narratives a dramatic and anecdotal liveliness which adds to the value of an historic record the interest of a work of fiction. The untiring story of the Punic wars is told with much beauty and effect, and indeed throughout the volume she has succeeded in relieving the tedium of incessant military detail with a certain tact and taste almost peculiar to the female pen.

The British Commonwealth; or, a Commentary on the Institutions and Principles of British Government. By Homersham Cox, M.A.
London: Longman & Co.

As a Celtic pedigree maker tracing the lineage of some illustrious Ap or O' or Mac, begins with Noah, if not with Adam, so does Mr. Homersham Cox, our latest commentator on the constitution of Britain, carry up his inquiries to the beginning of the world. Arriving in time at the homely subject of discourse, he begins, not like common men, at the beginning but at the end thereof; taking not the parts constituent but the constituted, he finally gains a bird's-eye view of things in general.

Mr. Cox has earned a reputation in the mathematics which he will certainly never deserve in the literature of the constitution if he rests his fame on the present shallow compilation of commonplaces. Learning the book has none, although there is some display of miscellaneous reading. Beyond Crown, Lords, and Commons, the author sees but a very little way. What, indeed, could be expected in an explanation of the constitution which does not proceed historically. Mr. Cox has only collected a variety of notes on existing institutions, interspersed with remarks on divers 'questions of the day,' which denote good intention and something of liberal sentiment, but which are neither very lively nor new.

Divested of the speculation, the exposition would be a most meagre book, as much wanting in clearness of statement as in knowledge. If

intended as a text book, why such a jumble of the accidental with the essential as this. 'The eldest son of a peer enjoying a barony, and a superior title, is sometimes called to the House of Peers in his father's barony; this is not the creation of a new dignity, but merely in anticipation of the son's possession.' Unless Mr. Cox imagines an indignity, we should humbly hold the dignity new; but why circumlocution, when the thing to be stated was simply that the crown may make a peer of a peer's son, as of any meaner clay? Reading Mr. Cox in his explanatory pages, one must sigh with the poet—

'I wish he would explain his explanation.'

The want of knowledge or penetration we have noted will be at once observed by turning to the few pages descriptive of local institutions. Here there is much less even than a bird's-eye view of things. When a commentator condescends to notice a parish vestry, he might surely have found something to say on that not remote constitutional decision of the House of Lords, which may possibly for the future prevent parish rectors with despotic tastes from trampling down Magna Charta whenever a church-rate is to be imposed. Mr. Cox does not, it is true, omit to notice that there is an institution called trial by jury; but he has very little to say for it, and that by passing extract from De Lolme. In short, his Commentary altogether is a very flimsy performance, which will neither inform the ignorant nor edify those who are read in constitutional comments.

Σπυριδῶνος Τρικούπη 'Ιστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπαναστάσεως. Τομ. α καὶ β. ἐν Λονδίῳ αὐγὴ καὶ αὐγὴ. (The History of the Greek Revolution. By Spuridon Tricoupi. Vols. I. and II. London. 1853 and 1854.)

THE author of these two volumes, Spuridon Tricoupi, is Greek Minister in England. Before he left his country, his literary productions had gained him a name; and his present work will stamp him as a historian not unworthy to sit amongst the great Greek writers of old. At present we merely wish to draw attention to these volumes, not to discuss them. The language (modern Greek) is so pure that a good Greek scholar can easily read them; and the matter is such, that it will interest every man possessed of a heart. Of course Mr. Tricoupi's work shows strong national sympathies, and we should be cautious in assuming his view of occurrences. Yet he is, on the whole, remarkably candid; he evidently wishes to tell the truth, whether it be for or against Greece; and if he sometimes unconsciously presses down the balance in favour of the Greeks, every patriot will excuse him, and not think the less of him. We believe that the history will be finished in two other volumes, soon to appear.

Die Philosophie des Plotin. Von Carl Hermann Kirchner, Dr. Ph. (The Philosophy of Plotinus. By Carl Kirchner.) Halle. 1854. THERE can be little doubt that Plotinus stands at the head of Neo-Platonic writers. It was he who thoroughly developed the Neo-

Platonic system, and his 'Æneads' contain the healthiest, most thorough, and most profound exhibition of its doctrines. These books, however, are accessible only to few, and owing to their difficulty demand a vast amount of learning, patience, and time for their comprehension. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we introduce Carl Hermann's book to the notice of the public. It contains an excellent and thorough explanation of the philosophy of Plotinus, written in a clear and manly style, and with succinct chapters on Ammonius, his predecessor, and on the development of Neo-Platonism subsequent to his death. Carl Hermann is a young man of great promise, and we doubt not we shall soon hear much more of him in the walks of philosophy. This scholarly volume, full of patient research and thoughtfulness, is a good introduction.

Griechische Mythologie. Von Eduard Gerhard, Ord. Prof. an d. Univ. zu Berlin. *Erster Theil: Die Griechischen Gottheiten.* Berlin: Reimer. 1854. (Greek Mythology. By Eduard Gerhard, Ordinary Professor in the University of Berlin. Part First: the Greek Divinities.)

THE name of Gerhard is well known to all philologists. His works connected with archæological art and his archæological journal have given him a place among the very first of scholars. The present work is evidently the result of long study, of years of patient examination and collection, and will, we have no doubt, form a standard book in its way. It is very dryly written, and the learned pedantic style is decidedly repelling; but the philologist, for whom alone it is written, will find in it a storehouse of facts and hints. We have, in the present volume, only the first instalment, containing an introduction, in which he develops his mythological principles, and two books—the first on the systems of the gods, and the second on the Greek divinities. There are many points in his speculations that might be disputed, and it would be easy to find faults here and there; but we agree thoroughly with his own motto, 'One will more easily blame than imitate.' He deserves especial praise in tracing the geographical origin and movements of the ideas of the gods and their intermixture one with the other, and also for the light thrown on mythology by vases and other remains of art. The scholarship of the book is immense, scarcely a work on the subject having escaped the study of Professor Gerhard.

Idyls and Songs. By Francis Turner Palgrave. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THIS volume is inscribed, in graceful and reverent verse, to Alfred Tennyson,

‘A soul in friendship and in song,
Proved pure and brave and loyal,’

and it is impossible to read many of its pages without perceiving that the gifted author has reaped the natural results of sympathetic admiration. That Mr. Palgrave is a true poet is a point that, with all due

diffidence, we think established. Not profound as some, nor brilliant as others, there are yet in his effusions much beauty, freedom, and force. If we sometimes desiderate a deeper insight into the scenes and sentiments that inspire his muse, and wish that so fluent a verse were the garb and vehicle of more vigorous thought, yet we meet with many exquisite pictures of life and utterances of feeling. The author is most at home, in our humble judgment, with the beautiful and the tender, and on subjects of this kind we would rather listen to him than to a dozen of the common run of even respectable poets.

The Doctrines of the Bible developed in the Facts of the Bible.

With an Appendix, containing a Catechism in each section, for the use of Families, Scripture Classes, and Schools. By the Rev. George Lewis. pp. 428. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

ONE of the most healthful and striking features of the theological literature of the present day is the great attention that is being paid to the *historical* form of divine revelation. It has not always been sufficiently considered that God has put his truth nearly altogether into the form of history of some kind, and the reasons of his doing so have not been duly appreciated. We rejoice greatly in the present direction of the theological mind, assured that a diligent following out of God's plan, in this respect, must yield rich results in the better knowledge and realization of God's truth.

Mr. Lewis has, in the volume before us, made an intelligent contribution to the historical development of doctrinal truth. He has not exhausted the subject, nor treated it so as to meet the exigencies of the most advanced minds; but he has a true idea for his guidance, and he brings a large amount of sober-thinking and diligent investigation to the illustration and defence of the leading principles of Christian faith. The work will be read with great advantage by many, and may serve an important purpose as a text-book in the hands of those who have the instruction and training of youthful intellects. We cordially recommend it for its solid excellence.

The Emphatic New Testament, according to the Authorized Version, compared with the Various Readings of the Vatican Manuscript.

Edited, with an Introductory Essay on Greek Emphasis, by John Taylor, Author of 'Junius Identified.' London: Taylor & Co.

THE accomplished editor of this handsome volume, in the hope that he may materially assist inquirers after truth, in their study of the Sacred Writings, by the restoration of the most ancient text, proposes to give prominence to those words in the English version which explain the prominent words in the Greek. The idea is new to us, and Mr. Taylor has completely carried out his design in a volume which is a beautiful specimen of English typography. The body of the work is suitably prefaced by several pages of 'Rules for the Conversion of Greek Emphasis into English Equivalents;' of examples of the effect of emphasis on 'Certain Titles;' and of a short but excellent

dissertation, on 'The Antiquity and Authority of the Vatican Manuscript.' The volume is well worthy the attention of biblical students, and, indeed, of all who receive the comment of the admirable Bishop Newton on that passage of St. John, which we quote according to his interpretation of it,—'Believe not every *doctrine*, but try the *doctrines*, whether they are of God.' Mr. Taylor is already so well known by his works on the Currency, and on divers questions of Political Economy, and by his larger work on the identification of 'Junius,' as to require no introduction from us to the thoughtful and studious portions of the community. We shall be happy to welcome his proposed continuation of the Emphatic New Testament to the Apocalypse; and the edition of the 'Vatican Greek Testament,' which, we hear, he has in preparation.

The Prophet's Vision, and other Poems. By Charles T. Browne, Author of 'Irene,' &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE Papal Aggression, which urged the statesman to a counter-active legislation, the journalist to indite wrathful leaders, and the orator to the noisy platform, impelled Mr. Browne to the composition of a poem. 'Astrello' betokens considerable power in the author, and a chaste and well-furnished mind. We admire his intention, which was to serve the cause of freedom and truth; but we doubt whether he would not have done so more effectively and lastingly in prose than in poetry. As a general remark, not intended to affect this meritorious production of a glowing imagination, we are convinced that nearly all our modern and younger poets compose too rapidly. Moore confessed that he was engaged, during a long day, in the construction of a single line,—

'And threat to sweep away our shrines of pride.'

But our younger poets, in many instances, produce too fast. As in sculpture, a hasty chisel may increase the ugliness of a gorgon, while it cannot produce the life-like beauty of the Belvidere; so in poetry, rapidity of composition produces much metrical expression; but not

'The thoughts that breathe, the words that burn.'

The Muses coin slowly, but their issue is purest gold!

Essay on Human Happiness. By C. B. Adderley, M.P. Second edition, pp. 96. London: Blackader & Co. 1854.

THIS essay is 'preliminary' to a series of small works on 'Great Truths for Thoughtful Hours,' of which the subject of each will be some important topic worthy of consideration by the earnest and the wise. The writer defines happiness to be 'a state of constant adaptation of action to right intention'—an inherence, not an option—a natural result, not an arbitrary reward—distinguished from *peace*, satisfaction, pleasure, and prosperity. From this definition he infers that future happiness and reverses are *consequences*, not *awards*—that the corruption of our minds has placed happiness in the negation of *natural* inclinations—that *illness* is condemned, as productive of the

very opposite of happiness—that *luxury* is worse even than idleness—that living for pleasure is forsaking the design of our being—that ‘our rest must be no rest below,’ and that the exercises of life, our general line of action alone—the constant acting out of our proper destiny—tends to happiness. This ‘destiny’ is—to recover lost perfection in an entire conformity to the will of God—the laws and ideas of our own creation. Progress in this voluntary obedience is ascertained by tests, and secured by means, which are unfolded in several brief chapters, clearly and elegantly expressed. Conformity to God’s will is represented to be ‘as much the end and office of our being as it is the end and office of the sun to shine by day.’ The application of the general intention to the particular occupations of various lines of life is reserved for another ‘lay sermon,’ which we shall be glad to read, as we are thankful for having read this.

The Handbook of China. Being a Concise Manual of the Ancient History, Scientific Discoveries, Present Condition, and Future Prospects of that country. With a succinct account of the rise and progress of the pending Revolution in China; and notices of the past and present efforts made for the spread of the Gospel in that vast Empire. By Richard Ball, one of the Secretaries of the Chinese Evangelization Society. London: Nisbet & Co. 1854.

THIS is a small book on a great subject—a subject, too, which in the present day occupies more or less the thoughts of most intelligent people; and is likely, from the extraordinary position of affairs in the Celestial Empire, to become increasingly interesting to all classes of the community. We have perused it with pleasure, and can give it our cordial recommendation, as eminently fitted to impart sound and valuable information on a subject of high importance. The most striking characteristic of the book is the large amount of knowledge which Mr. Ball has managed to compress into a shilling volume. There is hardly a topic of interest or importance in connexion with the people, the institutions, or the country of China, which the reader will not find here treated. The book displays, too, considerable industry and research.

From a sense of critical justice, however, we cannot omit to mention one serious defect in the volume, namely, the want of methodical arrangement. This is particularly to be regretted in a work which professes to be a ‘Handbook,’ or book of reference. In the event of a second edition, we suggest that the valuable materials which Mr. Ball has collected together be re-arranged, and the book divided into chapters. A brief index too, or table of contents, would be a valuable addition.

Miscellanies, Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical, contributed to Blackwood’s Magazine. By Samuel Warren. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. 24s. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

THE success which has attended the republications from the ‘Edinburgh Review’ has set an example which we are glad to see followed

by the publishers of other periodicals. It has long been matter of regret that so large an amount of scholarship, philosophy, and light literature, as our periodical journals contain, should pass so rapidly into oblivion. This evil is now in the way of correction. It is a healthful sign; and if due limits be observed it cannot fail to enrich our literature. Dr. Warren, the author of the present volumes, became first known to the public by 'Passages from the Diary of a late Physician,' and his fame has since been widened by the publication of some works of fiction, displaying considerable ability in combination with sound judgment and a high moral standard. He is, therefore, one of the recognised authors of the day, and as such is entitled at all times to very respectful attention. The present volumes consist of articles contributed, with very slight exception, to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Most of them, we are informed, 'were originally written with a view to subsequent separate publication; and some have cost the author great pains, alike in the writing and revision.' The papers included are very various, and consist of tales, critical memoirs, poetry, reviews, and legal disquisitions. Together they constitute most agreeable and instructive reading, and may be advantageously substituted for many of the works which obtain extensive popularity.

The Annotated Paragraph Bible. Containing the Old and New Testaments according to the Authorized Version. Arranged in Paragraphs and Parallelisms. With Explanatory Notes, Prefaces to the Several Books, and an Entirely New Selection of References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages, Maps, Tables, &c. Royal 8vo. Part IV. The Prophetical Books, 4s. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WE have much pleasure in introducing again this work to our readers. The Parts already issued have had our warm commendation, and we feel no disposition to speak less highly of the one before us. The pervading principle of the work is indicated in its title. No attentive reader of the Bible can fail to perceive the injury done to many of its parts by the artificial divisions introduced. These divisions are, in some cases, clearly opposed to the course of the author's reasoning or narrative, and must therefore tend in the same degree to obscure his meaning, and to prevent the ready apprehension of his course of thought. This evil is obviated in the *Paragraph Bible*, which is further enriched by a large body of illustrative notes that display extensive reading, sound discrimination, and a nice appreciation of the peculiarities of ancient Jewish life. Each of the prophetic books is introduced by a brief preface, which sketches the life of the author, and furnishes an analysis of his writings. A short narrative of Jewish history during the period intervening between the two Testaments is also given. Altogether the work is entitled to very considerable praise, and will form a valuable addition to the library of every intelligent Christian.

School Series. Edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A.

1. *Experimental Chemistry.* By Thomas Tate, F.R.A.S. pp. 102.
2. *Magnetism, Voltaic Electricity, and Electro Dynamics.* By Thomas Tate, F.R.A.S. pp. 106.
3. *Light and Heat.* By Thomas Tate, F.R.A.S. pp. 182.
4. *My Second School Book.* By W. M'Leod, F.R.G.S. pp. 145.

London: Longman & Co.

IN this series we have not only guides to reading and spelling, but also to the higher branches of science, treated of course in a popular manner. The principles involved are very clearly explained and illustrated by a variety of pleasing experiments. The design is well carried out, and deserves success. It is only when such books as the above are within the reach of all classes that one can hope to find intelligence and education general.

The Science of Arithmetic. By James Cornwell, Ph.D., and Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. pp. 348. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THE authors have attempted, and we think succeeded, in producing a book especially adapted for schools where the highest branches of mathematical science are not yet studied. It is well fitted to supply a void in many of our day-schools. The student is led to think and reason on every step he takes. We quite agree with the authors, 'that to degrade arithmetic into a mere routine of mechanical devices for working sums, is, even in a school for young children, to commit as grave and mischievous a mistake, as if our university professors were to permit the rules of mensuration to supersede the study of Euclid.'

The course is very comprehensive, being calculated to render a student competent to pass with credit the ordinary examination for the degree of B.A. at either of the universities.

Essays Selected from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Henry Rogers. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 388. 12s. London: Longman & Co.—In our notice last month of Mr. Rogers' 'Contributions to the Edinburgh Review' we reported that the new papers contained in this edition were printed in a separate volume for the benefit of those who possessed the first. This volume is now before us, uniform in all respects with the two previously published. The five papers which it contains are distinguished by the usual qualities of Mr. Rogers' writings, and will be heartily welcomed by a numerous class. If less distinguished by brilliancy than some other volumes of the same class, they are ennobled by very high attri-

butes, and will long retain an honorable position in English literature.

Theological Tendencies of the Age. An Inaugural Lecture Delivered at the Opening of St. Mary's College on the 28th November, 1854. By the Rev. J. Tulloch, D.D. 1s. 8vo. pp. 34. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.—An admirable lecture, which merits and will well repay attentive perusal. Dr. Tulloch's recent appointment as Principal and Theological Professor at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, afforded an appropriate occasion for enlarging on the theological tendencies of the age. Of this opportunity he has judiciously availed himself in the lecture before us, in which 'a rapid and general view of the various schools of theological

thought, on whose distracting conflict so many hearts are now fixed,' is taken. Dr. Tulloch classifies the theological tendencies of the age into traditionalism, rationalism, and that genuine theological spirit which combines due respect for the past and freedom of inquiry with devout reference to Scripture as the ultimate standard of appeal. We have seldom read a lecture with such entire approval, and very cordially recommend it to all those who are engaged in the exposition and enforcement of religious truth.

Scripture Lessons for my Infant Class. By M. W. Norwich: Fletcher & Alexander.—'These simple questions,' the author tells us, 'were compiled for the use of a small infant school, from the conviction that children of the tenderest years are able to understand the vital truths of Scripture.' They are well suited to their proposed object, but the pictorial illustrations introduced are not to our mind. The *exaggeration* by which some of them are marked is pernicious rather than otherwise. We are not unaware of the plea that is urged on behalf of such, but are strongly inclined to doubt the expediency of corrupting the taste in order to deepen the moral impression made on the young.

Detached Thoughts and Apophthegms. Extracted from some of the writings of Archbishop Whately. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 187. London: Blackader & Co.—A judicious and very valuable selection from the writings of one of the clearest and most cogent reasoners of the day. The severity of Archbishop Whately's logic is universally admired, and the *study* of his writings is one of the best mental exercises which a young intellect can undertake. His works abound with the elements of thought; and this small volume furnishes a rich storehouse of apophthegms, distinguished alike by practical wisdom and deep philosophy.

The Quiet Heart. By the Author of 'Katie Stewart.' Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 320. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.—We scarcely expected a second edition of this work, as it does not abound in the

elements of popularity. The narrative is simple. The characters introduced are not distinguished by any very striking features, and the general result is such as every intelligent reader must have anticipated. The tone of the volume is unexceptionable, and Menie Laurie is just one of those heroines in whom all novelists delight, and whom it is comparatively easy to sketch.

Christianity in Turkey. Correspondence of the Governments of Christendom, relating to Executions in Turkey, for Apostacy from Islamism. With a Letter from Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., to M. George Fisch, Pasteur; and the Reply of the Lyons Committee. 8vo. pp. 48. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co.—The publication of this pamphlet is well-timed. It is specially appropriate just now, and holds out to the Christian subjects of Turkey the prospect of a future far brighter and more hopeful than anything they have yet known. We are grateful to Sir Culling E. Eardley for the labor he has expended in bringing this subject before his countrymen, and most cordially bid him God speed.

Augustin. The Happy Child. From the French of Madame Clara Monnerod. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.—A translation from the French, which reads with the ease and fluency of an original. The work is happily conceived, and possesses large attractions for juvenile readers, and indeed for those of more mature years. Its tone is thoroughly unexceptionable; its sentiments are evangelical; and the order of talent it exhibits is highly creditable. A more pleasing companion for the young it would be difficult to find.

A Scripture Gazetteer; containing an account of all the places mentioned in the New Testament. By B. H. Cowper. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 101. London: John Snow.—This small volume has originated in a want felt by Mr. Cowper in the course of his own reading and studies. Having experienced the inconvenience of not possessing a compendious manual of reference to the various places mentioned in the Scriptures, he has been induced to supply

the deficiency. His aim 'has been to put in the smallest compass, and in the clearest light, such facts as it appears to him Scripture readers should be acquainted with.' His object has been happily attained. Completeness of information, combined with brevity, is the distinguishing feature of his volume, which, if appreciated by the public, will speedily be followed by another on the Old Testament.

A Text Book of Zoology: for Schools. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. 12mo. pp. 450. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—We are sorry that this volume has so long escaped our notice. The omission has been wholly unintentional. Mr. Gosse is evidently well furnished for the work he has undertaken, and his 'Text Book' admirably suited to its proposed object, and well entitled to the confidence it claims. It is the production of a full man, and as such we cordially recommend it.

Julamerk: a Tale of the Nestorians. By Mrs. J. B. Webb. pp. 439. 2s. London: Clarke & Beeton.—This work has been known to the public for several years, and is designed to excite amongst our countrymen a warmer interest in the people of whom it treats. The present cheap edition is printed in a neat and readable style, and its circulation will exert a beneficial influence over a large class of travellers, for whom it has been prepared. Mrs. Webb possesses many qualities well suited to the department of religious fiction, and in the tale before us these are brought out with distinctness and good effect.

Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-Law, the Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D. Vol. III. Post 8vo. pp. 680. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.—This volume constitutes the first of the cheap republication of Dr. Chalmers' Sermons. It is intended to be followed by another, and the two will contain all the sermons published by him, and also the Discourse on Isaiah vii. 3-5, which was printed after his death. The present volume contains the Astronomical and Commercial Discourses, with thirteen

Sermons on Public Occasions, and six under the title of the Two Kingdoms. We need not add one word of commendation to the series to which the volume belongs.

Words by the Wayside; or, the Children and the Flowers. By Emily Ayton. With Illustrations, by H. Anceley. London: Grant & Griffith.—A volume which combines, in an unwonted degree, the instructive and the pleasing. Young readers cannot fail to be interested in it, and those of more advanced years may learn much from its pages. The manner in which Miss Vaughan awakens and directs the curiosity of her young charge is illustrative of a general law from which the largest benefit proceeds. There are ample objects of instruction around us. The great thing is to awaken inquiry, and to give it a useful direction.

The Stepping-stone to Animal and Vegetable Physiology. By Mary Shield. pp. 90. London: Longman & Co. This is a series of conversations between a mother and her children, in the course of which a considerable amount of information is given in a pleasing manner.

The Rev. J. Parker discusses *Secularism* in 'six chapters' (W. Freeman) with intelligence and point.—*An Inquiry respecting the Church of Christ*, by Thomas Hughes Milner (Edinburgh: J. Taylor), is 'but a preliminary step to the advocacy of an unqualified return to the Christianity of the New Testament.'—*Hints on Study*, by Rev. Thomas Lightbody, of Sheffield, New Brunswick (Ward & Co.), is full of wise counsel and illustrative anecdote.—In *Political Sketches: Twelve Chapters on the Struggles of the Age*, Dr. Carl Rotalet, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Rostock (Theobald), brings a sagacious mind to the interpretation of the state and recent history of Europe, and makes a vigorous assertion of important principles.—*The Morning Land: a Family and Jewish History*, by the author of 'Leila Ada,' and 'Leila's Diary' (Wertheim and Mackintosh), is an interesting and a pathetic sequel to those charming publications.

Review of the Month.

THE DIVISION ON MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION SEALED THE FATE OF THE ABERDEEN CABINET. This had been foreseen from the moment that the honorable member for Sheffield gave his notice. A majority in favor of the motion was confidently anticipated, but none expected it to be so overwhelming. It was probably increased by Lord John Russell's resignation, but the committee moved for would undoubtedly have been resolved on though the noble lord had continued to lead the ministerial phalanx. While a large majority was all but universally looked for, some members of the Cabinet were so grossly ignorant of the state of public feeling as to calculate on a favorable decision. This was the case we know only two or three days before the 29th January. The Government regarded the motion as one of censure, and avowed their determination to resign if it were carried. In the face of such declaration, however, and notwithstanding the deeply critical state of our public affairs, the division which took place is almost unprecedented in our parliamentary history, the numbers being (tellers included) 307 for the motion, and 150 against it. An analysis of this division brings out some significant points to which it is desirable that public attention should be given. In the following, which we take from the registry of the National Parliamentary Reform Association, our readers will specially note the much larger proportion of county than of borough members who voted for the inquiry—

		For.	Against.
County Members—	England and Wales	95	18
"	Scotch	8	9
"	Irish	24	7
University "	"	1	4
Borough Members—	England and Wales	163	97
"	Scotch	6	7
"	Irish	9	8
		307	150

Regarded from another point of view the division furnishes the following facts which it is important to keep in mind—

	For.	Against.
Connected with the peerage	72	53
Holding office	—	27
In the army	36	11
In the navy	8	1

The minority included many thorough liberals, amongst whom were several who are known as the special supporters of religious liberty. Messrs. Barnes, Brotherton, Cheetham, Crossley, Kershaw, Milligan, and Pilkington, are of this number. A few

of these gentlemen were probably influenced by an unwillingness to embarrass the ministry, but the majority, we apprehend, were swayed by hostility to the war—a view of the question which has been extensively adopted by the Lancashire and Yorkshire men. Neither Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, nor Mr. Milner Gibson, voted on the occasion. The debate was distinguished by some points of very considerable interest, amongst which we rank the speech of Mr. Bernal Osborne, who, anticipating apparently the termination of his official career, addressed himself to the constituency of Middlesex in a trenchant style which recalls the memory of his more unfettered days. ‘You must see,’ said the honorable member, ‘whether you can find a modern Hercules to turn the Serpentine through the Horse Guards, and all the ramifications of the War Office. . . . In England, every one knows that it is not merit and capacity for which an officer is appointed to the staff, but interest and connexion. . . . How can you possibly have a succession of generals when the first thing you do is to debar any man who has any peculiar talent for command from entering your army unless he can lodge a large sum of money and purchase every step? The regulation price—and no man gets it for the regulation price—of the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry is ~~£6175~~. I have known instances in which £15,000 have been so expended. The regulation price for the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry is £4500. How is it possible, then, that any but a rich man can enter the army?’ Such statements coming from the treasury benches, even though delivered at the eleventh hour, are highly significant and full of promise. Mr. Osborne would scarcely have ventured to utter them if he had not felt that they were in harmony with public feeling, and would strengthen his hold on the sympathies and support of his constituents.

At an early hour on the following morning (31st January) a Cabinet Council was held, after which Lord Aberdeen proceeded to Windsor to tender to her Majesty the resignation of his Cabinet. The Queen, acting on former precedents, immediately sent for Lord Derby as leader of the largest section of the majority, and entrusted him with the formation of an administration. His lordship forthwith called on Lord Palmerston, and solicited his co-operation together with that of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert, and on the overture not being accepted, he returned to her Majesty the powers with which she had entrusted him.

That Lord Derby was wise in soliciting such aid we admit, but for very shame Mr. Disraeli and the Tory journals must cease to declaim, as they have recently been accustomed to do, against coalitions. Had the conservatism of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli been what their followers imagine, they would never have sought such an alliance; but their principles are evidently of that plastic order which readily adapt themselves to the requirements of the hour. Lord Lansdowne was next consulted by the Queen, and on his advice Lord John Russell was empowered to form a government. His lordship, however, speedily ascertained that it was impracticable for him to do so, and the Queen then sent for Lord Palmerston, who ultimately presented

to her Majesty and the country a re-construction, with very slight additions, of the Aberdeen Cabinet. Sir George Grey was moved from the Colonial to the Home office, Mr. Sidney Herbert from the Secretaryship at War to that of the Colonies, Earl Granville from the Duchy of Lancaster to the Presidentship of the Council, and Lord Panmure became Minister for War. Lord Cranworth, the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Gladstone, Viscount Canning, Sir Charles Wood, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. C. P. Villiers, and others retained their previous appointments: whilst Viscount Canning was introduced to the Cabinet, a seat at which was also, of course, conceded to the Minister for War. Such was the arrangement announced by Lord Palmerston on the 16th, and in a brief statement of the negotiations in which he had been engaged, and of the policy which he proposed to adopt, he endeavored to ingratiate himself with the House. Our readers need not be informed that we never had much faith in Lord Palmerston as a politician, and we are not, therefore, surprised that his exposition did not meet the expectations of the country, nor satisfy the urgent demand for inquiry. There is too much of cliqueism and too little of masculine feeling and of 'John Bull' earnestness in his lordship to meet the present crisis.

Still his lordship's Cabinet must not be confounded with that of its predecessor. He himself has far more activity, and is disposed to push the war with greater vigor and effect than Lord Aberdeen, and his Minister for War, though not all we could wish, has the advantage of experience and firmness of character over the Duke of Newcastle. Under ordinary circumstances, we should deem the change material, and anticipate from it much good, but in the fearful crisis at which we have arrived, it does not appear to us equal to the occasion, or likely to carry through the changes on which the nation is set. The measures projected, and of which his lordship gave intimation on the 16th, are considerably in advance of the former government, but they do not go far enough, nor strike sufficiently deep. The disgracefully inefficient state of our various departments, and the more than suspected incapacity of some who occupy influential posts, will never be remedied but by a stern and unrelenting policy which knows no favor and will show no mercy. We regard the Duke of Newcastle as the victim of a vicious system which has grown up into fearful magnitude, and is now producing such terrible disasters. His Grace is to be pitied rather than condemned. From all we have heard, we believe that no one of his colleagues has been more assiduous in attention to the duties of his department, or more anxious to contribute to the safety and comfort of our gallant troops in the Crimea.

And here it will not be inappropriate to add a word respecting Lord John Russell. He has been assailed by a torrent of abuse. Charges of the worst kind have been preferred against him. Treachery and selfishness are alleged as the main spring of his recent conduct. He has been counselled to retire from public life, since his reputation and therefore his power of usefulness is gone. Now we are no worshippers of Lord John Russell. We have again and again expressed our judgment on his short-comings, yet we must protest against the gross injustice now done

him. We believe that his lordship committed an error in not persisting in his resignation when the Premier declined to substitute Lord Palmerston for the Duke of Newcastle. We said this last month, and are glad to find that his lordship agrees with us. The explanations of the Duke of Newcastle in the Lords, and of Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, certainly leave an unfavorable impression respecting the ex-President of the Council, which the adroitness and skill of his lordship fail to remove. It was due to his colleagues that they should know his views on so leading a point, and every fair means should have been taken to ascertain whether their concurrence might not be secured. This, however, his lordship did not do, and failing this, he has laid himself open to suspicion of the worst kind. His position was in consequence a false one, and when at length he stood face to face with Mr. Roebuck, we can readily understand his coming to the conclusion that there was no other safe or honorable course for him but to resign. To have opposed the motion for inquiry would have been dishonest in the last degree, whilst to resign office inevitably exposed him to misconception of a serious and damaging order. His lordship has done much to consolidate the Coalition Cabinet, and the fear of its dissolution probably retained him in his place until he felt that personal as well as official integrity was perilled. When this was the case, such a man—whatever his enemies may allege—would not hesitate a moment. Before dismissing this topic we must add, that while we regret the noble lord's resignation was not tendered earlier, we cannot avoid the impression that it was hastily, and with apparent pleasure, received. There is something more here than meets the eye, and we wait in hope of future explanation.

Lord Russell's Vienna mission is a wise step. It carries with it the confidence and approval of the country, indicating the harmony which subsists between himself and the Premier, and assuring us that the honor of England will be faithfully maintained in the negotiations which are being carried on. Our past diplomacy has covered us with shame. Let us hope that some improvement will be visible in the consultations in which his lordship takes part.

MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION HAS BEEN PRODUCTIVE OF A SECOND MINISTERIAL CRISIS. Parliament re-assembled on the 16th, and the new Premier did his utmost to induce the Commons to forego the inquiry on which they had resolved. 'It would be useless,' he said, 'to dissemble the difficulty which meets us and stares us in the face, from the notice of motion which my hon. and learned friend has given for Thursday next;' and he then proceeded with singular infelicity to illustrate the position of the Government and the Commons by referring to the case of Richard II. and Wat Tyler. 'If the House of Commons,' said his lordship, with marvellous effrontery, 'will now forego this committee, the Government will be your committee, and we will leave you to judge, by the results of our efforts, whether you will be satisfied with the inquiries and improvements we make, or whether you will afterwards choose to institute a somewhat more formal and parliamentary investigation of your own.' The full significance of this language was not at the time understood. Neither the House nor the country ima-

gined that the existence of the Cabinet depended on the decision taken. Men who had retained office after such an unmistakeable indication of the judgment of Parliament, were not expected to relinquish it on the inquiry being persisted in. They could not plead ignorance or doubt. The majority in favor of inquiry had been more than two to one. They were, therefore, apprized of what was imminent before acceding to Lord Palmerston's proposals, and ought *then* to have declined if they deemed inquiry inconsistent with their duty to their former chief and coadjutor. Mr. Herbert moreover had distinctly admitted, on the Wiltshire hustings, the necessity for inquiry. But notwithstanding this, three of the Cabinet, Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, tendered their resignation, with the full knowledge that by doing so they might seriously damage public affairs, and prevent the immediate adoption of measures absolutely needful to the triumph, if not to the safety, of our army in the Crimea. The 'Daily News,' of the 23d, intimates that the Peelite members of the Cabinet, before consenting to retain their posts, obtained from Lord Palmerston a pledge to oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion even to a dissolution, but nothing of this kind appears in the explanations which were given by the seceding members on the evening of that day. On the contrary, it was distinctly repudiated by Mr. Gladstone in reply to the insinuations of Mr. Disraeli. 'I am quite sure,' said the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'I never stated that my noble friend told me he formed his Government on the basis of resisting this committee, or that I asked for any stipulation from him on that subject. It was never made the subject of stipulation at all. I never mentioned it to my noble friend until I had written and acquainted him that after the communication that we had had respecting foreign policy I was ready, if he desired, to accept office in his Government.' Sir George Grey confirmed this statement. 'I feel bound,' he said, 'emphatically to deny, so far as I am concerned, and so far as any information has reached me, that my noble friend's Government was based on opposition to this committee.' The case appears to us very simple. Lord Palmerston was opposed to the committee moved for by Mr. Roebuck. As Home Secretary he had spoken and voted against it, and as Premier he did his utmost on the 16th to induce the House to reverse their decision. In doing this he jeopardied the confidence of the country. But when he saw that effort was fruitless, that the House would not rescind its vote, that the nation demanded, and the House resolved on inquiry, he yielded, not from choice, but from necessity. He had no alternative unless he was prepared to resign his trust, and to leave the vessel of the State to be drifted without steersman or pilot amidst the currents which had set in. Three of his colleagues, however, deemed it compatible with their public duty to resign on this account, and they have since been followed by other members of the same political clique. We do not impugn their motives. We say nothing in disparagement of their patriotism. The violence and the bitterness of the onslaught to which they are subjected find no support from us, but we should be untrue to our own convictions if we did not say that their judgment was sadly at fault, and their public virtue

sacrificed to the dictate of private friendship and party alliance. The grounds of their secession, as set forth on the 23d, are utterly unsatisfactory. As the 'Times' of the 24th remarks, 'All that the public will see in this special pleading is an elaborate attempt to make the judge change places with the accused. If the House of Commons will only be so good as to give up inquiry on a vague promise of amendment, that will remove the very unpleasant stigma under which certain gentlemen find themselves.' The country has in truth resolved on inquiry, and we rejoice that it has done so. In the language of Sir J. Graham, we want 'to know the reason why' our money has been wasted, our honour tarnished, and our soldiers have perished. It is right that we should be told this, and we have no faith in any other investigation than that which is conducted by an independent and earnest tribunal. We have no faith in men who, as long as they were able, concealed from us the true state of the case, and now proffer future amendment as a reason why past delinquencies should be overlooked. The occasion was too tempting for Mr. Disraeli's evil genius, and we are not therefore surprised at the poor taunts with which he sought to throw discredit on his opponents. Had he been wise, he would not have added to the evidence previously furnished by himself and his leader of deep mortification at the failure of a Derby-Disraeli Government; but the silence which would have been dignified was surrendered at the bidding of folly. Mr. Roebuck's committee was afterwards appointed, and we trust that it will temperately yet firmly proceed with the inquiry intrusted to it.

What will be the result of these changes it is difficult to predict. Were the Premier equal to the occasion—did he possess, not only the nerve and the talent, but also the sagacity and high-mindedness which the position requires—he might make for himself a name not second to any in English history. We fear, however, that Lord Palmerston is not the man. His elevation is indicative of the domination of other interests than those of inflexible and far-seeing patriotism, and we tremble lest he should substitute for the fearless bearing and lion-hearted integrity which the times require the effete and paltry tactics of a clique. Should he attempt to fill up the vacancies created by mere aristocratic men, looking rather to the support of a few distinguished families than to the sympathy and confidence of a nation; should he seek to perpetuate the system which supposes statesmanship to be inherent in certain houses, and public offices to be the right of a clique, his failure will be miserable and well-merited. The superficial popularity attaching to his name will speedily be lost, and he will be known to posterity, not as the vigorous and successful minister who redeemed our affairs from disaster, but as the man who sacrificed on the altar of party, or rather to the lust of power, the noblest opportunity ever enjoyed of combining public advantage with personal fame. We are not unaware of the difficulties which oppose themselves to such a course, and we fear the Premier is not the man to despise them. Of this, however, we feel confident, that no other course will save his lordship's Cabinet, or retrieve our country from disgrace, and save our army from ruin. We perfectly agree with Mr. Roebuck, who, on the

6th, adverting to the negotiations then pending, said, 'If anybody throw any difficulty in his way, it was in his power to put aside that difficulty and to say to the person so attempting to create it, "Stand aside, I will put into office those who, if they do not attain the confidence of this House, will through me attain the confidence of the country, and I will do for the country that which I think the country desires I should do—namely, form an Administration regardless of party and of personal considerations." If the noble lord acted upon that principle, sure he was that he would attain the confidence of the country, and attaining that he might rest content, and not wish for any other kind of confidence.* One thing is apparent; inquiry is called for and it must be had. The nation has been outraged and will never be satisfied until delinquents are dismissed from the public service, and our governmental offices are freed from the miserable system which now renders them standing monuments of imbecility and neglect. We have been termed a nation of shopkeepers. The epithet has been intended as a reproach. We have admitted it, however, so far as it betokens a large infusion of business habits. This has been our boast, but it must be so no longer. A more inefficient, dilatory, bungling, and wasteful system was never adopted than that which is seen in our Eastern operations. Our offices at home have been in perpetual collision, and abroad our service has been in a condition too disgraceful to be appropriately designated. Our army has been starving, half-naked, and houseless, whilst food, clothing, and huts have been abundant in their neighbourhood. Our hospitals have been mere charnel-houses, where our wounded and dying soldiers have looked in vain for the medical attendance and sanitary regulations which their condition required. For details we refer to the daily press. They are too sickening to be specified, and too numerous to admit of doubt. We will mention only two facts of which we are personally cognizant. A ship-broker has just informed us that the French government has received from its agents in the Crimea so laudatory an account of the arrangements on board the steamers sent out by Sir Morton Peto and his partners to Balaklava, and of the admirable condition in which the men and horses have arrived, that they have commissioned him to make inquiries after vessels of similar construction and size. It is needless to contrast this fact with the accounts received of our government transports, nor does any information of the kind appear to have been transmitted to our authorities. It is also within our knowledge that several steamers engaged by private parties at the same time when others were taken up by the government

* We are grieved to learn from the journals of the 26th that our worst fears are realized. *A purely Whig Administration has been formed.* To adopt the language of the 'Daily News,' 'It is vain to try to conceal the disappointment and discontent with which the country will receive the announcement that the Government is once more to be monopolized by the members of a few great families, their retainers, and nominees.' Lord Palmerston has made his choice, and he will rue it. Lord John Russell takes the Colonies, and has issued an *Address* to his constituents. We cannot add more.

have arrived with their cargoes at Balaklava before the latter vessels had left the Thames.

THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL EDUCATION HAS BEEN AGAIN SUBMITTED TO THE HOUSE. On Tuesday, the 23rd of January, Lord John Russell gave notice that on the following Friday he should move for leave to bring in a Bill on this subject. This was prevented by the ministerial changes which speedily took place, but on the 8th of last month his lordship, 'as a private member of Parliament,' brought on his motion, purposely abstaining from entering on a discussion of the measure, and simply urging 'that the Bill should be placed before the House, that it might be printed, and its provisions made known to the country.' Leave having been obtained, the Bill was brought in and read a first time. It consists of twenty-two clauses, and is certainly an improvement on its predecessors. As the 'Nonconformist' of the 14th observes, 'It leaves almost everything to local authority, insisting only on government inspection. Its machinery is simple. Its provisions liberal. It is the fairest embodiment of an unsound principle which has yet been put forth—so fair, that we can hardly anticipate that a dominant Church will acquiesce in its adoption.'

The main provisions of the Bill are—that Town Councils at meetings duly convened, where two-thirds of their members are present, may determine on a scheme of education to be submitted to the Education Committee of the Privy Council, and that in case such scheme be approved by the committee, it may be carried into effect, a rate for its support being levied, not to exceed sixpence in the pound. The plan is adapted further to parishes in which no municipal government exists, and may be altered from time to time with the approval of the Committee of Council. The management of the school is to be vested in the Town Council or Vestry, subject to government inspection, and to the rights of trustees or special visitors in the case of schools previously existing. The Scriptures are to be read, but no child of a Roman Catholic or Jew is required to be present without the sanction of his parents or guardians, and in no such school are the children of Protestant Dissenters, Roman Catholics, or Jews, to be required to learn the catechism, attend 'on church or other religious observances' without similar approval. We are glad that the Bill has been printed, as it will afford the opportunity to all parties of acquainting themselves with its provisions, and would advise our friends carefully to reflect upon them, and to prepare their measures wisely for the course to be pursued. Much has been gained by frequent discussion of the subject. The form in which it is now presented is unquestionably superior to its former appearances. Some objections are entirely obviated, and the force of others is considerably diminished. Still we abide by our objection to State interference in such matters. It will injure rather than benefit. The temporary good it accomplishes will be far outweighed by the evils it engenders. We have recently had another and most distressing illustration of the bungling manner in which Government competes with the private trader, and we see no reason to suppose that education will constitute an exception to the general law.

We object, moreover, and *in toto*, to the unconstitutional character of the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, and are not willing that the educational schemes of the country should wait the sanction of such a body. There is an assumption in this, against which we protest. Let us have the short-comings of local education rather than the torpid influence of an oligarchy, whose immediate benefit is purchased at the cost of expansive improvement and vital energy.

We had noted several other topics for remark, but our space is occupied, and we must refrain. The critical condition of our public affairs must plead our apology—if such be needed—for the attention we have given to them.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Population and Capital. Being a Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in 1853-4. By Geo. K. Rickards, M.A., Professor of Political Economy.

The Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists, comprising a Full and Impartial Account of all their Ordinances, Institutions, Laws, Regulations, &c. By William Pierce.

The Tract Magazine and Christian Miscellany. Containing various Pieces of Permanent Interest. 1854.

The Life of James Arminius, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden, Holland. Translated from the Latin of Caspar Brandt, by John Guthrie, A.M.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett. With Illustrations.

Playing at Settlers; or, the Faggot-House. By Mrs. R. Lee. With Illustrations.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1854.

Logic for the Young. Consisting of Twenty-five Lessons in the Art of Reasoning. Selected from the Logic of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. By the Author of 'Logic for the Million.'

Memoirs of Anne, Duchess of Brittany, twice Queen of France. By Louisa Stuart Costello.

The Christian Life, Social and Individual. By Peter Bayne, M.A.

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A Geographical Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures; including also Notices of the Chief Places and People mentioned in the Apocrypha. By the Rev. A. Arrowsmith, M.A.

The Life of William Cowper. With Selections from his Correspondence.

Nineveh and its Ruins; or, the History of the Great City. By Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.S.A.

Scripture Readings; or, the Bible Familiarly Explained to the Young. Edited by the Rev. Robert Jamieson, D.D. The Patriarchs.

The Nature of the Mediatorial Dispensation. By the Rev. James Meikle.

Leaves from Life. By L. N. R., Author of 'The Book and its Story.'

The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and Pope, as visited in 1851. By John Alton, D.D. 3rd Edition.

A Treatise on Greek Tragic Metres. With the Choric Parts of Sophocles Metrically arranged. By Rev. Wm. Linwood, M.A., M.R.A.S.

Mer—cur—ius; or, the—Word—Maker. An Analysis of the Structure and Rationality of Speech. By Rev. Henry Le Mesurier, M.A.

Remains of the Hon. and Rev. Somerville Hay, A.M. With an Introductory Memoir. By Thos. J. Graham, M.D.

The Dream of Pythagoras and other Poems. By Emma Tatham. 2nd Edition, revised and enlarged.

Cain. By Charles Bower.

Condensed Notes of Scripture; being Substance of Sermons preached by the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Selected from his MS. Sermon Notes, and Edited by his son, Edward Henry Bickersteth, A.M.

Leaves from a Family Journal. From the French of Emile Souvestre.

Grammatical Exercises on the Moods, Tenses, and Syntax of Attic Greek. By James Ferguson, M.D.

Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs.

Mountains and Moheills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations by the Author.

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Sermons, by the Rev. Abraham P. Mendes.

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The Ethics of the Sabbath. By David Pirret.

A Word in Season; or, Comforting Thoughts to the Relatives of the Fallen Brave. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E.

Does Christianity Sanction War? An Essay. By the Rev. J. Jenkinson, Oakam.

Is Man Responsible for his Belief? A Lecture delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow, 23rd October, 1854. By the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A.

Life according to the Patterns in the Heavens. A Sermon preached at Huddersfield, 21st December, 1854. By James Martineau.

THE
Eclectic Review.

APRIL, 1855.

ART. I.—*Literary Papers by the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S. Selected from his Writings in the Literary Gazette.*
London: Reeve. 1855.

EDWARD FORBES was born on the 12th of February, 1815, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father carried on business as a banker. At an early age he exhibited a passion for the study of natural history, and began to collect specimens and form a museum. When about twelve years old he obtained a few books upon geology and palæontology; among which were Conybeare's 'Geology of England,' and Parkinson's 'Organic Remains,' the two works to which nearly all the geologists of twenty years standing are indebted for the love they bear to their science, and the zeal with which they have pursued it. When about sixteen years of age he came to London, probably with the intention of becoming by profession an artist, and for some months studied drawing under Sass. But although he greatly excelled in the use of the pencil, and possessed the taste and feeling which, to a man of his untiring industry, would have secured success, his love of natural history was stronger than his love of art, and to the study of that science he resolved to devote his life. But the instruction he had received in drawing was not lost, as the beautiful illustrations of his books and lectures sufficiently attest.

Soon after he had left London, Edward Forbes entered the University of Edinburgh as a medical student, and was among the most assiduous and successful of his class and year; but, although he attended lectures, and studied with regularity, his

pursuits were made subservient to the prime object of his life—the study of natural history. Even at this period he was known, both to the professors and students, to have an intimate acquaintance with the mollusca and radiata, a circumstance which accounts for that profound knowledge of the lower classes of animal life, which not only distinguished him when a man among naturalists, but enabled him to pursue those researches, and grasp those generalizations, which will secure him in the future records of science a permanent place among the most eminent observers and interpreters of nature. Without this early devotion of his energies to his future pursuits, his natural power of observation and educated capacity of detecting generic distinctions and minute differences would have been expended with less advantage to science and less honour to himself. So great is the necessity for the faithful employment of early life, in laying a safe foundation for the exercise of the judgment and taste of mature age.

In 1833 he was joined by a fellow student for a tour in Norway, where he made a large collection of plants and mollusca, and commenced his investigation of the distribution of animal life in the Northern Seas. The results of this journey he published in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' under the title 'Notes of a Natural History Tour in Norway.' In 1836 he succeeded, with the assistance of a few friends, all of whom are now more or less known as men of science, in establishing at Edinburgh the Botanical Society, in which he held the office of foreign secretary. To this society he communicated many of his early papers, and greatly aided in the formation of a public herbarium, by a presentation of his own collections and those he obtained from his friends. In 1837 he visited Paris, to continue his studies under the eminent French naturalists who then taught in that city; and in the same year visited the Mediterranean and coast of Algiers, the results of which journey were briefly recorded in his paper 'On the Land and Fresh Water Mollusca of Algiers and Bougia.'

From this period to the year 1841 our author was actively engaged as an observer, gathering information from all sources, and frequently visiting foreign countries; sometimes to test the truth of preconceived hypotheses, and sometimes to enlarge his acquaintance with the distribution of animal and vegetable life. How usefully this period of time was employed his numerous published papers attest, but especially his admirable 'History of British Star Fishes, and other Animals of the Class Echinodermata,' a book which is scarcely less admirable for its graphic illustrations than for the minute accuracy of the information it contains, its vivid descriptions and pleasing style.

In 1841 he accepted the appointment of naturalist to the surveying party in the 'Beacon,' under the command of Captain Graves, who was commissioned to bring from Lycia the marbles discovered by Sir Charles Fellows. With an energy quite his own he adopted that system of dredging which he had been the first to propose as the serious business of the naturalist, and availed himself of every opportunity for collecting specimens of the fauna and flora of the waters of the *Ægean* and the coasts of Asia Minor. How he was employed with Mr. Daniell and Lieutenant Spratt in the examination of the coast and inland of Lycia,—an enterprise which was rewarded by the discovery of eighteen ancient cities—the well known record of that excursion by Spratt and Forbes has already informed our readers. By the use of the dredge in the *Ægean*, Forbes elicited that law of subaqueous life, announced to the British Association in 1843, in his report on the mollusca and radiata of those waters. But rich as the expedition was in natural history results, it was fatal to the life of Mr. Daniell, who died of fever, induced by malaria; and Forbes himself 'was taken ill on the way from Rhodes to Syra, and remained for thirteen days together without tasting food, and without medicine or medical advice.' From this severe illness he slowly recovered; but to the seeds of disease then deeply sown in his body, we may, probably, trace his early removal from amongst us, and that at a moment when his sphere of usefulness had been widened, and his influence upon the progress of science was daily increasing.

The important fact which he announced to the British Association, as the result of his researches with the dredge in the *Ægean*, was, that among marine animals, zones of depth correspond to parallels of latitude. Boreal forms of marine life may therefore exist in southern latitudes at great depths, just as Alpine plants flourish on mountains at great elevations. The distribution of marine life must consequently be considered in reference to temperature and not to climate. The importance of the application of this law to geological inquiries is evident. As the imbedded organic remains in any mineral deposit are received in evidence of the circumstances under which the rock was produced, a knowledge of the conditions of life to which marine animals are subject is essential to a correct application of the evidence those remains can give. Forbes himself, in a subsequent paper on the northern drift, gives an admirable example of the mode in which this fact should be employed in estimating the origin of a deposit from a study of its fossils. After stating that the testacea found in the beds of the glacial epoch are, with some exceptions, still represented by living animals in British and more northern seas; and that the deficiency of the

fossils, both in species and individuals, when compared with the epoch of the crag, or the existing marine fauna, indicate a colder temperature than that which now prevails on the same area, he hesitates to draw the conclusion—which in less cautious or less informed minds would be thought unavoidable—that the climate was then much more severe than it is now. Having regard to the law he had announced, he felt the necessity of proving that the temperature thus indicated was due to climate, and not to the depth of the medium in which these animals lived, before he could pronounce an opinion, and say that the evidences of palæontology supported the conclusions of geology. How he arrived at this will be best told in his own words.

‘Fortunately,’ he says, ‘among the species enumerated, are several which ought to afford us a certain clue to this matter. Such are the *Littorina*, the *Purpura*, the *Patella*, and the *Lacuna*, genera and species definitely indicating not merely shallow water, but in the first three cases a coast line. Were these shells only found among the disturbed and amorphous beds of drift, they would scarcely serve as evidence on so nice a point, since they might have been transported, but they occur also in the undisturbed fossiliferous clays of this formation, associated with bivalve and other mollusca of delicate conformation, and in a state which certainly indicates that they lived and died on the spot where now they are found. This is especially the case among the Clyde deposits. A most important fact too, is, that among the species of *Littorina*, a genus, all the forms of which live only at water-mark, or between tides, is the *Littorina expansa*, one of the forms now extinct in the British but still surviving in the Arctic Seas.’—‘Memoirs of the Geological Survey,’ vol. i. p. 370.

Edward Forbes was not one of those who delight in the discovery of abstract truths, and leave them to perish for the want of nurture and usefulness. As soon as he had assured himself of the universality of this law, he submitted all his researches and conjectures to it, and rejected every hypothesis in which its authority was not fully recognised. This may be observed in all his subsequent writings. But we must return to the brief biographical sketch we had commenced.

During the absence of our naturalist in the *Ægean*, the professorship of botany in King’s College became vacant by the death of Professor Don. The claims of Edward Forbes as a naturalist, a teacher, and a man, to the vacant chair were presented to the council of that university by his friends, among whom was Dr. Goodsir, the professor of anatomy, with whom he occupied the same lodgings when a student at Edinburgh. The claim was allowed, and the appointment was made in sufficient time to prevent his visit to Egypt, and a dredging excursion in the Red Sea, upon which he had resolved. In May, 1834, delivered

his inaugural lecture at King's College to a class who soon learned, as all intelligent persons did who were admitted to familiar intercourse, to honour and love him. In the same year he was elected assistant secretary to the Geological Society of London, a post of great honour, but one of the most laborious a man of science can accept. This situation he retained until he was appointed palæontologist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and fulfilled its duties with the highest honour to himself and advantage to the Society; and that, too, as the successor of Mr. Lonsdale, one of the most unwearying and best informed palæontologists of the age, to whom every geologist has been more or less indebted. But although his official labours were so heavy, the productions of his pen and pencil were numerous, all stamped with that originality of thought and breadth of handling of which his early labours had given promise. Among the papers which he produced at this time, we may mention, as especially deserving notice, his memoir 'On the Geological Relations of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles,' to which we shall presently refer. We need not tell how efficiently he held the office of president of the Geological Society, or allude to the masterly summary of the state of geology which he gave to the Society from the president's chair, at the anniversary meeting in February 1854. These are fresh in the memory of every geologist who had an opportunity of attending the meetings of the Society, or of reading its proceedings.

Soon after his term of office in the Geological Society had expired, Professor Forbes was elected to the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, which had become vacant by the lamented death of Dr. Jameson. In the meridian of manhood he thus obtained the highest object of his ambition. By the force of his genius and industry he had achieved many conquests for science and much honour for himself; he had been received by the most eminent naturalists and geologists as one fitted to continue their labours, and to sustain the reputation of their names; he had been crowned with the highest distinctions science can bestow. He was now reunited to many of his earliest friends; took his seat again as a resident member at the Botanical Society, in the formation of which he had been so active; and became a teacher and an authority where, not twenty years before, he had been a pupil. Welcomed on all sides by attached friends and admiring scholars, a wide sphere of usefulness seemed to be opened to him, and his heart might well congratulate his intellect that the time had come when the desires of each could be satisfied without privation to the other. But he had also come nearly to the end of the race he had to run. He

had resolved to do much for the extension of natural-history science. He hoped to make the University of Edinburgh one of the most eminent schools of Europe, and its museum one of the most important. He saw around him a group of young men, to all of whom he offered the hand of friendship, who were imbibing from his lips that love of science and scientific labour which had made his name so famous. They heard him with attention in the theatre, they sought him in the museum, they followed him in his periodical excursions. He needed no other hope for the accomplishment of his high and honourable designs but health and life—they were denied him.

At the last meeting of the British Association, held at Liverpool, Professor Edward Forbes occupied the chair of the geological section, and after a short excursion returned to Edinburgh to resume his college duties. On the 1st of November he commenced his second course of lectures, in ill health, suffering from cold and low fever. For a few days he continued to labour and suffer, but the febrile symptoms increased, and he was compelled to discontinue his lectures. On the 18th of the same month he died, and we may well mourn; for we have lost a star of the first magnitude from the hemisphere of science; one who was a guide to the inquiring, a censor to the slothful; and his disappearance at a moment when he shone most brightly has for a time dimmed the light of kindred flames.

Having briefly stated the principal events in the life of Edward Forbes, and the means by which he reached that honourable distinction with which his name will be united in this and many succeeding ages in the history of natural science, we will take a brief review of some of the opinions he held and supported, and select one example of the mode in which he entered upon a scientific inquiry.

The papers collected from the pages of the 'Literary Gazette,' re-published and edited by the proprietor of that journal, are full of interest, for they give, in popular phraseology, and in a light, graceful style, the opinions of the great naturalist upon subjects which could scarcely find a place in scientific memoirs and formal reports. The volume consists of numerous reviews of books upon geography, natural history, and geology. These reviews Mr. Reeve has classed under general designations, and the reader may, on first opening the book, be deceived into the supposition that each division or chapter is an essay upon the subject announced at the beginning. The publisher will no doubt reap a publisher's reward in this reprint, but we protest, as all the friends of Professor Forbes will do, against this hasty collection of his fugitive writings in a form they were never intended to take, almost before a suitable literary memorial could be decided. The book

contains many admirable criticisms, and some allusions to the discoveries which will give the author posthumous fame. There are passages of great beauty in thought and expression, and many suggestions of moment ; nor are these anonymous productions wanting in that spirit of truthfulness, kindness, affection, and playfulness, which distinguished Edward Forbes as a companion and teacher. We can find nothing to offend, and there is much to please and instruct ; yet while we recommend the book as one which may be useful to the young in forming the taste, and in cultivating a love of natural science, we are bound to say that it does not place this distinguished man, admirable in literature and in science, in that position which his genius demands, and his friends anticipate. From its pages, however, we may collect his opinions upon many subjects connected with the sciences he studied, and draw from them many inducements to the adoption of similar pursuits.

It has been sometimes said, and ignorant people pretend to believe it, that intellectual improvement of a high order makes a man retiring and unsocial. Our author answers that charge :—

‘There is no greater or more prevalent mistake than the supposition that the intellectual development is inconsistent with a keen sense of enjoyment. There are, it is true, a considerable number of grave, dull, would-be sages, moving at a snail’s pace, with a snail’s gravity, through society—looking, as Oken says in his transcendental philosophy, like so many prophesying goddesses seated on tripods. But nine out of ten of them maintain a philosophic fame only on the credit of an ominous and unbroken silence ; the tenth on the strength of supporting some incomprehensible paradox, which neither he nor the stupid people who listen to him comprehend. Your real philosopher is neither uncommunicative nor dogmatic ; he utters his words of wisdom at the right time and place, but on ordinary occasions is like other men, and enjoys himself, perhaps even more intensely, when enjoyment is afloat. Davy was one of these, as every man of genius is, and has been. Hence the unaffected enthusiasm with which Sir Humphrey plunged into stream and pool, and pursued his salmon fishing hobby all over Europe. And whilst the zest for pleasure humanizes the philosopher, his science and taste in turn elevates his pleasures. The objects of his sport become to him a source of interest, such as they cannot be to common men. In their forms he delights to trace all-wise contrivance, and in their instincts the guidance of superhuman wisdom. He follows them to their haunts, marking every charm of the landscape on his way, and every turn and varying chance of his sport suggests reflections on men and things—fanciful analogies, it may be, but not the less true—such as give eloquence to his tale of adventure, and render the records of his amusements as classical as these ‘Conversations of Fly Fishing’ by Davy.’—pp. 291, 292.

The following passage is a good example of the pleasing manner

in which Edward Forbes delighted to entice men into the pursuit of science for the true enjoyment of nature:—

‘Were the famous wishing carpet of the ‘Arabian Nights’ either purchasable or let out for hire, we could not resist the temptation of taking a fly to the West Indies, and alighting among the mountains of Jamaica. We would go there when the yellow fever was out of season, and by a careful study of Colonel Reid’s law of storms select the interval between two hurricanes for our visit. How delightful to rise out of the semi-solid atmosphere of London and find ourselves suddenly under the cloudless heavens of the tropics. Doubtless the sun is very hot, but then we would choose the cool evening for our flight, and so avoid inconvenience. Seated under a palm-tree, with an arborescent fern in the foreground, and a grove of cocoa nuts in the distance, we would pass a few hours of intense exotic enjoyment. All manners of curious creatures would congregate around us—strange birds with bright feathers; agile lizards, changing colour every moment; beetles, with prodigious horns, and wasps with awful stings; snails, with no ends to their shells; and, at a safe distance, boa constrictors of terrific dimensions. And yet how confused and uninteresting our pleasure would be amid all these wonders if we were ignorant of natural history. Unable to observe correctly, incapable of judging of the meaning of the curious organisms about us, we should soon begin to regret our neglect of the most fascinating of the sciences, and find ourselves in the condition of ninety-nine out of a hundred travellers through foreign parts. The charms of a residence in a foreign land are increased tenfold if the traveller be a zoologist or botanist. However dull a country may seem, however uninteresting its human population, the creatures that live on its surface or swarm amid the waves that wash its shores afford a constant and inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction. The naturalist is at home everywhere, and finds a museum where the ordinary voyager finds nothing but a waste. In the polar regions he is intensely happy, but in the tropics he is in paradise itself. No district is so poor and barren but that it has treasures for him, and none so rich but that all its gold would fail to prevent his rushing after a new butterfly, or climbing the rocks after a new flower. It is a curious fact that several able botanists explored and resided in the gold region of California, aware of the indications of the precious metal, before the rush to the diggings, but were too absorbed in the delights of their own peculiar pursuits to think of grubbing for lucre.’—pp. 278-280.

This abandonment of the mind to a pursuit which has not money-getting for its end is incomprehensible to the great mass of mankind. The boy who neglects his books to draw diagrams, construct clocks, and make telescopes; or he who loses his sachel on his way from school while collecting flowers and hunting for fossils, will have the cane: and in the opinion of fathers and teachers not a few, it should be wielded with more firmness than mercy. But what in the opinion of the world should be the

punishment of a man who, in his enthusiasm for science, braves the extremes of temperature, lives in forests inhabited by beasts of prey and venomous snakes, and visits the most uncivilized of human kind to observe their habits, learn their traditions, and investigate the geology or natural history of the country they occupy, without a thought of gaining money, or a single commercial idea in his mind. Mr. Fortune would have needed no apologist had he failed in his attempt when he entered the interior of China, by the desire of the East India Company, to study the manufacture of tea, and obtain plants—of which he fortunately secured twenty thousand—to be sent for cultivation on the slopes of Himalaya. But who would have undertaken his defence if his commercial enterprise had failed, by a discovery of his incognito, from his enthusiastic ardour to get a nearer view of a new cypress, and obtain a few seeds for the nurserymen in Europe? And yet such might have been the result if a second thought had not suggested that to scale an innkeeper's wall for such a purpose would be an indecorous proceeding for a Chinaman.

The hypothesis of the development of organization in succession of time, so speciously stated upon assumptions falsely called geological facts, by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' was vigorously opposed by Professor Forbes in that kindly spirit which aims at the correction of an error rather than the award of punishment for a fault. It is an hypothesis unsustained by a single fact in palæontology, and rests entirely upon an imaginary progression of organization in the succession of fossil-bearing rocks. The subject is now almost worn out, but there may be some curiosity to know what so eminent a naturalist said respecting it. The assumption upon which the hypothesis is built is thus stated by the author of the 'Vestiges,' who is supposed to be Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh :—

'It is clear, and can now be asserted on the authority of the first naturalists of the age, that in all the conspicuous orders of animals, there have been in the progress of time strong appearances of a progress of forms from the more simple to the more complex, from the more general to the more special, the highest and most typical forms being always attained last. It cannot be pretended in *all cases* that we have an unbroken and perfect series, exhibiting these gradations, for the stone book is one wanting many leaves; but in the orders that have been best preserved there is such a well-marked succession leading on from one degree of organization to another, that the general fact of a progress in all the orders is not to be doubted.'—'Vestiges,' p. 140.

Now 'the first naturalists of the age' do not admit that there has been an increasing perfection of organization as the result of

the progress of time ; they deny the assertion, and thus reduce the Vestigian to the disreputable position of being called on to prove his assertions.

'The speculator in development,' says Professor Forbes, 'was not content to misinterpret, he misrepresented (probably unconsciously) the facts upon which he founded his theory, or knew them so imperfectly as to forget to mention the most important. Professor Sedgwick's searching examination of such mis-statements cannot fail to expose the fallacies of the work he reviews, and must do good service, especially among students, by preventing their reception of mistakes for facts. This is conspicuously the case with that part of the inquiry which deals with the first appearance of organized beings. If the theory of progressive development in the Lamarckian sense be good for anything, the earliest creatures of which we find traces should be the simplest and lowest forms, not only of their tribes but of all creatures. To the practical geologist it is needless to say that such is not the case ; but so positively and frequently has the statement to the contrary been put forward, that strong and repeated denials, and an appeal to facts over and over again, are necessary to convince numerous able men, many of them men of science, who are not practically conversant with geological researches. Yet no fact is more certain than that the remains of the oldest animals yet discovered do *not* belong to the most rudimentary forms. Instead of Sponges, hydroid Zoophytes, Bryozoa, and Foramanifera, the simplest types which, under the conditions indicated by the strata, could be expected to occur in the most ancient Palæozoic deposits, we find asteroid and helianthoid Zoophytes, Cephalopods (the highest of Mollusca), Brachiopods, and Trilobites. No person, whose acquaintance with zoology is sufficient to enable him to estimate the position in the animal series of a Cuttle-fish or a Crustacean, can for a moment hold the notion that the Palæozoic fauna was rudimentary, if he possesses any familiarity with the fossils of the Silurian system. Every day we are learning more and more to recognise the common-sense view, that the appearance of genera and species in time has been, from the beginning to the present, determined simply by the physical conditions adapted to them. The Creator, willing that there should be no great epoch of desolation, has called into being species after species, organizing each for the circumstances amidst which it was destined to live.'—pp. 14-16.

An hypothesis which assumes that every variety of organization has its origin in one that is a grade lower, and after its appeals to geology for the support of its assertion is found by the very evidence given under its subpoena to be false, can have no favour from honest minds. It is a vain, half-witted, foolish imagination ; or, still worse, a sham and imposture. It assumes that the forms of life are progressive, and it lacks a beginning. Where it desires to find rudimentary forms, rocks yield the relics of an organization of a high character. Nor is this all. To prove its claim upon our credence it should show an uninterrupted pro-

gression from the palæozoic epoch to the historic age. But instead of this, we find that the 'Stone Book' has many chapters, and between each the Vestigian commentator assumes a leaf to be lost, and supplies it by vague fancies. That man has read carelessly, or not turned over the leaves at all, who has not learned that at periods in the world's history there has been substitution of genera, sometimes, we admit, from the lower to the higher; but very frequently from the higher to the lower. 'Now that we have learned the true affinities that exist between the Bryozoa,'—formerly classed with the Zoophytes, now with the Mollusca,—'and the Brachiopoda,' says Professor Forbes in his anniversary address to the Geological Society, 'we can see in these instances the zoological replacement of a higher by a lower group, while in the former view, equally true, of the replacement of the Brachiopoda by the Lamellibranchiata, a higher group is substituted for a lower one.' We may perhaps be told that the Trilobites found by Barrande in the lowest fossiliferous beds of the Silurians, in Bohemia, belong to rudimentary types, but how does the development hypothesis account for their existence in any form in a deposit called primordial, and containing the first evidence of organized being? But even taking these rudimentary forms of Trilobites as we find them in the lowest fossiliferous bed, it can scarcely be said by the Vestigians themselves that development did anything to raise the standard of organization in this class of animals; for, as far as geological evidence can guide us, they were destroyed by the effects of igneous eruption, or a change of sea level produced by volcanic agency, and a new fauna was substituted. The absurdity of the theory should have been an antidote to the poison that lurks under its fascinating tongue; for we cannot imagine how men with any pretension to intelligence, not to say scientific knowledge, can be even half persuaded 'that they and all mankind are the lineal descendants of mud-worms and monkeys, and this too in spite of the protests of all the living investigators of those several animals anatomically and palæontologically considered.' The publication of the 'Vestiges,' however, will have done some good, as Forbes says, when it has taught naturalists 'that it is full time to give the public the results of their researches, and the conclusion at which they have arrived, in plain, readable, and comprehensible language; and not to keep the philosophy of their science to themselves; for if they do so, others unqualified for the task will impose a sham philosophy on the people, who like to have a reason for their belief, and to be assured of the causes of things.'

The theoretical opinions entertained by Professor Forbes, concerning the distribution of organized beings, were founded upon

the conviction that all species of animals descended from single created progenitors. Admitting this, which to us appears an indispensable conjecture in science, and a fact in revelation, each species, wherever we may now find the individuals, must have been diffused from a specific centre; or, in other words, there must have been some geographical point in which the progenitors were created, and to which all their offspring may be traced. The work of the naturalist in determining these specific centres is similar to that of the ethnologist, when he attempts to tread back the road a race of mankind have traversed to the locality in which their early ancestors dwelt, and from which a portion of their tribe wandered. That this view of the distribution of life in its specific forms is correct admits of no reasonable doubt; for if a fact can be perfectly explained by a single cause, it is evidently false to assume, as a primordial condition, a multiplication of that cause.

Upon this assumption Professor Forbes, as palæontologist to the geological survey, founded those inquiries, the results of which he has stated in his admirable paper 'On the Connexion between the Distribution of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected their area, especially during the epoch of the Northern Drift.'

Before any connexion can be traced between geological changes and the introduction into Britain of the existing plants and animals, we must ascertain by what means such an isolated area may have been furnished with its present fauna and flora. There are three modes in which it may have been done, either wholly or in part—by creation within the area, transport to it, or migration before isolation. In one or more of these ways the British Isles must have received the species of animals and plants which now exist on their surface. That it was not by special creation within the area, to any large extent, is probable from the fact that the terrestrial animals and flowering plants, with few exceptions, are identical with continental species. That it was by transport is improbable, for although 'the great mass of cryptogamic plants, a few phanerogamia, and a few terrestrial animals, may have found their way across the separating waters by the agency of currents; or, in the case of the plants, their seeds may have been conveyed by the winds or birds through the air; yet, after making full allowances for all likely means of transport at present in action, there remains a residue of animals and plants which we cannot suppose to have been transported, since either their bodily characters, or certain phenomena presented by their present distribution, prevent our entertaining such an idea.'

Rejecting then the two former possible modes, one as impro-

bable, and the other as insufficient, the British Isles must have been colonized by the animals and plants now existing on their surface advancing from other lands previous to the isolation of our island homes. To determine at what periods these migrations occurred opens a wide field of investigation, for it is not only necessary to ascertain in what other countries our plants and animals are found, but to fix by incontrovertible geological evidence the time when the British Isles were separated from the continent of Europe. These are questions with which Professor Forbes fairly grapples, and, as we think, fairly solves. No better evidence of his genius and profound knowledge of his science, and the great loss we have had in losing him, can be given than in an abstract of his research and reasoning upon this subject. But as we are compelled by the limitation of pages to confine our remarks the first part of the essay, we recommend the memoir itself to the study of the reader, as a process of inductive thought, to which the geologist may refer as an answer to every taunt which charges him with the folly of guessing at conclusions, and being governed by his imagination.

The majority of British plants, those which are widely distributed, and, *par excellence*, form the flora of the country, are also found in Central and Western Europe, and are by Forbes designated Germanic. 'Every plant universally distributed in these islands is Germanic; every quadruped common in England, and not ranging to Ireland or Scotland. The great mass of our pulmoniferous mollusca have also come from the same quarter.'

There are, however, certain local floras which may be divided into four classes:—1. A small number of plants found in mountainous districts on the west and south-west of Ireland, natives of the north of Spain; 2. A flora found in the south-west of England, and south-east of Ireland, identified, in relation at least, with that of the Channel Islands, and the neighbouring provinces of France; 3. The chalk plants; so called from their being found on the cretaceous rocks of the south-eastern part of England and on the opposite coast of France on the same geological formation; 4. The Alpine or mountain flora. To study the plants of this last division we must visit the loftiest peaks in Scotland. The mountains of Cumberland and Wales do not support many of the species which are found in the Highlands; but with one exception (*Lloydia scrotina*) all that can be found in other lofty districts of the British Isles are native there. And it is also worthy of remark, that while Scotland owns many Alpine species which do not grow on ridges of more southern latitude, the Scandinavian Alps support all the mountain plants of the Highlands, with many peculiarly their own.

According to the hypothesis which has been assumed, all

these floras have been introduced upon British soil by colonization from specific centres. The assistance of geology is now required to fix the period when there was a continuity of land between the isles of Britain and the continent, for it is only under that physical condition the migrations were possible.

There is a notion, often held without a reason, common enough among Englishmen to be called universal, that in some far distant bygone age the southern coast of England was connected by dry land with the northern shores of France. Many an intelligent though uninstructed man, geologically speaking, has said to himself, when looking at the white shores of Calais from the chalk cliffs of Dover, 'It is very strange that the chalk of England should spread itself into France under the deep sea that rolls and roars between them.' And then he has thought of the power of water in scooping out channels, and cutting through gorges, and recalled all the geographical lore of his boyhood, that he might guess from whence that great flood of water came which swept out the channel which is now the Strait of Dover.

A time there was, if the data or deductions of geology are not false, when the British Isles did form a part of the continent of Europe. Immediately preceding the establishment of that condition of the earth which has resulted in the present division of land and water, and the establishment of the present climatal arrangements, there was an age of frost and ice, known among geologists as the glacial period. Memorials of this age are left to us in ancient moraines, grooved rocks, transported boulders, accumulations of debris, and the remains of animals which lived in an arctic temperature. During this epoch, the present boundary lines of the British islands had no existence; the ocean covered the area which the northern half of England and all Scotland now fills, except here and there an isolated peak or lofty range, with head and shoulders wrapped in glaciers. The Malverns and Cottiswold hills were at this time washed by ocean waves, and those districts which now form the highest lands of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland stood as islands above the bleak, cold, and often ice-bound sea.

The mountain plants already mentioned, which have their types in Scandinavia, are, according to Professor Forbes, the descendants of the flora of this glacial age. They then flourished even to the water's edge. But this arctic clime was not destined to permanence. The time came when the bed of the glacial ocean was elevated, and the island peaks studding the icy seas were raised into mountains. The climate was changed at the same period, and the arctic plants which had flourished during short summers upon the shores, were confined by their frost-loving habits to the mountain summits where elevation con-

tinued the temperature which no longer prevailed on the low lands. By this elevation of the bed of the ocean the lands of Britain and the continent were united, and the colonization of the former with its present flora and fauna was made possible. This happened, according to the hypothesis in the postpliocene era, when the *cervus megaceros* wandered over the land, and the Germanic region supplied us with all the universally distributed animals and plants of England.

But we have still to account for the three other sub-floras, as they are sufficiently remarkable to demand a specific explanation of their origin. We can do no more, however, than briefly record the conclusions of our author, without proof or comment. The chalk flora, he says, 'was evidently derived from the north-western provinces of France, and as no geologist doubts the ancient union of the two sides of the Channel, the course it pursued in migrating to England is sufficiently obvious. The epoch of the formation of the Strait of Dover would mark the period of its isolation, and if that breach of continuity was effected before the destruction of the great Germanic plain, as is probable, we may regard the Kentish flora as very ancient.' Still more ancient, however, was that which characterizes the counties of Cornwall and Devon, and the south-east of Ireland. 'This flora, a relic of a larger, is undoubtedly a part of that which we find in the Channel Isles and in the adjacent provinces of France. When we look to the geological features of the districts occupied by the Devon or Norman flora, we see that its course is marked by a great barrier, the destruction of which probably took place anterior to that of the formation of the higher and narrower parts of the Channel. It marks, too, the course of the southern bound of the glacial sea.' The hypothesis Professor Forbes offers to account for the flora of the south-west and west of Ireland is, 'that at an ancient period, an epoch anterior to that of any of the floras we have already considered, there was a geological union, or close approximation, of the west of Ireland with the north of Spain; that the flora of the intermediate land was a continuation of the flora of the peninsula; that the northernmost bound of that flora was probably in the line of the western region of Ireland; that the destruction of the intermediate land had taken place before the glacial period; and that during the last-named period, climatal changes destroyed the mass of this southern flora remaining in Ireland, the survivors being such species as were most hardy, saxifrages, heaths, such plants as *Arabis ciliata* and *Pinguicula grandiflora*, which are now the only relics of the most ancient of our island floras.'

In the succeeding part of the essay the author states, and enforces by an accumulation of facts, the principles which should

guide the geologist in estimating the conditions under which the glacial beds were formed. If any of our readers should be under the delusion that the geologist is but a wild adventurer in science, amusing himself with theories, and imposing upon the credulity of weak minds a belief in his baseless conjectures, let him studiously read this paper. If there be any value in that investigation which a naturalist gives to created being, or in his combination of the facts obtained by others; if there be any dependence upon the mental process of induction for the evolution of scientific truth, the reader must confess, when he understands this paper, that scepticism in geology, if held against such evidences of reason and caution, is folly; and that the imposing structure raised by the geologist from the debris of successive ages of the ancient earth cannot be overturned without denying the competence, in such matters, of human reason, and undermining the foundation of human knowledge.

ART. II.—*The Englishwoman in Russia; Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady, ten years resident in that country. London: John Murray.

2. *Russian Life in the Interior; or, the Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivan Tourguenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. Meiklejohn. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

IF the first-mentioned book may not be compared with the more profound and philosophical works of De Custine and Haxthausen, it deserves a place only after them as an authority on Russia. 'The Englishwoman' had ampler means of observation than her French and German predecessors enjoyed, and if she does not philosophize as they have done, she contributes much more to the raw material of philosophy. Not a page of her fresh original and most instructive book is without its contributions of facts, related with an unaffected impartiality that gives a stamp of truth to the entire narrative.

Truth would have justified a harsher censure than this gentleman has passed on the travelled mob, who have favoured the world with their winters in St. Petersburg or journeys to Moscow, and glowing notes on the high polish system of Russian civilization; for she is not of those rattle-paced or pated Russomaniacs, who take their six weeks trip to St. Petersburg, their run on to Moscow, return just in time for the boat, and steam westward

home again, brimful of ignorance, and admiration, and conceit. Neither had she kept herself to herself, as we enlightened Britons are prone to do in our sets, and coteries, and exclusiveness; but for ten long years she lived not in Russia merely, but with the Russians. From Archangel, where she first stepped on Muscovite soil, this intelligent lady journeyed frequently, and far, through endless wastes and solitudes, and not less silent cities, into the very heart of the empire, living in friendly and familiar intercourse with all kinds of native society, from the prince to the peasant; one day lost amidst the barbaric magnificence of an imperial fête, the next far away at a rustic merry-making, finding new traces of humanity even in the sorrowful life of the Russian serf. Ten years, and a few thousand miles over cross-country roads, rather took the gilding off pre-conceived notions of Muscovite civilization. 'In fact,' says the lady, 'the excessive exterior polish always reminded me of a woman with her face painted, who hopes by factitious bloom on her cheeks to hide her ugliness.' Shortly to characterize these latest revelations of Russia, they much more than confirm the worst that has yet been said of the model land of faith and order.

Two small words serve to describe the political and social condition and relations of Russia—Tsarism and Slavery. Two classes only exist in the empire—above, the Tsar; sixty million slaves below. Grandeur than the Grand Monarque, the Tsar is not simply head of state and church, but state and church personified. It was no idle phrase that named Nicholas chief god of Russia, for except the savage Samoïdes, dwelling by the Frozen Sea, who pointed to a God in the skies, the author relates little else than the worship of an earthly idol. The Russians stand infinitely more in fear of the emperor than they do of their Creator; their common saying is, 'The Tsar is near, but God is far off.' By the clergy he is regarded as infallible spiritually as the Roman pope himself by his own followers. This was one of the institutions of Peter the Great to promote the holy mission of Russia, and the late reigning divinity turned it with considerable political skill to his purposes.* Through the priesthood of his church, he taught his people to believe that he was engaged in a religious warfare, and prayers were daily said in the churches against the English heretics. A miracle took place just before the author left St. Petersburg. A priest, in lecturing to the students of a public school, declared gravely that God had vouchsafed in a wonderful manner to show His gracious approbation of the imperial cause by performing a miracle in the sight

* Marriage, according to the Greek church, is indissoluble; but the Tsar can dissolve it any day by sending husband or wife to Siberia.

of men ; a child only three days old had uttered the most cheering prophecies as to the war against the infidels !

The Russian Kalendar is rich in royal saints. Strange inconsistencies of humanity,—they who are most dreaded when living are most revered when dead. Olga, who converted and butchered by turns, has now high honour, as Saint Olga. Alexander Nevsky, a grim representative of the church militant, has a monastery and church to himself at the capital. The author visited his shrine in company with an educated Russian lady :—

‘I was assured by the Russian lady who accompanied me that the body of the saint lay uncorrupted beneath. “And do you really believe that Alexander Nevsky’s corpse is exempted from the decay of other mortals ?” “Undoubtedly I do,” was the reply. “I have as little doubt of it as that I see you now before my eyes.” “But have you ever seen it ?” “No, that of course is not allowed, but the priests have done so, and they tell us that he lies there just as if he were asleep ; even his limbs are not become rigid, and that is one of the great proofs that he is worthy of being numbered among our patron saints.” Seeing me still incredulous, she added, “I assure you that at Kiev there are numbers of the uncorrupted bodies of our holy men and martyrs, which, if you went thither, you could see yourself and be convinced.” “But perhaps the monks have the secret of thus preserving them ; I have heard so.” “I will not talk to you any more,” replied my friend ; “you English will not believe any of our miracles.” She quitted me and went up the steps leading to the sarcophagus ; and devoutly kissing the hands and feet of the image, she repeatedly crossed herself, whilst she muttered a few words in prayer ; and having made the offering of a piece of money by slipping it through the top of a well-secured box, she turned to accompany me out of the church.’—p. 76.

Another Alexander—he of the Holy Alliance—is on the probationary way to saintship ; surnamed meanwhile ‘the Blessed.’ In proper time, no doubt, should order reign long enough, Nicholas of Siberia and Sinope will be Saint Nicholas. ‘A gentleman was one evening giving us an account of the emperor’s journey to Moscow, and of the manner in which he had been received on the route. “I assure you,” continued he, “it was gratifying in the extreme ; for the peasants knelt as he passed, just as if *c’était le bon Dieu lui-même*.”’

A curious illustration is given of Byzantine dreams. In the cemetery of Alexander Nevsky are the tombs of the Romanoff family, long boxes, standing in rows before the altar, precisely similar to the tombs of the Sultan in Constantinople, with the exception of the turban.

Terrorism is the most proper term to designate the political system of the fifth great power of Europe. Our author gives many illustrations. She states, that besides the secret police, there are *eighty thousand* paid agents in the country. A great

many women belong to this detestable trade, including French milliners of the capital, who have free admission to the masquerades, theatres, &c. Few Russians dare to utter their true sentiments even by the domestic hearth :—

‘I am sure that I have often been present at conversations, in which perhaps four or five would be taking part, each knowing that his neighbour was telling a lie, and avowing sentiments exactly contrary to those he felt; yet the subject under consideration would be discussed with all the gravity and seriousness of entire conviction. Take, for example, the recent bombardment of Odessa. I was present in St. Petersburg at the time, and read the proclamation of the emperor, announcing to his faithful people the astounding fact, that the allied fleets, mounting three hundred and fifty cannon, had fired for twelve consecutive hours upon the town, killing only *four* men, and that the people were so well behaved, they did not let even the tremendous cannonading interrupt their peaceful devotions! Added to which, they were assured, after a few remarks on our fleet firing at too great a distance to be within range of the battery guns, that the English ships retired with great loss and damage. How this was caused, when the Russian balls could not reach them, the emperor forgot to explain. . . . I am convinced that there was not one single person there present who believed it; but who could venture to doubt the imperial word? Evil would have befallen him who had dared to do so.’—p. 80.

At Archangel a deaf and dumb gentleman of accomplishments was well received in the best society; three years later the author learned at St. Petersburg that he was a government spy, who had assumed these infirmities the better to practise his nefarious profession. She encountered another professional spy, in the person of a general officer. It is proverbial that when three meet in Russia, you may safely count one of them as a spy. When at St. Petersburg the author lived opposite the State Prison :—

‘One morning, at about nine o’clock, I perceived a long line of sledges crossing the ice, preceded and followed by a party of mounted gendarmes; each equipage contained a gentleman and one of the police. I found out afterwards, that these poor fellows, most of them quite youths, had been incarcerated for some silly nonsense they had uttered about politics; they were then being taken before the authorities to hear their final sentence. I do not think that any of them escaped; they were hurried off to Siberia in the prisoners’ *kabitzkas*, that stood ready to receive them in the yard. It appears that they had been to a supper party, and had taken more wine than needful, when they had talked pretty freely, of course.’—p. 79.

Is it then surprising that under this horrible system of tyranny and falsehood and corruption, dissimulation should be cultivated as the talent necessary not merely to success but to the safety of life. Russian society is only a masquerade. At imperial fête or by the domestic hearth all are actors, all wear false faces.

A good deal has been said by writers of arithmetical imagination, who count every figure as a fact, about the progress of education in Russia. We have little faith in such statistics at any time, and certainly prefer our author's untabularized facts on Russia to any official tables, however elaborate in details. All public education is entirely under the surveillance and control of the government. The subjects of tuition are dictated, and the schools closely inspected.

'By this means they possess immense power over the rising generation, as, of course, only such an amount of knowledge as the government approves of is allowed to be taught,—history, in which the names of the Tsars and the date alone can be regarded as true, the remainder being merely an historical romance written for the glorification of Russia and all that appertains to it, or to the imperial family, in which every prince that ever reigned in Muscovy, excepting the false Dmitri, is recorded as having been possessed of all the virtues under heaven; while not the slightest notice is taken of their violent exit from the world; geography and statistics, which magnify every object within the frontiers of the empire, giving the most fabulous account of all the possessions and might, the resources and the riches of the Tsar, and omitting those of every other country, and so on of every other study that can be turned to advantage by the government.'—p. 252.

Religion is taught by the priests, the first dogma being the infallibility of the Pope of St. Petersburg. Submission and obedience are of the first consideration and the chief merits for reward. A young lady at one of the public schools, when she heard that her brother had been killed at Kalafat, 'rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the emperor.' She became the heroine of the day, and the emperor rewarded her by a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for. Colleges and schools are instituted for all classes of the emperor's slaves, except the serfs. At the University of St. Petersburg astronomy is stated to be the only science reckoned not dangerous to the State, and not mangled. A learned Russian traveller assured the author that even the account he gave of his journeys in the North of Asia was not allowed to be published, only those parts wherein the desolation of the land was not exposed were permitted to be printed. Barbarism holds rule even over the University. A student of great talent, too poor to bribe and overcome the jealousy of a professor, was thrice refused the prize which his ability had won, and on which his future subsistence depended. All the professors but the one referred to had awarded him their suffrages. In his despair he struck the professor, and by order of the emperor he was sentenced to a thousand lashes of the knout. The dreadful punishment was inflicted in presence of the University. A very few blows sufficed to lay

bare the bones, expose the heart, and quench the life of the poor student. But the emperor's orders must be obeyed, the intoxicated executioner gave the thousand lashes. A piece of flesh fell on the sleeve of the writer's informant. The system of drill, which in Russia is termed education, is well represented by the cocked hats and swords of the students.

The study regarded of greatest importance is modern languages—French, German, and English. Very few gentlemen know Latin, and still fewer Greek. Female education is much of the same kind—languages, religion, geography, history à la Russe, music, drawing, dancing, and singing. The public establishments for girls are as strictly under government control as those for the other sex, and here as well the system is simply a drill. Private education under the domestic roof is generally directed by foreigners.

‘In Russia there are few, it must be confessed, whom we should call well-informed people, among either the ladies or the gentlemen. The whole system of education seems to have been, indeed, expressly devised for stifling all feelings of independence in the heart of youth, so that they may submit without a struggle to the despotic government under which they have had the misfortune to be born. Their minds are formed to one pattern, just as their persons are by the military drill. Their energies are made to contribute in every way towards the aggrandizement of the Tzar's power, to render more solid the chains of their country. “We can have no *great* men,” said a Russian, “because they are all absorbed in the name of the emperor.”’—p. 268.

Espionage and the censorship are the supplements to Russian education. ‘Our cleverest men are in Siberia,’ a Russian frankly told the author. One of the best living writers informed her that he had written a play, all the best speeches of which were cut out by the censor, leaving nothing but light conversations. Some of Shakespeare's plays, as ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Lear,’ are popular; but ‘Julius Cæsar,’ and others containing sentiments of freedom, are not permitted to be performed, and are not even translated. Karamsin, the historian, it is said, was obliged to read over his history, page by page, to the emperor, before it was allowed to be printed.

‘A short time ago, a gentleman of literary pursuits being anxious to write a play, the subject of which was to be taken from English history, was making some notes on the different events, but every one of them was either too expressive of the love of liberty, or some equally well-founded objection was discovered. “But why not then take the story of Elfrida, the daughter of the Earl of Devonshire?” proposed I. “It is a thousand years ago, and cannot much influence the present century.” “Impossible,” was the reply; “it would never be allowed to pass the censor's office, or be permitted to be performed on the stage here.” “But what is the objection?” “Why, they would never

let a play be represented in which Elfrida's husband deceives the king." "But he was not the Tsar of Muscovy?" "That does not signify; the act is still the same, and the possibility of a crowned head being deceived would on no account be allowed." By this it may be seen how impossible it is for a Russian author to write anything better than the silly farces and absurd comedies which are nightly performed to amuse the public in St. Petersburg.'—p. 101.

The reader may now better comprehend the important object contemplated by Mr. Herzen in establishing a Russian press in England for the publication of works which have been suppressed by the censorship. The labour is in all respects an arduous one, but Herzen is not a man to be deterred by difficulties.

Our lady author, from her own observation, is inclined to rather a favourable view of the Russian clergy. It is a class almost entirely distinct from the rest of the community. Before a priest can hold a cure he must be married, but if his wife dies he cannot marry a second, and he then generally enters a monastery. The author was well acquainted with the Archbishop of Twer, who gave a hint that may serve some studious campaigner who has borne and benefited by the practical, though hardly portable, linguistic instruction issued under official authority by Oxford's new German professor.

'His conversation was lively and interesting; he spoke several modern languages, including Greek and Turkish, and amused us greatly with anecdotes of his travels through different countries. I remember, that in speaking of the monasteries near the Black Sea, and in other distant provinces, he informed us that many of them contained valuable ancient manuscripts in Greek, Chaldaic, &c., which are most jealously guarded by the monks under whose care they are, although the holy men are ordinarily so ignorant that they cannot read them. On my inquiring in what way the monks had obtained possession of them, he told us that at the siege of Byzantium, and at the destruction of the library of Alexandria, many persons fled into the remoter districts for safety, and carried with them the manuscripts of valuable ancient writings.'—p. 124.

From what she saw of the clergy, they seemed to be respectable and even tolerant. 'No one who has lived among them can really believe that the fanatical agitation so general at present in the country can be ascribed to any other cause than to the unwise policy of a government that thus influences the minds of the people.' Perhaps she was only fortunate in her acquaintances, for she reports on good authority that the clergy in the remote districts are as ignorant, slavish, vicious, and drunken as the poor peasants. Considering that there are more than fifty thousand priests scattered over the vast distances of Russia, better evidence is required before one can come to a general conclusion. The monastic and conventual societies do not seem to be popular with

the educated classes. Our author saw something of the interior life of both, and she does not convey any exalted view of the institution. If she does not confirm, she certainly does not contradict the statements of De Custine as to the gross immorality said to prevail in some of these communities. The lady was on friendly terms with the abbess of a nunnery in the province of Twer. The abbess had embraced the sacred profession for a common Russian reason, '*Je n'avais pas de succès dans le monde, ainsi je me suis faite religieuse.*' She was of high family, had the Petersburgish polish, and did not seem to care that her visitor was a heretic. Most of the nuns were either the daughters or widows of priests; they cannot take the veil till the age of forty. Many young orphans of priests were receiving their education in the convent. Some would marry priests, and others become nuns at the proper age. While the lady was on a visit, a young priest came to the convent in search of a wife, he having just had the offer of a cure. The abbess recommended a suitable partner from her establishment, and a month later they were married. Marriage is very much a matter of convenience in Russia.

The chief points of difference between the Greek and Roman faith consist in some verbal distinction in the doctrine of the equality of the three Persons of the Trinity, the non-celibacy of the Greek clergy, and the substitution of pictures for images in the Greek churches. In the latter respect, the churches are indeed most profusely decorated, or rather daubed, with pictures of the Virgin and Child, numberless saints, and even with profane representations of the Creator, which might have served equally for Zeus or Thor. Much Asiatic superstition and idolatry has been engrafted on the Byzantine Christianity imported into Russia. The author has some interesting notes in which she traces the resemblance of the ancient mythology of the Slaves to that of the classic Greeks, and the existing traces of Paganism in the Russian church. Almost every god and goddess of antiquity has a corresponding saint in the Kalendar, and many of the high festivals are apparently merely those of their Pagan creed under another name. She thinks the extreme Russian reverence for pictures of the Virgin and Child in rich settings may be traced to the old Slavonic adoration of the Zolotaïa Baba, or the golden woman, mother of the gods. The blessing of the waters is the old Slavonic adoration of the Bog and Don, and other rivers. The Domovi Douki, now saints' pictures, treasured by all classes, are compared to the Lares and Penates. On St. Elias's day, the Russians say it always thunders, because it is the rumble of his chariot wheels in the clouds; a recollection of Peroun, the Slavonic Olympian Zeus. On Midsummer's Eve, peasant women and girls assemble in some lonely spot, and light a large fire,

over which they leap in succession. If by any chance a man should be found near the place, it is at the imminent hazard of his life. If this had not its origin in the worships of Baal, it was probably derived from that of Koupalo, the god of the fruits of the earth, who was adored by the Slaves with a like ceremony. 'Perhaps, indeed, the Slavonian races, in migrating from the East, brought with them the idols and traditions of their forefathers; in that case Koupalo and Baal may have been the same principle.' The peasants term the rite Koupalnitza. The Russians appear devout; but very much of the religion is mere formalism. Everybody in Russia is expected to take the communion once a year at least, and government officials must produce a certificate from the priest to that effect. The laity are permitted to read the New Testament, with the exception of the Revelation of St. John.

With every disposition to hold good qualities up to admiration, Russian society, as sketched by our author, appears as false, as flimsy, and as frivolous as ever represented before. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Having seen Petersburg and Moscow, the stranger has seen all that is civilized in the empire. And what civilization! Immoral conduct, and 'inconceivable want of delicacy' in ladies of rank; 'incredible actions of many titled dames;' princesses keeping state amidst the most squalid filth and personal uncleanness; married women shedding tears at the departure of lovers in the husband's presence; noblemen begging a few roubles after gambling away thousands of slaves; ladies beating their own slaves; officers pocketing neighbour's money at cards; officers calling at houses and stealing ladies' watches; noble ladies transformed to 'crawling worms,' writing begging letters—these are a few of the many proofs offered of Russian civilization as it is to be found in the capital. Other slaves than serfs are flogged. The daughter of a general, for some badinage at a masquerade, was summoned to the minister's office and flogged as little boys are birched at home. If society will worship earthly gods, it must suffer the indignities.

'In looking round on the broad streets of the capital, and seeing in contrast with so much suffering and misfortune the gaudy carriages of the nobles and their gaily dressed occupants, who seem so wholly busied in the pursuit of pleasure that they could not spare a single moment to reflect on the unhappiness of their fellow-creatures, I am often tempted to ask myself whether, if entreaty were made, as in time of old, "to spare the city for ten's sake," the domes and towers of St. Petersburg would still stand to cast their shadow on the earth.'—p. 309.

The official classes, more than any other, are stamped with the base meanness of this detestable system. 'There is no baseness too base, no dishonesty too dishonest, no cringing too low, no lie too barefaced, no time-serving too vile for them;' such is the

lady's verdict. The emperor visits a provincial governor, and all the officials of the place in full dress rush to congratulate him with the fawning of slaves on the occasion. 'Without being base,' said a Russian official, 'it is impossible to get on.' 'Never,' said another, 'can things mend until a dreadful revolution has swept the land and every vestige of the government now existing, of the corruption throughout every rank.' Bribery is every where practised; everybody seems to think that he is placed in office only to fill his pockets. Colonels give splendid entertainments out of the hunger of their starving regiments. 'In fact, from all that is seen and heard in Russia, one would think that the lower classes are created expressly to become the prey of the upper.'

Of the poor helpless serfs our author draws a doleful picture. 'Our peasants,' said a Russian to me, 'are nothing but brutes; the only argument with them is a blow, for that is all they can understand.' There was partial truth in the brutal observation. They know nothing and are taught nothing. If they know their name, and that of the village where they herd, they know enough; they live and they die. They are ordered by their masters to marry, and they marry and beget more slaves to people his estates and gild his slavery. Under the larger proprietor the lot of the slave is physically tolerable, for they know not yet what freedom means, but dreadful are the sufferings they endure at the hands of the petty proprietor. 'I have heard tales of their wrongs, and dreadful evils in the provinces, that it was impossible to listen to without indignation. No wonder that the Russians look forward to a revolution, for let the people be ever so patient, there is a measure of evil which cannot be borne for ever.' The day of revolution is probably nearer than is commonly supposed.

The author states that before she left Russia, intense hatred prevailed in the upper classes against the English. No opprobrious term was too coarse. They seemed to be under the impression that the Americans would come to their aid, and that we had designs against Siberia! The French were rather pitied than blamed. Great friendship was expressed for Lord Aberdeen, and much hatred of Lord Palmerston.

'I was informed that many of the lower classes in the capital had the idea that if the English conquered them they would be no longer slaves and not have a poll-tax to pay. If this be true, and I was assured it was so, who can calculate what the consequences of such a belief spread amongst the populace might be, and how soon the hollow fabric of the Russian government would fall into ruins? If this conviction once enter into the national mind, the nobility may soon find that they have a greater enemy in their oppressed peasantry than in a

foreign army. They have a thousand years of wrongs and slavery to avenge, and like the heaving of ground in an earthquake, they will shake and topple down the mighty strongholds and towers of those who vainly hope to tread them under their feet for ever. It was the opinion of many when I left St. Petersburg, that the eighty thousand soldiers (as the Russians said) bivouacked in the streets and billeted on the houses, were a great deal more for the purpose of insuring peace within the barriers of the town than for that of repelling a foreign invader *au dehors*.'—p. 302.

The war was draining the vitals of the country. Through twelve hundred versts of Russian and Polish land, when the author journeyed homeward, she saw no young men in the villages except recruits. A General inadvertently let slip that up to the siege of Silistria, the Russians had lost 40,000 men. Great dissatisfaction was beginning to be expressed. 'Notre Empereur se trouvera,' said one, 'en face de son peuple.' Trade was at a stand-still. St. Petersburg, in fact, seemed more like a city doomed than the capital of the great monarch of order.

After drawing so largely from the gloomy side of our author's narrative, it is only right to say that it has its glimpses of brightness.—'Wild though the country be, it is no inhospitable shore, and the warm-heartedness of the people richly compensates for the coldness of its clime.' She found much to love and little to esteem—much to admire and little to respect in Russia and the Russians.

The minute pages of the Russian sportsman afford complete corroboration of the truth of the English traveller when she speaks of the Russian people.* Where she speaks in general terms he fills up with details. Under the appropriate title of 'Russian Life in the Interior,' this is a clever translation of a French version of Ivan Tourgueneff's 'Zapitski Okhotnika; or, Journal of a Sportsman,' published at Moscow, in 1852. It shows the shifts of authorcraft in Russia, that a series of social sketches and characteristics such as a 'Times Commissioner' might have written, are published in the guise of a sporting tour. Not a word of politics is mentioned; no reference whatever is made to governments or to systems, yet we cannot help considering our author as a very worthy candidate for Siberia. Measuring things by the favourite standard of policy, it proves how short-sighted must be the institution of censorship when such revelations can have imperial licence. De Custine, whose name is terror itself to the *régime* of St. Petersburg, never wrote anything half so damaging to Russian civilization as this honest sportsman of Moscow.

* Qui peut lire sans frémir d'indignation et de honte le roman magnifique Anton Goremyka, et le chef-d'œuvre de J. Tourgueneff, *Récits du Chasseur*!—HERZEN.

Apart altogether from what may be termed its anatomical value as a study, the work of Tourgueneff is one of a high literary value. It is the production of a cultivated and refined intellect; a book searching, graphic, pungent in wit, rich in humour, admirable in typical portraiture of classes buried in unknown fastnesses, genuine in humanity, and warm in sympathy for the poor human cattle that people the solitudes through which the author has wandered.

Our author has a hearty love for nature, and admirably he describes her in all her aspects, animate and inanimate. His sporting rambles brought him into intimate connexion with very many quaint specimens of humanity, the companions and followers of sportsmen in all countries. But all sorts and conditions of mankind as they vegetate in the wild interior, from the lord to the serf, are drawn with the graphic force of photographs. Our space will not admit of lengthened extract necessary to exhibit the author's skill; nevertheless, a few passages may be gleaned to help home readers to a better notion of the Russian civilization which is to put down Western democracy.

If the civilizing hands of Peter and his successors have stamped political uniformity on the nation and on upper society, there is as much variety in the masses of serfdom as amongst any other creatures of circumstance. Thus as marked a difference may be noted between the people of the provinces of Orel and Kalouga as one at home may find between those of Lancashire and the county of Devon. In the one, the serf is 'stunted, decrepid, and morose; he looks at you from beneath hanging eyebrows; he lives in a wretched tumble-down hut, creeps along like a dull clod, has no trade, no industry, eats it would be difficult to say what, and wears shoes of plaited bark. The peasant of Kalouga pays a yearly sum to his master for liberty of action; he lives in a cottage of pine; he is generally tall, has a steady look, a placid air, and a smooth and fair face; he trades in oil and grease, and goes in boots on Sundays and holidays.' But vary as his condition may, physically, for better or for worse, the poor serf must always be the mere creature of circumstance, comparatively well-treated if his lord is humanely disposed; most miserable and oppressed should fate make him the chattel of a cruel, a miserly, or a spendthrift master. At the best he would seem to have the same consideration from a humane master as a valuable horse or favourite dog would receive, and humanity is not the leading characteristic in the numerous sketches of the landowner class drawn by M. Tourgueneff. Domestic servitude is the worst degree, because the slave is more immediately subject to the caprice of his absolute master.

In one of his rambles the author received hospitable treatment

from a freed-woman, wife to a miller ; her story is perhaps one of the best illustrations that could be given of domestic slave life :—

‘It may be necessary now to tell my reader why I looked at Arina with such interest. At the time I was in St. Petersburg, I had by accident some intercourse with M. Zverkof. He filled a post of some importance, and passed for an able man, and one accustomed to business. He had a pompous, sentimental, complaining, wicked wife—a very ordinary creature, and extremely dull. This couple had a son, a true specimen of a little lordling, capricious, and very much prepossessed in his own favour. “Allow me,” said M. Zverkof, “to observe that you of the young generation talk about everything from an entirely false point of view. You should first of all study your own country. Russia is to you young men still a closed book, and yet you are always reading foreign ones. I would take, for example, the servants by whom we are surrounded. You know my wife ; one could with difficulty find a little woman with more sweetness and sensibility ; the women have with her, I do not say a good life, but a very paradise. My wife, sir, has the principle of never keeping married servants in her house. The fact is, that when a girl is married, she is no longer worth anything ; children come, and this thing and the other thing. How indeed could you imagine that such a woman should hold herself at her mistress’ service in every little thing, and that she should respect her habits and her wishes ? She has no longer a head for service ; she thinks on everything but her duties.”—p. 35.

Fifteen years before, when passing through his village one day, the amiable wife of this respectable lord, attracted by the appearance of a very pretty serf girl, said, ‘Let us have that girl, and take her with us to St. Petersburg.’ The poor girl wept a good deal, but was nevertheless carried off to the capital, and in time became my lady’s maid.

‘And in faith it is only doing her justice to say that my wife never had so admirable a maid ; serviceable, modest, obedient—in short, a little perfection. All of a sudden one fine morning, without asking permission, Arina comes walking into my private room, and down she falls at my feet. That is a thing now which I cannot endure ; a human being should never let down his dignity so much. “My lord,” she said, “a favour.” “What favour ?” “Allow me to marry.” I will confess to you this did astonish me. “You know well enough, foolish girl, that madame has no other lady’s maid but you.” “Yes, but I shall still wait on madame.” “Blockhead ! madame keeps no married servants.” “Melania can take my place.” “You dare to reason, eh ?” “It will be as you desire, but—” At these words I avow I was afraid of a stroke of apoplexy. Oh, I was so overpowered, for nothing on earth is so painful to a man as ingratitude. Six months after she returned with the same supplication. Her conduct really hurt me. Just conceive, not long after my wife comes to me, but so agitated, so perturbed, that I was literally afraid of her. “What has

happened?" "Arina is ——" You understand, sir, what I mean. I would be ashamed to utter the word. "It is Petrouchka, the footman." This was a blow to me. Consider my character. You may imagine that I immediately had her head shaved, made her dress in dark cloth, and banished her to the village. My wife lost an excellent maid; but you know, one cannot permit disorganization in one's household. Oh! she vexed me with her ingratitude; she wounded me deeply. Say what you please, in the race of people in this class don't seek for delicacy of sentiment, expect nothing from them—nothing—nothing. You will in vain bring up a wolf at home; it will find out the forest some day.

'My reader will now understand why I looked with such interest at the miller's wife, Arina. "Is it long since you married this good man?" I asked her. "Two years." "Then M. Zverkof gave you permission?" "I was purchased by Saveli Alexeitch." "Who is he?" "My husband." . . . "Has she a good husband in him?" I asked Ermolai. "Not very bad." "She must have taken this miller's fancy very much since he freed her. Did he pay much?" "I don't know; she reads and writes, and that is of importance in his trade. She must have pleased him very much, I daresay." "And Patrouchka, the footman?" "He is a soldier now."

The peasant of another district replied to the author's question, 'Are you married?' 'No, sir, impossible. Tatiana Vacilieвна—may the Lord open the gates of heaven to her!—our late mistress, did not permit any one here to marry. She once said, in the presence of the priest, "God keep me from allowing that. I am a maid, and yet I live; I shall remain a maid. What then? My people are well taken care of, what on earth do they wish."

In the sketch 'Karataeff, or the Slave-mistress,' in the hapless tale of the Slave Matrena and the Ruined Lord Peoter Pétrovitch Karataeff, the reader will find other saddening illustrations of the morality of Russian society.

Our author dined one day with Mardari Apollonovitch Stegounoff, proprietor of five hundred souls, a good kind of fellow in his way, and the representative of 'a great number of lords of the soil cut after this pattern,' who 'never occupies himself with anything, morning or evening, and has even given up the custom of reading his *sonnik*, or dream-interpreter.' This was his ethical code—"I am, you see, sir, a simple man—a man of another time; what my forefathers did, I do. A lord is a lord, and a peasant is a peasant; that is the principle I go upon. If the father is a thief, the son is a thief too. Think what you please of it. Blood, oh! blood is everything."

The sound of measured strokes came on the breeze from the stables. It was only Vacia, the butler, receiving a flogging for spilling some wine.

'A quarter of an hour after, I took leave of Mardari Apollonovitch. In passing through the village, I met Vacia, the butler, the man with the great whiskers. He was lounging along the path, and cracking nuts as he went. I stopped my calash and addressed him. "How comes this, friend? You have been whipt to-day?" "How do you know that?" "Your master told me." "My master himself?" "Why did he order you to be punished?" "There was a reason, sir, certainly. *With us*, one is never beaten without cause—no, no, no; *with us*, nothing of the sort, no, no; *with us* the b^{ar}in* is not a person of that kind; *with us*, he is a b^{ar}in, ho! ho! such a b^{ar}in—no, no; he has not his equal in the whole province—come!" "Drive on," I said to my coachman. This is indeed "Old Russia," I thought as I re-entered my house.'—p. 252.

Miserable as is the social picture where the bonds of society are but lord and slave, it would seem, from the very interesting and graphic sketches given of the *Odnovoretz*, a kind of yeoman class, that there has been a considerable improvement in the course of a generation or two. Might was more than now the principal rule of right, and a piece of debateable land is mentioned in the narrative as 'the field of the bastinado,' named from the price it cost. The superstition and debauchery may be imagined when toppers remove the saints, and veil the Virgin, that their sins might not be seen! When the Count Orloff Tchesmenski gave a festival, all Moscow was intoxicated for the day. An honest yeoman is the speaker—

'In the nobles above all I observe a striking change. The poor gentlemen of the country have all been in the government service, or at least they no longer stagnate on their lands as they used to do; and as to the wealthy country gentlemen, it is impossible to recognise one of them again. I saw a great number of them at the registration, and I assure you it filled my heart with joy only to look at them. They are not only accessible, but affable. One thing only struck me as unfortunate. The serf whom they have selected as overseer makes them do this or that, just as he pleases. The overseer and the German steward do what they please with the peasants.'—p. 96.

Absenteeism would seem to be the greatest present evil of serf life. Most doleful illustrations are given of the corruption of servile managers, and of the oppressions suffered by the peasants. We particularly refer the curious reader on this point to the author's graphic sketch entitled, 'The Counting-house, or Servitude in Russia.'

We take leave of M. Tourgueneff with much respect. He has made a valuable addition to literature on Russia. If he has presented us with saddening pictures of humanity debased, he has shown us native virtues in this abused people, which must ripen to rich fruit when the time comes for the regeneration of the land.

* Lord.

ART. III.—*The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems.*

By Gerald Massey. Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged.
London: David Bogue.

ONE of the most profound sayings in the plays of Shakspeare is uttered by a Lord, to whom no name is attached. Parolles soliloquizing, as he thinks, in secret, expresses a fear that the hollowness of his character has been discovered, and that all his bombast and drumming and trumpeting is understood at last to be what it really is, all sound and fury, signifying nothing—‘They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. . . Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman’s mouth, *and buy myself another of Bajazet’s mule.*’ The anonymous Lord who overhears this extraordinary soliloquy, then asks, *Is it possible he should know what he is, and BE that he is?* It is a question that goes down to the very centre of life how far knowledge is compatible with being, existence with the consciousness of existence. Here it is the crucial test of an irrecoverable ass. Look at Dogberry, anxious to be written down an ass, and proving his asininity by utter unconsciousness of it. Look at Falstaff, on the other hand, laughing at himself and stopping the laughter of others when he says—‘I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.’ And it is not only the final test of asininity, but goes down to the deeps of life. Shakspeare—could Shakspeare himself have *known* what he was, and yet have *been* that he was? We doubt it very much, and altogether dissent from the dogma which has just been put forth by Professor Ferrier, and seems to be creating a ferment amongst the Edinburgh metaphysicians—that knowledge and being are relative and indeed identical. ‘We are,’ says Professor Ferrier, ‘only in so far as we know, and we know only in so far as we know that we know.’ Not so; we are far more than we know; and, paradoxical though it may appear, yet our life is full of paradoxes, and it is true that the mere circumstance of our *knowing* that we are is often a valid proof to the contrary. The consciousness of such or such a state does damage to its very existence, and to know of it, is to doubt of it. He is the greatest humbug of all who is not aware that he is a humbug; to be able, as in the case of Parolles, to perceive and acknowledge the hollowness of his pretensions would imply something of solidity. And although it will not be supposed for one moment that we mean to class poetry with humbug; yet with regard to every true poet we

have continually to ask the question of the nameless Lord—
 'Is it possible he should *know* what he is, and yet *be* that he is?'

These remarks have been called forth by a passage in the very sensible preface which Gerald Massey has prefixed to his volume now lying before us. It is long for a preface, but the whole is conceived in excellent taste, is full of good and true feeling, and will add respect and sympathy to the admiration which his poetical gift has otherwise awakened. The passage to which we allude is the following:—

'Some of the critics have called me a Poet; but that word is much too lightly spoken,—much too freely bandied about. I know what a poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature; nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within which kindles flamelike at the breath of love, or mounts into song in the presence of beauty; but, alas! mine is a "jarring lyre." If I were a critic, I should be savagely severe on this subject. The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late. For myself, I have only entered the lists and inscribed my name: the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it and win the poet's crown or not time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe.'—pp. xi. xii.

These are brave words of a true singer; the best promise of future greatness; and a remarkable lesson to the throng of poetical aspirants, old and young. With all our admiration of Gerard Massey, we are not of those who mean to flatter him, and we must frankly admit that we echo the sentiments thus expressed, while, at the same time, the fact that he is self-possessed enough to judge himself so correctly gives the assurance, even stronger than before, that he will yet achieve the poet's wreath. Only, while substantially, perhaps, agreeing with Mr. Massey's criticism of himself, we should be disposed to express the same truth in different terms—in terms less liable to mistake. It was John Sterling, if we remember rightly, who said that no man is so born a poet but he must be born again into the poetic *artist*. And it is in the latter sense of the word that we so far echo the sentiment of the preface as to say that Gerald Massey is not yet a poet: he is not yet an artist. But poet he undoubtedly is in the first stage of the existence to which Sterling referred; and he is all the more a poet because of his unconsciousness. So strong are his sympathies, so entire his self-abandonment to the instant emotion, and so forcible and gushing his expressions, that our expectations of him are the highest, and all the more so because both in his choice of subjects and manner of treatment, he has exhibited the most striking originality. It is an originality of idea and handling quite unconsciously developed, and, therefore, all the more to be relied on as a true and noble thing.

And as it was unconsciously developed and grew upon him, as a poet born, so we venture to anticipate that as an artist he will cultivate the gift, sublime the idea, and acquire such a mastery over his manner that in becoming an indivisible part of his idiosyncrasy it may never degenerate into mannerism.

For we mean to say frankly that with all our admiration of this poet—the prevailing motive of his compositions, and his ideas both of thought and expression, we are by no means satisfied with what he has already achieved. And we are inclined even to be ostentatious in saying so, as there is observable in many of these poems a want of restraint, which is certainly excusable in so young a writer, but which the extravagant laudations of those who place him on a level with Robert Burns may injuriously foster. We are disposed to give no stint of praise to Massey; most assuredly he deserves all encouragement; but he can afford also to be censured, and we mean to pay him the compliment of showing him no mercy on the ground that he needs none. Only as in doing so it will be necessary to go into details that will probably convey to the reader no correct, because no complete, idea of his peculiar power, let us here quote entire an exquisite little lyric that is a fair specimen of his favourite subject, and his own appropriate manner.

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago,
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and love was lord below.
Every vein of earth was dancing
With the Spring's new wine;
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers
When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying
Out of Heaven that day
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.
Little heart! it shyly opened
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripened
To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten,
And it blooms so dear,—
Though a many winters whiten
I go Maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.—p. 57.

Of this little poem, Mr. Landor has said that he could recollect nothing more graceful than it in all Greek or Latin poetry. In fact, it does not remind one much of Greek or Latin poetry; it reminds one far more of the airy, fairy grace of the songs that are scattered in the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists—especially those of John Fletcher. Or does it not rather at once recall the Æolian music of that song to be found amongst the poems of Shakspeare, and beginning with

‘On a day (alack the day!)

Love, whose month was ever May,’ &c.

And here it is to be remarked, that Gerald Massey has been peculiarly happy in his choice of a subject unhackneyed and abounding in wealth. It is strange that up to within a few years ago the childlife and the marriage-life were almost totally neglected by those, whether poets or writers of fiction, whose professed object it is to present us with pictures of human life in all its most important phases. The epoch between childhood and marriage was traversed to utter weariness. Augustus has all the world before him, chooses a profession, falls in love with Belinda or Clarinda (one can hardly tell which), gets into a host of difficulties, is drowned by accident, is then murdered by malice aforethought, and after incredible escapes, at length turns up at the end of the third volume, the enraptured husband of Clarinda, and there his life closes. But there is indeed a true life both anterior and posterior to the epoch celebrated by the poets and novelists. They choose that epoch, because it is one of grandest, most universal, most felt, and most marked transition. And yet because this period of transition is the most noteworthy of all, we are not to overlook other periods of greater calm and more silent growth. Is it not strange that childhood, to which all who have spent a happy childhood (and how easily are children made happy), look back with sunniest recollections, enjoying nothing more than to recount by the fireside how they sported, and adventured, and discovered with brother and sister in the long, long day, and the wide, wide world,—that this rich and beautiful life should be a secret chamber, which the poets feared, or were unable to unlock? In Gray’s ‘Ode on Eton College,’ we do indeed find some rare glimpses, and still more in Wordsworth’s ‘Ode on the Immortality of the Soul.’ But these are only suggestions. Other suggestions, also, we find in Hood. But the first writer who resolutely set himself to picture the childlife—and it should be mentioned to his credit, as proving a greater depth of character and freshness of feeling than most people are inclined to attribute to him—is Benjamin Disraeli. Before him, we had indeed many tales of children—Miss Edgeworth’s, Mrs. Barbauld’s, Mrs. Sherwood’s, Mrs. Hofland’s, and many more;

but it was impossible to accept their child pictures as true. They described children from the parent and preceptor point of view, regarding them as so much raw material to be manufactured into shape. The children are all abstract children—Alfred is a good boy, always good; Tom is a bad boy, always bad. What mortal man is there who can for one moment accept 'Sanford and Merton' as the reflection of his childlife? None. And in fact, until Mr. Disraeli drew those beautiful pictures of Lord Cadurcis and Venetia, and of Contarini Fleming and of Coningsby—all so redolent of childhood, we had no adequate representation of the happy, happy days of which Hood sings so feelingly:—

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees, dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance;
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

After Mr. Disraeli set the example, and exhibited his nuggets, the novelists all began to flock to the same field like emigrants to the gold diggings. Of those who have most successfully followed in this walk, it is necessary only to refer to Charles Dickens, whose pictures of the childlife are so well known and appreciated; and we cannot help also adding the name of Currer Bell—in the commencement of whose latest work especially, namely, 'Vilette,' some beautiful scenes are most touchingly recalled.

But, as complementary to the childlife, we find that at the same time greater attention has been bestowed on the histories and mysteries of the marriage-life. This was most natural—the child implying the parent. And so we have the hidden sanctities, and calm ecstasies, and fond anxieties of holy wedlock unveiled to the eyes of the profane—all the little household cares, the young lives nestling under soft maternal wings, and joy and sorrow shared alike. Previously, when the married life was pictured, it was in some of its more excited moments—as in Othello and Cymbeline—not in its calm and continuous current. Previously, when the ideal of perfect love was exhibited, it was the divine rage and rapture of a lover haunted by an ethereal presence; it was the hope and the fear, and the flushed expectancy and delight of an unattained possession; it was the unsatisfied longing for a something unknown; a fervid, fascinated gaze upon the beautiful vision, which, in a manner unknown, is felt to fit and correspond with the life of the gazer, and to enrich all life and make it more glorious and precious: it was not the beatific possession of holy

matrimony. Some of the poets, indeed, such as Sir John Suckling, rather scorned the joys of possession and fruition. Sir John, although one may well doubt whether he acted on his doctrine, writes a poem expressly 'Against Fruition,' in which he says:

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.'

And so amid the gallantries of past times, the poets, with somewhat roving dispositions, piped now the loveliness of Delia, and now the cruelty of Phyllis, now painted the charms of Daphne and now the woes of Myrrha, and how delightful, as we all know,

'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neëra's hair.'

Now, however, the poets and novelists have entered a more consecrated region, where love, if love exists, has endured the test of time, and is stript of everything like gaudy and meretricious attraction. It was impossible that they could have entered this holy ground before, and it was perhaps well that they did not. It was impossible, because, up till the Reformation, the current belief with regard to celibacy and the glory of virginity destroyed the ideality of marriage to the popular imagination; and the feeling continued in force long after the dogma that gave rise to it had been abolished. Then after the Reformation, the profligacy, which, under the name of gallantry, governed almost all the great centres of life throughout the country, the levity with which the marriage vow was regarded by both men and women, the systematic intriguing, the contempt openly expressed for a faithful husband, and sometimes for a faithful wife,—all evinced in the most disgusting manner, in almost every page of the dramatic writings of the seventeenth century, naturally made the marriage life as unpoetical and uninteresting to the vulgar mind as the life of a pair of bantams. And even long after such utter profligacy fell into disrepute, it left a hateful odour behind that infected literature with its impurities. Here at last, however, we have a poet who aspires to be the lyricist of wedded life—to sing not as a dubious or baffled lover, but as a rejoicing and contented husband. He is not the first indeed who has opened the door of the nuptial chamber, and sung his epithalamium aloud. We may refer especially to Mr. Kingale, who in the 'Saint's Tragedy,' has produced a most striking drama, founded on the history of Elizabeth of Hungary, and on the relation of the wedded life to the religious life. But it is more peculiarly the theme of Gerald Massey's song than of any other poet or writer, and he does discourse most excellent music on the theme. And in saying that he aspires to be the lyricist of marriage, it will not be understood that we suppose him to have set out with this as a conscious purpose from the first. We believe,

indeed, the contrary, and that the idea has grown upon him from less to more quite unconsciously. He says of himself, and it is interesting to know how the young poet grew into power—

‘Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry; in fact, I always eschewed it. If I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c. in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars. I felt delight in being alone in a summer wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sunbursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God’s own presence-chamber. But, until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon ‘Hope,’ when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print.’—p. 230.

It will now be seen that Mr. Massey’s genius has led him instinctively to the selection of a most happy theme—a theme fertile of thought and illustration, and comparatively new. Thus quite original in the burden of his song, and clothing his ideas, as we are presently to show, in a manner also original, we cannot leave our consideration of the subject matter of his poems without expressing a hope that the young poet will yet rise to the full height of his theme. We conceive that there is something far more in marriage than the passionate ecstasies to which almost solely as yet Gerald Massey has learned to give expression. He has given the somewhat delirious poetry of the honeymoon, that expresses itself in delicious palpitations, enraptured gazing, passionate caressing, and a whole dictionary of kisses that come to the lips as the most natural language in the world. He has not looked upon marriage in its more sober aspect, when passion is to a certain extent expended, and there follows the growth and the continuous mingling of life with life, the sublimed friendship and sympathy, the intimate communion and intuitive intelligence, and the sweet music of multitudinous harmonies blending together. Nobody regards Mr. Wordsworth as much of an authority in erotic poesy; yet we cannot help recommending to the attention of Gerald Massey the ‘Laodamia’ of that poet, in which he will see how the more earthly and wayward passion is sublimed into the crystalline fixity and purity of a truer and diviner love.

We have said that Gerald Massey is as original in his manner as in his matter. This remark, however, is not to be applied to his versification. With considerable fluency of versification and facility of rhyming his metre is sometimes liable to degenerate into namby-pamby; he often displays the most alarming igno-

rance of metrical effects and proprieties, and as for blank verse we must beg that he will never attempt it again—we should as soon listen to Mother Hubbard's dog playing on the fiddle. But if in versification he is so much at fault and even commonplace, in imagery, on the other hand, although often his fancies are sufficiently errant and uninformed—he is most original.

His originality consists in this,—that his imagery is a system of colour. In a metaphorical sense all imagery may be described as colouring; but we are speaking quite literally when we say that his imagery and description resolve themselves into epithets of colour. There is certainly no originality in this bare fact. Shakspeare before him was a great colourist—none greater. Mr. Ruskin, at present, is a great colourist—the greatest colourist of all prose writers. But the remarkable fact is, that Gerald Massey, being a *lyrical* poet, is such a colourist. He is the first who has so flooded lyrics with colouring. We can only state the bare fact, and leave our readers to account for it as they may. Colour has been abundantly used in dramatic and descriptive poetry; it has never been so used—it has always hitherto been sparingly used in lyrical poetry. We have our own theories as to the cause of this phenomenon, but cannot stay to develop them at present. It will be enough in the meantime to give an example of Gerald Massey's manner in this respect. In the delicate little song we have already quoted the colouring will be noted; in the following account of the Babe Christabel it is used still more abundantly, and with greater variety.

She grew, a sweet and sinless child,
 In *shine and shower*,—calm and strife;
 A *rainbow on our dark* of life
 From Love's own *radiant heaven* down smiled.
 In lonely loveliness she grew,—
 A shape all music, *light*, and love,
 With startling looks, so eloquent of
 The spirit *burning* into view.
 At childhood she could seldom play
 With merry heart, whose *flashings* rise
 Like *splendour-winged butterflies*,
 From honeyed hearts of *flowers* in May.
 The *fields with bloom flamed out and flusht*,
 The *roses into crimson yearned*,
 With *cloudy fire* the *wallflowers burned*,
 And *bloodred sunsets bloomed and blushed*.
 And still her *cheek was pale as pearl*,—
 It took no tint of *summer's wealth*,
 Of *colour, warmth, and wine of health*:—
 Death's hand so *whitely* pressed the girl.

*No blushes swarmed to the sun's kiss,
 Where violet veins ran purple light
 So tenderly through Parian white,
 Touching you into tenderness.
 A spirit-look was in her face
 That shadowed a miraculous range
 Of meanings, ever rich and strange,
 Or lightened glory in the place.
 Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
 And light of other worlds than ours;
 She looked as she had fed on flowers,
 And drunk the dews of Paradise.—pp. 19, 20.*

And here, before saying anything further on Gerald Massey as a colourist, this last verse leads us to remark parenthetically, that relying perhaps too assuredly on his originality of thought and manner, he is apt to borrow from other poets with a freedom which is quite indefensible. Whether he borrows consciously or unconsciously, his plagiarisms and imitations are too frequent to be passed over without remark. This last verse is imitated from Coleridge—the conclusion of ‘Kubla Khan:’

*‘Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honeydew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.’*

And many such resemblances might be given which are too palpable and too frequent to be accidental. Here is a remarkable epithet:

*‘For O! her softest breath, that might not stir
 The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
 Makes the crowned tyrants start with realmless looks.’*

Who does not at once recognise this singular and singularly fine epithet as the property of Keats, who describes the dethroned Saturn as follows:

*‘Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed.’*

Massey has not improved upon the idea. Neither has he improved on this line of Tennyson:

‘Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,’
 which he presents in the following disguised shape:

‘Wide worlds of worship are her eyes;’
 nor upon this line of Aird’s, in the ‘Devil’s Dream:’

‘And thou shalt summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God.’
 which he has rendered,

*‘They who love are regioned high
 On hills of bliss, with Heaven nigh.’*

Now, perhaps all this may be unconscious reminiscence of other poets; but from the frequency of the offence, and from the obviousness of the borrowing, we are disposed to think that he does it quite frankly, and treats these phrases and ideas as having become, from their intrinsic excellence, a kind of common property. 'Weddable, white arms'—how could he write that without knowing that even a superficial reader would recognise in it the 'marriageable arms' of Milton? 'Red wet shod'—how could he write that without knowing that everybody must trace the expression to Burns, who gives it 'red wat shod'? 'Rose of dawn'—is it possible that the expression should belong to any one but Tennyson? Massey borrows so frankly and from such obvious sources, that we are not disposed to speak of his obligations in this respect as of the obligations of Gray or Thomas Campbell to the early and more recondite poems which they pillaged perhaps a little too freely. But if he is wise for his reputation, he will henceforth beware. He must know that these detections tend to throw an atmosphere of doubt on passages which are entirely his own. And we are sure that he has no occasion to borrow if he will depend on himself, and give fair play to his own originality.

We do not think that he gives fair play to his own individuality. With abundant resources, we regret to see that perhaps from writing too much or too hurriedly, he repeats himself to weariness. He is fond of colour, we have said, and his epithets are descriptive of colour. Unfortunately, he seizes on one or two epithets, and presents them so often that at last they become quite amusing. They are like bits of coloured glass thrown into a kaleidoscope, and presenting ten thousand different and beautiful combinations. Take the epithet *golden*. Cursorily glancing over a third of the volume, we cull the following phrases: 'Memory's golden mines'—'sunshine's golden shower'—'golden gates of morn'—'sunny sheaves of golden beams'—'as starry guests come golden down the gloom'—'sumptuous wealth of golden hair'—'golden burst of sunbeams'—'the love-moon golden grand'—'ripe fruits mellowed goldenly'—'sunshine's golden kiss'—'the golden fullness of the bliss'—'golden aged future'—'golden calm'—'golden goal'—'golden secrets'—'the golden full'—'golden threads'—'golden prime'—'golden wings'—'golden Hesperides'—'golden tides'—'golden suns'—'golden calves'—'golden glory'—'golden mirth'—'golden fancies'—'golden moments'—'golden hours'—'golden wedding-ring'—'golden wedding-ring'—'golden wedding-ring.' In the same way he harps on wine: 'mellow wine'—'rare wine'—'rich wine'—'globes of wine'—'a flower's wine-cup'—'wine of health'—'morning's wine'—'the wine of all your ripened beauty'—'wine

in every vein'—'wings of wine'—'wine of joy'—'passion's fiery wine'—'the wine of thy kisses'—'heaven wine'—'wine of my heart'—'spring's new wine'—'wine of love.' And so with roses: 'rose of sunset'—'rose of dawn'—'May-roses'—'musk-roses'—'woman-rose'—'sea of rosebloom'—'rosy snow'—'rosy limbs'—'rosy cloud.' But we must not exhaust the patience of our readers.

We must only say here, as the key to Gerald Massey's system of colouring, that whether he is speaking of wine or of roses, or of sunset or of blushing, or of rubies or of fire, or of rainbows or of corals, or of lips or of cherries, or of battle or of blood, or of the heart or of kisses—he has merely the idea of red colour in his eye, and recalls these images for the sake of their redness,—kisses, for example, implying lips, and lips redness. And then along with red comes in the complementary colour green. We had much to say on this head which we must omit. Purple and gold are the principal colours of Homer. Black and red are the favourites of Byron. Red in contrast with white, and blue in contrast with white, are the chief colours of Shakspeare, although he is indeed no bigot in colour, and delights in a great variety of hues. Massey's colours are red and green, and it is really amusing at times to see how they come together quite unconsciously. If ever he uses red, and he uses it two or three times on every page, we are certain, in the majority of cases, that in the next line we shall have green. We quote an example from a poem that has received very high praise—'The Bridal'—of which here are the first five stanzas:—

She comes! *the blushing bridal dawn*
 With her Auroral splendours on;
 And *green earth* never lovelier shone.
 She danceth on her golden way,
 In dainty dalliance with the May,
 Jubilant o'er the happy day!
 Earth weareth Heaven for bridal-ring;
 And the best garland of glory, Spring
 From out old Winter's world can bring.
The green blood reddens in the rose;
 And underneath white-budding boughs
 The violets purple in rich rows.
 High up in air the chesnuts blow,
The livegreen appletrees' flush bough
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow.—p. 34.

If Mr. Massey will take care he will yet do something great—and great in colour. And as a lesson to him, and perhaps to some of our readers, to whom the subject of colour in poetry may

be novel, we will quote two pictures from Shakspeare, showing how he coloured when he began to write, and how he coloured when he had attained a mastery over the art. Here is the description of Lucrece in bed—Tarquin entering. We omit a few of the lines. Observe the variety of the colour.

Her *lily* hand her *rosy* cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss.
Without the bed the other *fair* hand was
On the *green* coverlet; whose *perfect white*
Showed like an April daisy on the grass.
Her eyes, *like marigolds*, had sheathed their *light*,
And *canopied in darkness*, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
Her hair, *like golden threads*, played with her breath.
Her breasts, *like ivory globes circled with blue*,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

And now see the same scene treated in his latest style—when Iachimo invades the chamber of Imogen: for in writing this it is demonstrable that Shakspeare had in his mind the earlier picture. Observe here the purity of the colouring.

Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! *fresh lily!*
And whiter than the sheets. That I might touch!
But kiss! one kiss! *Rubies* unparagoned,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: *the flame o' the taper*
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, *white and azure, laced*
With blue of Heaven's own tinct.

If Gerald Massey wishes to handle colour dexterously, by all means let him study Shakspeare. Of the peculiar green and red to which he is so devoted, he will not find in the whole circle of poetry a finer example than the following:

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.'

In closing this volume we give Gerald Massey our cordial benison and best wishes, and we hope that he will not be offended on account of the frankness of our criticism. He is yet young, and we expect great things of him. To his personal history we have not referred, since—although it does him infinite credit as

a man, and excites our warmest sympathies—his poetry must stand or fall by its own inherent merits, and should not derive a factitious interest from the circumstances under which it was produced. We could wish that a poet so young and so promising were not dependent on literature for his living, and were in a position to write or not as the muse inspires.

ART. IV.—*Die Verhandlungen des siebenten deutschen evangelischen Kirchentages zu Frankfurt-am-Main im September, 1854.* (The Transactions of the Seventh German Evangelical Kirchentag, held at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in September, 1854). Berlin. 1854.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH at Frankfort has had, pressed into the compass of a few short years, a stirring history. Were some internal witness able to describe the varied scenes of which it has been the theatre, or were its walls to echo back the words that have been uttered during the past seven years within its precincts, the curious listener would have to hear some strange contradictions. The voice of angry debate would mix discordantly with the sweet strains of heavenly worship; political clamour would be heard in strange alternation with the calm accents of peace. It is now the pulpit,—now the tribune,—and again the parliamentary benches, that are the centre of attraction. At one time we have it the place of religious assembly. In 1848, it is the house of parliament, and for a time it contains within its walls the heaving mass of Germany's representatives, crying for a liberty of which the majority had not yet the prime conception. For fifteen months succeeding, its benches are deserted, and the silence of its vast interior is only broken by the occasional visitant who seeks the 'sacred places' of Germany's short-lived revolution. Anon it is again conceded to the public interest, and, as if to strike by contrast, it becomes for three days the place of meeting for the representatives from Europe and America, who formed the third General Peace Congress. More recently it is again restored to old uses. Its organ again swells with the music of sacred devotion. And the autumn of last year witnessed it the scene of the great gathering of the German Church, which annually takes place on the anniversary of 'the days of Wittenberg.'

It is towards the latter event, which occurred between the 22nd and the 26th September, 1854, that our attention is for

the moment attracted ; and as we were privileged to take part in the interesting proceedings of those days, it will be our purpose in the present paper to explain, although with necessary brevity, the position sustained by the important convention known as the German Kirchentag.

There seemed a peculiar appropriateness in meeting, as was the case last year, not only in the city of Frankfort, but also in its imposing *Paulskirche*. In going to Frankfort the Kirchentag has returned, in a certain sense, to the place of its birth ; and in selecting, as its place of meeting, the building whose strangely eventful recent history we have alluded to, the mind is gratefully and hopefully led to a consideration of the two widely different histories which this collocation suggests. It was in the very year which saw St. Paul's Church the theatre of noisy debate, and in great part as a consequence of the spirit of revolution and anarchy which, notwithstanding the presence of some better minded men, there found a centre, that counsels were held, in its immediate vicinity, amongst those that feared God. It was in its near neighbourhood that the Sandhof pastors were conferring, with humiliation and tears, as to the distracted state of the Church, and seeking, in confiding faith, help from God, to enable them to raise a standard against the powers of irreligion and lawlessness which descended upon them like a flood. Such, in wide contrast of power and name, were the two assemblies in their infancy. What is their present position ? A few years have passed, and the clamour of politics and strife is hushed. The walls of St. Paul's Church no longer resound with the complaints of an outraged people. The name of the National Assembly is a thing of history. The Parliament exists only in unexecuted protocols and mouldering archives. Frankfort is no longer in giddy elation as the centre of authority and rule. The pride and power of man's cause are brought to the dust. But look we to the other history. The cries and the tears of the little company at Sandhof have gone up to Heaven. The National Assembly is no more, but the Church Assembly, the German Kirchentag, is a great existence. If it was born in weakness, when every hostile power and influence was in the ascendant, it has lived to see their downfall and has grown upon their ruins. 'The little one has become a thousand.' Frankfort aims with many other cities for the pre-eminence of receiving with Christian welcome the servants of God ; and the sounds of factious opposition, of fierce debate and godless clamour, which echoed and re-echoed within the Church of St. Paul's, have been hushed into silence and compelled to give place within the same walls, to the more peaceful harmonies

of the German Church Convention. Thus has God's cause triumphed.

We have already said that the Kirchentag dates its rise from the year 1848, the year so mournfully signalized in the history of Germany's political and social life. It may be that a short account of the origin and subsequent growth of this ecclesiastical assembly will serve better than anything else to introduce and render intelligible our remarks on its actual position, its present influence, and future prospects. We make no apology, therefore, for presenting to our readers this slight contribution to the Church history of the present day, in one of its peculiar developments.

The troubles of 1848 deeply impressed every thinking mind in Germany. It was not merely that the fearful condition of the political world, the oscillation of thrones and powers, the violent appropriation of authority by those who the least knew how to wield it, caused apprehensions which filled the sober-minded with dismay, but that which was even more painful and calculated to cause yet more anxious forebodings to the Christian spectator,—the total subversion of all respect for higher law, the interference with and disruption of the chief relations of social life, the almost universal corruption of morals, and the rapid spread of a broad, unmasked irreligion, a bold and daring wickedness, which devastated the land as with the contagion of a moral pestilence,—a climax of evil thus appalling filled the minds of all who were not carried away by the popular influence with the most painful misgivings and the darkest presentiments, as with trembling anxiety they strove to pierce the gloom which portentously lowered over Germany's future.* It is true that this widespread evil was not the creation of the day; it had been advancing silently but rapidly for years. But the first kindling of the torch of revolution was like the spark thrown into the midst of the combustible mass. The shout of liberty was the signal for the first open onset. The mask was thrown aside. It was felt to be the time for action. And the enemies, not merely of human governments, but of Divine, rose as in a mass,

* We are aware that the anarchy of revolutionary 1848 was not more to be deplored than the tyranny exercised by the oppressive despotism through preceding years. The sudden gift of liberty presented also its more hopeful aspects in relation to religion. But we have no desire to palliate the enormities committed under the name of liberty; and we have penned our remarks with especial reference to the overwhelming moral and social evils which swept as a desolating torrent through the land, and, as the Nemesis of social and political wrong, inflicted a just but fearful retribution on those despotic powers with whom lay the responsibility of having first fostered and given birth to the giant Evil.

to assert their new-born freedom, to claim immunity from every law, to free their country from the restraints of morals, wildly rushing into every species of enormity, overturning the social fabric the foundations of which for years had been in secret sapped, contending not merely with Christianity, but seeking the annihilation of *all* religion, the cessation of all religious worship, the uprooting, consequently, of all right conceptions of law and justice, truth and liberty, and the overthrow of those moral foundations on which society rests. With impious defiance they set up not merely atheism as their ultimate object, but a worse evil, which then first received a name—Satanism; and to complete the triumph of their malignant rage celebrated their jubilees in commemoration of those who had won highest distinction as the heroes of infamy, the revilers of their God, and the dishonour of their race.

Such was the scene which presented itself to the observer in the spring of 1848. The flood of evil long pent up had now burst with torrent-like violence over the land. Christian men, who had before looked on in silence, who had permitted the growth of the evil, without knowing what an enemy they were cherishing in their bosom, unobservant, for the most part, of its very existence, woke up suddenly to the necessity of action. Not merely Christianity,—the very semblance of religion, morality, society itself, seemed threatened with immediate destruction. A reaction took place in the circle of the Church. A new impetus was given to religious activity. The dead slumber into which the Church had fallen was exchanged for a new watchfulness and vitality. And whilst thousands, who before had been Christian in name, went over to the ranks of the unbeliever and scrupled at no excess of iniquity, those who were Christian in heart came from the furnace purified, found a new incentive to Christian union and Christian love in the necessities of the time, and gave rise to what is most hopeful in the present condition of religious life in their country, namely, the existence, since that period, of a new, a more genuine, a revived Christianity.

In many parts of Germany, as early as the first months of the revolution, individual and collective effort sought to raise a standard against the impending evil. As by a simultaneous impulse, Christian men were heard from different places, and without concert, enunciating the necessity of some new agency in the Church, some new adaptation of Christian activity, to meet the crying exigencies of the time. The pastoral conferences, held generally in the spring and autumn of each year, were attended in the spring of 1848 by a more than usually large number of members, who met in one spirit of earnest inquiry and humiliation for the

evils of their land. Even differences of creed were forgotten. In one place—we do not know with what success—such was the contest with the anti-christian power (it was a place where the revolutionary party had led the masses of the labouring population and others to the conclusion, that the failure of the attempted republic and the anarchy of the time were undeniable proofs that there was no God), such, we say, was the enormity of the evil to be opposed, that Protestants and Roman Catholics were invited to make common cause, and merge for a time their differences, in the maintenance of their common belief in God and Christianity. We have collected materials, but space forbids their use, for a general history of the religious movement which sprang from the awakening of the Church during this short period. It forms an important chapter in the religious history of Germany during the present generation. We must restrict ourselves, however, to the simple mention of those events which most directly contributed to the formation of the German *Kirchentag*.

The Pastoral Conferences we have already alluded to as means long employed in different parts of Germany for the promotion of evangelical religion, through the free convention at stated intervals, of the clergy and others connected with the Church government. These had progressively increased in number, and developed a growingly beneficial influence. There was also a General Union, not restricted to any one province or district, but which held its meetings from year to year in different places, called the Gustavus Adolphus Society. Whilst open, however, to all, the aim of this Union was limited to the maintenance of Protestantism, the purpose of its formation being the resistance of Romish error. There were also general meetings pertaining to single sections of the Protestant Church, especially to the old or strict Lutherans; and we have before us a report of one of the conferences of the latter body, which took place at Leipzig in the very heat of the revolution. But these meetings were, of course, restricted in their character, and almost exclusively devoted to the maintenance of their own sectional peculiarities of church order or doctrine. There had also been a convention, less exclusive in its constitution and aim, which had met for the first time at Berlin in 1846, and which was convened for a second meeting at Stuttgart in 1848. In this the German church governments generally were represented by deputies appointed by each; but, by the circumstances of its meeting, and the rules imposed upon it by the Prussian Government, this conference was stamped with a too exclusively ecclesiastical and diplomatic cha-

racter, and it was deprived of all lasting influence. None of these associated efforts could be said to meet the necessity of the time. One was restricted in its geographical sphere; another in the aim of its constitution; a third was limited by its adherence to a single confession; and a fourth by its too intimate relation with the State and with church authorities. Yet each contributed some suggestion, and all seemed to point to the need of one grand convention, which should not represent a single province, but the whole German fatherland; not stand in protest against Romanism, but against antichrist in all its forms; should not be bound by the fetters of a confession, but represent the Christianity of the land, and speak in the name not of *a* church, but of *the* church; finally, one which should not be shackled by the intricacies of German church-rule, but should embrace every element in the church, lay as well as clerical, and in which individual members and societies might, equally with the consistory and the synod, make their voice heard, and find a fitting sphere for their activity.

The idea was a vast and noble one, and it seems to have suggested itself simultaneously to several minds, notwithstanding that in the then shattered state of the Church, and the dismemberment and threatened dissolution of society, it was a work of faith to entertain even the conception of a project so bold and comprehensive. Dr. Wackernagel, Pastor Heller, and Dr. Haupt, the first a strict Lutheran, the second a member of the Reformed, the third of the United Church—comprising, therefore, within their own number the germ of that alliance afterwards to be achieved—met at the pastoral conference at Sandhof, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the spring of 1848, to lay before the associated body their project of a General German Church Convention, which should avoid the error of the so-called 'Union,' and join the collective Christian Church, without compromise of confessional distinctions, in a general 'confederation' for the promotion of evangelical truth and Christian love. It was at this conference that the name of *Kirchentag* was first pronounced, and as a result of the discussion it was resolved to appoint a commission for the promotion of the object, to convene a meeting on the 21st of June, and to invite to that meeting as many as possible from every part of Germany of those whose sympathies were likely to be engaged towards such an object.

In the meanwhile, and quite independently of Dr. Wackernagel's project, a proposal, almost precisely similar in aim and character, had been issued by a member of council, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg of Bonn, and extensively circulated, as early as the month of April, amongst his personal friends. The manuscript afterwards appeared in a printed form, entitled,

'Proposal for an Evangelical Church Assembly in the Current Year: Bonn, 1848.*' We have read and re-read this pamphlet with the greatest interest, and, if our space permitted, we should be glad, by one or two extracts from its pages, to convey some impression of the earnest and truly Christian spirit which breathes throughout it. The writer commences by pointing to the heavy judgments of God which rest upon the nations, and especially upon his native land. Shall the evangelic church, he says, be silent—not seek a collective expression of its faith, its hopes and fears—not listen to the voice of God? He claims from the followers of Christ, of whatever church or sect, if they acknowledge Christ the Church's Head, that they unite in an assembly which shall represent their collective voice. What shall the assembly do, is the query which the writer next anticipates. Its first act, he gives answer, shall be one of *penitence*, in the name of the evangelic church of the fatherland; its days of meeting shall form a great national day of humiliation; and its second business shall be to *pray*. And as, in the sins of the nation and the negligence of the Christian community, he finds enough grounds for humiliation, so, in the torn and bleeding condition of their country, and in the powerless and almost perishing state of the Church, he points out many fitting subjects for prayer. Bethmann-Hollweg follows this with some beautiful remarks upon the subject of 'the confession,' showing that it was not as adherents of the Augsburg or the Reformed Confessions, as such, that they should meet; but that, as evangelical Christians and brethren, because acknowledging Christ as their Head in all things, it should be theirs to make their assembly itself a confession of Christ, and a public answer, as confessions have ever been, to the great religious question of the time. This question, he says, in these days, is—What think ye of Christ? and the re-confession of Him is the only hope for a regenerated church. There are further important topics proposed for the consideration of the assembly in connexion with the Church—particularly its relation to the State, and its internal constitution. Then, after observations as to time, place, and form, Bethmann-Hollweg closes his proposal for a general free assembly of the church, by a fervent appeal to those who may reproach his project as one that would terminate in a mere waste of words, showing where his confidence reposes—not in man, but in God. 'And let us not fear,' he concludes, 'our own boldness. Long enough has Alarm been the word; now be it Courage. Only let it be no mean defensive carried on in the old trenches, through the

* Vorschlag einer evangelischen Kirchen-Versammlung im laufenden Jahre. Bonn, 1848.

breaches in which the enemy looks from every side into the fortress ; but, without surrendering one work, courageously assail him with the weapons of the Spirit in his own camp ; nothing on the banner but Victory ! But God, the only wise, bring also these thoughts to nothing, if they come not from Himself !

Such was the earnest appeal dictated by a profound sense of the necessity of the times and a strong faith in God, which came from the pen of the Christian-minded member of council whose name has been rendered so familiar within the last few months by his strenuous efforts in the Chamber at Berlin to maintain the policy of the Western Powers in the Prussian Court. It soon met the eye of the men who were advocating an almost identical plan at Frankfort. It attracted the attention and won the sympathy and co-operation of other men of piety and eminence in the Church. The two forces called into action through the inspiration of a simultaneous impulse, combined ; and the result was, that when the 21st of June came, the little Sandhof Conference was attended by a numerous body, not from the neighbourhood alone, but from all parts of Germany, who met in the exercise of faith, and hope, and love, to lay the foundation of this new undertaking. There were, however, many timid counsellors within the camp, and not a few who would have shrunk from encountering the appalling difficulties with which the enterprise was invested. But the firm voice and powerful appeals of Bethmann-Hollweg re-animated their courage and re-assured their faith. And when he accompanied his cogent arguments in proof of the necessity of the work, by pointing to the source of their strength, adding the Luther-like words,—‘ Whilst we look at ourselves, at our divided and weakened Church, we may well be filled with despair ; yet, looking up to Him, the Lord, *we dare venture it*,’—the counsels of the timid ceased, and the meeting terminated its nine hours’ sitting by a resolution to convene ‘ a general free assembly of members, lay and clerical, of the Evangelical Church of Germany,’ and to hold their first meeting in the month of September, in the city of Wittenberg, around the grave of Luther.

We must pass over the history of the intervening three months, with all the throes and conflicts through which the Church Convention passed whilst in the struggles of its birth. It was a time of unceasing activity on the part of the Commission, and of most undaunted perseverance in the midst of obstacles and discouragements which seemed every day to gather new strength. But the 21st of September arrived, and with it the first of what are now called ‘ the three days of Wittenberg.’ It may have been that the excesses of the Revolutionists, which had now reached their height, and seemed to threaten the very existence

of the Church, drove many to the acceptance of the invitation as the sheet-anchor of their cause; but, to whatever source the response is attributable, many, who had been opponents of the scheme, now flocked together for its support. The murder of Lichnowski and Auerswald in the streets of Frankfort, was the latest act in the fearful drama which was taking place around them. The news went from mouth to mouth. A solemn feeling pervaded every soul. They felt themselves on the eve of a great event. They were at a turning-point, a time of crisis in the history of their Church. The Christianity of Germany was, humanly regarded, in their hands. Past differences were forgotten; and the disciples of Christ pressed together, in view of the darkening thunder-cloud, into a close adhesion, and cemented a holy fellowship as they awaited the issue of their own yet dimly apprehended mission.

But the 21st September dawned upon them,—the day so memorable in the existence of this new-born power in the Church. If anything could have contributed—we will not say to invest with poetry its natal day—but to fill its founders with the inspiration of mighty deeds and noble triumphs won in the cause of truth, surely it was the locality which had been chosen for the first meeting of the German Kirchentag. A sacred spot is Wittenberg in the annals of the Church, and endearing are the thoughts which encircle its memory as the dwelling-place of Luther and the cradle of the Reformation. As the members who responded to the call went to their place of meeting in the morning, they passed beneath the statue of Luther in the market-place, and may have gathered inspiration from his familiar form, or renewed their faith as they read the life's motto of the first reformer, and that which should be the watchword of their own endeavours, in the words upon its base :—

‘ Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen ;

Ist's Menschen's, so wird's untergehen.’

At one end of the street is Luther's house, still preserving the relics of his domestic life. At the other extremity stands the Schloss-kirche—the shrine within which the Kirchentag was to gather. They passed its doors,—the very doors to which the reformer first affixed his theses. Before them, as the rostrum from which they were to speak, stood the venerable professor's chair, from which he was wont to deliver his lectures at the University. The brasses upon the pavement told them that the ashes of Luther and Melancthon lay beneath their feet. And at the side, the monuments of Frederic the Wise and John the Steadfast re-called the memory of the Electors who once so distinguished themselves in the cause of the Reformation. But if the outward semblance all pointed to Luther and the cause

with which his name is identified, the spirit in which these men of the new Church met was no less that of their great prototype. The names of Luther and of Reform they had too long known associated with churches destitute of almost every living power, for them again to rest their confidence in the power merely of a name. They looked less to Luther than to Luther's God. And it was the very spirit of Luther, that same faith, that same boldness, that same distrust of self and confidence in God which animated their meeting, inspired their first utterances of prayer and song and confession of faith, and evidenced itself in every subsequent act of the Wittenberg Assembly.

The number gathered at this first German Kirchentag was about five hundred,—the Church, the University, the School, and the Ecclesiastical Governments, being all represented, and the number was increased by not a few from the laity, whose sympathies were moved towards this effort for the banding of the scattered forces in the defence of the Gospel of Christ. It was indeed a new and interesting sight to behold the learned professor seated side by side with the simple-minded Christian, the dignified ecclesiastic taking brotherly counsel with the humble lay-missionary or provincial school teacher. It was no less a strangely novel spectacle to see the strongest upholders of the respective orthodoxies, Lutheran and Reformed, forgetting doctrinal differences in the harmony of Christian purpose and Christian love; still more to see the object of their common jealousy, the 'United' Church, as well as the Moravian and other dissenting communities, completing the picture of Christian union and brotherly love by being admitted to their association without question of ecclesiastical polity or Church rule. All seemed to point to the dawning of a better day. And the tempest of persecution with which the Church was assailed appeared already converted into a blessing in the recognition of its essential unity, and the sense of the mutual dependence of its parts as members of that mystic body which is one in its living Head. This feeling of Christian fellowship was heightened to the sublime, and received an expression too deeply affecting ever to be erased from the memory of those who witnessed the scene, when, at a solemn moment on the last day, the earnest Krummacher, in one of his fervent addresses, pledged the members to stand true to one another in the day of persecution which seemed about to burst upon them, and received in the prolonged affirmation of the whole assembly the assurance that they would bear each other as members of one family in their hearts and prayers, would receive each other in the day of persecution to house and home till the storm should be overpast, and would account as their own sister and their own children the widow and the orphan.

of the brother who should seal his testimony by the martyr's death.

The Conference at Wittenberg, thus conducted in the spirit of humiliation and prayer, ended in the establishment on a fixed and definite basis of the German Kirchentag. Many were the subjects which engaged the attention of the members during their three days' debate, but on all the more important questions they came to a happy and almost unanimous conclusion. The Constitution of the Assembly, its relation to the vexed question of 'Union,' the Confessional basis on which they should meet, and the ends proposed by their meeting, were all determined in a manner of which the sound wisdom has been justified by the experience of subsequent years. To these important points we shall revert. First, however, to complete our historical sketch, we shall present a list of the places that have received the Kirchentag since its first foundation in Wittenberg, adjoining some approximation of the number of members by which the respective Conventions have been successively attended.

			Attendance about
1848	Wittenberg	500
1849	Wittenberg	700
1850	Stuttgart	2000
1851	Elberfeld	1800
1852	Bremen	1400
1853	Berlin	2000
1854	Frankfort	1800

The local situations of the respective places, whether more or less near to the centre of Protestantism, account in great part for the fluctuation in attendance. The meetings have taken place in the same period of the month of September, extending commonly over four days. And the continued presence of M. von Bethmann-Hollweg, under whose active presidency, in association with Dr. Stahl of Berlin, they have met, has in no small measure contributed to the efficient maintenance of the cause, and to the preservation of a spirit of harmony and Christian union in all their sittings.

We now proceed to answer the questions which will naturally suggest themselves, as to the *nature* of this Church Convention, and the position it holds relatively to the Church and to the State powers in Germany.

In its constitution, the Kirchentag, although with strict propriety designated a council or ecclesiastical diet, resembles none of the councils, œcumenical or national, that have been convened in earlier periods of the Church. Unlike the Councils of Nice or Ephesus, unlike the later Councils of Constance or of Trent, the Kirchentag can claim no supremacy by virtue of authoritative

commission, whether imperial or papal. As little can it assume a juridical prerogative, or support its judgments by the arm of the civil power. The Kirchentag is essentially a *free* convention, of those members, lay as well as clerical, who may be delegated to it as the representatives of *the German Church* in its broadest sense,—not of a Lutheran, or a Reformed, or a United Church, but embracing with perfect catholicity all of these alike,—nor of a State Church, as the National Church of Prussia, or of Saxony, or of Wurtemberg, but alike comprehending all the national churches of the thirty-eight distinct State-powers in Germany,—nor, lastly, of the clerical body alone, whether acting individually or in a corporate capacity as synods, consistories, or ecclesiastical boards, but of the Church in its totality, the collective body of professing Christians, wherever engaged in associated action, whether as an ecclesiastical government, or theological faculty, or religious society, or simple lay agency. The Kirchentag differs widely from our own ‘Evangelical Alliance,’ although it is in effect an actual and great evangelical alliance, in so far as it unites in one bond of brotherhood the scattered and divided sections of the Church, and elevates the unity of faith above all distinctions of church, or creed, or confession. In the degree in which it embraces this end, we must admit the Kirchentag falls short of the latter society. It aims, however, at much more than this recognition of Christian fellowship, having for its prime object the union of all churches into one confederation, which, without interfering with the freedom of doctrine and discipline enjoyed by the confessional churches, shall yet be enabled to act as a confederated body in the prosecution of those ends which are common to all.

The word *confederation* is important, as marking the nature of the alliance, in contradistinction to *Union*.* This proposed confederation of the German churches is based distinctly upon the confessions of faith of the Reformation: the unfortunate Union was based on the *consensus* of the two chief Confessions, and aimed at a fusion of the two churches into one. The confederation recognises the differences existing between the confessional churches, and preserves to each its independence as to doctrine, worship, constitution, government, and relation to the state: the Union, on the other hand, seeking to merge all existing dif-

* We have been compelled in this and other parts of the present paper to refer to the *United Church*, and the principles on which that attempted union of things that differ was based. But any explanation of the curious and instructive piece of ecclesiastical history which the formation of this church includes, or of the difficulties and troubles, the persecutions and vexations, which are suggested to one conversant with religious matters in Germany by the name of ‘Union,’ must be, for the present at least, deferred.

ferences, aimed at a position subversive of all independent action or authority on the part of the older churches. This desired confederation is not yet formed, the Kirchentag being professedly only the preparatory medium, through which the ulterior object is to be brought about, and through which also the want of the other is in the meantime partially supplied. But whilst the members of the Kirchentag are seeking for the official authority which shall change their assemblies from those of a free conference to the meetings of a legalized confederation, the confederation itself is in spirit realized by anticipation; and, as we venture to believe, in a far better manner than is likely to result from any possible alliance with the territorial churches and constituted State-powers. Already the churches of the Reformed, the Lutheran, the United, and the Moravian Brethren, as far as they have given adhesion to the Kirchentag, are confederated for the maintenance of their common principles, and the promotion of those ends which alike concern them all. That very 'United' Church, which so signally belied its name as a union of discordant doctrine and discipline, is received with the same ease as the strictly confessional churches, under the broad idea of confederation, because grounded on the consenting teachings contained in the two Confessions. We are the more particular in referring to this important point in connexion with the constitution of the Kirchentag, that our readers may be prepared, both to comprehend more fully the nature of the question as it at present stands, and to form their judgments as to how far such a change in the position of the Kirchentag, should it ever be accomplished, would promote or impede the grand objects for which it is founded. This is not the place to enter into a full discussion of this question, but we must confess that, with the knowledge how dangerous a weapon power has always been in the hands of an ecclesiastical body, we should look with some anxiety at a power thus constituted, rising up in the midst of the German churches, and taking the place of the blessed free agency of their present Kirchentag. At the same time it is right to say, that it was to this very consolidation of power, that the founders of the German Kirchentag looked in the first instance with greatest hope, as their only safeguard against the fearful evils with which, in the separation of Church and State, Germany was at that period threatened. It would betray us into a lengthened argument, were we to enter into the extremely complicated question of the relation of Church and State in Germany. We must, however, say that, whilst we admit that their separation in 1848 meant, in the design of its chief advocates, the extinction of all religion, yet we have faith enough in the principles of freedom from State control, to believe that

a total severance of the ecclesiastical from the magisterial power would far more benefit Germany than the scheme to which, as their last effort to save the Church, the founders of the Kirchentag had recourse in conceiving the bold project of confederation.

It will be seen that the Kirchentag comprises within itself as regularly appointed delegates, the representatives of a number of bodies, most heterogeneous in character, if regarded in the light of authority or ecclesiastical power, although perfectly accordant and amicable in the spirit of their meeting. There are, for instance, territorial churches, provincial synods, ecclesiastical boards, national consistories, united with free communities and voluntary associations; the faculties of theology and ecclesiastical law in the universities, colleges for the training of ministers and missionaries, pastoral conferences, and diocesan unions, taking common part with Bible and tract societies, young men's associations, societies for home and foreign missions, temperance societies, orphan asylums, and a crowd of other associations,—the fruit of the free operation of Christian charity. Strangely diversified as are the elements, these are the bodies, which, in the persons of their delegates, are represented at the Kirchentag, and form, together with a large number of the clergy, candidates, home missionaries, superintendents, schoolmasters, and men engaged in varied other pursuits, the component elements which constitute the assembly. Admirably as this body has shown itself able to work in harmony, in the carrying out of great practical purposes of good in Germany, the confederation, should it ever be formed, would necessarily be constituted of very different elements. The meetings that have already taken place at Eisenach, have consisted for the most part of representatives of the church authorities, the territorial governments, and ecclesiastical powers. Still, however constituted, we can look forward with no hope to the confederation ever occupying the position which the sanguine minds of its projectors have marked out for it. We shall watch, however, with interest the progress of the difficult question of the adjustment of church power in Germany, and we trust we have said sufficient to indicate its general bearing, and to show the problem, which, in its political aspect, the Kirchentag, or, more correctly, the proposed confederation of the German churches, has to solve.

It is right, however, to say, that the discussion of this intricate question of a church confederation forms no part of the general proceedings of the Kirchentag. Many of its members are probably unaware that such a project is included in its aims; all regard it as quite subservient to the practical works connected with the cause of the Gospel in which the Kirchentag engages.

The most sanguine have, probably, in view of the important mission which Divine Providence seems to have ordained for the accomplishment of the Kirchentag, permitted their zeal in relation to the question to be moderated. And it is not an unlikely event, as we think it would not be an unfortunate one, that the Kirchentag should hold on its course, spreading fertilizing streams of Christian influence in the progress of its yearly testimonies for Christ, whilst the dream of a church confederation gradually lapses into complete oblivion.

Passing from this aspect of the Kirchentag, it is with more pleasure that we contemplate the union already accomplished in respect of *confession* on the basis of mutual toleration. The principles of admission, from the formation of the convention, have been so catholic, that—with the exception of those few who are so restricted in their views, and in the exercise of their charity, that they hold all communion beyond the narrow bounds of their own Confession, to be wrong—the whole body of Christians, and every development of Christian activity, comprehended within the limits of *the recognised churches*, are embraced within its association.* Whilst such has been the case, however, from the commencement, it is only since the meeting at Berlin, in the autumn of 1853, that this question of the confession of faith to be adopted by the assembly has been adjusted, and the principle of unity in diversity definitely secured. And it will readily be understood, that whilst this question yet remained undetermined, difficulties continually threatened the harmony of the meetings, and a number of counsellors were not wanting to predict the certain failure of the whole scheme from the inevitable breaking up of its disunited elements. The proposition which was laid before the Kirchentag in 1853, and supported by members of the three churches, Lutheran, Reformed, and United, was that the members of the convention should declare their adherence to the *Confessio Augustana*—the most complete as well as venerable symbol of the Reformation—with the provision that no restriction should

* We wish we could say that *the whole Christian Church* of Germany were admitted to this fellowship, rather than its recognised churches. Our exception above refers to parties in the Church who exclude themselves. Unfortunately, there are sections of the Church, large in number, and excellent for piety and worth, willing to be admitted, but whom the Kirchentag excludes. The Kirchentag has accomplished an union, but it is one which virtually restricts it within the limits of the confessional churches. We accept this as a first instalment towards religious liberty and union, but only as such. The Church outside the churches claims its regard. The Kirchentag must rise from its confessional basis to that of a common Christianity, ere it occupy its true position as a bond of brotherhood and representative of the Christian Church of Germany.

be laid on any man's conscience as to further doctrines not included in that Confession, and that in relation to the tenth article, the members should not be considered to bind themselves to either the one or the other of the interpretations adopted by the different churches. By a proposition thus framed, the difficulties attending the adoption of an individual Confession as a declaration of the common faith of the assembly, were admirably met. The Lutherans were of course pleased at the acceptance of the symbol of their own church as that of the united protestantism of Germany; the Reformed had their scruples met as to the doctrine of the corporeal presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by the reservation expressed in relation to the tenth article; and the United, by being bound no further than their own *consensus* admitted, had also reason to be satisfied with the proposal. At the same time, *that* Confession was in preference to all others chosen, which was not only the most complete and beautiful as a compendium of faith, but also the most catholic in its character, the truest exponent of the evangelical faith, and that which was most intimately associated with the spirit and history of the Reformation. It was a glorious moment, not alone for the Kirchentag, but for the Church in Germany, when, on the 20th September, 1853, after a discussion which occupied the whole day, the two thousand members who filled the garrison church at Berlin signified, with an almost unanimous voice, their assent, under the provisions named, to the Augsburg Confession—thus declaring for themselves their personal profession of the doctrines taught in this time-hallowed creed, while they stamped upon the Kirchentag, as representative of the faith of Germany, those doctrinal views which most positively identify it with the spirit of the Reformation. The joyful news of the decision of the assembly was carried with the greatest haste to the palace; it was received with every expression of delight by the king, who awaited the report of his special messenger; and still more, it was hailed with gratitude and enthusiasm through the whole of Protestant Germany, as the members of the Church, whether Lutheran, Reformed, or United, heard what was the outspoken voice of their representatives and leaders in church and school, and contemplated the vantage-ground thus acquired for them in relation to Popery and Rationalism. By this united act of the Kirchentag it has accomplished a mighty work in Germany. It has not merely achieved for itself a position of unexpected unity and strength, by proving itself one by a common faith, but has shown on which side Germany last pronounces on the question of religious belief; and has answered the desire of many who in much

fear and trepidation suspected that the decision would be that of a dubious orthodoxy. Let the vaunting friends of Rationalism, however, now know, that Germany's newest 'phase of faith' is to return to her ancient landmarks, in the re-assertion of that beautiful Confession of 1530, the utterance of which formed one of the great acts of the Reformation. God grant that it may prove the token of a new reformation begun from within that Church, which, since those first days of re-awakened life and purity, has been betrayed into so many devious wanderings and ensnaring speculations!

We must now pass to a consideration of the *operation* of Germany's Church Diet,—the purposes, namely, at which it aims, and the degree in which it accomplishes them.

We have already said that the duty imposed upon itself by the Kirchentag is the protection and promotion of those common interests which pertain alike to each section of the church included within its influence. The special functions proposed by the Convention, with a view to the fulfilment of this general object are, the exhibition of the essential unity of the Church, and promotion of brotherly communion,—collective witnessing against whatever is opposed to evangelic truth,—mutual counsel and aid,—mediation of differences between churches belonging to the confederation,—protection of the rights and liberties which pertain to the evangelical churches,—maintenance of union with their brethren in foreign lands,—and the promotion of Christian social efforts, especially the *Inner Mission*. The yearly conventions are conducted by the reading of papers or reports upon topics comprehended within the sphere of its operation, followed by a free discussion of the subject, and, if necessary, by a resolution for the adoption of measures proposed for the carrying out of the object sought. There are also some few general addresses given by the delegates from foreign religious societies, free associations, and ecclesiastical boards. The management of the whole is vested in the hands of a general and a select committee.

We placed last in the list of objects comprised within the assembly's sphere, and have deferred till now to notice even by name, the 'Inner Mission,' that we might have an opportunity the more distinctly to assign its proper position in relation to the Kirchentag. The extraordinary rise of this mighty power of living Christianity in the Church of Germany, its sudden appearance as the adopted child of the Kirchentag during even its first Wittenberg days, and the rapid extension of its influence through the whole reach of the German nationality at home and abroad, constitute a history singularly

unique amongst Christian efforts, and of signal import to the Church at large. How great an importance the members of the Kirchentag attach to the Inner Mission, may be gathered from their allotting two of the four days of their meeting to its conduct—from the enthusiasm with which its founder, the enterprising and beloved Wichern, is always greeted at its assemblies,—and from the real earnestness with which its cause has been, not merely theoretically espoused, but practically engaged in, by all the leaders of the Kirchentag, and through them by all that is truest and best in German protestantism. Germany's 'Inner Mission,' however, is a subject too comprehensive and of too large an interest and importance to be treated at the close of a paper like the present. Its existence is one of those phenomena in the development of a church which stamp the age, and vindicate for themselves a place in the records of its history. However great the value of the other labours of the Kirchentag, none would venture to deny that its best work, that at least which has been most fruitful in immediate results, has been its adoption and promotion of the Inner Mission. That which, seven years ago, was a germ of thought, lodged in the mind of one man, is now a principle actuating human minds, instigating Christian endeavour, and giving birth to benevolent enterprise in a hundred forms throughout the fatherland, and wherever in Europe, in America, or in Australasia, Germany may find a home. Whilst, therefore, we are bound to indicate, in our sketch of the Kirchentag's history, the prominence which is due to this its first adopted child, we must waive for the present all special notice of its operations. We are anxious, if possible, to present in the pages of the 'Eclectic' a picture of the present features of Germany's ecclesiastical history and the aspect of the times in relation to religious and social life; a plan to which we are urged by a consideration of the momentousness of the interests involved, and the nearness with which, from the daily increasing influence the intellect of Germany gains over our own, those interests affect ourselves. In pursuance of this conception we hope ere long to give a distinct prominence to the sphere of active influence originated by Germany's Inner Mission.

It remains for us to notice, however briefly, the more important of the matters to which, in the fulfilment of its aims, the Kirchentag has addressed itself, whether by way of discussion at its annual meetings, or by direct effort of another character.

The principal topic of deliberation at the second meeting at Wittenberg in 1849, was, the relation of the Church to the State, the question before the meeting being—'How should the Church judge and act with reference to the renunciation of Christianity on the part of the State?' This discussion was one calculated,

under the political circumstances of the time, to excite a deep interest, and involved some of the most important questions connected with religious liberty and State control that the German Church had, and still has, to solve. A further discussion took place on the subject of education, in which the right of the State to the education of the young was admitted, and a further second right of the Church to the same, was maintained. On all such subjects Germany has yet much to learn and to unlearn. Reverting to the former question, it is impossible for us here, to enter upon the wide field which the mutual relations of Church and State in Germany present. Suffice it to say, that much which affects this important question has taken place within the last few years, and that constitutional changes have been effected in the ecclesiastical government of Prussia, of Wurtemberg, and of other kingdoms and states, which show the felt necessity of reform, and the direct influence, even in matters of such high import, of the German Kirchentag. We are not prepared to endorse all the conclusions to which the assembly came in its meeting at Wittenberg, far as they were in advance of the general church views of the time. But it speaks loudly of the power this free convention possesses amongst the authorized organs of administration in the Church and the State, to mark the great influence it exerted whilst yet in its infancy in moulding the opinions, which in the subsequent year assumed a legislative form in some of the principal States of Germany.

The Stuttgart conference was signalized by not only a very large attendance and very deep interest, but also by the introduction of subjects, the discussion of which has proved a source of much good to the Church at large. First amongst these we place that on the observance of the Sabbath,—a subject which, if it be the occasion of a difficult contest in our own land, has, it may well be conceived, a yet more arduous task to maintain its ground in a country where freedom of doctrinal teaching comes in to aid an almost universal habitude of the people, in favour of the disregard of the first day. With all the disadvantages, however, of the controversy on German soil, in one respect the assembly at Stuttgart shows itself far in advance of many in our own country. We refer to the fact that, whatever differences of view were expressed at the meeting (and those differences reached through every grade from the one extreme to the other), all united in the practical conclusion that the preservation of the sanctity of the Sabbath is indispensable for the maintenance of true piety in the nation,—a conclusion to which they put the seal of action by petitioning all the governments of Germany not for the enforcement of a religious duty, but, with true enlightenment, for the protection by the civil power of the right

the nation has to the ordinance of a day of rest. The subject has been renewed at subsequent conferences,—not as to its doctrinal basis or practical expediency, for the latter of these is already admitted, and discussion upon the former is as a consequence unnecessary,—but for the further carrying out of the great result aimed at—namely, the rectification of the law in all the thirty-eight States of Germany, with a view to the protection of the people in one of their most precious and sacred rights. The petition which emanated from the Stuttgart conference was followed by immediate fruit. In Prussia, as early as the spring of 1851, laws were passed for the regulation of the Sabbath in the Post-office and other departments of the public service, as well as for the suppression of Sunday trading and compulsory Sunday labour. We extract from a decree of the 27th May, 1851, issued by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce, a single clause to show the correctness with which the Government has been made to understand the right province of civil legislation:—‘The attainment of the object referred to is not to be expected through orders of Government, but only through the influence of the Church, the school, and good example, because by these alone can the inner feelings of men be improved. Government is willing, however, to promote Sabbath observance by removing the external hindrances and impediments.’ In Saxony, Hanover, Brunswick, and even Bavaria, measures were adopted by the respective governments to promote the same cause. It has been the object of the later acts of the Kirchentag in connexion with this question, to pursue its exercise of moral influence in relation to those governments which still refuse to yield to its remonstrances; and it has had the happiness of seeing, not only through these public efforts, but also through the diffusion of appeals to the consciences of the people, a better civil protection for the Sabbath right and a more general disposition to make a hallowed use of the privilege thus secured. Other topics discussed at the Stuttgart assembly were,—the duty of civil obedience,—the form of the oath,—the protection of the Church revenues (a sore subject, seeing that in the year of revolution thousands of the clergy were stripped of a large portion of their incomes),—and the Confederation.

The conference at Elberfeld gave rise to several resolutions of practical utility, and bearing evidence of advancing views in relation to religious liberty and the necessities of the Church. Earnest protests against new and very pernicious measures connected with the Church constitution in Oldenberg, which resulted in their withdrawal,—against the conduct of the Danish Government in relation to Church and school towards their subjects in Sleswick,—against Baden and Lippe, to assert the right of each

Protestant congregation to the use in its schools of the Catechism belonging to its own Confession, besides others of less importance, showed that the Kirchentag was alive to the duties comprehended in the conception of a Church confederation. Whilst discussions on the consolidation of the very numerous class of candidates (who, although in many instances, employed in preaching or teaching, have yet no position in the Church, because in possession of no fixed parish charge), with a view to their more intimate union with the Church and more organized usefulness,—upon the Christian element in the national and private gymnasia,—upon the organization of district synods,—upon the relation of free agency to official authority, the laity to the Church,—all manifested a desire for the increased efficacy of every resource of Christian teaching, together with progressive views of the mission of the Church and the reciprocal relations of clergy and people.

The topics of greatest interest at the Bremen conference were the Catholic question, which we cannot here enter upon, and the persecutions in Tuscany. The former question we thus set aside, notwithstanding its magnitude and importance, because rightly to treat the subject of Roman Catholicism in Germany would need the compass of a separate paper, whilst, were we to limit our remarks to the particular discussion which took place at Bremen, we should be compelled to speak in terms of severe reprobation of the more than equivocal sentiments uttered by some influential members present. We instance, with especial regret, the expressed views of Dr. Hengstenberg of Berlin, whose zeal against sectaries would lead him to unite with, what he termed, the 'Sister Church' of Rome, in the repression of dissent from the churches recognised by the State. Were this feeling generally sympathized in, it would prove the lamentable fact that the principles of protestantism, liberty of conscience, and freedom from religious control, had made no progress in Germany since the day when, as the fruit of thirty years' European struggle, the plenipotentiaries of the Catholic and Protestant States signed the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. More pleasing is it to note the spirit evinced in the discussion in the Bremen conference on the second of the topics mentioned. We record it with pleasure, that as a result of the resolutions of the Kirchentag in relation to the persecutions in Tuscany, two representatives—Count Albert de Pourtales and Captain von Bonin,—were delegated to join the deputation from our own Protestant Alliance to intercede for the release of the Madiari.

To the great work of the Berlin conference in 1853, we have already alluded. The adoption of the Augsburg Confession, under the provisions named, has had the happy effect of answering

those who have ridiculed the attempt at union amongst the evangelical churches, and of more directly asserting the mission of the Kirchentag, to follow out the work begun by the reformation. Another important subject of discussion was, on the relation of the Church to sectaries, with particular reference to the Baptists and Methodists. On this topic, we would fain say something on the yet unformed views entertained by many high in esteem in the German Church, on the subject of religious liberty. Liberty for the exercise of their own faith, not for their opponents, is the extreme of the creed of the majority on this head. The few 'good men and true,' who had the hardihood to assert at Berlin really enlightened views on this great question, were evidently throwing, as it were, a firebrand into the midst of the assembly, and were made to feel that their opinions were most distasteful to the men in power, or those whom it is necessary to conciliate. We fully acquit the worthy president, whose position is one of extreme difficulty; but it is deeply to be lamented, that upon any subject the Kirchentag should have a politic silence imposed upon it through the influence which authorities without are permitted to exercise over its councils. We must refrain, however, from this subject, and merely mention that other very important discussions took place at Berlin, under the committee of the Inner Mission, with a view to the adoption of more efficient measures to meet the spiritual wants of the German population at home and abroad.

We are brought at length to the latest meeting of the Kirchentag, that held in autumn last at Frankfort. Of this conference we had intended giving some more special description, illustrated by a portraiture of the principal men who took part in it, and whose names are most intimately associated with the history of the convention. We are compelled, however, by the limits of our space to a bare mention of the principal subjects discussed, and must waive all observation on the bearing of the important questions they involve. The first, and to our judgment one of the best, of the papers read before the Kirchentag, was that presented by Dr. Hoffmann of Berlin, on 'The Right Use of the Bible in the Church, the School, and the Family.' It was a noble protest against the prevalent disuse of the sacred volume, through every development of German society, and reflected the highest credit on the well-balanced judgment and Christian spirit of its excellent author. The second subject related to the law of divorce, the reports being presented by the learned Dr. Julius Müller of Halle and Advocate Thesmar of Cologne. There was further a paper in justification of Infant Baptism, which was read and discussed by the assembly, but which it refused to receive in any sense which would give the views con-

tained in the paper the distinctive sanction of the Kirchentag's authority. There were also, in connexion with the Inner Mission, a most valuable and able report on the subject of lotteries and gambling houses in Germany, read by one of the Kirchentag's greatest ornaments, the Prelate von Kapff of Stuttgart; and an eloquent and fervent appeal on behalf of the German Church in America, presented by the church historian and professor, Dr. Schaff, of Mercersburg. It would afford a very inadequate idea, however, of the character of these assemblies, were the conception restricted to these larger discussions to which we have referred. Let there be added to them the many other conferences, less largely attended, but often not less important in their results, which take place simultaneously in other places of meeting in the city—the assemblies for social intercourse, where the mutual recognition of college companions or former friends after a separation of years, frequently occurs, and calls forth the warmest feelings of the heart—the meetings held by Bible, missionary, tract, and other societies, of which many occur each evening—the daily religious services at different churches of the city, conducted by the most celebrated of the preachers whom the Kirchentag may have called together,—these and many other circumstances combine alike to promote the Christian influence of the convention and to augment the pleasure and enthusiasm experienced at its meetings.

We had wished to make some remarks on the *fruits* of the Church Convention, whose history and operation we have attempted to describe. Some of these we have already noticed in referring to the topics brought under discussion at the several meetings. Many more, however, may be added. Suffice it to say, with relation to the last conference, that the protest there made on the subject of gambling, and the appeal in favour of the Germans who emigrate to America, have, to our own knowledge, met a response, in the suppression of the gaming establishments at Aix-la-Chapelle, by decree of the government, and the institution of a provision in the Grand-duchy of Baden, for the spiritual wants of the inhabitants who may be leaving their native home. The discussion of the law of divorce is precisely one of those subjects, not only most needed, but in which the Kirchentag is most likely to make its influence felt in the rectification of enormous evils in the existing law. The paper on the Bible will be circulated by thousands through the land, and cannot fail to produce a great effect in reinstating God's word in its right place in the pulpit, the school, and the family. But whilst the voice of the Kirchentag is powerful, both in the way of remonstrance with the authorities, and of appeal to the people at large, the direct influence of its meetings on all who are present as

members, and the many who are admitted into the galleries as listeners, must be of a most beneficial and enduring character. At the close of the week, from the one centre around which they have been gathered, clergymen, university men, schoolmasters, and laymen, go forth to their respective homes, carrying with them, only to spread more widely, the warm impulses and sanctified desires that have been awakened during the period of their meeting. It will be readily seen that a moral influence thence accrues, which will exhibit itself in happy fruits through the length and breadth of the land.

One last word on the Kirchentag's *future*. We dare not predict; and the uncertainty is doubly uncertain in a country like Germany, where, ignorant of liberty, and politically and socially enthralled, the momentary calm of the people may be only the prelude of an overwhelming storm. But should the Kirchentag hold on its way in the manner in which it has commenced, moderating its first desire for an authoritative confederation, and seeking only by its existing free union to give strength to the Christian Church, and by the exercise of its moral influence to correct wrong and establish right and truth, it must continue and increase as a blessed power in the church for the protection of the liberties of the people and the promotion of true religion. Its chief danger, to our view, lies in its being identified with the reactionary party in the State, and becoming the instrument of sanctioning in the Church the tyranny of absolute governments. Unfortunately, all the best men in the Church of Germany are impressed with a powerfully conservative feeling. Associating progress with revolution, they shrink from many of those things which would most contribute to the national good, and fall back into the arms of that despotism which has reasserted itself with double power on the ruins of Germany's short-lived revolution. There is much that the most intelligent and far-seeing men in the German Church have yet to learn, many questions of which the first principles are barely understood. And above all the rest, first in importance stands the great question of religious liberty, which has its contest yet in the future on German soil. An individual, whose views have been enlarged by intercourse, it may be, with England or America, could do little against the opposition by which he would be met, not merely from the State, but from the brand of irreligion which would be fastened upon him by the Church. But were the Kirchentag, with its vast influence and with unquestioned faithfulness to the principles of the Bible and of the Reformation, to adopt amongst the grand objects of its ministry the assertion of those mighty principles which lie at the base of the great question of religious liberty, we should anticipate the speedy approach of a

better day to the Church of Germany. The Kirchentag's present freedom is at once its glory and its safety. Just in proportion as many of its chief promoters seek to ally it with that spirit of reaction which would fast absorb the freedom it now enjoys, do we tremble for the Kirchentag's future. In proportion, also, as we see those principles we have been commending, faintly dawning on the minds of some, do we indulge the hope that the Kirchentag may add this also to the triumphs it has already won, by emancipating Germany from the thralldom with which she has long been bound, and leaving her people in possession of a free Bible and of a free faith.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on Various Subjects.* By John Holland and James Everett. Volumes I. and II. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

THESE volumes acquaint the public with the history of the late James Montgomery (often designated, *par excellence*, as the Christian Poet) during the first forty-one years of his life. The editors have attained, in one respect—though in one only—the perfection of this species of literature. They have made their work a simple glass through which the reader sees Montgomery living and acting before them, without being conscious of the medium through which he is making his observations. The biographer is invisible and inaudible, and so he ought to be; as much so as the scene-shifter and the prompter in the acting of a drama.

James Montgomery was born in Irvine in Ayrshire, in Nov., 1771. His parents appear to have been most worthy persons; his father having been a pastor in the noiseless ranks of the Moravian Brethren, and having emigrated with his partner during the childhood of the poet as a missionary to the West Indies, leaving James, with his two younger brothers, Robert and Ignatius, in charge of the Moravian Brethren at their establishment at Fulneck in Yorkshire.

As 'the child is father of the man,' there is no doubt that the determining causes of Montgomery's ultimate character and tendencies are to be found during this period. They would seem to have been that constitutional taint which shaded with gloom

the temperament of Dr. Johnson, a defect of vision which debarred him from many of the amusements of his companions, and the solemn and almost ascetic devotional observances of the sect among whom his lot had been cast. The psalmody of the Moravians, the only æsthetic element in their system, naturally affected and perhaps determined the intellectual tastes of this pensive youth ; and the occasion of hearing Blair's 'Grave' read by one of the masters to a school-boy audience, all of whom, except Montgomery, were fast asleep, seems to have determined him to the cultivation of sacred poetry.

'At school,' as he wrote in 1794, 'even when I was driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever, with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day, as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the 'Grave.' My happier schoolfellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal ; but I, who am always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious malady ; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful night.'—Vol. i. p. 39.

Montgomery's boyhood was 'smit with the love of sacred song.' His schoolboy productions were hymns after the model of the Moravian psalmody ; and on hearing Blair's 'Grave,' he declared that if he should ever be a poet he would write such a poem as that. Indeed, while at school he entered on venturesome speculations of this description. One of these was entitled 'The World,' and was intended to comprise an epitome of moral, religious, and civil history.

'I meant,' he said in after life, 'to begin at the beginning, or rather earlier still ; for my plan contemplated a representation of the Almighty, happy and alone in the solitudes of eternity. I then conceived that the thought (to speak humanly) should arise in the Divine mind, that he would create other beings to participate in his glory, and that immediately on the exercise of infinite volition angels were to come into being. I meant to describe the battle between Michael and his angels and Satan and his legions ; and at last to engage these hierarchies themselves in single combat to decide the issue of the strife,' and so forth.—Ib. p. 63.

The next subject which he undertook was scarcely less ambitious. It was an epic, the subject of which was Alfred the Great, which, in bold violation of all the laws and precedents of that description of poem, was to consist of a series of Pindaric odes, extending to twenty books, two of which he actually wrote. Here again we find the tendency to which we have

already referred. The biographer informs us that it commenced while Alfred was in the Isle of Athelney, disguised as a peasant ; and the first ode opened with a description of the Almighty seated upon his throne, looking down and commiserating the ruins of England, when a host of the spirits of Englishmen, who had just perished in a battle with the Danes, appeared in his presence to receive their eternal doom. These spirits described the state of the country, and implored the Sovereign of the universe to interpose and deliver it from despotism. Such was the opening of the juvenile epic.

It is amusing, though not perhaps surprising, to find that the youthful aspirant while toiling at the accomplishment of these Herculean designs was, as he expressed it, 'turned out' from Fulneck on the charge of *indolence* !

At about seventeen years of age he commenced a poem, the subject of which was the 'Castle of Ignorance.' This he attempted in English hexameters, of which he wrote about a hundred and fifty lines, the second of which, if correctly given by the editor, indicates incapacity enough fully to account for the abandonment of the design. It is in these words—

'Vanquished the mighty hosts of wild superstition and ignorance.'

His removal from Fulneck destroyed all probability of his ever realizing the wishes of his parents and tutors, by becoming a Moravian minister. He was next placed, with a view to apprenticeship, in a small retail business at Mirfield, but the unsuitableness of this situation to his tastes becoming utterly intolerable, and, not having been bound by indentures, he ran away from his employer, and not knowing whither he went, found himself at Rotherham, where an adventure occurred, which is thus recorded :—

'Aware of his proximity to Wentworth House, and probably having heard something of the affable and generous character of its noble owner—the late Earl Fitzwilliam—he conceived a truly poetical project, which was no other than the presentation of a copy of verses to his lordship, in person ! Having ascertained that the noble earl was at home, and might often be met riding through his domains, our young adventurer, with a fluttering heart in his bosom, and a fairly transcribed copy of his poem in his pocket, proceeded to Wentworth Park, where he had the good fortune to meet his lordship. Amidst the confusion and agitation, which it may be conceived he felt at this delicate crisis, he *did* present the verses to Earl Fitzwilliam, who, with characteristic condescension, read them on the spot, and immediately presented to the gratified author a golden guinea. This was the first profit, as well as the first patronage, which Montgomery's poetry ever procured.'—*Ib.* p. 78.

Accident now threw the truant youth into the employment of

a Mr. Hunt, a general shopkeeper at Wath, where he cultivated the intimacy of a bookseller and stationer, by whom he was introduced to Mr. Harrison, the bookseller of Paternoster-row, and Montgomery made his *debut* in London. Here he continued to cultivate poetry. We find written about this time an 'Ode to Solitude,' a mock heroic poem in imitation of Homer's 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' and some other fugitive pieces which did not gain, nor indeed deserve, the honour of publication. Disappointed in this last respect the young poet quitted London, and returned to Mr. Hunt's shop at Wath.

When twenty-one years of age, his attention was attracted to an advertisement in the 'Sheffield Register,' by replying to which, he obtained a situation in the house of Mr. Gales, the publisher of that paper, an event which decided the course of his life. The 'Sheffield Register' was a leading provincial advocate of political freedom and justice, when such an advocacy was rendered anything but safe, owing to the heated passions excited by the French war, and the despotic and unscrupulous character of the Government. The commencement of 1794 found political societies springing into existence in all parts of the kingdom, and with one of these existing at Sheffield, under the title of the Constitutional Society, Mr. Gales was connected. Its chief object was the promotion of peace and parliamentary reform. In April, of this year, a great open air meeting was held in Sheffield to address the king on behalf of the political convicts, Palmer, Muir, &c., and to petition for the total abolition of slavery. From the part which Gales took in this meeting, as well as from the general tenour of the 'Register,' suspicion fell upon him in connexion with a letter found in the possession of Thomas Hardy when he was taken into custody, referring to the possibility of furnishing the patriots with arms. A government messenger in consequence unexpectedly visited the house of Mr. Gales with a warrant for his arrest. He was, however, fortunately from home, and as, notwithstanding his entire innocence of the charge, there was the highest probability of his conviction, he fled from this country, to which he never returned, and the 'Sheffield Register' ceased the same week.

During two years Montgomery had been more or less connected with the editorial part of the paper, and having been joined by a moneyed partner of the name of Naylor, he purchased the presses, types, &c. of the defunct journal, in the last number of which appeared an announcement of his intention to publish, in the following week, a new periodical under the title of 'The Sheffield Iris.' Thus Montgomery entered upon that career of public usefulness only second, in the fame with which it crowned him, to his future distinction as a poet.

It has been frequently asserted by critics, that our great poets have been as eminent in prose composition as in their more peculiar department of literature; and not a few great names will occur to the mind of the reader in corroboration of the remark. We are of opinion that that of Mr. Montgomery may be added to the list. The commencement of his career as a public journalist in his opening address to his readers (he being then only twenty-three years of age), gives promise of his future success as a political writer, and we question if we are disparaging the rank to which alone he is fairly entitled among the bards of his country, if we assign to his prose an excellence fully equal to that which distinguishes the best poetical productions of his pen. The principles upon which the 'Iris' was to be conducted are thus enunciated :—

'They profess themselves desirous to avoid, in this publication, the influence of *party spirit*. Like other men, they have their own political opinions and their own political attachments; and they have no scruple to declare themselves *friends* to the cause of *peace* and *reform*, however such a declaration may be likely to expose them in the present times of *alarm* to obnoxious epithets and unjust and ungenerous reproaches. But while they acknowledge themselves unconvinced of the necessity or expediency of the present war, and fully persuaded that a melioration of the state of the representative body is intimately connected with the true interests of the nation, they declare their firm attachment to the *constitution of its government*, as administered by KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; and they scorn the imputations which would represent every reformer as a Jacobin, and every advocate for peace as an enemy to his king and country. They pity those persons, whatever their principles may be, who, in endeavouring to defend them, have recourse to the mean acts of vilifying and abusing their opponents! and they proclaim their own firm purpose to avoid descending to the littleness of personal controversy, or to recriminations unworthy alike of Britons, of Christians, or of men.'—Ib. p. 177.

Still Montgomery laboured under two capital disadvantages in his new vocation, a disinclination to politics, and an absolute aversion to business. At a later period of his life, he said to one of his biographers, 'In early life I sometimes dipped into political controversy, but politics become more and more disagreeable to me; I enter no further into them than my duty as editor of a newspaper compels me to; frequently do I wish I had nothing to do with them; and if it were not for breaking up the concern, in which others are interested as well as myself, I would abandon the whole at once.' On another occasion he exclaimed, 'I hate politics, and I would as soon meet a bear as a ledger.' Notwithstanding this, however, all the editorial comments on current events were invariably written by his own pen.

In October, 1794, Thomas Hardy was put upon his trial at the

Old Bailey, on the charge of high treason; and on what Dr. Parr* used to call, 'the ever memorable and ever honoured' fifth of November, he was acquitted. Upon this occasion Montgomery wrote a hymn, which was sung at a dinner of 'The Friends of Reform,' in Sheffield, but which, like most of his similar productions up to this period, is distinguished more by liberal and reverential feeling than by poetic originality and power.

The young editor was now to feel some of the perils of his position in that unquiet age. A poor hawker of songs one day came into his office and inquired at what price he would print a certain quantity of the trifles that he held in his hand. Montgomery declined the business. On this the man informed him that the type was standing in his office, which, on inquiry, was found to be true, the songs having been set up some years before by an apprentice of his predecessor, Mr. Galea. Montgomery accordingly ordered that the poor man should be supplied with what he wanted at the most trifling cost. One of these songs was purchased by a constable of the town, and two months afterwards Montgomery was summoned before the Sheffield Sessions, and arraigned on the charge of publishing seditious libels. He traversed the indictment to Doncaster Quarter Sessions, held in the following January (1795). The burden of the charge rested on the following stanza, occurring in what was entitled 'A Patriotic Song,' by a Clergyman of Belfast.

'Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;

Most important its issue will be,

For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,

If she triumphs, the world will be free.'

The trial issued in a conviction, and Montgomery was sentenced to be imprisoned in York Castle for three months, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds. During his imprisonment an address was transmitted to him from 'The Society of the Friends of Literature,' in Sheffield, of which he was a member. This concluded with the following paragraph:—

'Be assured, sir, that we esteem you as a brother, torn from us for awhile by the strong hand of the law, and we anxiously look forward to the time when you shall emerge from your cell, and return to the bosom of your friends. Though that time be but comparatively short,

* In allusion to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act the Doctor used to give the following characteristic toast, *Qui suspendunt suspendantur*. This reminds us of Dr. Parr's refusal to drink the toast 'Church and king' at a political dinner at Warwick shortly after the Birmingham riots. On being strongly pressed, however, he drank it with the following comment,—'Then, gentlemen, I give you Church and king; formerly the watchword of Jacobites, and now the toast of incendiaries. It means a Church without the Gospel, and a king above the law!'

we are well aware that the moments are cheerless and languid which are passed within the dreary confines of a prison. Yet as an anchor to rest upon we wish you to keep in mind that it is better to be sentenced for a supposed crime and be innocent, than to be acquitted of a real one and be guilty. GOD, TRUTH, and CONSCIENCE, are for you; who, then, can be against you? Your sentence is an eulogy; your prison is a palace.'—*Ib.* p. 219.

Additional interest is given to this document by the signature affixed to it—John Pye Smith, then president of the above society, and afterwards the possessor of a world-wide reputation for learning, excellence, and usefulness, as Dr. Pye Smith. On the 16th of April, 1795, Montgomery was released from his captivity, and in the following week published in the '*Iris*' an address to his readers on the events which had so unexpectedly befallen him. It is written throughout with great dignity and power, and the closing paragraph, for the nobility of feeling which it indicates, deserves to be recorded here.

'I am not conscious,' he writes, 'of being influenced by any of those violent principles which have been imputed to me; on the other hand I detest the spirit of party wherever it appears; and, whilst I hope I can make reasonable allowances for the prejudices of others, I am determined never to sacrifice to those prejudices, on any side of any question, the independence of my own mind. Whatever some persons may say or think of me, no man is a firmer friend either to his king or his country than myself. But I look upon loyalty and patriotism to be best evinced by supporting such measures and such only as have a tendency to rectify abuses, and to establish the true honour and happiness of Britain on the solid basis of JUSTICE, PEACE, and LIBERTY. . . . All private resentment and animosity against those who have hitherto been my enemies and persecutors I have left behind in my prison, and may they never escape thence! If I cannot obtain I will at least endeavour to deserve the public favour. If I fail of success I shall still console myself with the idea that there has been a time when I not only served but suffered for my country.'—*Ib.* p. 225.

But the sufferings of our journalist were not yet ended. In the '*Iris*, of August 7th, 1795, appeared a paragraph, describing a fatal disturbance at Sheffield, which issued in the death of two of the townsmen by the bullets of a corps of volunteers, beside several other serious casualties. The editor's narrative of the event contains the following passage:—'R. A. Athorpe, Esq., Colonel of the Volunteers, who had been previously ordered to hold themselves in readiness, now appeared at their head, and in a peremptory tone commanded the people instantly to disperse, which not being immediately complied with, a person who shall be nameless plunged with his horse among the unarmed, defenceless people, and wounded with his sword men, women, and children, promiscuously.'

Upon this was founded a charge, on which a bill was found by the Grand Jury at Barnsley Sessions, for a 'false, scandalous, and malicious libel on the character of R. A. Athorpe, Esq., a military magistrate.' The trial came on at Doncaster Sessions, on the 21st of January, 1796, and issued in the following sentence:—'That James Montgomery be imprisoned for the term of six months in the Castle of York; that he pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and that he give security for his good behaviour for two years, himself in a bond of two hundred pounds, and two sureties in fifty pounds each.' His introduction to his second incarceration was marked by a rare and suggestive incident. The gaoler, in whose charge Montgomery was placed, accompanied him to York with the least possible demonstration of officiality by the way, and on reaching the city, where he was known, he parted from his prisoner half a street's length, telling him to go first, knock at the Castle gate, and get admitted before he (the gaoler) came up.

During the whole term of Montgomery's second imprisonment the Sheffield '*Iris*' was edited by his friend John Pye Smith, between whom and himself, as may well be supposed, some interesting correspondence passed. One single sentence of this meets our eye at this moment, in a letter dated York Castle, which for its catholic sociality of feeling is worth all the philosophical radicalism in the world. '*Give my best respects to all the men, and tell them I rely much on their diligence and FRIENDSHIP.*'

Montgomery, with a tender nature and a debilitated frame, felt the misery of this second imprisonment most acutely. In a letter to his friend Aston, of Manchester, he says—'My dear friend, the worst is over. The torture of the trial, the journey hither, the horror on entering this den of despair, but above all the lingering agony of suspense which has preyed upon my heart and drained my spirits dry, is past. The succeeding six months of my dreary confinement here cannot be more melancholy than the past six; to *know* the worst is far less terrible than to *dread* the worst.' Still in spite of occasional expressions of anguish, his conscious rectitude of purpose generally sustained him to the martyr-point of resignation, and enabled him to say with his noble predecessor in captivity—

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.'

He obtained his second release on the 5th of July, 1796, having solaced his captivity by the composition of a novel, which he subsequently burnt, and some fugitive poems, including a

play. The novel was dedicated to Felix Vaughan,* who had eloquently but unsuccessfully defended him upon his trial.

We gain our first glimpse of Montgomery's religious experience in 1797, when we find the following passage in a letter to his friend Aston, in which he writes :—

'After remarking the general coincidence of sentiment between us, and which I am sure you cannot contemplate with more satisfaction than I do, you say you do not include *faith*. This is a delicate subject. I remember you once before, when I was at York, felt my pulse. On this head I then, if I remember right, confessed with the confidence which your ingenuous conduct towards me naturally inspired, that religion was a theme of such doubt and perplexity to me that I found it impossible to rest in any form of faith my happiness in this world and my hopes in another.'—*Ib.* p. 296

And again in the following October he says to the same correspondent :—'My mind is grown quite hypochondriacal, and sunk in listlessness; or only roused occasionally by the horrors of religious feelings. I languish away life without comfort to myself or benefit to others.' To the same correspondent, in 1799, he writes :—'On the last head—my religious horrors—I will be candid, as I have always endeavoured to be to you. (Here followed five lines, which are blotted out in the original letter,—they probably refer to the happy experience of his early piety at school.) Such has been my education, such, I will venture to say, has been my experience in the morning of life, that I can never entirely reject it and embrace any system of morality not grounded upon that revelation. What can I do? I am tossed to and fro on a sea of doubts and perplexities.'

Such was the state of the poet's mind at this period. It is quite clear that his was not a spirit likely to be drawn into a customary, unthinking, and perfunctory profession of religion; and the stability of Christian faith which he ultimately enjoyed was dependent on the painful solution of many doubts and difficulties. Having weathered the storms which had shaken and perilled his belief, he could safely defy all that thereafter threatened the tenacity of those roots which stronger blasts had caused strike with such breadth and tenacity into the inmost depths of his soul.

* This gentleman, we are informed, was suspected at one time to have been more than *professionally* sincere in the sentiments which he so eloquently delivered during the trial at York. He was, in fact, supposed to be implicated with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, who were afterwards tried for high treason. This matter was canvassed by the Privy Council, when it was ascertained that Felix Vaughan had stopped short of the risks which others had run. This circumstance elicited from Dundas the amusing Latin pun,—

'*FELIX quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!*'

At this period, Montgomery seems to have yielded alike to his dislike of politics and his painful recollections of the sufferings to which he had been subjected as a journalist; and for two years the 'Iris' may be said to have comparatively ceased to be a political organ, and even in 1809 we find him writing to his friend Aston the following passage:—

'The moment I take up my pen it kindles between my fingers, and I seem to write in fire that alarms me when I read it afterwards, and makes my thoughts once more familiar with prison scenes,—vice, misfortune, poverty, profligacy, villainy, and folly, all immured together, and all contaminating or contaminated by each other. Oh, my very heart turns sick with horror when I imagine the possibility—the probability considering my fanatic zeal in the most righteous cause under heaven—of my being again buried alive for months, perhaps for years, bankrupt in circumstances, forgotten by the world, neglected by my friends, in the solitude, or worse than the solitude, in the society of a gaol! And for what? For truth, for justice, for liberty, which ought to be more precious to me in principle than freedom of person, or life itself; but for which I am not surely called by Heaven to suffer voluntary martyrdom without profit either to myself or my countrymen. I strive, therefore, with all my might, to restrain my fury for mending mankind by ruining myself when I write for my newspaper, which makes it in general a very dull equivocal thing, rather tolerated than admired or approved.'—Vol. ii. p. 222.

Meanwhile, his spiritual trials as developed, though sparingly, in his correspondence, mark the most interesting stages in this period of his life. In 1807, he writes to his brother Ignatius:—

'Is there anything more mysterious in the whole mystery of iniquity than that a man shall be deeply, dreadfully convinced of sin and believe almost without daring to make a reserve in all the threatenings and judgments of God, yet have no confidence in his promises and declarations of mercy? And this is my case as nearly as I can express it: yet I do not, and I dare not utterly despair, when I look at God; but I do and must despair when I look at myself. And my everlasting state depends upon the issue of the controversy between him and me—if he conquers, I shall be saved; if I prevail against him, I perish.'—Ib. p. 153.

Such passages might be multiplied indefinitely, though in a letter to Mr. Parken written in 1808 we find the indications and prognostics of a far more advanced stage of religious experience. 'How miserable I am, the great Searcher of hearts only knows: for He only knows what an insincere, unbelieving creature I am, and how much I grieve His good Spirit, which has not yet departed entirely from me, though my disobedience and enmity and rebellion seem to grow stronger and bolder, the more I experience of the mercy and long-suffering of my Creator and Redeemer. But I must shut my bosom from you, though it is

ready to burst. If you knew me, you might perhaps cease to love me, but you would not cease to pray for me.

Indeed, Mr. Montgomery's religious experience was greatly modified, if it was not absolutely determined by purely physical circumstances, giving rise to a variable but always a morbid temperament. Long after the date of the letter from which our last quotation is taken, we find his spirit enveloped with the gloomiest clouds of religious despondency. And we doubt if these variations did not characterize his experience to the very last.

The mention of the name of Mr. Daniel Parken naturally introduces Mr. Montgomery's connexion with the 'Eclectic Review.' In 1806, Montgomery published his 'Wanderer of Switzerland.' Mr. Parken, then a very young man, had already acquainted himself with several of Montgomery's pieces, republished by Dr. Aikin in the 'Poetical Register,' under the signature of Alcæus. On discovering that the unknown poet was the author of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' Dr. Aikin recommended the work and its author to the Messrs. Longman, who immediately wrote to the author, offering to take the outstanding copies, and to issue a superior edition of a thousand, allowing him an equal share of the profits. 'This arrangement,' says the biographer, 'was at once acceded to, much to the satisfaction of all parties, and especially of Miss Lucy Aikin, who, as she said, "was delighted that the loved Alcæus was at last found out."'

The poem was thus brought under the notice of Mr. Parken, the young and gifted editor of the 'Eclectic,' who reviewed it in a very laudatory style. It is unnecessary here to say how far we acquiesce in the justice of Mr. Parken's criticism; but in one passage, considering that the author was unknown to him even by name, he sincerely indicates a very felicitous sagacity. 'From many passages in this volume,' he says, 'we presume, and indeed hope, that Mr. M. has had real causes of grief, and that he has not assumed a tone of melancholy, as he might a black coat, from an idea that it was fashionable or becoming. We perceive, with no small pleasure, that his heart is not insensible to religious sentiment. We hope that his religion is genuine, as well as warm; not a feeling merely, but a habit, and that his fine talents are devoted to the service of Him who giveth "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Under these impressions we shall take our leave, cordially wishing him permanent happiness, though it may be at the expense of our gratification and of his poetical celebrity.' Soon after the appearance of this article, Mr. Parken wrote a letter to the poet inviting his assistance as a contributor to the 'Eclectic Review.' Dr. Styles, in a memoir of Mr. Parken, has stated that Montgomery's first contribution was

a review of Moore's 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems,' a work which has been quite sufficiently noticed, and probably far too much read. Referring to this in conversation, Montgomery said—'The doctor is incorrect in his statement. Cumberland's 'Memoirs' were reviewed by me prior to the article he notices, and this was before Parken had any knowledge of the writer. At that time I was known to none but Dr. John Pye Smith; he let out the secret, and I was then solicited to furnish other articles. My friend Parken, Mr. Foster, and myself had nearly the whole of the 'Review' in our hands at one period—at least we were the chief contributors.' From this time Mr. Montgomery's contributions to the 'Eclectic' became more frequent; indeed, he gave his biographer, from memory, a list of thirty-one articles which he had supplied to it during the editorship of Mr. Parken. In connexion with this, it is stated that his contributions to the 'Eclectic' ceased with the premature death of Mr. Parken. This, however, is incorrect, as the present editor has the pleasure of acknowledging his obligations to the subject of this critique for at least one article. Montgomery's growing intimacy with Parken forms one of the most pleasing portions of his biography. Their correspondence was frequent and intimate, exhibiting a mutual and ardent friendship, while the poet unbosomed the religious sorrows of his heart to no one perhaps with so little restraint as to Daniel Parken. In the 'Eclectic' of October, 1807, he reviewed Southey's 'Specimens of British Poets,' severely commenting on his sneers at our ancient hymnologists, for whom, with all their defects, Montgomery entertained a high veneration. He subsequently became acquainted with the Laureate, and the second volume before us contains some very interesting records of that intimacy. The first notice that we find of this, occurs in a conversation in which Montgomery says, 'I had a conversation with Mr. Southey on *religious* subjects. He regretted that he had been sceptically inclined when young, but was happy to state that a considerable change had taken place in his views and feelings, and though he could not class himself with any particular denomination of Christian believers, yet he could conscientiously style himself a *seeker*.' It is pleasing to find Mr. Montgomery adding, 'In my answer to this, I adopted the apostolical method, and assured him that they that *seek* shall *find*.'

A subsequent letter addressed by Southey to Montgomery, in 1812, opens a still more singular phase of Southey's religious character. He says:—'In thinking of the merits of a missionary, I never consider his creed: a martyr in Japan is not less to me an object of admiration than a martyr in Smithfield, though I

do not owe him the same gratitude. I could kiss the ground upon which Xavier or Nabrege have trod as zealously as the most bigoted Jesuit. I hold Egede in as much veneration as if I were a Moravian, and could not take a deeper interest in the proceedings of the society at Serampore if I had been dipped in Andrew Fuller's baptistery. This is not from indifferentism, it is because one principle is common to all these men, and that principle is the light and life of the world. God knows I am no indifferentist. I am for tests and establishments, and would rather see our own church revoke some of the concessions than yield a foot more either to popery, over which she has trampled, or to puritanism, which by a coalition as monstrous as any of Mr. Fox's, is at this time leagued with popery, infidelity, and misbelief of every kind, in the hope of putting her down.' How a thinker so independent in early life as the author of 'Wat Tyler' could set any value upon religious tests it is difficult to imagine, offering as they do only snares to the thoughtless and temptations to the thoughtful. His crude observations remind us of an amusing dilemma proposed by the late Mr. Hall in a review in this journal, entitled 'Zeal without Innovation.' 'Whether will a creed last the longer which is believed without being subscribed, or one which is subscribed without being believed.' An observation of Southey's upon Vandercamp, in the same letter, is still more remarkable: 'I am not surprised,' he says, 'at finding him venture to use his interest with Heaven to procure rain for Caffirs; it rather surprises me that under such an impression he did not attempt to work more miracles, and as the Catholic missionaries, in many instances, *undoubtedly have done*, actually work them.'

Before dismissing our notice of Mr. Montgomery's connexion with the 'Eclectic,' we must allude to one article, which, we think, illustrates the criticism on which we have ventured, that his prose was at least equal to his poetry. We allude to his criticism on the writings of Robert Burns. The whole of this article is composed at once in his best, and his most elaborate style; and one brief passage in it is so characteristic, as to deserve a repetition in these pages. 'The genius of Burns resembled the pearl of Cleopatra, both in its worth and in its fortune; the one was moulded in secret by nature in the depths of the ocean, the other was produced and perfected by the same hand in equal obscurity on the banks of the Ayr; the former was suddenly brought to light, and shone for a season with attractive splendour on the forehead of beauty. The latter not less unexpectedly emerged from the shades, and dazzled and delighted an admiring nation. The fate of both was the same; each was wantonly dis-

solved in the cup of pleasure, and quaffed by its possessor at one intemperate draught.'

The 'Wanderer of Switzerland' attained the dubious honour of a notice in the 'Edinburgh Review' from the pen of the late Lord Jeffery. This great organ of literary criticism had, at its commencement, its hand against every man; in addition to which, its originators, the Rev. Sydney Smith included, were opposed to everything which bore even the semblance of evangelical religion. With this predisposition, they marked Montgomery as their victim, and long before this time they have doubtless lamented, in the spirit of Talleyrand, that they committed not only a crime, but, still worse, a blunder.

The appearance of a third edition of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' roused Jeffery to a fury which reminds us of the allegory of his colleague Sydney Smith, touching the misspent energies of Mrs. Partington in mopping up the Atlantic. Whatever degree of justice may be ascribed to that portion of the criticism which was purely literary, the estimate which Jeffery formed of Montgomery was not only mistaken but absolutely absurd. We cannot afford space for his severest vituperations; but it is sufficient to say that he stigmatized him as a puling and affected youth, who exhibited himself alternately in mawkish affectations and feeble bombast. The review having long been forgotten as a failure, and having sunk into the oblivion of indifference and contempt, we should not revive it except for the purpose of expressing our surprise that Montgomery should have felt it so deeply as he appears to have done. His letters are filled for some time after with expressions of absolute anguish. The race of poets was long ago characterized as a *genus irritabile*, and we regret that our poet should have afforded so signal an illustration of the epithet, especially when we remember the pathological aphorism of Mr. Abernethy, that 'irritability is only debility excited.' Montgomery was, however, consoled under this severe visitation by the unexpected and flattering notice which Byron presented to him, alike as a poet and as the victim of the 'Polyphemus of the North,' in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;' the passage is as follows:—

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale!
Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast.
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails.
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

Yet say! Why should the Bard at once resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine,
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of northern wolves that still in darkness prow! ?
 A coward brood which mangle as they prey
 By hellish instinct all that cross their way ;
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find, these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field ?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR'S seat ?

In closing this notice we must reserve a more comprehensive estimate of the poetical writings of Mr. Montgomery until the concluding volumes of his biography are published. Meanwhile, we cannot but express our reprobation of the method adopted by modern biographers of elongating their works into something like serials, and thus not only tantalizing the public with the expectation of a completed work, but also filling hundreds of pages with details which are interesting only to the individual who identifies his own notoriety with the fame of the person whose papers he ransacks, and whose most trivial sayings and doings he records.

ART. VI.—*Mountains and Molehills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal.* By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations by the Author.
 Svo. pp. 443. London: Longman & Co.

THE author of this volume needs no introduction. His name is familiar to the public, and will secure him patient and respectful attention. A son of the author of 'Jacob Faithful' presents himself under favorable auspices, and in the present instance we are glad to report that the pleasure attendant on a first interview is deepened by subsequent acquaintance. The volume presented under the vague title of 'Mountains and Molehills' is, in fact, a record, not close and continuous, but free and sketchy, of the author's adventure, during a residence of nearly three years in South America. His former work, entitled 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' introduced him as a young midshipman in the English navy, who preferred, as many honorable and brave men have done before him, his own will to the rules of the service or the caprice of his superior. He now presents himself in a totally

different character. There is the same recklessness and love of adventure; the same contempt of conventionalisms and vigorous prosecution of his object; the same self-reliance; the same combination of quickness and energy, of exuberant spirits, with a ready appreciation of the requirements of his position, and a speedy adaptation of himself to the requirements of the hour. In the midst of this similarity, however, there are striking points of contrast between his former and his present appearances. The Queen's officer has become a gold-seeker; the deck of a man-of-war is exchanged for the back of the 'Old Soldier'; and the companionship of gentlemen for that of a quondam Norfolk poacher, and of adventurers wild delirious expectations.

The author appears to have written out a narrative of his proceedings, which was unfortunately burnt in one of the great fires formerly so common in San Francisco. A tenacious memory, however, has retained a portion of them, and of this the present volume consists. 'I have tried,' says Mr. Marryat, 'to confine myself to what is most pleasant, and it may be thought a rambling, truthful story is the best, if to make the work elaborate one must have recourse to fiction.' The short preface is like the work. It affords an appropriate and truthful introduction, and gives an earnest of the writer which subsequent acquaintance serves but slightly to modify. We have seldom read a work with more pleasure. It is full of incident and adventure. There is a buoyancy of animal spirits throughout which is infectious, at the same time that there are traces of sound sense and practical sagacity. We frequently differ from Mr. Marryat; many of his opinions are, in our judgment, erroneous; some of his views of life are partial and one-sided, and occasionally he hazards a judgment about matters which he has never studied, and on which he is ill-qualified to pass sentence. This is specially the case with Christian missions. He is far from joining in the ridicule which some have cast on these benevolent enterprises. On the contrary, there are sentences in his volume which indicate a different feeling. But on the whole, he speaks the language in which unreflecting men repeat the thrice refuted objections of their class. The more common and apparently forcible of these objections is the claim of our home population;—as though the men who have been foremost to evangelize the heathen have not been the most zealous in visiting the dwellings of poverty and the haunts of vice in our own vicinities. But we must not enlarge on this topic. We content ourselves with this general record of opinion on the matters in question, and proceed to acquaint our readers with the contents of Mr. Marryat's volume.

Our author arrived at Chagres, with his man Barnes and 'three

large bloodhounds,' in April, 1850. The town itself has little to distinguish it. 'It is composed,' we are told, 'of about fifty huts, each of which raises its head from the midst of its own private malaria, occasioned by the heaps of filth and offal which, putrefying under the rays of a vertical sun, choke up the very doorway.' Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the town is famous for a malignant fever, which has terminated prematurely the career of many Californian emigrants. Proceeding to Panama, Mr. Marryat was much struck with the rapid progress recently made. The old town, which had little to distinguish it but its ruins, has assumed a lively aspect since it has become the half-way resting-place of the emigrants. 'Never were modern improvements so suddenly and so effectually applied to a dilapidated relict of former grandeur. The streets present a vista of enormous sign-boards, and American flags droop from every house.' From Panama Mr. Marryat proceeded to San Francisco. The voyage occupied forty-five days. The vessel was small, and the number of passengers 175, of whom we are told 160 were noisy, quarrelsome, discontented, and dirty in the extreme.' Quarrels were of daily occurrence, but though knives were frequently drawn, there was no bloodshed; which our author observes 'was probably attributable to the fact that there was no spirit on board.' They arrived at San Francisco at the time of the great fire of June, 1850; when 400 houses were destroyed, with a vast amount of merchandise.

'I found it amusing,' says Mr. Marryat, 'next day to walk over the ground and observe the effects of the intense heat on the articles which were strewed around. Gun-barrels were twisted and knotted like snakes; there were tons of nails welded together by the heat, standing in the shape of the kegs which had contained them; small lakes of molten glass of all the colours of the rainbow; tools of all descriptions, from which the woodwork had disappeared, and pitch-pots filled with melted lead and glass. Here was an iron house that had collapsed with the heat, and an iron fire-proof safe that had burst under the same influence; spoons, knives, forks, and crockery were melted up together in heaps; crucibles even had cracked; preserved meats had been unable to stand this second cooking, and had exploded in every direction. The loss was very great by this fire, as the houses destroyed had been for the most part filled with merchandise; but there was little time wasted in lamentation; the energy of the people showed itself at once in action, and in forty-eight hours after the fire the whole district resounded to the din of busy workmen.

'On the "lot" where I had observed the remains of gun-barrels and nails, stands its late proprietor, Mr. Jones, who is giving directions to a master carpenter, or "boss," for the rebuilding of a new store, the materials for which are already on the spot. The carpenter promises to get everything "fixed right off," and have the store ready in two

days. At this juncture passes Mr. Smith, also in company with a cargo of building materials; he was the owner of the iron house; he says to Jones, interrogatively,—

'Burnt out?'

JONES.—'Yes, and *burst up*.'

SMITH.—'Flat?'

JONES.—'Flat as a d—d pancake!'

SMITH.—'It's a great country.'

JONES.—'It's nothing shorter.'

'And in a couple of days both Smith and Jones are on their legs again, and with a little help from their friends live to grow rich perhaps, and build brick buildings that withstand the flames.'—pp. 22, 23.

Like most sportsmen, our author speedily sought excitement in the woods. Bears are numerous in California. The grizzly bear is held in special repute by hunters, as he is difficult to be killed, and is a relentless pursuer when injured, and can run and climb more nimbly than his assailant. From the nature of his haunts he must be attacked on foot, and when wounded is deemed a more dangerous enemy than the tiger. Having fallen in with a backwoodsman of the name of March, a bear hunt was speedily arranged for. Two men, of the names of Sheldon and Carter, accustomed to such sport, were engaged, and they started, fully equipped, for their hazardous and inhuman adventure. The hunters were 'both hard-looking fellows, carrying nothing but their rifles, a knife, and a Colt's revolver.' The following is our author's account of their so-called sport—

'It was not until the afternoon that we struck upon a fresh bear sign, of which March had had previous knowledge. The sign led into thick underwood in which the bear seeks shade, but which is the worst of all places for killing him. March disposed us in couples; we then spread and entered the thicket at a partially cleared part. Almost immediately I heard a crash, and an angry roar, and then a shot was fired to the left. It was necessary for us to retrace our steps, on account of intervening jungle, to rejoin our party, which done, the bear was in view. I was astonished at his size; standing on his hind-legs with his mouth open like a thirsty dog, and working himself up and down, he indicated that he felt the inconvenience of the pellet that March had intended for his heart, but which had lodged in his alimentary canal. However, in an instant, and as if by a sudden impulse, he again assumed the position of a quadruped, and bounded towards March and Sheldon, clearing as much ground at each stride—for he was as big as an ox—as would have done credit to the winner of the Liverpool steeple-chase. A shot from the right altered his course again in that direction, for the grizzly bear will turn to the last assailant, and this enforces the necessity of bear-hunters supporting each other.

'A momentary uncertainty on his part gave me an opportunity of

troubling him with one of my $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. balls; but this only elicited a grunt and a rush in my direction. I confess that, as soon as my rifle was discharged, I felt great inclination to disregard March's directions, which were, not to use my revolver, but if possible to *reload my rifle directly I had fired*, under *all circumstances*. Whilst in a curious state of uncertainty on this point, though loading, the bear swerved suddenly on one side in chase of the little high-couraged dog that belonged to Sheldon.

'This dog had been in other bear-hunts, and was generally very useful, for the grizzly has a great suspicion of anything behind him, and if a dog can be trained to worry his hams, the bear will turn round and round and afford much facility to the hunters.

'I fancy the dog must have got hurt or lost his pluck, for he now rushed straight to his master, and the bear followed; Sheldon fired as the grizzly approached, but without effect, and the next moment poor Sheldon was down bathed in blood; one blow had carried away the flesh entirely from one side of his face, fracturing his jaw-bone in the most frightful manner.

'The bear disappeared, and probably retired to die, whilst we carried Sheldon home, with what feelings of grief I need not say. We sent him on to Sonoma as soon as possible, and he afterwards recovered, though dreadfully disfigured, and with the loss of an eye. It was perhaps on account of this accident that we made up no more parties for the express purpose of bear-hunting, but left it to chance to meet them, and, as it happened, accident threw very few in our way.—pp. 114-116.

As Mr. Marryat could not proceed further at this season of the year, he determined to sit down in a small valley recommended to him by the backwoodsman, March. It was scarcely twenty acres in extent, was bounded on one side by wood, and on the other by a fine stream. The valley was within the jurisdiction of the State Government, and our author therefore affixed to one of the trees a paper, declaring that, under the laws of *pre-emption*, he claimed 150 acres from the spot where his notice was suspended. He proceeded to inclose the ground, and his man Barnes being a good axe-man and possessed of unusual physical strength, soon prepared the wood needed for this purpose. In addition to Barnes, he was accompanied by a man named Thomas, and a judicious distribution of work was made amongst the party.

'I gave Barnes,' Mr. Marryat tells us, 'the woods and forests, which was not such a sinecure as it is here, as he had full employment for the winter in felling the redwoods, and splitting them into rails for enclosing the farm. Thomas undertook the "hewing and drawing," the cooking, and the internal cleanliness of the house; and this latter is very essential in mountain life. Take everything out of your hut daily and hang it in the sun; then, water well the floor; this drives away the vermin, which abound in the deer and hare skins; it also ensures you against scorpions and centipedes, which are apt to intro-

duce themselves into the firewood. It devolved on me to supply the larder, and the amount of exertion required for this duty varied considerably. One day an easy walk would bring me to a marsh, and a few shots from my double-barrelled gun would secure as many wild-ducks as we required; but on another I might be doomed, after a long journey, to extend myself over the carcase of a buck, and then, exposed to a glaring sun, unaided, flay my quarry and disembowel him, quarter him, and carry him home piece by piece, over four or five miles of successive cindery hills. I had no stout little pony with a shaggy mane and tail, such as one sees carrying home the deer in Landseer's splendid pictures. I had to take as much meat as I could "pick-a-back," or else leave it to the coyotes, who would appear in sight whilst I was yet at work on the carcase. If this part of a hunter's duty was entailed upon our fashionable deer-stalkers, many of the deer would reap the benefit, not so much by being flayed and carried home by members of the aristocracy, as in being left alone.—pp. 122-124.

The settlement of other emigrants in his neighbourhood, and an unmistakable intimation, that as he was not an American citizen he was not entitled to *squat* on the land he had chosen, induced our author to move forward with his companions towards the gold diggings. This brought him in contact with the Chinese, of whom considerable numbers have emigrated to California. The subjects of the Celestial Empire are no favorites with our author, who shows some inclination to the theory which would forcibly eject them from the land of their temporary sojourn. 'I believe,' he says, 'there are few men who have been thrown much among the Chinese who believe that many honest ones can be found among them; old Whampoa of Singapore, who gives champagne dinners in a most orthodox manner, may be one; but I confess, for my part, that from the Emperor down to the fellow in the blue shirt who begs in Piccadilly, and looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, I don't believe in them. They are a people whose natural propensities led them to cheat and whose natural cunning aids this object most materially.'

The recorded experience of such a man as Mr. Marryat merits attention. As thousands are repairing to the gold regions, it is of importance to note what he found most suited to the climate and other peculiarities of the country. The happiness of vast numbers is dependent on this, and many lives would unquestionably have been saved had the report of previous emigrants been regarded. In a vast number of cases, it has been found that the preparations made were better suited to our own country than to California. Reasoning from what is seen and felt at home, conclusions are formed which involve much needless expense and loss of life. Our author's testimony on this matter is very explicit. He speaks decidedly on many points,

and his conclusion, as being that of practical knowledge, is entitled to serious attention. It is not easy to imagine anything more disheartening to an emigrant than to find that the provision which he has made at a sacrifice of money he could ill-spare, and of comforts to which he had long been accustomed, and which, perhaps with great difficulty and at a costly sacrifice, he had transported to the scene of his operations, were utterly valueless ;—in fact, merely so much money, labor, anxiety, and time, expended in vain.

Iron houses constitute one of these provisions. Against them Mr. Marryat gives an unequivocal testimony. Under most circumstances he pronounces them to be a failure. 'I have sat,' he says, 'in churches made of iron, and have been glad to get out of them for that reason. I have thrown down my billiard-cue in disgust in iron club-houses, have paid my bill incontinently and left iron-hotels, and have lived in misery in an iron shooting-box of my own, which was supposed to be *very complete*.'

'I have seen so many metal and wooden houses thrown away (I have seen in one heap of rubbish the value of ten thousand pounds) that I would recommend to the emigrant of moderate means not to purchase either the one or the other. If new gold fields are discovered, as most probably they will be, and reports are rife of house-room commanding enormous prices there, never for all that let him take his shell out, snail-like, on his back ; let him take the money that would buy the house—the cash will be the scarcest article there, and will find him house-room and a profit too. Perhaps nowhere has my argument been better proved than in California. Large numbers of iron houses were shipped to that country when first reports arrived of the scarcity of building materials. Had they been capable of resisting fire they would perhaps have been less generally condemned ; but of those that were erected, not only did the thin corrugated houses first expand and then collapse, and tumble down with astonishing rapidity before the flames, but in the fire I have just recorded the American iron house of Tacfic and M'Cahill, of which the plates were nearly an inch in thickness, and the castings of apparently unnecessary weight, collapsed like a preserved-meat can, and destroyed six persons, who, believing it to be fire-proof, remained inside. And, in connexion with this subject, it is worthy of mention that when these houses arrived in California there was no one to be found who could put them together ; not but that the method is very simple, but simple things, as we all know, present great difficulties at times in their solution.—pp. 191, 192.

His first view of the diggings was far from answering to the picture drawn by the excited imagination of many of our countrymen. Few of those who leave us with the hope of rapidly accumulating wealth have any conception of the labor and privations which are involved in their adopted vocation. We

advise all who are contemplating a visit to the Californian or Australian gold-fields to look on the following sketch—

'A turn of the road presented a scene of mining life, as perfect in its details as it was novel in its features. Immediately beneath us the swift river glided tranquilly, though foaming still from the great battle which, a few yards higher up, it had fought with a mass of black obstructing rocks. On the banks was a village of canvas that the winter rains had bleached to perfection, and round it the miners were at work at every point. Many were waist-deep in the water, toiling in bands to construct a race and dam to turn the river's course; others were entrenched in holes, like grave-diggers, working down to the "bed rock." Some were on the brink of the stream washing out "prospects" from tin pans or wooden "batteas;" and others worked in company with the long-tom, by means of water-slucies artfully conveyed from the river. Many were coyote-ing in subterranean holes, from which from time to time their heads popped out, like those of squirrels, to take a look at the world; and a few with drills, dissatisfied with nature's work, were preparing to remove large rocks with gunpowder. All was life, merriment, vigour, and determination, as this part of the earth was being turned inside out to see what it was made of.'—pp. 234, 235.

The diggers require, of course, excitement. In many cases this is unhappily found in intoxication; but other modes of gratifying the prevalent passion are devised, and amongst these one of the most senseless and cruel is the bull and bear fight. The two animals are attached to each other by a rope, and the human spectators find cruel pleasure in seeing them attack and torture each other. Our author met with a strange adventure in connexion with one of these brutal exhibitions. He was sleeping in a canvas house at Campo Seco, a mining village in the southern mines. On the previous day (Sunday) there had been a fight between a grizzly bear and a cinnamon bear. Mr. Marryat knew nothing of the contiguity of either of these animals, but having composed himself for the night on some new blankets in the store of a friend, he was awoke about daylight by the moaning as of a man in pain. The moaning soon became deeper, and occasionally the canvas wall of his sleeping-place yielded as to some heavy pressure. Presently a smash of crockery and a tremendous roar were heard, on which the host, seizing his rifle, and placing a revolver in Mr. Marryat's hand, rushed out of the house. Our author of course followed, and our readers will judge of his astonishment on finding that he had been sleeping in the immediate vicinity of the cinnamon bear, who, however, was fortunately chained to a strong stake. 'Upon an after inspection of his chain,' says Mr. Marryat, 'I ascertained that its length would have admitted of his gratifying

his desire on my carcase had he tumbled through the canvas partition which had separated us for the night.'

The following picture of one of the towns of the gold district will convey probably a more accurate conception of the habits and character of the population than any lengthened description. We are not surprised at the picture. The scenes depicted are the natural growth of the country. Mammon is the one deity worshipped. To his temple men repair from all quarters of the globe, and his baneful influence, unchecked by the restraints of home and the teachings of Christianity, naturally leads to the excesses of which our author writes. The successful gold seekers have wealth to expend, and they freely part with it; whilst those who are disappointed seek relief in intemperance and gambling. All are intent on the pleasures of the hour; for this they live, and when the hour is passed, they die for the most part in penury and wretchedness. A rapid improvement is taking place, but the following sketch, taken so recently as 1851, is too faithful a portraiture to excite other emotions than those of pity and disgust:—

'It was dark when we entered Sonora; and as the habits of the people here are nocturnal, the evening may be said to have commenced as we alighted. It certainly had commenced, for Greenwich Fair might be spoken of as a sober picture of domestic life compared to the din and clamour that resounded through the main street of Sonora. On either side were gambling-houses of large dimensions but very fragile structure, built of a fashion to invite conflagration, though offering little of value to the devouring element when the invitation was accepted, which it was about every other night or so. In most of these booths and barns the internal decorations were very glittering; chandeliers threw a brilliant light on the heaps of gold that lay piled on each *monté* table, whilst the drinking bars held forth inducements that nothing mortal is supposed to be able to resist. On a raised platform is a band of music, or perhaps some Ethiopian serenaders, or if it is a Mexican saloon, a quartet of guitars; and in one house, and that the largest, is a piano, and a lady in black velvet who sings in Italian and accompanies herself, and who elicits great admiration and applause on account of the scarcity of the fair sex in this region.

'Each gambling house is full; some are crowded, and the streets are full also, for it is Saturday, a night on which the miners flock into Sonora, with the avowed intention of purchasing necessities for the ensuing week, and returning the same night; but, seduced by the city's blandishments, they seldom extricate themselves from its temples of pleasure until very early on the ensuing Monday morning, when they return to their *camps* and *long toms*,* and soothe their racking headaches by the discovery of chunks of gold.

* Gold washers.

'The Mexican population preponderates in Sonora and its vicinity, and nearly everything is stamped with their nationality. The gambling tables are surrounded by them; and, dirty fellows as they are, they are very picturesque at a distance with their slouch hats and long serapes. The American population, between whom and the Mexicans a rooted hatred exists, call the latter "greasers," which is scarcely a complimentary sobriquet, although the term "greaser camp," as applied to a Mexican encampment, is truthfully suggestive of the filth and squalor the passing traveller will observe there. Sonora has a large French population, and to this Gallic immigration is attributable the city's greatest advantages; for where Frenchmen are, a man can dine, which is very important. The *Trois Frères Provençaux*, has its namesake here, where good cooking and excellent light wines are at all times to be relied on; but where Frenchmen are, there are also good bakers; and there is, moreover, a great deal of singing and gaiety, and good humour, which is a pleasant contrast to the coarser hilarity of a generally very drunken population.

'The long bar of a saloon is always actively engaged, and the bar-keeper must be prepared for all demands in all languages. Here he serves a Mexican group with *agua diente*; now he allays a Frenchman's thirst with *absinthe*, in the pouring out of which he displays much art; again he attends with rapidity to the demands of four Americans, whose *orders* embrace respectively, a "gin-cocktail," a "brandy-straight," a "claret sangaree," and a "Queen Charlotte;" these supplied, he must respond with alacrity to the call of a cockney miner, whose demand is heard even above the surrounding din:

'Hain't you got no hale hor porter?'—pp. 261-264.

Every man carried arms, generally a Colt's revolver. From this fact, many will infer that life is unsafe, but our author says, 'This is not so; it is where all carry arms that quarrels are less rare and bullying less known than elsewhere, although the population may be more vitiated and intemperate than that of other countries. This may possibly be the case, but the fact, operate as it may, speaks volumes respecting the *morale* of the population. An amusing illustration of the state of society is recorded in the case of two friends at San Francisco. Fire arms were carried universally, and it happened that one of them walking late at night through a dark street, was suddenly startled by being asked the time, with the utmost politeness. In a similar style to that in which he had been addressed, he presented the dial of his watch to the solitary light which the street contained, and allowing the muzzle of his revolver to rest upon it, he requested the stranger to ascertain the time for himself. This was accordingly done, and the *final* shall be told in our author's own words. 'Both then prepared to depart, and for the first time the light fell on their faces; then these desperate fellows discovered that they were no burglars, but old acquaintances, who had dined in company on that very evening.'

Our space warns us that we must draw to a close, which we do with regret, as we have really found much amusement and a fair measure of information from Mr. Marryat's somewhat rattling, but not on that account less truthful pages. His own speculations, so far at least as money-getting was concerned, were not successful. 'Fortune,' he says, 'has ever snubbed me, but the jade does it so gently that I forgive her.' He entered seriously into three projects, and from each he derived more experience and wisdom than money. His spirits, however, never flagged, as our readers may judge from the following:—

'Agriculturally, architecturally, and mineralogically, I had been sported with by fate,—and the plough in the north, the steam-engine in the south, and the hotel in the middle, had each been accompanied by pecuniary loss. Yet the days I had passed had been very happy, and Philosophy said: "You have had health, and contentment, and warm friendship; and if these were purchasable, many would buy them of you for twenty times what you have lost in money!" To which I replied, "Very true, oh Philosophy! but had I taken my steam-engine to Russian River, and there applied its power to sawing red-woods, and had I with my plough turned up the fertile hills and valleys at Vallejo, and further, had I erected my hotel at Sonora, where it was much wanted, I might have still had the unpurchasable articles you allude to, and the money too." Upon which Philosophy, seeing me thus unreasonable, retired from the contest.'—pp. 370, 371.

Mr. Marryat has furnished several pictorial illustrations to his volume, which partake of the same character as his letter-press. There is a vein of caricature throughout them, which, while it diminishes somewhat confidence in our author as a guide, increases greatly the pleasure of his companionship. We shall be glad to meet him again, and if it should then appear that he has thought more gravely on the matters to which we have taken exception, the satisfaction of renewed intercourse will not be, on our part at least, diminished. We love the freshness and vivacity, the buoyant spirits and keen-eyed intelligence, the generous and truthful nature, which his volume bespeaks, and shall be glad to find these qualities ennobled by the yet higher element which genuine religion imparts.

ART. VII.—*Livret d'Homme de Troupe. Septième Bataillon de Chasseurs d'Orleans.* [Memorandum Book of a Man of the Troop of the Seventh Battalion of the Chasseurs of Orleans.] Paris: Dumaine, rue et passage Dauphine, 36.

2. *Camp and Barrack Room; or, the British Army as it is.* By a late Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. 1846.

THE emotions of grief and indignation with which the British people learned the condition of their army upon the heights above Sebastopol, during the late severe winter, will not have borne their proper fruits if they pass away and are forgotten prior to a reformation of the military system, on a basis of justice to soldiers. The British soldiers in the Crimea had won the admiration of the world by seizing the key of the enemy's position on the Alma, a mountain 400 feet high, armed with redoubts and masked batteries, and protected by a trench, a flaming village, and great masses of troops. The admiration excited by the Battle of the Alma was stimulated to enthusiasm by the defence of Balaklava, when the 93rd Highlanders repulsed in line 4000 Russian cavalry; and in fatal obedience to a regrettable order, the light cavalry of the Royal Guards under fire in front, in flank, and in rear, charged and traversed through and through the batteries and 3500 of the cavalry of the enemy. In the annals of war there are few battles fitted to strike the imagination more grandly than the defence of Inkerman. The silence of the early morning broken suddenly by the engagements of piquets, the taking and retaking of the cannon, and of the redoubt three times over, during a struggle maintained in a thick fog, from four to ten o'clock in the morning, by 8000 men against 60,000, until the French came up, not to save the British from defeat, but to share in the British victory. These great achievements had fastened the conviction in every mind that every soldier was a hero. The British people, however, when informed that young officers had been sleeping on beds of grass, soldiers in puddles without their kits, and generals under carts, or in their leather trunks, on the eve of the Battle of the Alma, and that the wounded lay two nights on the field after it, came to the conclusion rapidly that there was a want of head somewhere. Much as they love their lords they have an instinctive feeling of their defects, and they set about, therefore, forthwith to provide for the soldiery, by sending them presents, of course by unsafe hands, of flannel jackets, mitts, books, stockings, comforters, and plum-puddings! The anticipations of the sufferings of the heroes were too

truly justified by revelations of privations, disease, and death ;—of aristocratic negligence, official incapacity, and consequent horrors, surpassing the forebodings of the most dismal imaginations. A commander-in-chief, with a nobly-born staff, were seen enjoying themselves in a snug mansion while the soldiers around them in tents on the bleak mountain heights shivered through the night in a single blanket on the wet ground, and got up in the bitter January mornings, in their ragged summer clothes, to work in the trenches. The soldiers returned at nightfall from the muddy trenches to eat half-rations of biscuits and salt pork, and try in vain to roast their green coffee. Officers and privates were found dead of cold in the trenches and on the roadsides, and an army of 54,000 men dwindled down to 28,000, according to official admission, and to 14,000 bayonets, if we are to credit the statements which were generally found most truthful. The deaths were variously estimated from fifty to one hundred a day, and official personages protested they had never amounted to a thousand a week. The hospitals were said to be full of filth and foul air. There are thousands of brave youths in the British Islands whose hearts would have leaped up at the prospect of encountering the dangers of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman. In truth, however, the dangerous things in the war are neither bayonets, nor bullets, nor bombs, they are patrician airs, lordly incapacity, official routine, and oligarchical self-sufficiency, producing fevers, dysentery, and diarrhoea. Three generals, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Cardigan, and Sir De Lacy Evans, have returned from the seat of war, and delivered speeches to their countrymen, in which they observe an ominous silence in regard to Lord Raglan, his staff, and his commissariat, while vieing with each other in eulogies of their men. In substance, Lord Cardigan said his guardsmen would follow wherever their officers would lead them ; Sir De Lacy Evans declared no young army ever did more memorable things ; while the Royal Duke with an amiable frankness, avowed he had been acting as a general, but there had been no generalship, for all the engagements were soldiers' battles, and all the successes soldiers' victories.

No doubt the catastrophe was attended with attenuating circumstances. The British, although the less numerous army, had undertaken the heaviest work of the war. On the Alma they encountered the greatest numbers and the most formidable obstacles, and at Inkerman they were many more hours and much more severely engaged than their allies, and on both occasions the British loss doubled the loss of the French. Always most exposed to the enemy, they were assigned before Sebastopol the worst harbour, and the encampment farthest from their

stores. The hurricane of the 14th of November sunk the vessels containing the winter clothing of the British troops, and strewed the beach with the provender of their horses. Destitute of warm clothes, the army suffered from cold, and was obliged to borrow 10,000 great coats from the French; and the hay and corn having been lost, the horses died; and there was no means of transporting the provisions, huts, and fuel, rotting upon the beach to the men who were shivering, starving, and perishing, seven miles off in the camp. Like all climates remote from the equalizing influences of the currents of the Gulf Stream, the climate of the Crimea is liable to sudden changes, the fiercest frosts and snows of winter having intervening days of springlike mildness, and the British who have no experience of such weather would suffer more from it than the French accustomed in France to a similar climate. But there was much mismanagement. The commanding officer, by his personal activity, and on his own responsibility, did not do all he could to lessen the misfortune. The officials, in rigid obedience to routine, would not allow the soldiers to use the wrecks of the vessels thrown on the beach to supply the want of firewood, and Lord Raglan was not on the spot to interpose his authority in favour of common sense and common humanity. Medical officers declared it took them nine days of formalities to obtain an additional blanket for a sick man. A newspaper correspondent publishes his readiness to *prove* that a general, in reply to an application for tea for a regiment instead of the useless coffee, said, '— the tea and — the coffee, they are both the same.' The port of Balaklava was full of confusion, for want of the most simple arrangements for loading and re-loading vessels, and announcing their arrivals, their cargoes, and departures. The sick had to wait in the rain on the beach for boats to take them to the ships, and when the ships arrived in the vicinity of Scutari they had to lie off shore for days, for want of conveyances to the hospital. The persons appointed to provide provisions displayed the greatest possible ignorance of the effects of diet on the human constitution, and neglected due supplies of fresh meat and vegetables. Contrast embittered all the sufferings of the British army. The French were comparatively well provided for; they were numerous enough for their duties; their provisions and apparel were distributed regularly; they were allowed to help themselves to fuel wherever they could find it; promotions and crosses of the Legion of Honour were showered upon them by their general on the spot; every officer received presents from the Emperor and Empress; and the constant activity and solicitude of their general showed itself visibly and daily in every part of their camp. The French soldier himself, moreover, is a comrade, while the English soldier is an individual;

and while of the English soldiers in a tent every one is for himself, self-reliant, self-contained, and solitary,—the dozen or fifteen French soldiers in their tent are a partnership with all things in common, and acting all for each, and each for all. The French soldiers had their ration of cognac every morning against the cold, and a second *capote*, which served as a mantle, against the rain; their sentinels had gaiters and great coats of sheep-skins; and if the wind was too strong, their hats were replaced by Turkish caps.

Finding themselves already at Varna masters of the sea, and desirous of taking Sebastopol, their position seems to have suggested to the allies the idea—of making the Crimea their battlefield with Russia. The Crimea is inhabited by Tartars, who have been only seventy years under the Russian yoke. The most remote, fertile, and beautiful portion of the Russian empire, this peninsula is easy of access by sea, difficult of access by land, and capable of being cut off from communication with the seat of the Russian government by a military and naval occupation of the town and canal of Perecop and the Sea of Azoff. A most singular proof of the ignorance with which the allies commenced their enterprise was furnished by the credence they gave to the hoaxing dispatch which announced the fall of Sebastopol,—Lord Aberdeen confirming the good news to the citizens of Aberdeen and Louis Napoleon proclaiming it to his army at Boulogne.

A fatal consequence of a vicious representative system is to fill the offices of the administration with men ignorant of everything but parliamentary knowledge. An ambassador who long represented one of the great powers at the court of St. James's, and who owed his position to his scholarship and his ability, without the aids of birth or fortune, used to express freely and illustrate amusingly his astonishment at the ignorance of everything continental of the late Sir Robert Peel and the present Lord John Russell. Of late years our ministers have themselves often proclaimed their own ignorance. Every one of them was surprised at the downfall of Louis Philippe and the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, although both events had been proved to be probabilities by hundreds of thoughtful observers and public journalists. In 1852, Lord Palmerston was ignorant of what the journals of Paris publicly avowed: the regulation by the government of the quotations of the funds at the Bourse. When Lord John Russell commenced the war with boastful eloquence about taking Sebastopol, and about his own willingness to bear his share of the responsibility (he has himself since declared), he would have considered it an absurdity if any one had foretold him the fate of the British expedition—a fate which appears to him inexplicable and mysterious. After long brooding, during nights made sleep-

less by the sufferings of our countrymen, over the speeches of the noble lord and his associates, we have often found no other relief to our feelings than a cry to heaven—‘Oh God of mercy, be merciful to our country!’ The advisers of her Majesty were ignorant of the common lot of soldiers. The proverbial truth that armies suffer immensely more from maladies than from enemies, the lesson of all wars, had been illustrated by the histories of the British Legion in Spain, and of British armies in India, in their own time, and before their own eyes, without their perceiving it. Any intelligent sergeant who had suffered with the 78th Highlanders at Sukkur in India, or with the British Legion at Vitoria in Spain, could have given them all lessons, which, if they had had the modesty to become his pupils, would have saved millions of money and thousands of invaluable lives. The poetical account of a soldier’s death is indeed to die—

‘ — with his back to the field, and his feet to the foe, . .
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.’

The medical and statistical accounts of the death of the soldier are, however, somewhat different, and prove undeniably that he generally dies of dysentery. Nothing unusual has happened in the Crimea. The minister who did not foresee it only showed his ignorance of the A B C of war. The extraordinary degree of this ignorance, and the usual indifference of British general-officers for their men, aggravated by circumstances, have been brought by a brighter light of publicity within the range of more general and more popular sympathies, and this is all. The Peninsular campaigns are now spoken of as if, forsooth, they had been models of good management for the officers and men. The late Sir Charles James Napier says, in his book on the Ionian Islands—‘When the Duke of Wellington chased Massena from Portugal, I was three days without food. The first day was anything but agreeable; the second convinced me of the close alliance that there is between honour and an oven; and on the third day I would, for a biscuit, have voted for the Duke of Newcastle himself!’ During life we have enjoyed the conversations of old soldiers and sailors of all ranks, and shall never forget their narratives. An old Peninsular serjeant told us in our boyhood he had known many a man, driven by the indifference and negligence of his officers, to load his musket, and placing the barrel in his mouth and his great toe upon the trigger, blow out his brains. ‘What,’ we asked, ‘is it because they flog and insult you?’ and he replied—‘No, it is not so much for that—they do not care for you.’ Parliamentary corruption and military disasters have always in our annals been

related to each other as cause and effect ; witness—Carthage, Calabria, Walcheren, Buenos Ayres, New Orleans, the American war, and the Crimea.

The truth is, we fear, that public opinion is perverted in Great Britain on military affairs, to a degree incompatible with the national safety. Nelson on the sea and Wellington on the land had inspired such an exaggerated sense of superiority, that for forty years, without thinking of improvement, we have done nothing but grumble at the national debt, and grudge the cost of the army and navy. This Joseph Hume cry of the public instinct has, by the way, been perfectly justified by the events, for undoubtedly there was in the circumstances nothing wiser to be done than to keep as much money as possible out of the wasteful and itching palms of the military officials.

Oliver Cromwell is the author of the British war system. He exemplified it himself on the field, and his cousin, Oliver St. John, applied it to warfare on the ocean. It was based on merit. Admiral Blake, who displayed it on the sea, began life a common sailor before the mast; and several of Cromwell's generals rose from the ranks. Courage, intelligence, and piety purchased their promotions. The French Republicans of 1793, when they organized the armies which repulsed all Europe from their frontiers, imitated the heroes of the English Commonwealth in the principles on which they formed the armies which founded civil and religious liberty in the British Islands. Every great British soldier and sailor has for two centuries, consciously or unconsciously, been trained according to the Cromwellian traditions. The preference of quality to number ; the reserving of their shot until they could fire near, and the charging with the bayonet, the sabre, and the cutlass, with the determination to die on the spot to the last man, are practices introduced into the art of war by Oliver Cromwell, and which were first displayed by his Ironsides. The ideas which Oliver Cromwell expounded to his incredulous cousin, John Hampden, not merely gained Marston Moor, Naseby, and Dunbar—they won Waterloo and Trafalgar. Nelson generally reserved his broadsides until he had hold of the enemy's ships with his grappling-irons. 'Plan,' answered Wellington at a critical moment at Waterloo, 'I have no plan except to die here to the last man.' When Colonel Oliver Cromwell charged up hill to the relief of Gainsborough, he told his Ironsides they must not fire a shot until the shoulders of their horses touched the shoulders of the enemy's cavalry. When Sir Colin Campbell led the Highlanders across the river, across the trench, through the flames, and up the mountain to the concealed batteries at the Alma, he told them they must not mind the shot which flew like sheets of lead, and must not

discharge their muskets until they were within thirty paces of the enemy.

The corruption of the Cromwellian military system dates from the Restoration. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and his soldiers formed the Royal Guards, and peculiar privileges and favours have been inherited by these corps in memory of their perfidy to the Commonwealth. The parliamentary oligarchies formed by the Walpoles, Pelhams, Cavendishes, and others have by little and little increased the abuses.

The British purchase and half-pay arrangements, the beginning and end of one system, form a curious exemplification of the commercial spirit in military affairs ;—a strange combination of the Court and the Stock Exchange. The piquancy of this manifestation becomes striking in the privileged regiments of Guards. The purchase of a commission in the Guards is a good investment. A correspondent of the 'Times' finds sixty-two connexions of the peerage in the Grenadier Guards. In this regiment are relatives and connexions of Lords Congleton, Holland, Beberrough, Albemarle, Granville, Rokeby, Cardigan, Harborough, Hardinge, Raglan, Derby, Burlington, &c. ; of the Marquises of Bute, and Thomond, &c. ; and the Dukes of Buccleugh, Richmond, Devonshire, &c. Money and interest have been known to make men lieutenant-colonels in seven years. From a return printed by the House of Commons in 1833, it appeared that an officer of cavalry in the Guards obtained the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in six years after he joined the army, and the command of a regiment when he had only been six years and five months on full pay in the service. The rank of lieutenant-colonel while young is the object of these noble soldiers ; they know they cannot possibly all obtain commands, and few of them continue to serve ; but they secure by this rank their promotions, and their half-pay gives them a fair return for their money. The basis of the whole business is an insurance and stock exchange calculation. A commission in the Guards is a courtly connexion and a comfortable investment. It is a beefsteak's place made fashionable. They take their turns at Dublin, Windsor, or London, and never of the frosts of Canada, or the flame-breezes of India. They roughed it indeed in the Peninsula, in Belgium, and in the Crimea, but generally they have permanent establishments in London, and they have never been subject to sudden removals, while uncertain of time and place. Their ensigns rank with lieutenants and their captains with lieutenant-colonels. A battalion of the line supplies *two*, and one of the Guards (two companies weaker), *ten* to the list of generals. The Guards thus furnish more than half the general officers ; thirteen battalions supplying seventy, while 106 battalions of the line give 126. The

per centage of the casualties of officers in the Line to officers of the Guards is four to one, and when the comparison is made between them and officers in India, the per centage of casualties is eight to one in favour of the Royal Guards. It would appear the more noble an officer is the less he risks his life for his country; and the nearer he is to the Court, the farther is he from giving the last proof of loyalty. Four thousand pounds a-year is allotted to the officers of the Guards, to enable them to entertain themselves and their friends with banquets whenever they mount guard at the Palace. Two-thirds of them are generally absent on leave; they report to the Gold Stick instead of the Commander-in-Chief; and under the commanding officer and adjutant, all the duties are performed by the sergeants, the officers having only to fall into rank and walk with their swords drawn on parade. It is thus they play at soldiers in the courtly and fashionable circles!—But then you know *they* are gentlemen!

Balaklava. We shall not be stopped by this word, whoever may have used it in a school-boy declamation. Russia could not lay out money to more advantage than in paying orators to praise the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava. Lord Cardigan says, he thought the order regrettable at the time, and Lords Lucan and Raglan are condemned for giving it; British and French officers saying the order could neither have been given nor obeyed by generals who understood their business. It was a brilliant imbecility. ‘Why,’ said a Polish officer, in raptures of admiration, ‘it was like our Honveds,’ and, we thought, with a shudder, as we regarded the exile, would end, if repeated, in like success. In the Peninsula the Guards were never in the brunt of battle but at Talavera, where they sustained great loss from following the enemy too far. ‘Their fault,’ said a general in 1835, ‘is over-bravery;—as they do not know warfare well enough to execute their orders at the least cost.’ Balaklava is a repetition of Talavera, and it will be curious if the clamours of noblemen determined to have plenty of generals and few casualties in their families, compel the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, like his predecessor in the Peninsula, to preserve the Guards from their fair share of the dangers of the war. Honourable and noble Cadogans, Forbeses, Hays, Foresters, Lindsays, Curzons, Pouletts, Gordons, Stanleys, Dormers, Percys, Bruces, and Stuarts, evince their superiority in nobility and loyalty by obtaining good interest for their money, and half the highest grades; by pastime instead of warfare; by exemption from bad climates; by excellent banquets; and a share of ten to two of the promotions, and one to eight of the casualties. This induction shows clearly the characteristics of those who are *par excellence* officers and gentlemen!

The Report on the Army and Navy, published by the House of Commons in 1833, gives a curious illustration of the commercial sharpness of the heroic warriors of the aristocracy. In 1821, the serving officers who obtained promotions bore a third of the expense of the additional general officers, which amounted in seven years to £13,000. But in 1828 they brought an action against the Treasury which was not defended; and thus, while preserving their promotions, recovered the money they had consented to pay to obtain them. History proves how ill the calculations of the battle-field accord with the talents of these gentlemen, but it is clear they would be very formidable in their natural element among the bulls, bears, and stags of the Stock Exchange. Gentlemen!

The stockbroking shrewdness, which is the basis of the honourable calculations and noble speculations involved in the purchase of a commission in the Guards, by warriors possessed of wealth and interest, assumes a character of incredible baseness in the case of the clothing colonel. The report of 1833 states the emoluments of the colonel of the 1st Foot Guards at £4133 11s. 4d. Of the £1220 a-year which, at least, the colonel of a regiment of the Guards derives from his regiment, half comes from supplying bad clothes to the men, charged as good to the public, and replaced by other and better raiment, which is paid for by stoppages from the pay of the privates. When the Liverpool Financial Reform Association published this fact, Major-General Sir William F. P. Napier called it false. His proof was an argumentation about inspections and checks. He had just been appointed colonel of the 27th Regiment! Mr. Robertson Gladstone, in reply, proved that the clothes supplied were £75,000 a-year worse than the country pays for. Moreover, the far more serious fact was established that—'When a regiment goes abroad, becomes sickly, and is thinned by death, the clothing colonel to whom it belongs, and who remains at home, receives the money not required for dead or sick men as his own emolument';—a statement which receives a dark and sinister significance from the tragedy upon the heights above Sebastopol. The more the men died, the more the noble and chivalrous colonel profited. But Sir William Napier tells us the colonels are neither dealers in clothes nor in horses, nor men enriched by disease, disaster, or death, but gentlemen and British gentlemen!

The recent revelations of the brutal manners of British officers in barracks forced the 'Times' to embody the public opinion in the proposition that henceforth no officer could be assumed to be a gentleman until he proved it. In fact, the rule has always been universal, and no profession nor rank could ever make a

gentleman; a title which kings do not obtain when their manners do not justify it. No doubt there are many officers of gentlemanly manners, but education has always been deemed essential to a gentleman, and many British officers, it is also true, have obtained a peculiar renown in orthography! We have been honoured with the friendship of officers of the highest intelligence, and we have seen a document drawn up and signed by a body of officers with bad grammar in every sentence and an ill-spelt word in every line; and we possess a letter from an officer of the Guards, of a ducal family, in which the ill-spelt words are still more numerous. Moreover, the gentlemanly and intelligent officers proclaim with one voice the deplorable condition of their profession.

The degrading military system of England and the advocates of passive resistance have spread an impression of some necessary connexion between soldiering and demoralization. Oliver Cromwell showed the contrary. He made his camp a school, a college, a place of worship. The heroic Independents of his army were men of great intellectual and moral acquirements, and profound reasoners in debate as well as Ironsides in battle. They were masterly disputants on questions of history, philosophy, and government; and in theology were the worthy disciples of the greatest divines, such as Owen, Baxter, and Howe. The culture spread in the Puritan army remains in an immortal form in the works of John Bunyan, who entered its ranks a debauched tinker, and acquired in it the education of his genius and the elevation of a martyr. When the Ironsides entered the pulpits of Edinburgh to preach, laying their pistols and helmets down upon the seats behind them, the amazement of their Presbyterian audiences was generally changed into admiration at the erudition and eloquence of these common troopers.

The motto on the coat-of-arms of Oliver Cromwell was:—*Pax queritur Bello*: 'Peace is sought by war.' In the divine Sermon on the Mount, the founder of Christianity enjoins his disciples not to resist evil, and specifies the evil which is to be received with submission, as assault and legal spoliation, a blow on the cheek, a fraud of a coat. Afterwards, the teacher of this lesson told his disciples to sell their clothes to buy swords, and when two were brought He said, 'They are enough;' and one of his disciples cut off the right ear of the servant of the High Priest. Who among us presents the left cheek after the right? Who gives his cloak when defrauded of his coat? Why buy swords if not to resist assault? Did Jesus Christ teach one thing upon a mountain in Galilee and a different upon the Mount of Olives? Is it not more logical, modest, and reasonable,

to search for the mind of the Founder of Christianity by looking both these exhibitions of it in the face than by patching together phrases torn from their context in favour of a non-resistance which nobody has ever put in practice? The lesson of the Mount of Olives asserted the duty of meeting the sword with the sword; and the lesson upon the mountain in Galilee the duty of superiority to personal injuries when teaching Christianity. It is the 'Strike, but hear' of the noble Athenian. A broad and faithful induction from facts and precepts teaches the Christian to be a man of peace by overcoming evil with good, animosity by kindness, the sword by the sword, war by war, and is admirably resumed in the motto of the chief of the Ironsides,—*Pax queritur Bello*.

The historical fact is that the world has never known any peace which has not been won by war. If Protestants had not conquered in the field, in the persons of Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, and others, they would never have lived a year in peace from the Roman Catholics; and if Oliver Cromwell had not triumphed, there would have been no more Nonconformity in London than there is Protestantism in Rochelle.

The military despotisms are careful to breed soldiers as instruments of aggression. In the war which we are now waging the first deficiency which shows itself is a want of men to become soldiers. The territorial oligarchy of the British Islands have laboured successfully to make them what they are, 'the isles of the blest' for country gentlemen. The British Islands could easily maintain a population of 35,000,000, furnishing military resources equalling those of France. All the schemes for descents upon the British coasts which have rmented in the brains of Frenchmen have been based upon the disaffection of the Roman Catholics, the numerical inferiority of the population available as soldiers, and the oligarchical administration of the army. As if to encourage these schemes of invasion, the oligarchical administration, during more than a century, devoted themselves to depopulation and extermination. Whenever a cottage has become empty, they have pulled it down to drive the people into the towns. In Ireland and the Highlands the clearing system has been ruthlessly pursued. The newspapers, for example, tell us that scarcely any men have been found to enter into the Sutherlandshire Militia. Prior to the clearings, this county furnished one of the most distinguished of the Highland regiments. Fertile valleys have been turned into deserts, and where thousands of brave men were reared, there are flocks of sheep. The result of the affair has been gained upon the spot. The country is affected by cruelty, and the results which we are desirous

through which we travelled for several days; and on the sea coasts a misery precisely similar to what we had previously seen in Ireland. All land is given as property by the sovereign king or legislature, on the condition of nourishing the population necessary for the defence of the State. Sismondi and Sir Walter Scott saw in the clearing system, chiefs of clans cruel and faithless to their kinsmen, and disloyal to their country. The British oligarchy have by their ruthless rapacity weakened their country as a military power; while Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France have changed the tenure of property, and made the production of soldiers a supreme object of the State. Prussia and France seized the lands of the clergy and nobility, and made a new distribution of them more favourable to the national safety. Austria and Russia have adopted a system of military colonies. About a century ago, Maria-Theresa assigned lands upon the frontiers of Hungary and Transylvania to certain thousands of poor families upon the condition of furnishing soldiers to the Austrian armies. The Prussian and Austrian military colonies can supply on short notice the men of an organized army. Austria has immense establishments for breeding horses, which pay their own expenses; but in this country free-trade may be safely entrusted with the supply of horses. The men who occupy the best positions for instructing public opinion in Parliament have of late years fallen into such gross errors that their authority it is to be hoped will in future be insufficient to prevent the public from pondering the facts of the writers who have told them; steam has bridged the channel, the Continental navies are relatively immeasurably more powerful than they were in the days of Nelson, and if Great Britain is to remain free, our policy must be greatly modified.

With a military system as bad as the English, France would not have a single soldier. But all Frenchmen are equal before the law, and equally eligible to all offices, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The last twenty-five years have been the reign of Nepotism in Great Britain. Merit never was at a greater discount. Even during the last century it was a proverb in the navy, that the admirals entered their ships by the hawse-holes, and passed by the fore-castle to the quarterdeck. We do not know of the existence of a single officer in the British navy at present who entered it as a common sailor; yet wonder is expressed that our sailors desert into the United States' navy! Even prior to the French revolution, two soldiers, Fabert and Chevert, became generals; but no such promotions have occurred in England, we believe, since the Revolution. The east coast of Scotland has furnished the Russian empire with an admiral and two marshals, Admiral Greg and Marshals Keith and Barclay de Tolendal. Admiral Greg left

Aberdeen a cabin-boy, and Marshal Barclay had been a "herd laddie." Among the youth of this district it was a common saying, that 'a Scotchman had a better chance of fair play in Russia than he could find in the south among the pock-pudding English.' Nearly every Scotch boy received the rudiments of an education superior in essentials to the education of Oxford or Cambridge, and did not see why he might not have a fair field and no favour in the race for any object of honourable ambition under the sun. During the first French Republic and Empire it became a proverb, that 'every soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack.' During ten centuries of the Bourbon monarchy, only two soldiers had risen to be generals, while during ten years of the Empire twenty-four common soldiers became marshals;—a groom became King of Naples; a lawyer's clerk, King of Sweden; and of four sons of an attorney, three became Kings of Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, and the fourth the Emperor of the French.

The French soldier enters the army either as a conscript, a substitute, or a volunteer. Conscription is an evil in itself, more than counterbalancing a hundred-fold all the disadvantages, faults, and injustice of the British military system. Fathers and mothers of families feel themselves robbed of their sons. It is a curious sight to pass in a French *Mairie* from the office in which deaths are recorded and funerals ordered into the adjoining office, in which a collection of nurses and mothers may be seen with newly-born babies, waiting for the registration of their births. Twenty years after, the surviving boys among these babies await with anxiety the most serious consequence of the registration—the drawing of their numbers from the military lottery. Every conceivable device has been practised to escape the fatal chance. Defects of all kinds have been simulated. During the time of the first Napoleon a sharp look-out was kept up to prevent lads escaping abroad; and it is a very serious offence for a French youth to cheat the conscription. Nothing can exceed the dark look of bitterness with which French fathers talk of the conscription; or the shiver with which they mention the drawing of their sons; and of course in the female sex, in the hearts of sisters and mothers, this feeling is intensified to agony. Although by law the only son of a widow is exempt, in a case which recently came under our notice, the son of a political prisoner at Cayenne was drawn after the death of his father, but prior to the arrival of the news in Paris; and no effort or interest which the poor widowed mother could employ was of any avail to procure his discharge from the army. When told there is no conscription in Great Britain, French women exclaim, 'Oh, what a happy country!' As for the conscripts themselves, they assume a gaiety of appear-

ance whether they feel it or not, and rove about the streets tipsy and noisy, with their bad numbers in large figures on a paper stuck up in the front of their caps, which are flaunting all round with tricolour ribbons. The effect, and probably the intention of the display, is to give the spectators the impression, that it is only a foolish and worthless lad who has been withdrawn from the useful and peaceful pursuits of society, to become provender for cannon.

Just now in war time a substitute costs £160. Prudent, provident, and frugal families commence laying by their savings to buy off their sons, the moment of their birth. The substitute is a soldier who has served his seven years as a conscript, and who has been induced by the dislike of civil life, or by the money he receives to re-engage himself for another seven years. Hitherto there has been a regular trade in substitutes. Certain trading companies have undertaken to provide them for prices varying according to the market. The substitute generally spends his money in debauchery, which makes him a bad character for the rest of his life. The substitutes are guilty of a great proportion of the offences committed in the French army. The trading companies often break without providing the substitutes they have received payment for ; and an evil odour of swindling and profligacy surrounds them. The present government propose to take substitution or *remplacement* into their own hands, and to supply substitutes on regular terms and at fixed rates. The substitute is to receive very little money on re-engaging himself, and the bulk of the sum is to be kept as a deposit to be delivered up to him on his final discharge, or in case of his death to whoever he may name as his heir. The surplus and profits of the transaction are to be accumulated and thrown into a fund to supply a pension of twelve or twenty pounds a year to old soldiers.

The French volunteer is either a poor lad who has no other resource against starvation, or a young man in good circumstances with a passion for the military profession. The other day a poor lad, apprehended for vagabondage, said, 'It is not my fault. I never knew either my father or my mother, I have no friends, and I have no trade, and I wish to become a soldier.' Cases occur of young men of wealth, family, and title, entering the army as private soldiers. When Louis Napoleon made his first triumphful entry into the Tuileries, a son of Prince Murat, in the garb of a private soldier, was a conspicuous person in his *cortège*.

The French volunteer, substitute, or conscript receives on joining his regiment a little note-book, called a *livret*. This book contains a list of everything he receives from the military stores,

and a precise account of the condition of each article. All the punishments to which he is liable are stated in his *livret*, and every offence of which he can possibly be guilty. Nothing is left dark. Nothing is left to caprice. He commences his career with a knowledge of his position, his duties and dangers, punishments and rewards, as complete as can be conveyed by words. He cannot be made the victim of impositions for shattered stocks or barrack repairs. The number of every article he possesses is taken down, and a statement is made of how long it ought to last. Every quarter every article is inspected, and on such things as coats and great coats, a stamp is impressed, which proves and records every quarter of use of the article. His captain regularly audits and signs his accounts.

An individual case will bring out saliently the condition of the French conscript. A *chasseur d'Orleans*, whose *livret* or note-book lies before us, with the burn of the bullet upon its parchment cover, which it fortunately turned aside, shall be our illustration. He was drawn in 1846, when he was twenty, but was not required to join the army until 1848. He served three years in France, in Algeria, and at Rome. On turning to the page which records his practice at the target, we find he commenced his theoretical instruction on the 19th May, 1848; was admitted among the third-class shots on the 4th June; among the second-class in April, 1849; and into the first in July, 1850, and March 1851. His instruction in the school of the soldier, and in the schools for the *peloton* and *bataillon* exercises, was accomplished in five months, from May to October, 1848. In two years he passed through the three grades of merit in the gymnastic exercises. He knew how to read and write; and was able to follow the lectures in the regimental schools. He finished his seven years on the 31st December, 1853; but he obtained leave of absence on finding a substitute on the 19th December, 1851. Three years' absence from his family had made him a disciplined soldier at the age of twenty-five. Until he is forty-five a few weeks' drill will always suffice to revive his military accomplishments. His case gives us a glimpse by the way of the military resources of France. Twenty times 80,000, make 1,600,000 disciplined men;—deduct deaths and disablements, add the National Guard, when it exists, and a navy as numerous as our own, and we find we must reckon the trained men among our neighbours by millions—say 4,000,000 in time of peace! The draft is 160,000 in time of war. Three years' drill in the army would not ruin a man for civil life, if not accompanied with debauchery. Unfortunately, however, one of the causes why the French soldiers are small and ugly, and the population is doubled only once in 135 years, is the systematized vice of the army.

Napoleon Bonaparte subjected to legal system what Oliver Cromwell punished with death. The severity of the Puritans may appear cruel, and Malthusian philosophers may regard with complacency the smallness of French families, but since the rise of Puritanism the language of 5,000,000 Britons has spread over the whole world. Three centuries have increased the four English nations, English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, to 60,000,000, and if the ratio of multiplication continues, before the French have doubled their numbers, the nations speaking English will equal the whole of the population actually on the globe.

The English soldier is always a volunteer. Dire misfortunes or peculiar circumstances may occasionally drive a young man from the middle class families into the ranks ; but the case is rare. Mr. Alexander Somerville describes himself and a comrade mounting up to the top of one of the highest houses in Edinburgh, to reach the lodgings of a sergeant of the Scots Greys to be enlisted. The sergeant had but one shilling, which his wife declared could not be made legally sufficient for two recruits. She went and borrowed a second shilling, and on her return one shilling was given to each of the aspirants, and they became forthwith soldiers in a regiment which the imaginations of Scottish youths invest with much romance. When the author of 'The Camp and Barrack Room' describes his enlistment in the 13th Light Infantry, he says—'A shilling was placed in my hand, and I was a soldier ; one of the gallant 13th ! the illustrious heroes of Ghuznee, Julgah, and Jugdulluk, and many other well-fought fields. What Paynim metamorphosis was ever effected quicker !' The sergeant conducts the recruit to an officer, who receives them in his back kitchen, where he has erected a machine for ascertaining the exact height of the recruit. From the officer they pass to the medical inspector, who in his turn makes the recruit aware of his position in society by ordering his servant to show them into his back kitchen. The ground may be covered with snow, in the severest cold of winter, but the recruit is ordered to strip naked on a damp brick floor, and undergo his medical examination. The medical man knows quite well, although he does not choose to care for it, that such a chill is a frequent cause of colic or dysentery. As the recruit issues shivering from the house of the doctor, the sergeant recommends raw spirits as a remedy ; and thus the first military lessons are learned—of his insignificance in the eyes of his officers ; of their indifference to his health ; and of alcohol as his restorative. Every one who has voyaged on our coast in steamers must have observed, near the fore-castle, wooden sheds, littered with straw, which have been knocked up to shelter recruits on their voyage from Dublin or Leith to

Chatham. The expression of the countenances of the recruits is something never to be forgotten ; an expression which they have in common with Negro slaves, Russian serfs, and domesticated dogs. Sailors and steerage passengers are surveyed by the recruits with looks which express submission, and implore protection. Mr. Alexander Somerville says the recruits are surrounded by crimps, who try to persuade them to exchange their respectable clothes for filthy rags prior to entering the barracks. According to the author of 'The Camp and Barrack Room,' the recruits and young soldiers are subjected to impositions by the subaltern officers at Chatham. Old firelocks are put into their hands, which they must infallibly damage, and they are heavily mulcted for the repair of stocks already shattered. On one occasion he spent four days at Chatham, and fourpence was charged each man of his detachment for barrack damages. The Chatham harpies, he calculates, rob a few hundred soldiers in this way of as much as three hundred pounds a year.

When a French soldier is a sergeant prior to the expiry of his first seven years, he has every inducement to re-engage himself, as he is sure of becoming an officer, and probably a captain, before he is six and thirty or forty years of age. By law, two of every three lieutenants must be chosen from among the subaltern officers ; the third nomination alone belongs to the Government, and is bestowed upon the best pupils of the military schools. Promotion afterwards goes by seniority, and with the years the elevation must come. Off duty the subaltern officer does not associate with the privates, but with the officers. Eighty or a hundred pounds a year of pension, and a position among the *bourgeoisie* of his country, do not seem bad things for a French soldier to retire upon into a French village before the prime of life is past, and while the grey hairs are not prominent enough in his beard to prevent him from finding a comely partner with a small fortune, to share his cottage, his garden, and his old soldiering stories. The English soldier enlists for a much longer term, and obtains a pension of sixpence a day. His military service unfits him for working at his trade. He is often an old man at forty, and his pension is not a compensation for his inferiority in skill and strength to his brother workmen. The British sergeant on half-pay is not much better off. He may keep a small public-house ; or his wife may open a small shop ; or he may teach fencing ; or drill young ladies in walking ; or eke out an existence any way he can ; but he feels bitterly his talent has not had any fair play. He sees porters, saddlers, ploughmen, printers, drapers, clerks, carters who have become members of Parliament. *Here* is a shepherd who owns princely flocks, and *there* a sailor possessing numerous fleets. Men who

began life with a look-out similar to his own have, by almost every trade and path, raised themselves and their families; their daughters are married into the highest ranks, and their sons live upon the rents of their estates. He has been under fire many times; he has been frugal in his habits, and has subdued his passions, and disciplined his life within the sternest rules; but he remains in the lowliest grades of life, and his sons leave him to enter humble trades, and his daughters to become domestic servants. Every man on the Alma and at Inkerman was a hero, and the reward of most of the survivors has been death by famine, fever, cold, or dysentery; and when the shattered remnants of the heroic legions shall return to their generous country, they will only be old pensioners! The promotion of a single man in each regiment to be an officer, is the only improvement a liberal Government could venture on in the last half of the nineteenth century! The recommendation from the battle-field of a general of division has not as yet made Sergeant Sullivan an ensign! On leaving for the Crimea the other day, a French sergeant said to his brother—‘I shall die out there or come back something—*quelque chose*.’

The French punishments are inflicted with great precautions. A French officer has assured us, he has known a colonel of a regiment spend four days in investigating the justice or injustice of a punishment which confined a soldier to his barracks for four days. ‘We wish that no man should feel himself unjustly punished. Our soldiers are apt, if they feel aggrieved, to take their muskets and fire a shot at the officer who has injured them. This has happened, and we wish to avoid it.’ Disgrace before the regiment is a very serious French punishment, and consists in parading a man before his comrades, and solemnly stripping him of his epaulettes, and every other symbol of his military character. Though less brutal, it seems similar to the English punishment of ‘drumming out.’ French soldiers are often shot, but never flogged. While resident in Paris near a barracks—and nobody there can be far from one—we came to know quite well the reports of a military execution. The half-dozen bullet shots which were heard together, and then two or three after each other which finished the victim. The old soldier who hears it shivers in every joint, and then explains to whoever will listen to him why there is no mistaking it, and what the difference is between the reports with and without bullets.

A feeling of loathing shall prevent our saying much on the subject of flogging in the British army. When speaking of it with Frenchmen, civilians, officers, or privates, an Englishman has nothing for it but to hold down his head under their looks

of scorn at British barbarity, and blush for his country. The flogging of a single Frenchman, we have been solemnly assured, would cause a revolt in every regiment in the French service. However, the French themselves flog the Arabs with canes. The British soldier is flogged on the back, where the punishment produces disastrous or fatal consequences on the nervous and respiratory or vital systems. The French are more merciful to the Arabs. They flog them where children are flogged; and fatal consequences are scarcely possible. A case like that of White, who was flogged and died of the secondary consequences, could not have occurred, we believe, among the Arabs under French rule.

In the House of Lords and Commons, it is taken for granted that the conscription sweeps into the French army men of superior education to the soldiers brought into the British army by enlistment. No doubt favouritism and purchase keep many well educated youths out of the British army, as they know they can do better for themselves in other professions. But the system of substitution or *remplacement*, in fact, confines the conscription to the poorer classes in France; and the poverty which cannot provide a substitute for a son is the very poverty which cannot afford to give him a superior education. We shall feel painfully surprised if the statistics of education in the British army does not present a picture superior to the one drawn by the Minister of War of the educational condition of the French army. On the 1st January, 1851, the army actually under the flag consisted of 364,765 men, of whom 40,090 could read only, and 102,551 could neither read nor write. Cutting off the officers, and considering only the non-commissioned officers, corporals, and privates, the army consisted of 242,102 men, of whom, in round numbers, 100,000 could read and write, and 142,000 could read only, or neither read nor write.

Sophistry is often very droll in the forms it assumes, and there are people who express their anxiety lest what they call raising the British soldier should lower the British officer, as if a regard to merit could make anything less meritorious. The object is to raise not the soldiers but the officers, who do not stand high in the public opinion of the world in any respect, their grand aims and gross ignorance having made them a byword in Europe and America. French officers always speak of British soldiers with grave admiration, and of British officers with laughter. 'If we had had your men,' said one of the officers of Napoleon, 'we would have conquered the world.'

Purchase may give a man a commission, but it cannot give him confidence in the knowledge and discharge of his duties. British officers have a well-founded distrust of themselves. The

present system does not train them gradually to support the burden of responsibility. They are intrusted with nothing until they are general officers, and then without ever having exercised their judgment, discretion, or firmness, a responsibility is thrown upon them suddenly much heavier than they can bear. English officers are generally deficient in confidence in their own strategy. They believe themselves inferior to the French officers in tactics. The public opinion indeed of the world is that the French officers are immensely superior to the British in the knowledge of the arts and sciences applicable to the military profession. We have often thought it a curious thing that William Pitt and Arthur Wesley, the men who in the cabinet and field, by detecting their schemes and out-generalizing their tactics, defeated the French, had themselves both been educated in France. Pitt and Talleyrand were comrades when boys; and Wesley, afterwards called Wellesley, was educated at the military college at Nantes. His superiority over his rivals lay exactly in the effects of this education, and at Vimeira, for example, enabled him to win a battle which Sir Harry Burrard, who supplanted him in the command, could not improve, just because the one general knew French tactics, and the other was afraid of them.

Prior to obtaining a commission in the French army a student must be a bachelor of science, and read Latin and Greek, and a modern language. The programs, indeed, if rigidly applied, would admit none but 'Admirable Crichtons.'

The French, probably, combine very well the proportions of practical and theoretical acquirements necessary in officers, by giving two commissions to subalterns, for every one to a student of St. Cyr. They seem also to apply the principle of seniority better than we do either in the British or in the Indian army. Promotion goes by seniority up to the rank of general officer, major, or *chef-de-bataillon*. But there it stops. We allow seniority to encumber the highest grades with old officers, and accord it most play where merit is most important. Seniority reigning from the corporal to the major, by giving effect to the good opinion of a commanding officer, and the promise which a lad gives who passes his examination cleverly, affords the promising student and meritorious subaltern opportunities of acquiring a reputation, and performing services entitling them to the honours and responsibilities of general officers. But the British system crushes merit under a triple load of money, interest, and senility.

A more curious sophism was never invented by meanness than the pretext that promotion by merit might fill the army with ignorant officers. Why, the word merit in this case means the *knowledge* of military duties. Mr. Sidney Herbert's ungentle-

manly sneer, about sergeants whose wives turn a penny by washing, accords in ignorance with his administration of the secretaryship at war. But we submit right honourable and noble officials ought from personal prudence to avoid setting the fashion of irrelevant allusions to what men's wives may have done, and feel very thankful if their wives have never done anything worse than wash.

Every day sees the military profession becoming more and more scientific. Electricity, photography, chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, physiology, physics, mechanics, hydraulics, logarithms, geometry, geography, geology, zoology, and the sciences of man and society have each and all applications to the military arts. What a vast range of historical knowledge is implied in an acquaintance with the military historians from Polybius and Cæsar downwards to Jomini and Gurwood! A competent general officer must be every inch as intelligent a man as a competent physician or judge. Fair play to military merit is just what it is in regard to merit in science, law, medicine, or letters—justice to perseverance, intelligence, and genius.

While we have been writing, the discussions in Parliament, and the evidence before Mr. Roebuck's committee, have been proving that the accounts we have abridged from the newspapers, of the mismanagement of the war, generally accused of exaggeration, have been under the truth. The ships in the harbour at Balaklava, instead of lengthwise, were arranged crosswise, in the way to be most obstructive to each other. The eleven vessels lost, out of sixteen before Balaklava, would have escaped all danger if Captain Christie had not refused repeatedly to allow them either to enter the harbour or to put out to sea. Mr. Filder, the Commissary-General, declined consulting with Sir De Lacy Evans respecting the wants of his Division, and paid no attention to suggestions or remonstrances made to him. Many of the tents and tools were old and bad, having been used in the Peninsula. Dr. Hall did not see that there was a proper supply of medicines. Mr. Dundas, M.P., saw the sick covered with vermin, lying on the bare deck of the 'Timor,' wrapped in one or two blankets, and with their knapsacks for pillows. The men in the camp were fourteen days without tents, and in the tents they lay in one or two blankets, on hay or straw, and not always absolutely upon the bare ground. The Duke of Cambridge was obliged to shoot twenty-four ammunition ponies in one morning for want of forage. While there was charcoal in abundance on board the transports, the men had only oak scrubs for fuel, &c. &c.

The evidence before the public proves the ignorance of the Cabinet minister *cliques* to be the chief source of our disasters and humiliations. One and all were ignorant of their business.

Every witness proves that the army was overworked. At Inkerman we had 8000 men to meet 60,000; and the heroism of the soldiers is the shame of the Ministers. In the trenches we had perhaps 5000 men to do the work of 50,000. The bills for the enrolment and mobilization of the militia, the training of a foreign legion, and the increase of the army, ought to have been brought into the House of Commons all together, at the commencement of the war, and passed quickly. Our soldiers would not then have been exposed to unfair odds, and their numbers would have been proportioned to their tasks. But the Parliamentary measures were introduced in dilatory dribbles and crude shapes, and too late, by Lord John Russell, who had his lectures at mechanics' institutes to think of, and by Lord Palmerston, who cannot let an Admiral Napier or a General Vivian depart for the wars without making speeches, celebrating victories before they are won.

But the British people worship money and interest, and quarrel with the consequences of their own idolatries, forgetful of the words—'As ye sow, so shall ye also reap.'

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1. *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers.* By Washington Irving. Fcap. pp. 351. 3s. 6d.
2. *Wanderings in Corsica; its History and its Heroes.* Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by Alexander Muir. Two Volumes. Fcap. pp. 326, 391. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

THESE volumes belong to 'Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature,' and cannot fail to be extensively popular. They have a distinctive character, which, in each case, presents strong points of

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interest. The former of the two, proceeding from a well-known author, will be promptly and heartily welcomed. The pleasurable associations connected with the 'Sketch Book' of Geoffrey Crayon will insure a cordial greeting to 'Wolfert's Roost.' The volume partakes of the same characteristics as its predecessor, and is one of the most pleasing, accomplished, and intelligent companions, that can be desired. The chaste style and quiet humor of Washington Irving are perfectly refreshing in these days of turgid authorship, when many writers mistake what is inverted and obscure for indications of profundity and genius. We infinitely prefer a page of this volume to whole sheets of the obscure and inflated writing with which many have supplied us. The volume consists of a variety of papers, amongst which, of course, there are different degrees of merit. Some are more and others less pleasing; but from the first, which describes the fortunes of a 'little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles as an old cocked hat,' unto the last, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment is supplied without any of the pernicious influences to which some forms of fiction are liable. So great has been our pleasure in the perusal of this volume that we should gladly notice it at considerable length if other claims permitted. As it is, we can only commend it very cordially to our readers, and advise their selecting the *Author's edition* from the competitors with which an imperfect copyright law will speedily inundate the market. Messrs. Constable's edition is at once neat and low-priced, and the interest which Mr. Irving has in it ought to secure general preference.*

The other work which we have named, 'Wanderings in Corsica,' is one of the most agreeable and informing publications of the day. The history of Corsica is first given, in a rapid sketch of its fortunes under the Greeks, Etruscans, Carthaginians, and Romans. Its mediæval history is then traced, and the various enterprises which were undertaken against the rule of the Genoese are described with a bold and rapid pen. The work must not be confounded with the 'Guide Books,' which are now so common; it is much more than these. Gregorovius is an accomplished and pleasant traveller, well informed on the matters about which he writes, carrying with him the confidence as well as the good-will of his readers. The physical features of the country, the products of its soil, its mineral wealth, the traditions, customs, laws, and spirit of the people, are sketched with a masterly hand, so as to rivet attention, whilst knowledge is largely communicated. The history of Corsica has at many periods impinged on that of Continental Europe. One instance of this will instantly occur, and great interest attaches to this work from the light it throws on the family and boyhood of Napoleon Buonaparte. The character and social position of his father Carlo, and of his handsome mother Letitia, Buonaparte, are portrayed in a manner which meets the legitimate curiosity of the

* Since the foregoing has been in type we learn that the Messrs. Constable have published a *Shilling* edition of 'Wolfert's Roost.' It is printed in a very neat and clear type, and merits, what it can scarcely fail to secure, the preference of every purchaser.

reader; whilst the romantic career of Theodore, the brief king of the island, are delineated in a style which, if adapted to repress admiration, extends the domain of veritable history.

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1. *Poetical Works of James Thomson*. Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 252. 2s. 6d.
 2. *Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*. Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. III. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 248. 2s. 6d. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THE former of these volumes introduces an author who needs no recommendation to our readers. We have recently noticed another edition of his poetical works, edited by Mr. Gilfillan; and as we purpose, ere long, entering at some length into the critical examination of his writings, we shall content ourselves at present with reporting the appearance of Mr. Bell's edition. The editor's *Introduction* to the present volume is biographical, and to the 'Seasons' will be prefixed a critical notice of his works. The whole of his poems hitherto collected are republished by Mr. Bell, to which two additions are made, 'one,' he tells us, 'satisfactorily authenticated, and the other ascribed to Thomson on conjectural grounds.' The lovers of English poetry may well congratulate themselves on the rich supply now furnished them.

The other volume named is the third of Mr. Bell's edition of the poetical works of the father of English verse, and is illustrated, like its predecessors, with appropriate *Introductions* and *Notes*. When the magnitude of his undertaking and the rapidly recurring periods of publication are regarded, Mr. Bell is entitled to very high praise for the scholarlike style in which his work is executed.

A Memoir of Anna Maria Clarke, wife of the Rev. Thomas Clarke, B.A. By her Son, the Rev. Thomas Gray Clarke, M.A. pp. 482. London: Harry Wooldridge. 1853.—The record of a life in which there was little of outward incident, but much of spiritual excellence. Mrs. Clarke, who died twenty-seven years ago, was a clergyman's wife of the thoroughly 'evangelical' school, and adorned her faith by her virtues and labours in the sphere assigned her. Her memoir is calculated to do good in some quarters, but we regret that the book is so large; what is really worth printing might have been condensed into half the compass.

Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs; or, the Seven-headed Serpent Slain. A Series of Essays, with an Allegorical Introduction on some of the Chief Errors of the Day. By

Stephen Jenner, M.A., late Curate of Camden Church, Camberwell. pp. 351. London: Longman & Co. 1854.—We have read much of this book with sincere pleasure. Mr. Jenner is evidently a man of refined, reflective, and cultivated mind. The title-page conveys no just idea of the contents or character of the work, which consists of two imaginary Discourses, 'types' of Tractarian and Evangelical teaching, and seven essays on the Subtlety of Error, the Ideal of the Church, Sacramental Efficacy, Symbolism, the True Cross, the Power of Faith, and the Force of Controversy. The principles maintained are, in our view, generally sound; the tone and temper are healthy; and the arguments are conducted with calmness and strength. It is a book for many, and especially for those of educated minds who are seeking light on the Subjects discussed.

The Great Journey: a Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God. By the Author of 'The Faithful Promiser,' &c. pp. 134. Third Edition. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie. 1854.—'The author feels there is every apology needed for venturing to commit to the press another of the many faint echoes of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' He has been induced to do so from experience of the power which allegory possesses of interesting and instructing youth. This little volume, indeed, dates its origin, and much of its present form, in 'preparations for an advanced Sabbath class, where the allegorical method had proved pleasing and profitable.' We need add nothing to this. The book is an 'echo,' and a 'faint' one. We not only confess to a decided preference for the 'voice,' but to an inability to see any need of echoes at all. But to those who differ from us we commend this little book for its object, as one of the best of the somewhat large class to which it belongs.

Our Friends in Heaven; or, the Mutual Recognition of the Redeemed in Glory Demonstrated. By the Rev. J. M. Killen, M.A., Comber. pp. 272. Edinburgh: John Shepherd. 1854.—We have never been able to see the great importance of the doctrine here maintained, nor the strength of the evidence adduced in its support. Doubtless, the thought and hope of renewing and perpetuating in Heaven friendships begun on earth is pleasing and consolatory, and we should be sorry to say that it is inconsistent with revelation; but, at the same time, the manner in which the belief is often presented before us by its advocates savours not of the highest tone of spirituality, and most of the passages supposed to sustain it appear to us entirely irrelevant. We cannot describe Mr. Killen's work as any advance on former arguments and illustrations of the doctrine. It goes pretty much over the old ground, and in the old way. Those who wish to see what is generally said in its favour may consult him with advantage, but if we felt our need of conviction on the subject, we should

desiderate something of a stronger kind.

Scenes of the Bible; or, Scripture Sketches. By Rev. Wm. Clarkson (late Missionary to India), author of 'India and the Gospel,' &c. pp. 196. London: John Snow. 1854.—These 'Scenes' are from the New Testament—'The Preaching of John the Baptist'—'John the Baptist's Testimony to Jesus'—'The Night of Prayer on the Mount'—'The Healing of the Sick, and the Sermon on the Mount'—'Jesus receiving Little Children'—'Jesus' last Entry into Jerusalem'—'The Eve of Jesus' Betrayal.' In connexion with these topics the author presents, in a calm and serious manner, much important truth and practical admonition.

The Public Pearl; or, Education the People's Right and a Nation's Glory. &c. &c. Dedicated, by permission, to Lady John Russell. By Celatna. pp. 326. London: Houlston & Stone-man. 1854.—To this book the following advertisement is prefixed—'Please to read the Dedictory Epistle. The Proem in Poem. The Preface. For in such prefixes there are often some choice sayings and sentiments expressed and embodied.' As a specimen of these 'sayings' and 'sentiments,' we will give the first few lines of the 'Preface,' which also contains the author's own estimate of his work, and furnishes a pretty correct sample of his general style—'The sentiments expressed in the ensuing pages we cordially submit, with due deference, to the public. And would say, with reference to them, that while they are logical, they are loyal; while they are in type, they are genuine; while they are undisguised, they are disinterested; while they are real, they are cordial; while they are temporal, they are Scriptural; and while they are respectful to all, they are firm to the point,' &c. &c. We need add no more.

Little Plays for Little Actors. 1. Puss in Boots; or, Charity Rewarded.

2. *The Little Play of Mother Goose.* By Miss Corner. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. London: Dean & Son.—

These small volumes are not to our mind. We should be very sorry to see the pleasantries of childhood giving place to the amusements here furnished. There is not, however, much fear of this. The trouble and expense involved, to say nothing of higher objections in decking out our children in the attire of the stage, and in duly qualifying them to perform their parts, will effectually preclude the success of Miss Corner's effort. Certainly we shall not regret her failure.

Daniel De Foe and Charles Churchill. By John Forster. 2s. London: Longman & Co.—Two numbers of 'The Traveller's Library,' consisting of articles reprinted, with additions, from the 'Edinburgh Review.' Mr. Forster is well known as the author of 'Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth' and 'Life of Goldsmith;' and the present volume is worthy of his reputation, and of the series to which it belongs. The separate publication of such papers is matter for congratulation, and we hope that the publishers will continue it. In the case of De Foe, especially, we rejoice in the separate publication of Mr. Forster's paper, as it is adapted to introduce to the wider knowledge of our people one of the best representatives of the mid-

dle class character. To the large body of our countrymen, De Foe is known only as the author of 'Robinson Crusoe;' but he was in reality one of the soundest, most enlightened, and most vigorous political writers of his day, whom wealth could not corrupt, nor power intimidate.

History of the War; or, a Record of the Events, Political and Military, between Turkey and Russia, and Russia and the Allied Powers of England and France; showing the Origin and Progress of the War to the End of the Year 1854. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 334. 2s. London: Sampson Low & Co. — This small volume is designed to furnish, in a concise form, a record of the war in which we are engaged. It has been prepared from public documents and other authentic sources, and is illustrated with two maps of the Crimea. Considerable pains have evidently been taken in its preparation, and though inaccuracies on some minute points have probably been committed, the utmost care has been taken to render the narrative as correct as it is lucid. Those who are interested in the progress of the war will find the volume an invaluable book of reference.

Review of the Month.

JUST AS WE WERE GOING TO PRESS LAST MONTH THE SECESSION FROM LORD PALMERSTON'S CABINET of Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert was announced. We reported the fact, and expressed our fear that the Premier was not equal to the crisis which had arisen. The result has confirmed our apprehension. The vacancies created have been filled up from the ranks of the most exclusive Whiggism. Now we do not sympathize with the views of some of our contemporaries who assert the essential identity of Whigs and Tories. The record of history is opposed to this. Our complaint against the Whigs is, not that they are one with their Tory opponents, but that they have not kept pace with the popular mind. It is ungrateful to charge them with being recreant to their principles.

They may not follow out those principles to what we deem their legitimate consequences, but up to a certain point, they have been, and continue to be, their faithful expounders. The Whig party has occupied a distinguished position in English history. Its palmy days, however, are past, and we should not be surprised if it fails readily to adapt itself to the altered condition of the country. Had its leaders been wise they would have welcomed admissions from the middle classes,—the growing strength and intelligence of which have reduced the comparative importance of aristocratic aid. This, however, the Whigs refuse to do, and in so resolving they have lost their strength, and rendered their ultimate failure inevitable. The great blunder committed by Lord Palmerston is the attempt to bolster up a sinking party. No person has the slightest faith in the stability of his Cabinet. We are no enemies to an aristocracy. It is the growth of centuries, and could not be uprooted without many of our noblest institutions being endangered; but we do protest against the principle on which Lord Palmerston has constructed his ministry. We want an Administration of a broader basis. There must be an introduction of new men into official life, not, be it remembered, of the younger aspirants of the same party, but men drawn from middle class life, who shall carry into our public offices the sagacity and diligence which have crowned their private enterprises with success. Lord Palmerston has not acted on this principle, and his premiership therefore cannot be enduring. What may be the changes before us we know not, but of one thing we are certain; the middle classes of the country are too intelligent and influential to be excluded much longer from a fair share in its government.

THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD ON THE 28TH FEBRUARY MOVED THE SECOND READING OF THE EPISCOPAL AND CAPITULAR ESTATES BILL. This is the third occasion on which his lordship has appeared as an ecclesiastical reformer, and whilst we do full justice to the purity of his motives, and to the diligence with which he has informed himself of the facts of his case, we are compelled to dissent from many of his views, and to differ *in toto* from the conclusion at which he has arrived. His measure has already been twice submitted to the Legislature. On the first occasion leave was obtained to introduce it, and on the next the principle of the bill was sanctioned by a second reading. We need not say what terrible exposures of episcopal misdoings were made by his lordship. They have sunk deeply into the public mind, and constitute one of the many elements which are now weaning the English people from their misplaced confidence in the episcopal establishment of these realms. On the present occasion his lordship was met by a twofold opposition. The lessees of church estates and of capitular bodies, represented by Mr. H. C. Liddell, M.P. for Northumberland, and Mr. Mowbray, M.P. for Durham, were arrayed, though on very different grounds, with anti-state churchmen, but their votes were neutralized by the aid which Government rendered to the noble lord.

Mr. Hadfield delivered, in opposition to the measure, a speech which Mr. Spooner characterized as 'the most revolutionary that had ever been uttered.' We are prepared for many strange and startling things

from the lips of churchmen, yet we confess that, in our simplicity, we had imagined the time was past for such foolish statements as this. The class interests and narrow sectarian views of the clergy may prompt such language, but no senator we hoped could be found to assert, as Mr. Spooner did, that 'the property of the Church as much belonged to the Church as the private property of any individual in that house belonged to him.' Mr. T. Duncombe assured the honorable member for North Warwick, that if Mr. Hadfield's speech was revolutionary, the people at large were in the state deprecated, since the great body of them agreed in the opinions expressed. 'Church property,' he added, 'was public property, and the only way to reconcile the people to this bill would be to introduce a clause enacting that church property should pay the repairs of the church.' Mr. Pellatt, Mr. Heyworth, and Mr. Miall, followed on the same side. 'I claim the better distribution of its revenues,' said the last-named gentleman, not 'for dissenters, but for the nation at large, and I will not consent, by any vote of mine, to recognise this property as the property of the religious sect happening, at the present moment, to be in association with the State. The property is national, and should be employed for national objects.' The House first divided on the question of adjournment, and the second reading was subsequently carried by a majority of thirty-six, the numbers being 102 for, and 66 against it. The bill was ordered to be committed on the 3rd of May. We do not anticipate that it will make much further progress, nor does it deserve to do so. The bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, to whom it is proposed to hand over the administration of immense revenues, have already been convicted of a gross breach of trust. Their malappropriation of what is termed 'Church property' is notorious; and it is contrary to common sense to intrust convicted criminals with the correction of abuses on which they have lived.

THE SUBJECT OF ARMY CHAPLAINS has been frequently referred to. We need not advert to their general character, or the anomalous position they occupy. A slight acquaintance with the subject will satisfy any man that they accomplish very little religious benefit, and, with rare exceptions, are regarded with any feeling rather than one of respect and confidence. Many of our readers will be startled to learn the scale of their remuneration. Some of them are Protestants and others are Catholics, and the former are subdivided into Presbyterians and Episcopalians. We say nothing against this. If it be right to supply Presbyterian and Episcopal soldiers—one smiles at the designation—with chaplains of their own persuasion, it is equally right to do so in the case of Roman Catholics. Yet we confess that there is something in the inequality of payment, reported by Mr. F. Peel, which jars on our sense of propriety. In reply to Col. Greville, Mr. Peel informed the House, on the 2nd, 'that the Presbyterian and Church of England clergymen were paid at the rate of 16s. a-day, with rations and allowances, and some received £100 a-year, in addition to £100 a-year from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Roman-catholic clergymen were all paid at the rate of £150 a-year, in addition to rations and allowances. The difference in amount was

owing to the different scale of living to which the various clergymen had been accustomed.' We are not surprised at the laughter with which this statement is reported to have been received. It is one of the anomalies of our ecclesiastical legislation, which must ultimately give way to the searching inquiry now demanded.

ON THE 13TH MR. HEYWOOD MOVED FOR LEAVE TO BRING IN A BILL TO AMEND THE LAW OF MARRIAGE with a deceased wife's sister, or a deceased wife's niece. This subject has been repeatedly before the House, and it is mortifying to our pride, and singularly illustrative of the tenacity with which legislative errors are retained, that senators are yet found to oppose an amendment against which no valid, much less any Scriptural, argument is adduced. Our opinion on the point has been often and clearly expressed. Prior to 1835, marriage with a deceased wife's sister was simply *voidable*. If not contested, it was valid; but it might at any time during the life of the parties be disputed, and if it were, the most serious consequences resulted. In that year, however, to meet the desire, we believe of the Duke of Beaufort, an alteration was made in the state of the law. All *future* marriages of the kind were declared illegal, whilst *past* marriages were recognised, and their issue pronounced legitimate. To say nothing of the monstrous iniquity of making our legislation subservient to the views of an individual, whether peer or commoner, it is quite clear that this act repudiates the ground on which former combatants stood, and is itself exposed to a charge of the grossest inconsistency. Either such marriages are morally wrong, in which case neither the past nor the future should be recognised; or they are free from censure, in which case the future should be protected equally with the past. Social feeling is against the law as it now stands, and this, be it remembered, not in the case of the unreflecting and immoral, but of the most staid, sound-hearted, and intelligent portion of the community. Twelve thousand such marriages have taken place since 1835, and in no case has loss of caste resulted. Large numbers, including both clergy and laity, have petitioned parliament to amend the law, and great expense and much inconvenience are now constantly submitted to, in order to evade it.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, as on former occasions, led the opposition to Mr. Heywood's motion. There was nothing novel in his argument, nor was this to be expected. The law was to be preserved intact, whilst the high ground formerly maintained was clearly abandoned. So long as Scriptural prohibition was urged, we could understand the views of opponents, however much we regretted their perversity. But in the absence of such plea we cannot comprehend their policy, and are compelled to refer it to that darkened state of the intellect which engenders perverse and obstinate prejudice. We are glad to observe that Mr. Spooner separated himself from his political associates on this occasion, and that Lord Palmerston spoke and voted on behalf of the motion. 'I do not think,' said the Premier, 'that this is a question of the law of God. I think Parliament settled that question by the act of 1835, for it could never be supposed that Parliament would have legalized the marriages, which, up to that period, had taken place, if it had been of opinion that there was such a fundamental objection to

those marriages. This appears to me to be a case in which we can apply, "Nil prosunt leges sine moribus,"—that is, laws are of no avail unless the moral feeling of the community is in unison with them.' Mr. Heywood's motion was ultimately carried by 87 to 53, and the bill was consequently brought in. From the smallness of the majority we fear that the measure will not make much progress this session. Its ultimate triumph, however, cannot be defeated. So gratuitous and un-called-for a restriction cannot be permanently retained on our statute book, and the sooner it is erased the better. Based on ecclesiastical usurpation it must give way as the community becomes more enlightened on questions of morality and religion.

IN PURSUANCE OF A NOTICE GIVEN ON THE 28TH FEBRUARY, MR. HEYWOOD, ON THE 8TH, MOVED for a select committee 'to inquire into the best means of affording to the nation a full and equal participation in all the advantages, which are not necessarily of an ecclesiastical or spiritual character, in the public schools and universities of England and Ireland, and of improving the educational system in those great seats of learning, with a view to enlarge their course of instruction in conformity with the requirements of the public service.' His speech in submitting this motion was very brief, as was that of Mr. Ewart in seconding it. The house was well attended, and an animated discussion was looked for. Little doubt was apparently entertained of success. The motion was regarded as a natural sequence of the measure of last session, but, strange to say, Lord Palmerston interposed an objection in a speech eminently characteristic. Large professions were combined with little doings. 'It was impossible,' said his lordship, 'to estimate too highly the importance of sweeping away, wherever it could with propriety be done, all restrictions and distinctions with regard to the diffusion of knowledge founded upon difference of religious opinion. . . . With regard to schools, there was no denying that the system which had prevailed for a great length of time in some of them was capable of very great improvement.'

Brave words these, and coming from the lips of the Prime-Minister they will not be inoperative. They may have been uttered with a sinister design; but they will not be forgotten. 'As bread cast upon the waters, they will be seen after many days.' A bill for the reformation of the Oxford University having been passed, and a similar one for Cambridge being in preparation, Lord Palmerston counselled Mr. Heywood to withdraw his motion; and as the strength of Government was to be arrayed against him, his lordship's advice was followed. This was, probably, wise. Had we been in Mr. Heywood's position we should have felt some doubt as to the course to be pursued. As a general rule, we would not have our friends shrink from a division through fear of defeat. Much is gained by making known to the country who are the friends and who the opponents of such measures. It is well that Englishmen should learn to distinguish between speeches and votes. Many are deluded by the cheap liberalism of the former to lend themselves to men whose votes have either been withheld from, or been recorded against, all liberal measures. To vote for such measures when adopted by the govern-

ment of the day, or when forced to a successful issue by the strength of popular opinion, is no proof of genuine liberality. At the same time, large discretion must be given to our friends in these matters. They know best all the circumstances of the case, and may, therefore, fairly be deemed better judges than ourselves of the propriety of calling for a division. In the case of our Universities we maintain, with the Oxford Commissioners, that they are 'national property,' and therefore we ask that the advantages they proffer should be thrown open to all classes, without restriction on account of religious opinions.

WE HAVE HAD FREQUENT OCCASION TO EXPRESS OUR ADMIRATION OF THE MANNER IN WHICH HER MAJESTY meets the requirements of her exalted position. She fully appreciates the loyalty of her subjects, and they, in return, are attached to her Throne with a devotion which money could not purchase and which despotism never secures. The fealty of her subjects is known throughout the globe. If there be one feeling amongst Englishmen stronger than another, it is that of attachment to her person and rule. The man who should utter a disrespectful or disloyal word in the hearing of any of her people would speedily be admonished of his folly and guilt. The gallantry due to her sex is combined with the noblest chivalry of which our nature is capable. It is a happy circumstance for England, that our Throne is occupied at such a time as the present by a sovereign who so happily blends, the virtues of private life with the nicest appreciation of her constitutional position. Her Majesty understands the people over whom she rules, and the genuine nobility of her character is shown in the readiness with which she evinces her sympathy with their various interests. It is impossible to read the communications she has addressed to our soldiers in the East, or the description furnished of the visit made to her palace by some of them who have returned home wounded, without feeling that we ought to be grateful to Almighty God for having placed over us a ruler whom all may admire and love. This feeling has been deepened by her Majesty's visit on the 3rd to the hospitals at Chatham. It is impossible to estimate the feelings of the wounded men to whom kind inquiries were personally addressed by their Queen, or to anticipate all the good consequences which must flow from the royal visit. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred. Everybody will respect the motives of such a visit, and the sovereigns of Europe will be wise to imitate the illustrious example. The English public will not be indifferent to acts of this kind, which, for a moment at least, shed the lustre of royal favor over the obscure valor of the ranks and help to make the humblest private feel himself distinguished.

Whatever inferior officials may do, her Majesty has thus shown her sympathy with the British soldier, and her solicitude to alleviate the sufferings to which he has been so cruelly subjected.

LAST MONTH WE REPORTED THE INTRODUCTION BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL OF A MEASURE FOR THE PROMOTION OF GENERAL EDUCATION. In consequence of his lordship's absence from England his bill has been deferred until after Easter. The subject, however, has not

been permitted to rest. On the 16th, Sir J. Pakington obtained leave to bring in a bill for its promotion, and his speech was of a higher order, and displayed a more intimate knowledge of the theme, than we gave him credit for. The honorable baronet took credit to himself for the bill introduced by Lord John Russell, as it was only two days previously to the 25th January for which his motion was fixed, that the noble lord announced his intention to bring in an Education Bill. Sir John Pakington distinctly affirmed that general dissatisfaction was felt with the constitution and working of the Committee of Council. 'We have risen,' he said, 'from the paltry grant of £10,000 or £20,000, twenty-two years ago, to the liberal sum of £300,000 per annum, and I agree with those who think that no body of men ought to be intrusted with the administration of so large a sum for public purposes without there being a responsible minister in this house who can account for the manner of its employment.' He contended that the education supplied to those who were designed to be masters in the government schools was unsuitable, and that a great majority of them betook themselves to other occupations as more remunerative. The administration of the school grants was also condemned as being made on a principle which excluded the poorer whilst it benefited the richer districts. The views of the honorable baronet were illustrated by a comparison of four *poor* parishes, Clerkenwell, St. Giles, Shoreditch, and Shadwell, having an aggregate population of 138,900, with four *rich* parishes, St. Michael, St. Barnabas, Kentish Town, and Kensington, with a population of 51,500. To the former, grants have been made to the extent of £12 Os. 8d. only, whilst to the latter, the grants have obtained the enormously disproportioned amount of £3908. So far the statements of Sir J. Pakington confirm the view we have always taken of the probable operation of the present system. From much which follows in his speech we dissent. A vast amount of ignorance undoubtedly still prevails, but the increase which has taken place since 1818, when the proportion of children at school was 1 in 17, to 1851, when the proportion was 1 in 8 and a fraction, encourages the belief that we are gaining on the fearful evil. Until lately it was the fashion amongst our State educationists to allege a vast deficiency in the *extent* of instruction, but now that this is shown to be in the course of correction, they fasten with special eagerness on an alleged deficiency of *quality*. We admit much of this, but we demur to the efficiency of the methods proposed for its correction. Instead of calling in the cumbersome, expensive, and hazardous, machinery of Government, we would follow up the measures so successfully adopted hitherto. The plan proposed by Sir John Pakington is substantially that of the *Manchester and Salford Schools*, with the addition of some features better suited to its assumed national character. Mr. Hadfield opposed the bill, maintaining that 'there could be no real success unless the voluntary system was adopted, and he believed that compulsory rates, so far from assisting education, would only retard progress, and damage existing institutions.' Lord Stanley supported the measure, affirming that the voluntary system had greatly declined in popularity, and was now supported by a very small minority. The Government gave their

'most cordial assent' to the introduction of the bill, the further consideration of which was adjourned till after Easter. Mr. Milner Gibson, on the part of the secular educationists, gave notice of a bill in conformity with their views. Three measures will thus be before the House and the country, and it becomes all who are interested in the subject to acquaint themselves with their principle and details. The present discussion has not altered our views. Earnestly desirous of promoting popular education, we verily believe that the plans now contending for public support will prove, in the long run, injurious to the intellect as well as to the religion of the community. We know no reason why the Government should prove a better schoolmaster than a trader. Its failure in the latter character is now clearly established; and if we invest it with the former, the bitterest disappointment awaits us. So far as it has been invested with the functions of an educator—Sir John Pakington being our witness—its failure is complete, and the farther we go in this direction, the more glaring and mischievous will be the results.

THE GAZETTE OF FEB. 27 CONTAINED A ROYAL PROCLAMATION APPOINTING THE 21ST OF MARCH as 'a Day of Solemn Fast, Humiliation, and Prayer.' This proclamation is worded according to the worst precedents of former times, and is open on this account to very serious objections. The phraseology adopted is based on the theory of the sovereign's supremacy in spiritual affairs, and is clearly unsuited to the state of things which now exists. 'We hereby *command*,' says her Majesty, 'that a public day of solemn fast, humiliation, and prayer be observed.' . . . 'And we do strictly *charge* and *command* that the said day be *reverently and devoutly observed* by all our loving subjects as they value the favor of Almighty God, and would avoid his wrath and indignation.' To such language we seriously demur. It involves the very assumption against which we protest, and if followed out to its legitimate consequences, must entail the civil establishment of religion. Had the proclamation been limited to the cessation of secular business, we should gladly have availed ourselves of the rest it afforded, for purposes of religious worship. But involving, as it manifestly does, an assumption of authority over conscience, we feel bound to protest against it, and in practice to maintain our protest. From a correspondence which took place last year between some dissenting ministers at Coventry and one of their representatives, it appears that the attention of the late Premier was called to the propriety of adapting the language of such proclamations to the altered state of public feeling. It is understood that the Earl of Aberdeen was favorable to the change; and we hope that before another document of the kind is issued, some modification will be effected. To base a proclamation, to which all are required to submit, on a principle which vast numbers are known to discard, is clearly subversive of the object proposed. We are no believers in *fasts*: but waiving this objection, it is clearly expedient, in so grave a conjuncture of our national affairs, to approach the Divine footstool with believing and earnest supplication. In order, however, that such approach should be of any worth, it must be the result of personal conviction. Secular authority may secure the forms of religion,

but its living earnest spirit must be the growth of inward and spiritual feeling. We are especially solicitous on this point, from our deep sympathy with the end professed.

ON THE 19TH THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER MOVED THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS as the foundation of a Bill for the Abolition of the Newspaper Stamp:—‘That it is expedient to amend the laws relating to the stamp duties on newspapers, and to provide for the transmission by post of printed periodical publications.

‘That any periodical publication, to be entitled to the privilege of transmission and re-transmission by the post, shall be printed on paper stamped for denoting the stamp duty imposed by law on a newspaper printed on the like number of sheets or pieces of paper, and of the like dimensions with respect to the superficies of the letterpress thereof.

‘That printed newspapers (British, colonial, or foreign) shall be transmitted by the post between places in the United Kingdom and her Majesty’s colonies or foreign countries, or between any ports or places beyond the sea (whether through the United Kingdom or not), either free of postage, or subject to such rates of postage, not exceeding twopence for each newspaper, irrespective of any charge for foreign postage, as the Commissioners of the Treasury, or her Majesty’s Postmaster-General, with their consent, shall from time to time think fit.’

We can do little more than report this fact, and congratulate the country on such a step having been taken. What may be the course of discussion we know not. One thing is certain, the stamp duty is doomed, and cannot be long maintained. The ‘Times’ is exceedingly wrathful, and predicts all kinds of evil. This is natural, and we smile at its vaticinations. On one point, however, we are anxious. In the interests of the public, and as a matter of common justice, we say that a copyright should be secured to newspapers as well as to authors. What its limits should be we have not space now to inquire, but the equity of the demand we unreservedly admit, and its concession is absolutely needful to the maintenance of the high character attained by our journals. The second reading of the Chancellor’s bill was carried on the 26th by 215 to 161.

Many of our readers will be gratified by the following statement of the stamps issued in 1854 to the London daily papers, and to other metropolitan journals, connected more or less directly with various religious bodies. It is derived from the parliamentary return of 27th February, 1855 :—

The Daily News	1,485,099	Church and State Gazette	30,000
The Globe	850,000	English Churchman	65,175
The Morning Advertiser	2,392,780	Guardian	207,500
The Morning Chronicle	873,500	Hebrew Observer	12,112
The Morning Herald	1,158,000	Inquirer	45,500
The Morning Post	832,500	Nonconformist	161,500
The Standard	417,000	Patriot	122,658
The Sun	825,000	Record	387,500
The Times	15,975,739	Watchman	160,000
Catholic Standard	78,250	Weekly News and Chronicle	55,750
Christian Times	64,042	Wesleyan Times	126,000

SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, ON THE 20TH, SUBMITTED TO THE COMMONS THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION:—‘That, in the opinion of this House, it would promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes of this metropolis if the collections of natural history and of art, in the British Museum and the National Gallery, were open to the public inspection after morning service on Sundays.’

The debate which followed was in some respects one of the most interesting which has occurred this session; affording unmistakable evidence of the feeling of the House towards a motion which Mr. Goulburn correctly described as ‘the first step towards an authorized desecration of the Sabbath.’ We have not space to dwell on the speech of Sir Joshua Walmsley, nor on the more singular effusion of his seconder, Mr. Biggs. It is enough to remark, that with much affectation of regard for the working classes, both mover and seconder betrayed gross ignorance of the primary elements of such welfare. ‘This was a question,’ said Mr. Kinnaird—and we fully concur in his statement—‘for the working men, and the result would be that they would have to give seven days’ labor for six days’ wages.’ On this point there can be no doubt, and we are glad, for the sake of the laboring classes, as well as for the furtherance of religious interests, that the motion has been submitted, since the immense majority by which it was rejected has inflicted a blow from which it cannot speedily recover. Say what men please, we owe much of our national superiority to the Puritan character of our Sundays; nor would it be possible if the National Gallery and British Museum were thrown open to the public, to keep other places of instruction and entertainment closed. There is a sickly sentimentalism in the declamation of many men on this subject. The public-house, the tea-garden, and the gin-palace, will not be deserted for the schools of science and art. Men may amuse themselves with such an imagination, but it is pure delusion, which the rough test of experience will soon dispel. Lord Stanley argued at considerable length on behalf of the motion. We deeply regret this. Some recent passages in his lordship’s parliamentary history had awakened better hopes. Of all the statements which our senators have ever made—and for some of them we want an appropriate designation—his lordship’s assertion that the exclusive appropriation of the Day of Rest to theological subjects ‘lay, infinitely more than the want of education, at the bottom of that ignorance which they all lamented,’ is one of the most unfounded and preposterous. The Premier opposed the motion, and Sir J. Walmsley seeing the feeling of the House, wished to withdraw it, but a division being called for, it was rejected by a majority of 187; the numbers being 48 for, and 235 against it. Whilst we regard this division with much satisfaction, we are concerned that our Sabbath legislation should be freed from the inconsistencies by which it is at present characterized. Let equal justice be done to all, to the rich and to the poor, to Cremorne Gardens and to the Sydenham Palace. Much as we are opposed to the views of our Anti-Sabbatarians, we honestly confess that it is impossible to meet the arguments they found on the inequalities of our legislation.

SIR WILLIAM CLAY HAS GIVEN NOTICE OF HIS INTENTION TO RE-INTRODUCE, ON THE 29TH, his bill of last session for the extinction

of church-rates. We shall not, of course, be able to report the result. The bill will probably be read a first time, and there are not wanting indications of its attaining an advanced stage, even should it not be permitted to pass the Legislature. Much will depend on the pressure employed, and we trust that the friends of religious liberty will be active and earnest in their efforts. Our readers will probably remember what took place last year. Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet was violently opposed to the measure, and did its utmost to thwart it. Lord Russell's speech in opposition will not be speedily forgotten. The monarchy was bound up with the church, and the latter was identified with the obnoxious impost against which no inconsiderable portion of the religious public plead conscientious objections. 'Every member of the Government,' said the 'Times,' 'was put in request, or rather laid under orders.' The bill, notwithstanding, was introduced by a majority of 67 (129 against 62), but the utmost force of Government being employed, the second reading was lost by a small majority of 27 (207 against 182.) We have now a different Premier; Lord John is at Vienna; opposition to church-rates is extending on every hand; and the position of the Ministry renders it more accessible to popular influence. Let the people be true to themselves, and we may get rid of an impost which offends religious principle, and is the fruitful source of local contention. 'Easter,' as the 'Patriot' of the 22nd well remarks, 'will afford a fine opportunity of bringing this matter home to the dullest apprehensions. If, in a single parish of broad England, the annual vestry-meeting (where annual vestry-meetings are held) pass over without a decided manifestation of anti-church-rate feeling, somebody will be greatly to blame. Only let that opportunity be well used, and Sir William Clay's bill is safe.'

WITH THE SUBJECT OF CHURCH-RATES THE NAME OF SAMUEL COURTAULD, ESQ. OF BRAINTREE IS IDENTIFIED. Few are aware of the service this gentleman has rendered in the celebrated Baintree case. To his determination and earnestness, his unwearied labors, his ever ready and generous contributions, we are mainly indebted for the decision ultimately obtained. It is not too much to say that, but for Mr. Courtauld, the suit would have been abandoned before its final adjudication in the Lords. Such being our estimate of his services, we are glad to find that a subscription has been opened 'for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Courtauld a piece of plate, as a testimonial of public gratitude.' If ever such testimonial was merited, it is so in the present case. We should insult our readers were we to use many words in enforcing the propriety of contribution. It is enough to report the fact, and all who are acquainted with the history of this celebrated case will be concerned to take part in the expression of public gratitude to Mr. Courtauld. Our only concern is, that the testimonial should be in some little degree befitting the occasion; and we trust, therefore, that our readers will lose no time in communicating with the Rev. David Rees, of Baintree, or Mr. J. C. Williams, of No. 2, Serjeant's-inn, London, the honorary secretaries.

WE HAVE LITTLE TO REPORT RESPECTING THE COURSE OF MILITARY OPERATIONS, nor are we disposed to dwell on them. The successful repulse of the Russians before Eupatoria has redeemed the

reputation of Turkish arms, and repeated on Russian ground, the gallantry displayed by the forces of Omer Pacha on the banks of the Danube. The successive defeats of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, had gone far to destroy the equanimity of the Czar, but the repulse of his troops by Turks on his own territory was more than he could bear. The intelligence of his death was received with incredulity throughout Europe. Men stood aghast, not believing what they heard, and when convinced of the truth of the report, their immediate inquiry was, What will be its effect? For this we wait. It were idle to predict where so little is known. His son and successor is reported to be pacific, but the fanaticism of the Russian people if thoroughly aroused may compel him to carry out the bellicose schemes of his father. The *manifesto* which he has issued does not determine the point. It may mean war, or it may mean peace. It is evidently framed to meet the day.

In the meantime the Conferences at Vienna have commenced. The first meeting was held on the 13th, when the plenipotentiaries of Turkey, France, England, Austria, and Russia were present. There was a vacant seat, we are informed, for a Prussian plenipotentiary, but King Frederic William could not make up his mind to send one. Men differ about the probable result of these conferences. We are far from sanguine, unless the Western powers relinquish their design against Sebastopol. Nor have we much more faith than formerly in the sincerity of Austria. As yet, she has the lion's share. Her troops are in possession of the Danubian principalities, whilst ours and those of France have been perishing in the Crimea. Nor is it a clear case that the death of Nicholas will render her course clearer and more straightforward. We are disposed to think the contrary. At all events, the obvious complexity of the interests involved, the terrible evils which have been suffered, and the fearful ones yet before us, counsel an earnest application to *Him* in whom are the hearts of all men. May the wisdom which cometh from above, be combined with that firmness of purpose and unselfishness of plan which are specially needed at this hour! Present relief must not be purchased at a future cost, whilst no impracticable or visionary scheme must indispose us to effect, at the earliest possible moment, a safe and honorable and lasting peace. We much fear that Russia is not yet prepared for what we deem essential to this.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Peace. A Sermon on Peace and the Duties of the Christian at the Present Crisis. By the Rev. J. Emerton, D.D.

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THE

Eclectic Review.

M A Y, 1855.

ART I.—*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. In Three Volumes. London: T. C. Newby.

WHY has no ingenious legislator yet brought in his bill to enact a legal standard of biography? Lesser labours have made men of mark. The newspaper, albeit an abstraction in the eye of wisdom, has been weighed and measured, and limited to ounce and inch; why, then, should biography not have its statutory dimensions? Is it because it so seldom contains news? Smoke nuisance in general, is provided against by Act of Parliament. Chimneys must consume their smoke; why may not biographers by compulsion? Must an abused public for ever endure the volumes, dense or denser, which inevitably cover the exit of each celebrity twinkling or flashing its hour or day on vulgar darkness. Legislation, alas! will climb no higher than chimneys; it has no bowels of compassion for critics to compel observance of the facetious canon—‘Gaze at Noah, and be brief.’

Since Parliament has granted no commission to Rhadamanthus, we may, perhaps, presume to inquire what the subject of these vast volumes has done for letters that she should have biographic honours of such unmeasured magnitude. ‘Il est très difficile d’écrire l’histoire,’ says an old French writer, ‘mais il est encore plus difficile de ne pas écrire des satyres.’ The ‘Literary Life’ of Marguerite Countess of Blessington is not history in the sense of Henri of Rohan; but the biographer, or biographical commentator, as he would prefer to be called, on her life and on things in general, has, notwithstanding, developed an amount of

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satire not exceeded by the biographic bulk itself. Such greatness of life might amaze the vulgar mind, knowing not that a Corinthian pillar of society had fallen to uncongenial dust. Such mighty magnitude in a literary life might altogether bewilder, but that Lady Blessington belonged, not to the republic, but to the oligarchy of letters, and was a shining and a peculiar star in the blue firmament of that lofty world, numbering—

‘Some twice two thousand people, bred

By no means to be very wise or witty;

But to sit up when others lie in bed

And look down on the universe with pity.’

Marguerite (high orthography of Margaret) Power, successively by marriage Mrs. Farmer and Countess of Blessington, was born in 1790, near Clonmel, in Tipperary, the third child of Edmund Power, of Knockbrit, a small country gentleman, in Hibernian-English called a squireen. As became a daughter of Erin, the fair lady had then or thereafter a pedigree of which she was not a little proud, with verdant tops on the mother’s side soaring into cloud-land. ‘My ancestors the Desmonds were her household gods, and their deeds and prowess her favourite theme.’ Her immediate ancestry suffered in the persecutions of the Catholics; her grandfather, Edward Sheehy, on the scaffold as a ‘rebel.’ There was not much even of gentility to boast of on the paternal side, for a more questionable character may not be found in Irish biography than the squireen of Knockbrit. Papist, Protestant, and Papist, in turn, by profession, as served turn and times, mean subservience to those above him was only surpassed by merciless oppression of those dependent on or beneath him. Let him not be forgotten, for he represents a race to whom his unhappy country owes so many sorrows. When Marguerite was a little child, Power removed to Clonmel, where he dispensed justice and hospitality as these were practised in old Ireland. He served a lordly patron, and was made a magistrate for Tipperary and Waterford, with a wide field for his favourite pastime of rebel-hunting. But once he went too far, and shot down a harmless peasant boy in cold blood, was tried, acquitted, and struck out of the commission. In the interest of Lord Donoughmore he started in provincial journalism, and was convicted for a libel which my lord had written; went into the ‘provision trade,’ a caste of commercialism not yet accurately defined, and after overdrawing some thousands of capital, kept up a rapid pace on the road to ruin. But he lost no social standing, kept open house, wore full ruffles, white cravat, leathern breeches, top-boots, and was called Beau Power; tyrannized over his wife, whom he taunted as a rebel’s child; sold his daughter; lived to ripe old age on the bounty of his ennobled children,

boasted his ability to drink five tumblers on the eve of dissolution, and as father-in-law to the peerage,* for aught said to the contrary, died in the odour of respectability.

Military idlers at Clonmel, of militia, line, or any arm, were welcome at the board of Beau Power. The 47th Regiment went into quarters, and two of its gallant captains fell captive to the undeveloped charms of the youthful Marguerite; but Captain Farmer appearing the more eligible investment, won paternal favour and the fair. A bargain was quickly concluded, and the poor child, with the 'utmost repugnance' for the man, was taken to the altar at the age of fourteen. Captain (now commander-in-chief) Hardinge assisted the bridegroom at the sacrifice. It was a sale to slavery. Poor Marguerite's earliest married life seems to have been very wretched, and she fled away from her husband. The Captain could not have been quite sane, for when he rejoined his regiment as a Benedick, he drew his sword on the colonel, and was forced to leave the service. A separation took place: Mr. Farmer went to India, but returned about 1816, led a riotous life, fell from a window in the King's Bench prison, in a state of intoxication, and died.

A silence reigns over the history of Mrs. Farmer in separated condition, which it is not our business to disturb. In 1816 she entered the territory of fashionable life, and started an establishment in Manchester-square. Among her visitors was the Viscount Mountjoy, shortly to be promoted to the Earldom of Blessington, whose acquaintance she had made as Lieutenant-colonel of Tyrone Militia at Clonmel. Four months after the prison window released her from matrimonial bonds, Mrs. Farmer became Countess of Blessington.

An earl with thirty thousand pounds a-year must not be passed over in silence. If not within the Manners category of "old nobility," the Gardiner was a very noble lord of the mixed antique family. Claiming kin with the royal house of Scotland, his once thrifty race had found much profit in the plantation of escheated lands in Ireland, and achieved nobility as Viscounts Mountjoy. The Stuarts became Gardiners early last century for want of males, and the noble race was united to one, who, though Right Honourable Luke, had risen only from noble service; a clever, shrewd individual, placed in the Privy Council of Ireland to keep born lords in order. An anecdote is related, which illustrates the refined courtesy of high manners in our Augustan age. 'How does it happen, Gardiner,' asked a noble lord, on seeing him enter his carriage, 'you never make a mis-

* One daughter was married to the Earl of Blessington; a second to Viscount Canterbury; a third to the Count de St. Marsault.

take and get up behind?' 'Some people, my lord, who have been long accustomed to going in remain at last on the outside, and can neither get in nor up again.' The privy councillor's son inherited the Mountjoy estates, and his grandson, with the title revived, fell in the Irish rebellion at the affair of New Ross.

The revived lord begat the viscount and earl who became Lady Blessington's husband, famous for the £30,000 a-year, and by notice of Byron as very good-natured, but much tamed since he had sat in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes and uniforms and theatricals to Ströling, for one of the heroes of Agincourt; a model lord, in short.

A county coronet, a doting lord, and thirty thousand to command, were enough, one might suppose, to satisfy ordinary ambition, but the Lady of Blessington soared higher; she would reign. She started an 'Aspasian competitor,' and all the world followed. For three years court was held in the family mansion, St. James's-square, now the Wyndham Club:—

'Among the distinguished foreigners who visited the Blessingtons, in the latter part of 1821, or the commencement of 1822, were the Count de Grammont (the present Duc de Guiche), and his brother-in-law, a young Frenchman of remarkable symmetry of form and comeliness of face, and address and manners singularly prepossessing, the Count Alfred D'Orsay, then in the prime of life, highly gifted, and of varied accomplishments, truly answering Byron's designation of him, a "Cupidon dechainé."* This was the beginning of an intimate acquaintance with the Blessingtons, one in many respects of great moment to his lordship and to others; an intimacy which terminated only in death. Two royal dukes condescended not unfrequently to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect in St. James's-square. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lords Palmerston and (John) Russell, Burdett and Brougham, Scarlett and Jekyll, Erskine, and many other celebrities, paid their devoirs there. Whig and Tory politicians and lawyers, forgetful of their party feuds and professional rivalries for the nonce, came there as gentle pilgrims. Kemble and Matthews, Lawrence and Wilkie, eminent divines too, Dr. Parr and others. Rogers, Moore, and Luttrell were among the votaries who paid their vows in visits there, not angel-like, for theirs were neither "few nor far between." But among all the distinguished persons who visited Lady Blessington, none were more *decouées* in their attachment, or ardent in their admiration of the talents and traits intellectual and personal of the fair lady than the late Earl Grey.'

—Vol. i. p. 71.

Lord Blessington had drank the cup of pleasure to the dregs

* Once for all, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the biographer's French.

and wanted excitement, so he and his lady ceased to feed the London lions, broke up their splendid mansion, and in 1822 started for the continent *à la English milord*; or to quote the historian, in a style such as 'no Irish nobleman, probably, and certainly no Irish king, ever set out on his travels.' In the sumptuous train followed Mr. C. J. Matthews, comedian of the Strand, and later the Count D'Orsay. With glowing pen Mr. Madden writes the retreat of the thirty thousand.

As Madame was herself Xenophon of the expedition,* one can only admire his zeal to enlighten the world by a new history. In the course of adventures our heroine, to her great renown and profit, discovered Lord Byron. Profound research has shed some new rays on the momentous historic controversy whether the lord went to the lady, or the lady to the lord. Written records left it in delicate uncertainty. Mr. Madden boldly went to tradition, and learnt that both sides were partly right; for the lady went half-way, and the lord met her. Tradition, too, has thrown new light on the expansiveness of the lady's genius, which swelled notes of conversation into volume; thereof making, by other conversion, many more, at once the flimsy and substantial proofs of modern genius:—

'Lady Blessington's intimacy with Byron was only for a period of two months, and during those two months, I am informed by the Countess Guiccioli (now Marquise de Boissy), that the interviews between Lady Blessington and Byron did not exceed five or six; and that the feelings of friendship entertained by his lordship were not of that very ardent nature which would have prevented him from indulging in his favourite propensity of bewildering his *entourage*, by giving expression to satirical observations, even on a friend on whom he had written such eulogistic verses as he had composed for the Countess of Blessington.'—Vol. ii. p. 220.

Henceforth let the genius of Blessington, in that her greatest work, be more highly rated for the queenly quality of imagination.

From Byron, in passing, let us quote a few lines of 1815, on an unknown fair, which Mr. Madden gives as heretofore unpublished:

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seized mine eye;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

* In those well-titled books, the 'Idlers' in Italy and France.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
 They sink and turn to care;
 As caverned waters wear the stone,
 Yet dropping harden there—
 They cannot petrify more fast,
 Than feelings sunk remain,
 Which coldly fixed, regard the past,
 But never melt again.

Never did travelling note-taker for prospective book, tour it in Italy or anywhere else with such advantages. To say nothing of the earldom, palatial lodging, and the never-to-be-forgotten annual thirty thousand, the author of the 'Idlers' had first-rate 'coaching,' as they say at Oxford. Did she take a trip to Herculaneum or Pompeii, Gell was cicerone; or a peep at collected art, Uwins or Westmacott was at her elbow; or curious in coins, Milligen was ready with antiquarian lore; or soaring higher in investigation, she had Herschel and Piazzini to take her by a royal road to the stars. The enchantress who inspired the driest Dryasdusts could do anything where curiosity sought or curiosities were sought after. So supreme was the witchery that erudite Bentivoglio unlocked his treasures, and gave away a golden lock of Lucretia Borgia's hair—'precious gift,' Mr. Madden in a profound dissertation enthusiastically calls it. If we do not learn a great deal exclusively Italian, the knowledge gained is vast of exclusive England there. The English Italy of the sacred set, as enumerated by the biographer at vol. i. pp. 113, 114, is quite as imposing as my Lady Fitzfrivolity's guests in the 'Morning Post,' should one be not too curious after analysis.

What a galaxy of the great! Such Baillies, such Churches and Cravens, Denisons, Drummonds, and Dudleys, Falkiners and Foxes, Gells, Gordons, and Grosvenors, Hamiltons and Hesses, Howdens and Howards, and one might run through the alphabet and find only the reddest blood of the reddest books that ever circulated in society. What art votaries, too, were there waiting on patronage, paying compliments for prospective payments of coin; courtiers for commissions humbly present, for greatness in the future. What heroes,—captains great in the service, or in the service of the great; leaders of fashion and led in it. What doctors, of all degrees, positive, comparative, and superlative; doctors divine and doctors unseraphic; some in orthodox grace of sables, and not a few in lace and livery of the led captains. What a galaxy in general to dazzle outer barbarism!

Let the M.P. who once on a time sat for Dublin county, for the nonce stand a representative of this honourable society:—

'Those who were acquainted with Naples about thirty years ago, will remember an Irish gentleman, tall and portly, a fine specimen

of one of the old school of Hibernian gentility, of prepossessing appearance, and elegant manners, *degagées et debonnaires*, and free from all restraint; who was exceedingly poor and might have been extremely rich; who lived from day to day by borrowing from all his friends, and yet made an appearance in society; dined out a great deal, and passed for an Irish landlord ever on the brink of prosperity, sure to get rents which never came to hand, and in daily expectation of remittances which were always coming, but, alas! which came not. Sir Frederick Falkiner was this unhappy gentleman—a person abounding in anecdote, most agreeable in society, and singularly inconsistent in his character. Gell talked of founding an hospital at Rome, for genteel persons of decayed purses, and discontented, disappointed, agreeable people. Sir Frederick would have been a most agreeable inmate of such an institution. Nothing could induce Sir Frederick to violate his public principles, but in private life his principles were violated every day; his poverty, but not his will, consented to the violation. He borrowed daily, without any prospect of being able to pay what was lent him. He made solemn promises day after day, which were invariably broken by him. . . . He terminated a career rendered miserable by pecuniary embarrassments, in Naples, by suicide.’—Ib. p. 114.

We may surely venture on another member when he led the house of fashion; on Captain Hesse, ‘of gallantry and extraordinary adventures in royal circles,’ a very charming young man indeed, who but for accident might have risen above birth itself. The captain was son of a Prussian contractor, who made a large fortune by clothing the Russian army, which he lost when Napoleon dressed Prussia. Under the care of the Margrave of Anspach, who had retired from sovereign into private spendthrift, the youth came over to England for his education. When the contractor was ruined, the Duke of York, at the instance of the Margravine, with royal benevolence, quartered young Hesse on Mr. Bull as a cornet of dragoons. Cornet Hesse had a soul above buttons, and requited the debt he owed ex-royalty by encouraging a good-natured *on dit* that he was a son of the Margrave and Margravine previous to their marriage. Assurance presently went a step higher, and the gallant captain made love to the heiress of the English throne, as thus politely related by Lady Blessington:—

‘His dashing appearance and his desire to attract the attention of the fair sex drew him into notice; and when sent with a portion of his regiment to the neighbourhood of Bognor, where the Princess Charlotte of Wales was then staying, he attracted her attention by riding constantly in front of her window, until the youthful and self-willed girl, captivated by his appearance and horsemanship, condescended first to bow to him and then write to him. The correspondence was supposed to be carried on through the medium of the Countess de F——, then Miss M. E., though afterwards several letters were conveyed to the

princess through General Garth, who was imposed on, and led to believe they were from the mother of the princess. Portraits were exchanged; and young Hesse, vain and elevated, was perhaps less cautious than he ought to have been, and the matter got talked of, and reached the ears of the royal family. The princess was scolded, watched, and guarded. Hesse was sent to Spain with his regiment, where he was wounded.'—*Ib.* p. 121.

It was only after much trouble that this gallant representative of first-rate society yielded to the request of the princess herself, and gave up the letters. But enough of Anglo-Italian people.

In 1828 the Blessingtons took up abode in Paris, renting and furnishing with regal magnificence the splendid mansion of Marshal Ney, in the Rue de Bourbon; interesting to those who note the progress of things, as one of the foundation stones of the Irish Encumbered Estates Court. Are not the glories of Hôtel Ney, however, resplendent in the universe? A stroke of apoplexy, on the 23rd of May, 1829, removed Charles Earl of Blessington from his greatness, and made his Countess Dowager on £2000 a-year.

Fast living makes as formidable havoc with Irish principalities as oftentimes it has done with principles. At the time of Lord Blessington's decease his affairs were greatly embarrassed, and by Act of Parliament passed in 1836, his vast estates were sold off to pay the debts and incumbrances. 'Lord Blessington, by his will,' says Mr. Madden, 'put an end to the wealth, honour, and territorial greatneses of the ancient race of the Mountjoys. Thus passes away the glory of "the English pale" in Ireland.'

'——— Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.'

In the year 1831 Lady Blessington came to London on a mission. Her towering genius aspired to fame. Rough and too often crooked are the pathways to that giddy height, whether we venture over mountains, down defiles, or through tunnels. Lady Blessington was bold, caught Pegasus by the tail, and surmounted all ordinary difficulties by a flight. She threw open her doors and sat for Fame with a thousand trumpets. From 1832 to 1836, she kept on an income of £2000 a splendid establishment of £4000 or £5000 in Seamore-place, Mayfair, the number of which, by singular omission, the historian hath not recorded, and earnestly entered on her great work of catching and taming the fiercest lions of her age. It will be interesting to learn from her ladyship's own quill something of the lion-quelling profession. Speaking, in her 'Victims of Society,' of the 'modern Mæcenases of Mayfair,' who patronised poets and philo-

sophers, from association with whom they expect to derive distinction, her ladyship candidly writes :—

‘A few of the houses, with the most pretensions to literary taste, have their tame poets and *petits littérateurs*, who run about as docile and more parasitical than lap-dogs; and like them, are equally well fed, ay, and certainly equally spoiled. The dull pleasantries, thrice-told anecdotes, and *resumés* of the scandal of each week, served-up *rechauffés* by the pigmies of literature, are received most graciously by their patrons, who agree in opinion with the French writer—

‘Nul n’aura de l’esprit,
Hors nous et nos amis.’

Our Lady Mecænas had to encounter considerable competition in the line. There were, in particular, the two great rival establishments—Holland House and Charleville House. Holland House dealt in the light politics of lionism; Charleville was rather *bas bleux*. Seamore-place took the happy middle course, and united the two. With due appreciation of Mr. Madden’s learning and philosophy on conversation *à la mode*, we can only take a few general conclusions and characteristics of the establishment and its mistress, with the prefatory remarks that at Gore House, Kensington, the *menage* was kept from 1836 to 1849 :—

‘In society Lady Blessington,’ says Mr. Madden, historian like, tracing her conversational development by epochs, ‘was supremely attractive; she was natural and sprightly and *spirituelle* in proportion to her naturalness and utter absence of all appearance of an effort to be effective in conversation. . . . She had become more of a learned lady, a queen regnant in literary circles, expected to speak with authority on subjects of art and literature, and less of the agreeable woman, eminently graceful and full of gaiety, whom I had parted with in Naples in 1824. . . . The brilliant society by which she was surrounded did not seem to have contributed much to her felicity. There was manifestly a great intellectual effort made to keep up the charm of that society, and no less manifest was it that a great pecuniary effort was making to meet the large expenditure of the establishment that was essential for it. That society was felt by her to be a necessity in England. . . . There were a higher class of men of great intellect at her soirées than were formerly wont to congregate about her. Lady Blessington no longer spoke of books and bookish men with diffidence, or any marked deference for the opinions of other persons: she laid down the law of her own sentiments in conversation rather dogmatically; she aimed more at saying smart things than heretofore, and seemed more desirous of congregating celebrities of distinction in her salons than of gathering round her people solely for the *agrémens* of their society, or any peculiarities in their characters or acquirements. In Gore House society Lady Blessington had given herself a mission in which she laboured certainly with great assiduity and wonderful success, that of bringing together people of the same pursuits, who were rivals

in them for professional distinction; and inclining competitors for fame in politics, art, and literature, to tolerant, just, and charitable opinions of one another.'—*Ib.* pp. 183-185.

On the whole, at Seamore-place, or Gore House, the lions collected were decent and discreet animals, though it must not be forgotten that a very roaring one caught all the way at New York, did tittle-tattle a little when he got loose again in native wilds, and by relation of 'tolerant, just, and charitable opinions' at Gore House, only estranged Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Moore. It is just, however, to our lady's praise to say, that she was as Van Amburg of high life. She ruled, and ruled long, and ruled despotically. Mr. James Smith, who was to fashionable society as Wamba in the halls of Rotherwood, complimenting, as all the poets did, her ladyship in verse, wrote lightly once, what, if gravely read, may not inaptly describe her enchantment of the intellect of western London. It was 'an impromptu,' in a letter, to the lady of Gore House :—

'Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once own'd this hallow'd spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fetter'd Negroes' lot;
Yet here still slavery attacks
When Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks,
She rivets on the Whites.'

A wonderful place truly for English society when nobody ever called it 'a bore' to be invited there. And so the Lady of Blessington ruled and reigned for well nigh twenty years. To her subjects she dispensed law while she dispensed hospitality. For her they entertained a loyal respect while she entertained them, and so merrily run round the social virtues through all circles of kings, lords, and commons.

But her ladyship was not a mere genius among the lions; she had shrewd practical gifts by which mankind increase pace on the roadways of life. While the lady of Gore House amused her great and brilliant guests, she used them with an equal regard to philanthropy and her noble self. Her career and correspondence demonstrate a large talent of acquisitiveness. No Irish patriot intent on a pull at the exchequer, or free and independent elector, hungry for an excisemanship, could exceed her ladyship's admiration for place and the pension list; though, in the general, of most fastidious tastes, in this particular sphere of aspiration, she would receive with meek humility anything that could be caught in the sacred preserves. We hear of her obtaining for 'a young man of good education and literary taste' the lucrative post of a letter-carrier, but her penchants generally soared higher.

as became her exalted genius, after the rewards of Church and State. The Duke of Wellington is besought for the provostship of an Oxford college for Mr. Landor; Lord Abinger for a revising barristership for a Mr. H——; the Duke again, Lord Anglesey, and Sir H. Hardinge for something for a Captain P——; a Lord D., dating Foreign Office, and by easy reading Dudley, for a consulate for this or some other P.; Lord Durham denying a colonial anything for some anonymous one, and my Lord Glenelg more complaisant on the same behalf. Even the Lord Chancellor Cottenham is approached for a church living for a candidate, with the claim that he was brother to his sister—L. E. L.—of poetic fame. But we must not repeat the whole series of solicitations. Some facts carry inferences that Lady Blessington duly studied the beginning of charity pointed by proverbial wisdom. Was it kin or general loving-kindness that sorely tried the placid Peel for the pauperized offspring of a peer with only £4000 as the annual reward for some service once done the State? Was ever such a case for the human sympathies? In a letter to 'Dear Sir Robert Peel,' dated July, 1845, Lady Blessington writes:—

'In the heavy affliction that has occurred to Lady C—— in the death of her husband, one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men that ever existed, the thought of the ill-provided state in which she is left has, even during the first hours of a grief as sincere as it is deep, induced me to address you, who was the friend of her departed husband. You are aware that poor dear Lord C——'s circumstances were in a most embarrassed state, so much so that the anxiety and increasing uneasiness occasioned by them, and the knowledge that at his death his wife and child would be left so ill off, preyed so heavily on his mind as to have produced the fatal event that occurred on Sunday last. . . . You are aware that *the pension he had reverts to his eldest son*, but with a saving of one thousand a year to the country; but of this *saving to the country* might not you as an act of kindness to an old friend, and of generosity to the widow and child of an old and faithful public servant, recommend some provision to be made for Lady G—— and her daughter? The health of poor Lady C—— is such as to have little hope that her life will be long spared; therefore, a pension to revert to Lord C——'s daughter at her death would not be unreasonable. . . . In a few days the sessions (sic) will close, and before it does, I appeal to those good feelings which I am sure fill your breast, to take some step to obtain a provision for the widow and daughter of the late Lord C——.'—Vol. iii. p. 135.

To this prudential and pathetic appeal the ungenerous Sir Robert coldly replied—

'How deeply he regretted that he could not feel justified in making any proposal to Parliament for a provision for the widow and daughter of his lamented friend Lord C——. The provision made for a person

holding the office which had been held by him on his retirement was more liberal than that made for any other public servant. In the case of a minister of the Crown, entitled from the inadequacy of his private means to claim a retiring allowance, the amount was limited to £2000 per annum; no provision whatever was made for the widow. The provision made for Lord C—— was an annual pension of £4000 for his own life and £3000 for his son, *until his son should succeed to a lucrative sinecure office.*

The untiring benevolence of the noble lady sent forth another epistle to the Premier on the 5th of August following. Still the stern statesman would not be moved to consideration of the forlorn. 'He could not think it would be for the real advantage of the family of the late lord, even if the means existed, that a provision should be made for his daughter from the Civil List. The whole sum available for the grant of pensions for the present year was £700. From such a fund was the vain attempt to be made, that had to meet the various claims upon the bounty of the Crown, founded upon personal service to the Crown; public service not otherwise provided for, and eminent literary and scientific merit.'

A third missive of charity implored a very limited provision for 'a daughter of Lord C—— *by a former husband,*' for so says Mr. Madden's text. Alas! an ungrateful country left virtue to its own reward, and three thousand a year.

Some may be curious to learn the personality of this lamented lord. What Lord C——, vegetating on the miserable pittance of £4000, with a thousand less to heir expectant from the Parliamentary fund, died in embarrassed circumstances on a Sunday in July, in 1845? Perhaps research might show that one Mr. Manners Sutton, raised from First Commoner of England to Viscount of Canterbury, who married for wife a certain Mrs. Ellen Home Purves *née* Power, and who had for sister brilliant Lady Blessington, might fit as counterpart to the description. At any rate, let us rejoice in our precious privileges of a peerage.

As a lady of letters our fair patroness of lions and distressed peers held very lofty rank. Some write by love of fame, more perhaps from dread of famine. Very few have written, as the Lady Blessington, from pure benevolence, for such is the theory of her admiring biographer. To keep up the hospitality of Gore House, her ladyship kindly condescended to enter the market of letters in rather a general way; a grand example of humility with exalted station. She edited 'Annuals,' and 'Gems,' and 'Books of Beauty,' where fair faces were put in print with the compliments of noble, honourable, and right honourable poetastic admirers, and name or benevolence of noble editor drew its average annual thousand or so. She contributed heavily to the

diffusion of light letters* over library and other counters, relieved by romance the racing records of a Sunday journal, and for the trifling consideration of some £500 a year, even entered lists with the immortal Mr. Jenkins, as a fashionable reporter on the daily press. An ungrateful public did not repay the condescending benevolence of the noble lady; for, to our shame be it said, the Blessington novels lay heavy on the market. Shame on the age that could not appreciate a mind too vast for the capacity of a single language; which required a composite of tongues—Gallic point with English strength to express all the fulness of her flowing genius. Mr. Madden modestly asserts that it was not of the highest order, that it lacked creative power, constructive skill, and truth in character, too, and even hints the possibility that literature may lament its memory. A genius, perhaps, without any?

The life and remains of Dame Aphrodite of Paphos omitting the elegant Adonis would not be less true to history than Blessington without Count D'Orsay. The Count belonged as much to Gore House as any of its ornaments or treasures—the Laurence of its mistress, or the precious golden lock of the Borgia. What a strange combination of the mean and the magnificent in that paragon of dandies, expecting the commission of unlimited credits for setting fashions, and *arbiter elegantiarum* of chivalries to the universe. What a genius lost to tailoring by sheer accident of birth; what an artist, perhaps, had Fortune not sent him to illustrate the philosophy of Teufelsdröckh, that society is founded upon cloth. By bond of law and Hymen the Count from early years belonged to the house of Blessington. It was bargained and settled by will that the Count should marry the fortune of one of the Earl's daughters. The settlement of large estates depended on the choice. In 1827 choice fell on the Lady Harriet Frances Gardiner, who was married at the age of fifteen, and by legal formality separated at twenty-five. The Count's debts are nearly as famous as his dandyism. Upwards of £100,000 are stated to have been paid to his creditors out of the proceeds of the Irish estate which came to him in the matrimonial lot. A vast deal is said of his chivalry and gentlemanly feeling. A choice instance of his courtesy was the address to

* These were the works of Lady Blessington:—The Magic Lantern, 1822; Sketches and Fragments, 1822; Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, 1832; Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers, 1833; Meredyth, 1833; The Two Friends, 1835; The Victims of Society, 1837; Confessions of an Elderly Lady, 1838; The Governess, 1839; The Idler in Italy, 1839; The Idler in France, 1841; The Lottery of Life, 1842; Strathern, 1845; Memoirs of a Femme-de-Chambre, 1846; Lionel Deerhurst, 1846; Marmaduke Herbert, 1847; Country Quarters, 1850.

young Matthews, guest of his presence of two ladies:—'Vous êtes un *grand* *Dieu*, la plus grande bête, et blaguer que j'ai jamais rencontré, et la première fois que vous me parlez comme je vous casserai la tête, et je vous jetterai par la fenêtre!'

The development of the tastes of ridiculous people was one of the elegant entertainments of the Countess of Blessington, and the Count was a great proficient in the art. Specimens are given of the fun made of an unfortunate Smith, lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and commander of the Blessington yacht, because the luckless navigator had no Admiralty interest to get him posted,* and of a certain Monsieur Julien, in youth secretary to Robespierre, and in dotage the butt of brilliant Gore House. The Julien exhibition indeed must have been considered as vastly interesting and clever, for it is at least related twice over by Mr. Madden.† In high life this is technically termed 'drawing out,' in low life 'chaffing,' and cabmen are performers of remarkable talent.

Hunted by ignoble bailiffs, the Count, portmanteau in his own noble hand, took nocturnal flight to the republican Paris, then ruled by his princely friend the President. In the prince, whom he had helped in need, he trusted to find a friend in his own stress of fortune. D'Orsay was politely received in the palaces of the republic, and learnt the lesson of those who put their trust in princes. It is said that he even used his personal influence to keep his ancient friend true to the oath sworn to the republic; and to his credit, and with more certainty is it reported, that he publicly called the *coup-d'état* the greatest political swindle ever practised in the world. This may account for presidential, if it does not for imperial coolness. When he lay on the bed of death in August, 1852, the Emperor named him Superintendent of the Fine Arts. There was one action for which the Count D'Orsay deserves respectful remembrance. He burnt his diary—the sparkling diary said to surpass De Grammont. Its reputation was wide, and tempting offers were made for publication, but he would not violate the privacies of life—he burnt it to avoid the tempters. *Sic transit gloria—dandy!*

With the flight of D'Orsay fell a dynasty of the world of fashion. Rude men in possession sat where Blessington once had given law. Her reign was at an end. How many wept the fall? Her French valet, reporting to his mistress the closing scene at Gore House, relates how 'M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre départ.' Melancholy epitaph

* Vol. i. p. 105.

† Ib. p. 186, and vol. iii. p. 201.

on the departed grandeur of Gore House. A year or so later, it became the 'Symposium' of a French cook, where the million might dine at eighteenpence. Wilberforce! Blessington! Soyer! To what popular uses may not palaces in time come?

Where Wilberforce oft thought and Blessington was toasted,
Lo! there for all mankind, the mighty Soyer roasted.

As for all that remained of Marguerite of Blessington, in April she too went to Paris, and died on the 4th of June, 1849.

No character of greatness can be complete without its characteristic. Born to modest estate, the widow Farmer won a title to greatness. Charming, conversational, and a countess, thirty thousand made pleasant the path to its giddiest heights. She received daily from 10 to 12 P.M., sate in attitude high priestess of Minerva on satin, sentiment, and sarcasm, wooed the Muses, and amused all who wooed her. Poets placed poesy, and politicians the more solid praise of places at her feet. To cultivate acquaintances she cultivated letters, and laboriously forced tender annuals and perennials for the market. She was the grave predecessor of the comic annuals, raising buds of beauty with more regularity than the Spring. She conversed with Lord Byron, and idled through Italy, France, and the world of fashion. Publishers came lowly to her shrine, but, ingrate, seldom returned again. Her genius was not creative of new literature, but she invented the Parisian-English tongue. She was of an affectionate nature, and had Platonic affections. She had great credit for generosity, much sympathy for elegant sorrow, uncommon notions of propriety and unexceptionable cookery. She was perfection—Venus, Minerva, and the Countess. She was of the religion of Rochefoucault, worshipped devoutly the world, and wondered, when dinners were no more, that she had no more diners. She died, was buried, and is immortalized in three volumes.

Two of the three are devoted to correspondence. Anybody who had a name could go to Gore House, and as the lions were for the most part of a literary turn, the work has variety. It embraces all sorts and conditions of opinions and men, from Louis Blanc to Louis Bonaparte; from his Grace of Wellington down to the very nicest little grace that ever hymned the prettiest sentiment of the boudoir. But with all these graces, we who went conscientiously through, found it rather heavy reading. Everybody in his or her estimation is a brilliant creature, full of genius, and the compliment passes round the whole circle and back again. The fulness of genius will assuredly not be found in this epistolary collection. Mole-eyes of hereafter may profit, but a present age will hardly dig for gold amongst the shale of Cornwall.

The Iron Duke here becomes the ironical. This, in newspaper phrase, would certainly be a 'characteristic epistle':—

'January 16th, 1839.

'I am much flattered by your ladyship's recollection, evinced by your recommendation of a gentleman to be appointed Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

'Since I heard of the vacancy in that office, which it becomes my duty to fill, in my capacity of Chancellor of the University, I had been considering the qualifications of the several candidates, not less than seventy in number; and consulting with archbishops, bishops, and the heads of the University, in respect to the choice to be made.

'I acknowledge that it never occurred to me to refer to the ladies, and I return my thanks to the one who has assisted me with her counsel.

'I am apprehensive, however, that I cannot hold out expectations to Mr. Landor that he will be appointed.

'The Provost of Worcester College has the government of that institution. The qualifications required to enable him to perform the duties of the office are various, and quite different from those which have attracted your attention towards Mr. Landor. In the choice which I shall make, I must satisfy not only the College and its visitors, but the University, the Church, and the public at large.

'I hope, therefore, that you will excuse me if I decline to attend to your wishes upon this occasion.

'Believe me ever your most faithful servant,

'WELLINGTON.'—Vol. iii. p. 20.

The Duke, on the 9th of April, 1849, wrote this curious epistle to the Count D'Orsay:—

'Je me réjouis de la prospérité de la France et du succès de M. le Président de la République. Tout tend vers la permanence de la paix de l'Europe, qui est nécessaire pour le bonheur de chacun. Votre ami très dévoué, WELLINGTON.'—Vol. i. pp. 357.

Wellesley is here very classic after the school of Eton, and quite satisfied that the page of history is large enough for all the Wellesleys. We cannot remember that there is anything very wonderful in the private sentiments of any of the other statesmen collected. Lord Durham is patriotic, and values his own independence too much to solicit any place even for his nearest relative or dearest friend, and even seems to have been place-hunted to the loss of temper. Glenelg, too, is a victim, if more complaisant. Poor Lord John Russell's Pegasus was yoked to a very heavy cart:—'Although I am in *opposition* (Feb. 5. 1848), I have got my head so muddled with politics, that I cannot turn my mind with any effect to higher and more agreeable pursuits. In short, I am quite unfit to contribute to 'The Book of Beauty,' and almost reduced to the state of "the beast." This

it is to get harnessed in the State car.' Pity the sorrows of a poet-statesman !

Abinger mixes law, literature, and compliment ; Lyndhurst simply excuses himself from dining, and Brougham displays magnanimity and the earnestness of his love for law reform :—

'I wish you would tell your clever and I believe honest friend of the paper, that I have given up both my prosecutions before he said a word. I did, because on reflection I believed I should only oppress him to whom I really wished no harm, but should obstruct full and free discussion of public men's conduct and characters. I also add, that whether his candid statement just sent me had appeared or no, I should have done this ; but now he has shown some repentance, I being his confessor, must prescribe a small penance, and it is this. Let him do something (no man can do so better) in furtherance of what is most near my heart, law reform, and especially of the criminal code. I have reason to believe (*entre nous*) that if the liberal press gave it a lift, the Government will do it ; and this is enormously valuable. Let him do this, and he may abuse me weekly and I never shall complain.'—Vol. iii. p. 128.

D'Israeli, who by the way drops all Christianity in signature, is literary, but once oracular on the last day of memorable 1848 :—'I must offer you our congratulations on Guiche's marriage, which is, we hope, all you wish ; and also on the success of the future emperor.'

For practical politics, of special interest at the present writing, we must, however, turn to the letters of the author of 'Peter Simple.' Poor Captain Marryat served an ungrateful party, spent £6000 or £7000 in the Tower Hamlets election, invariably 'laboured very hard to infuse conservative ideas,' and could not get a ship. Captain M. aspired to be Sir F., but the fountain of honour would not flow. Sir James Graham requested the star of the Guelph and knighthood :—

'To this request his Majesty King William was pleased to reply, in his usual frank off-hand way, "Oh, yes, Marryat, I know—bring him here on Thursday" (the day of application having been Monday). But it appears that while my "greatness was ripening," some kind friend informed his Majesty that I had once written a pamphlet on impressment. And when Sir James saw his Majesty on the Wednesday, the king said to him, "By the bye, Marryat wrote a work on impressment, I hear (whether for or against his Majesty did not deign to inquire). I won't give him anything ;" adding, in his wonted free and easy style, "I'll see him ——— first."—Ib. pp. 223.

The diplomatists are in force. Lord Dudley and Ward with wonted eccentricity. 'Moore's Memoirs' record some amusing passages of his thinkings aloud, as when debating with himself, at a dinner of foreign notables, whether, following foreign

custom, the lords should leave table with the ladies, he solicited, to the great dismay of a Whig lady, who interpreted politically, 'I think we must go out altogether.' Mr. Madden records an amazing instance of diplomatic cleverness and profundity :—

'While holding the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, an amusing instance occurred of his absence of mind, even in his official capacity. Some misunderstanding had taken place between the Russian and the French government—the object of the English ministry being to mediate between these powers—Lord Dudley had to forward private despatches to both governments of great importance, which rendered it necessary to keep each government ignorant of the communication made to the other power. Lord Dudley, in one of his customary fits of absence of mind, enclosed the letter for the Russian minister in the envelope addressed to the French, and *vice versa*. When the mistake was discovered, Lord Dudley was greatly agitated. But his anxiety was speedily terminated by a communication from the English ambassador at Paris, stating that his excellency the French minister had returned the letter for the Russian minister which had been sent to him, saying—"Je suis trop fin, pour être pris par tel artifice de M^{onsieur} Dudley."—*Ib.* p. 428.

Prince Schwarzenburg calls my lady an angel in very elegant French, and his letters are better than his statesmanship. Count Matuschewitz, in English equally good, attains a knowledge above liberal wisdom, on the differences that betwixt Whig and Tory.

The grandees pure, of whom the Duke D'Ossuna is prime magnifico, are chiefly to be noted for the splendid style of announcement when grandees condescend to die.

The literary lions don't shine intensely. Moore twinkles, Campbell is cold, but many little birds of song chirrup loudly enough. Bulwer wrote in his dandiacal days when it was elegant to be sick of life; before cold water and the 'Caxtons.' Bos does not startle as a fashionable correspondent. His literature will be better liked than his letters; and he himself considered more at home in Den of Eatanswill than Gore of Kensington. Monsieur Thackeray, with prudence probably, did not write letters for the profit of letter collectors. Landor is the best of all the letter-writers there—witty and wise; but it will be hard for many to figure Walter Savage Landor in the den of lions. Rough Old Parr melted before 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington,' was ready to forego his twenty pipes of an evening, and wrote her ladyship an introductory note to Juvenal, which may strike one to be as appropriate as Cato might have been at the banquet of Trimachio.

The wits professional are dreadfully funny dogs. Here is the

very finest specimen of the collection to immortalize the memory of James Smith :—

‘ Debrett the wondrous fact allows,
You’ll find it printed in his book ;
The *Pier* that stemm’d the tide at *Cowes*,
Could only be *Lord Bull in brook*.’—Ib. p. 210.

What an amazing pier that could stand the torrent of so many wits. The same pier inspired Jekyll of much jocular renown. The italics, like the wit, are the private property of Messrs. Smith and Jekyll :—‘The French admiral Mackau squalled horribly at Cherbourg, when he found himself invaded by a squadron of *Cowes*. They have swamped the pretty town of Southampton with a new *pier*, though they had Lord Ashton, an old Irish *peer* residing there, whom they might have repaired for the purpose.’ Wonderful !

The bulk of the collection is of miscellaneous greatness. Gell, Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline, and classic antiquary, gossips at great length. Poor Sir William, between pension-stoppage, publishers, and the gout, is a sad specimen of a fine old fashionable gentleman running to seed. We learn that his royal mistress read a classic line rather known to quoters :—

‘ O trumpery, O Moses !’

and that Sir Walter Scott gave up poetry because Byron beat him ; but meant, at Naples, to try again. Apropos of the Great Unknown, Sir William is in a constant fever of wrath against Lockhart, because that hard-hearted man of biography would not use a Neapolitan sketch by Gell’s own classic hand, wherein was specially suppressed ‘ everything which might have been put in a ludicrous light, out of respect and regard to Sir Walter.’ Much else is there to amuse in the miscellaneous troubles, tribulations, and trivialities of Annual editors and contributors, which will no doubt find their due appreciation in fair celestial circles of Mayfair. We were very much edified by a lady lion of America, who mildly hoped that her Dear Lady Blessington would ‘ condescend to reply ;’ and of an English ditto, who sought lordly patronage on the patriotic grounds of travelling all the way to India to make a book, when she might have gone to America. The entertainer of all the lions herself shines with wondrous light ; who can doubt the reach of a genius, so penetrating of ken, which hails Drummond as first poet of his age ?

Dividing mankind into the single, married, and separated, it is curious to note how very many of the brilliant throng had been unfortunate in matrimony. The world was wont to talk a great deal about Gore House. The historian says nothing. Does silence signify assent ?

If there is not much morality to enlighten laborious readers through these volumes, one important moral may be derived, that lions should be very cautious when they write letters to collectors of lions; or better still, that they should not write at all, for biographers and the bibliopoles don't, generally speaking, elevate the lion character for futurity. Of course it is to be presumed the present biographer duly obtained leave and licence of all the world transcribed; but had he equal licence, or did he take it, of the described? As a chivalrous and charitable editor, he of course consulted Madame Dudevant before he published the amiable gossip of a diplomatic correspondent of Blessington House.

The work might have been vastly improved had the biographer thought sometimes of Noah. His talent for book-making is remarkable, and might have become useful, provided facts could be depended upon. Various readings, which cannot always be attributed to the printer, of one of the most carelessly printed books we ever waded through, are calculated much to lead to doubt if not discredit. Some of the geographic lore is wonderful for a traveller, and may to posterity open as many vexed questions as Herodotus. Praise be to him nevertheless, for cutting out a new path in the biographic line. When lions of every roar are daily biographized, why should not the Lady Leo have her share?

ART. II.—*Christianity in Turkey; a Narrative of the Protestant Reformation in the Armenian Church.* By H. G. O. DWIGHT, Constantinople. 12mo. pp. 360. London: Nisbet.

ONE of the results of the present war has been to excite an unwonted desire for trustworthy information respecting the social and ecclesiastical condition of the non-Mohammedan portion of the Sultan's subjects. On the one hand, we have been informed, that within the last few years extensive modifications have taken place in the attitude of the supreme government towards them; that the status of the population professing Christianity has been extensively ameliorated; that more is left to the steady operation of a modified law, and less and less to the mere arbitrium of the local authorities; that, in fact, changes have occurred in the whole system of administration unprecedented in the previous history of Ottoman rule.

On the other hand, we hear that within a recent period, Christians—excellent subjects of the Sultan—have experienced severe persecution. That individuals and whole communities have endured cruel and harassing ill-usage; that even in the

sanctuary itself ministers of the Word have suffered the terrible and degrading punishment of the bastinado ; and that protracted imprisonment, secular ruin, and even death have been the consequence of the shameless oppressions to which Christian men are still subjected. Listening to these tales of wrong, the impression is naturally made on the less diligent inquirer that the Turkish Government raised this persecution, and instituted these barbarous punishments. Christians being the aggrieved, the conclusion is too readily reached, that none but Mohammedans could have been the aggressors ; and hence it is eagerly, but very thoughtlessly urged, that some great Christian power should assume a protectorship over the unfortunate sufferers in the cause of truth and righteousness whose lot is cast within the territories of the Ottoman Porte.

An attentive perusal of Mr. Dwight's very interesting and timely volume will tend to elucidate many points of great importance. It faithfully exposes the real character and the present condition of the Armenian Church ; not, indeed, the largest, but certainly not the least influential of those ecclesiastical systems which present to the followers of the Arabian prophet the only exemplification of Christianity with which they have the opportunity of becoming acquainted. He candidly portrays its deficiencies, and traces the origin and progress of the new spirit which has recently sprung up in that community, fraught with most hopeful and yet undeveloped results.

From Mr. Dwight's testimony we are led to the painful conclusion that, in this instance at least, the persecution is raised by Christians against Christians ; that the sufferers are Protestant dissenters from a corrupt church ; that the most active agents are professed Christians, members, officers, hierarchs in that Church ; and that if the Turkish authorities ever interfere, it is when some false charge of debt, or of riot equally false, sustained by perjury, is brought by the ecclesiastical authorities against some poor Puritans whom they are determined to ruin. Further, in perusing this volume, we are impressed with a feeling of gratitude that the influential movement towards a purer worship and a more scriptural creed did not take place under the protectorate of Austria, nor within the dominions of the Czar, but under the more mild and merciful sceptre of Abdul Medjid. The thing of all others most to be dreaded by any who desire the success of this awakening in the Armenian Church, is the protectorate of the Emperor of all the Russias over the Christians in Turkey.

The Armenians have been called the Anglo-Saxons of the East, being distinguished amongst Orientals by their industry, enterprise, perseverance, trading capacities, and wealth. They

are found in almost every important city of Asia ; their mercantile engagements and agencies extending from Canton to Constantinople ; so that, should they ever become possessed of Christianity in its vital and spiritual power, they will prove most valuable instruments in its general diffusion throughout the East.

The original seat of this ancient race is the country that lies round about Mount Ararat ; but in the height of their power they extended from the Caspian, westerly, through the whole of that region now called Asiatic Turkey, to the shores of the Mediterranean. The whole number of Armenians at present in the world is estimated at about 3,000,000, nearly two-thirds of whom are inhabitants of Turkey ; many are found in Persia ; they abound also in Georgia, where they must now be regarded as subjects of the Czar.

Christianity was first introduced into Armenia in the times of the Apostles ; according to popular tradition, by Thaddeus. Here, as elsewhere, it is probable that Christian truth won its way to the heart of individuals, who were subsequently associated together for worship and discipline in organized societies or churches ; these would be met with chiefly in the towns, whilst the mass of the population remained, we suppose, unaffected by the principles of the Gospel. Whatever may be the correct explanation of the fact, it appears certain that in the third century of our era, the Armenian nation as such was idolatrous.

At that period, Gregory, called Loosavorich (the Illuminator), an Armenian of royal descent, embraced the faith of Christ. Through his influence, in the earliest years of the fourth century, the court and the nation became nominally Christian ; a profession which the Armenians have ever since maintained. Although the Scriptures were soon afterwards translated from the Greek into the Armenian tongue, the character of the religion planted by Gregory was, we fear, largely affected by superstition and error ; for the most ancient books of theology, as well as the old liturgies of the Armenian Church that have come to light, are strongly tinged with false doctrine. To use the words of Mr. Dwight, 'It is doubtful whether, even amongst the first and best teachers of this Church, there ever was a perfectly clear discrimination between the religion of men and the religion of God ; between purchasing salvation by observances and penances, and receiving it as a free gift from heaven.'

Christianity in Armenia, obscured and deformed by earthly accretions, became increasingly degenerate age after age ; her features presented nothing pure and attractive to convince the pagan of her heavenly origin, or to win the contemptuous gaze of the follower of the false prophet. The priest and the sacraments have for centuries occupied the place of Christ ; washings,

crossings, puerile rites, unmeaning ceremonies, and frequent fasts, supersede the self-denial, watchfulness, and purity of heart enjoined on the disciple of Jesus. In the hour of worship, when the devout mind should be absorbed in the contemplation of God, the name of the Virgin Mary, or of some saint, perpetually intrudes. Penance is enforced, instead of penitence; a ritual observance occupies the place of regeneration; whilst to the sign of the cross, many times repeated, is ascribed a peculiar efficacy.

The picture drawn by Mr. Dwight of the actual state of the Armenian Church is as dark as it is manifestly truthful; so that the great need of a thorough and radical reformation forces itself upon our convictions. Who can forbear to pour forth the fervent entreaty that these marred and misshapen specimens of the religion of Jesus, may give place to a regenerated, spiritual church—vital with heavenly life—prepared to act with a disinterestedness and a decision which, as masses of decrepitude and superstition, they have never known.

The question has been asked, which is the more corrupt—the Latin, the Greek, or the Armenian Church? Mr. Dwight's answer is not very complimentary to either—

‘In forms and in doctrines the Armenian, the Greek, and the Roman Churches are essentially one. In each of them, the priest and the sacraments, in a great measure, take the place of Christ; and with this grand distinctive feature alike in them all, who can feel that anything important attaches itself to the inquiry, whether one holds a sacrament more or less than the other? or has a saint more or less in the calendar? or whether they choose to make images of the latter by the painter's brush on a flat piece of canvas, or by the sculptor's tool out of a block of marble, or a piece of molten brass?’—p. 6.

The awful sin of Mary-worship attaches equally to each of these Church systems—

‘It is painful to witness, in the Book of Common Prayer in this Church, how constantly the name of Jesus as *mediator* is excluded, and the name of Mary or some other saint substituted in its place. As might be expected, the poor people are found continually calling upon the Virgin, but never upon the Lord Jesus, to intercede for them. In this respect, indeed, the Armenians appear to hold even a lower place in the scale than either the Greeks or the Latins; for the latter have only dishonoured Christ by associating with him a multitude of other mediators, while the former seem to have excluded him altogether from the mediatorial office. Auricular confession; absolution from sin by the priest; penance; transubstantiation: baptismal regeneration; intercession of the saints and angels; worship of the material cross, of relics, and of pictures; and prayers for the dead; all belong as much to the Armenian Church as to the Roman.’—p. 7.

Before we pass on to notice the efforts that have been made for

the dissemination of intelligence and religious in this dark region by the American missionaries, and to show the violent opposition which those efforts encountered, it will be needful to give some explanation of the church-polity and organization of the Armenians.

The head of the Armenian Church is the Katholikos, or as Mr. Dwight writes it, Kathoghigos, of Echmiadzin, a town which, through the absorption of Georgia by the great robber of nations, is now brought under the authority of the Emperor of Russia. This Katholikos (who must not be confounded with the patriarch) retains in his hands the sole spiritual authority to ordain bishops, and so may fairly and properly be entitled the primate and head of the Armenian Church. Moreover, he alone can consecrate the holy oil, a most important element in the religion of the Armenians. But the real head of influence, at least in respect to all those Armenians who are subjects of the Porte, is the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople. Properly speaking, he is the organ of communication between the Ottoman Government and its Armenian subjects. It is not even necessary that he should be a bishop. His position, however, gives him a large amount of authority, which is often exercised in the most arbitrary and unprincipled manner. Though the Patriarch has no power to consecrate bishops, he exercises the more tangible function to appoint, recal, or banish them at his pleasure; and the ecclesiastical authorities, even in the remotest provinces, feel the weight of his censure.

The diocesan bishops exercise power over the secular or parish clergy, whom they may depose from their office; but the election of their ministers, as in primitive times, still rests with the people. Contrary to the usage of papal countries, no one can be ordained to the priesthood unless at the time of his ordination he is the husband of one wife. According to some authorities, the three requisites for the priesthood are orthodoxy of doctrine, marriage, and paternity. Of this last pre-requisite, however, it must be admitted, we find no mention in the work before us.

Besides the priests, there is an order of clergy called by the remarkable, and not very euphonious designation *vartabeds*, who are, in fact, the preachers of the Armenian Church. They take vows of perpetual celibacy, reside only in convents, or in the church-inclosures, separately from the families. From the *vartabeds* the bishops are elected.

We imagine some one saying—After all, the great question in reference to an ecclesiastical body is, not precisely whether its creed exceeds the just measure of orthodoxy, or whether its organization be more absolute and despotic on the one hand, or more popular on the other, but what practical influence does it

exert upon the people at large? Does it form intelligent minds? Does it excite devout, spiritual affections towards the God of love? Making due allowance for the depravity and waywardness of the human heart, does it in any large proportion of instances lead to firmness of principle and sterling morality? Particularly, are the prescribed conditions of salvation such that we can confidently resign an anxious soul to the teaching of the accredited ministers of this so-called Christian Church? Candour and faithfulness to revealed truth compel us to declare that, in its present state the Armenian Church utterly fails to meet these expectations. It must be renovated or removed, before Christianity in Armenia can fulfil its proper office:—

“If it be asked by what means a devout Armenian, under the full influence of the instructions of his Church, expects at last to get to heaven, I would say, chiefly through what his priest can do for him. His originally corrupt nature is purified by the priest at *baptism*; and whatever sins he actually commits in this world are remitted to him, by the power of the priest to *absolve*: and he is sanctified by the reception of the real body and blood of Christ, transubstantiated by the priest at the *sacrament*; and especially is this ordinance efficacious as the death struggle comes on, not by any intelligent participation of it through faith in the recipient, but by the mere performances of the priest, who comes to the dying man’s couch, carelessly *intones* the prescribed lesson, and places a piece of the sacramental bread, soaked in wine, in the mouth of the unconscious subject, and behold the man is safe! He may have been, up to that hour, a drunkard, an adulterer, a reviler, a blasphemer, an extortioner; according to the most approved system of the Armenian Church, he is now safe; and it is not personal repentance, in view of his sins, and a personal reliance by faith upon Christ, that have made him so, but the mysterious agency of an ignorant, and, it may be, graceless priest!” —p. 13.

The first movement towards a reformation was made nearly a hundred years ago, by Debajy, an Armenian priest at Constantinople, who by word and pen pointed out in vigorous style the most glaring errors and corruptions of the Church. More recently the efforts of Bible societies in diffusing the Scriptures, must be mentioned as an element of great influence in this important work. As early as 1813, the version of the Bible in the ancient Armenian tongue, was printed and widely circulated. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this edition was very beneficial to the Armenian people generally. Serviceable it undoubtedly was to the learned class, who had studied the ancient language; and it is worthy of note that the reformation began amongst the teachers; but for the bulk of the population it was almost labour lost. In order to meet the requirements of the unlearned, an edition of the New Testament was issued in 1822

in Armeno-Turkish ; that is, in the Turkish language but in the Armenian character. This was very acceptable to those Armenians who had lost the use of their ancestral tongue, and speak only Turkish. It was followed, the next year, by an edition of the New Testament in the modern Armenian, which, subsequently revised and greatly improved under the auspices of the American missionaries in Smyrna, was freely circulated, and events would seem to say, diligently read.

So long as the *ancient* dialect was the only form in which the Scriptures were presented—priests, bishops, patriarch, *katholikos*, and even the Czar (Alexander) approved, applauded, and patronized ; but when the agents of the Bible Society sought the approbation of the authorities to the printing of the New Testament in *modern* Armenian, which nearly all understood, the case was altered, patronage was withdrawn, and the patriarch threatened that if such a work were attempted, ‘he would prohibit the perusal, and punish such as should be found with it in their possession.’

Our American brethren, missionaries to Asia Minor, contributed most influentially to the Reformation now in progress. At first, indeed, they did not enter on the field of labour embraced by the Armenian Church. But various circumstances led to the formation of the Armenian mission. One of these circumstances we may refer to. Mr. King, on leaving Smyrna in 1825, addressed a farewell letter to the Roman Catholics in that city, stating the reasons why he could not be a Catholic. This letter fell into the hands of an Armenian bishop, who translated it into his native tongue, and transmitted it to some influential members of the Armenian community in Constantinople, where it excited an extraordinary degree of attention. A meeting was convened in the Patriarchal Church to consider the document. The passages of Scripture referred to by Mr. King, were examined ; and it was fully agreed by those present, that their Church grievously needed reform. Whether from the discovery of the ignorance of the clergy on this occasion, or from some other reason, at this period a conviction gained ground that it was most important both priests and vartabeds should henceforth be better educated. Hence originated the famous school of the Erasmus of this Reformation—Peshtimaljian.

‘Peshtimaljian was in many respects an extraordinary man. Possessing naturally an active and inquisitive mind, and a retentive memory, he always busied himself in gathering knowledge from all sources within his reach, and what he gathered he never lost. He was a critical and accurate scholar in the ancient Armenian tongue, and deeply versed in all the lore of his own nation. Though a layman, he

made himself familiar with the theology of the Eastern and Roman Churches, with the doings of their councils, and with the general history of the Church from the earliest ages. He was also a student of the Bible, and could quote from every part of the Old and New Testament with wonderful facility and accuracy. Disgusted with the superstitions of his Church, and especially with the low character of many of its clergy, and having had access to the writings of certain French infidels, he seems to have lived for a while under the delusion that all religion was a lie. He was soon, however, brought back to the ground that the Bible is the true word of God, and the only standard of faith. It is believed that for many years, religion with him was more a matter of intellectual inquiry and speculation than of divine power; more a correct system of opinions than a heart right with God. He was cautious in speaking of the errors of the Church, and even timid, and sometimes time-serving in the presence of the bigoted; but in a silent and unostentatious manner, he gradually led his pupils into new paths of inquiry and investigation; and almost before they were aware of it themselves, they came to believe not only that the Church may err, but actually does err in many of her teachings. . . . It is impossible to calculate the amount of influence exerted by Peshtimaljian, in preparing the minds of men to receive the true knowledge of the Gospel. All the first converts, under the labours of the missionaries of the American Board in Constantinople, and many of the later ones, were from among the alumni of his school.'—pp. 26, 27.

Rather more than twenty years since the American brethren commenced direct labours in Constantinople. Finding a general preparedness of mind for a purer faith,—and diligently employing diversified plans of usefulness,—schools, conversation, the press, public preaching and discussions, they were early gladdened by success. Many interesting details are given with great simplicity by Mr. Dwight, for which we must commend our readers to the book itself. Several of the priests became obedient to the faith; inquirers multiplied; the schools flourished, and constituted a most powerful agency of good; 'the Bible was much sought after and read; many eyes were opened to see the folly of their own superstitions; and a few were added to the number of sincere believers in Jesus Christ.'

A general idea of the nature of this movement may be gathered from the following passage:—

'The doctrinal views of the converted Armenians seemed, in general, wonderfully clear; which was the more surprising, considering the immense rubbish of superstition and error that originally encumbered their minds. The standard doctrine of the Reformation—salvation by grace alone, without the deeds of the law—was usually the great central truth, first apprehended by their awakened and inquiring minds, and made the ground of satisfactory repose. Before it, the multifarious

errors of the ritual and priestly system melted away as snow before the summer's sun; and around it, every essential truth in the Gospel scheme naturally clustered.

'The number of inquirers steadily increased, and indeed nearly all who called upon the missionaries came for the avowed purpose of religious conversation. The story had been very industriously circulated, that the Americans were a nation of infidels, without even the form of religion; and that the missionaries were aiming to convert all Armenians to infidelity, and only pretended at first to believe the Bible, so as the more easily to draw the people into snares. The word *Framason* (Freemason), *Lutràn* (Lutheran), *Voltér* (Voltaire), and *Protestàn* (Protestant), were freely and indiscriminately applied to us, all of them being considered by the common people as synonymous, and the meaning being rather indefinite, but yet implying an Atheist of the most wicked and dangerous description. To the emissaries of Rome in the East, undoubtedly, belongs the first paternity of this falsehood, and to their humble and sycophantic imitators among the clergy and laity of the Armenian Church must be yielded the honour of its second parentage. In more than one instance, our visitors showed at first no little anxiety to know exactly what was the truth of the matter; and inquired whether we have any churches in America, and whether any number of people ever assembled for worship on the sabbath.'—p. 112.

In proportion as the labours of the missionaries answered their own expectations, opposition became more violent; various expedients were used to arrest the progress of free inquiry, some painful, some vexing, others simply ludicrous. In a village near Constantinople the missionaries opened a boarding-school in 1840, which was immediately attended by as many as the house could accommodate. Forthwith an attempt was made, happily unsuccessful, to crush the rising seminary, on the following singular grounds:—

'A deputation from the village of Bebek (in which the school was), consisting of the Armenian priest, two Greek priests, one of the village rulers, and several of the inhabitants, called upon the Armenian patriarch, and expressed to him their deep regret that such a dangerous man as Mr. Hamlin should be allowed to reside in their quarter. They accused him of eating meat, eggs, butter, milk, &c., both in Lent, and also on Wednesdays and Fridays, the days of their weekly fast! He also taught his scholars that it is no more wicked to eat butter than oil; or meat than bread; or eggs than olives! Another grievous offence was, that neither Mr. Hamlin nor his scholars made the sign of the cross, nor worshipped the Virgin Mary, or the saints! Of course, they said, he must be a confirmed infidel, and he can teach nothing better in his school than the works of Voltaire!'—p. 114.

Constantinople and the neighbouring region on each side the Bosphorus may be considered the chief centre of the evangelical movement in its earlier stages; but we should egregiously err if we imagine it confined to that district. In distant provinces the

better principles of scriptural religion, though by no means generally adopted, undoubtedly made much progress amongst the Armenian people ; public attention was aroused in Nicomedia, in Broussa, in Erzeroum, and Trebizond ; even in places where the missionaries were never seen, feeling was awakened :—

‘ We were often reminded of the primitive days of the Church when gardens and upper rooms were selected as place of prayer and conference “for fear of the Jews.” Our Nicomedian brethren had had little spiritual aid or comfort from abroad. They had been thrown upon their Bibles for religious teaching, upon the Holy Spirit as their expounder of religious truth, and upon God as their only protector. Who then could wonder that they had grown rapidly in knowledge and grace ?

‘ We met them all on the sabbath, first in a retired garden, where we sat for four consecutive hours, in the midst of a small circle of hungry souls, expounding to them the Word of God, and preaching the Gospel of Christ ; and, after partaking of some refreshment, we sat in an adjacent house three hours more, talking to those who were present ; and, later in the day, we spent three hours in the same manner in another garden, making in all about ten hours of preaching and conversation in the course of one sabbath, besides about an hour more in our own room, with transient visitors from abroad. And yet so intense was the interest manifested throughout by every individual present, that, if bodily strength held out, we could most gladly have talked ten hours more.’—p. 116.

Passing onwards a few years, the course of the narrative brings us to a period when the most determined efforts were put forth to arrest the progress of the Reformation. From having been isolated and individual, the resistance now became general and fully organized ; the whole power of the Armenian Patriarch and the magnates at Constantinople was employed to crush the evangelicals. Persecution as bitter and as destructive as a malignant priesthood could call into action, in a country where no dominant Christian sect wields the chief power of the state, now bore down upon the converts. Well was it for them at this period that the party holding supreme authority was the Sultan and not the Czar. The Ottoman government, as is well known, regards with a degree of impartiality, the chief ingredient of which, perhaps, is indifference or contempt, the various Christian sects tolerated in the capital and the provinces. Yet the connexion subsisting between the several patriarchs and the Porte—though very far from amounting to a state establishment—undoubtedly gives those functionaries an amount of authority, which they do not fail to use, at times, in a most unjustifiable manner.

The Turkish authorities would not punish a man for being a Protestant, any more than for being a Greek or an Armenian ; but

if a charge of debt were preferred against a professor of either creed, and was sustained by perjury, he might be committed to prison and so ruined. Again, the rule of trade seems to be, that each particular class of tradesmen is organized into a sort of guild, and no one can keep open shop in the city unless he have a certificate signed by the heads of his guild, and countersigned by the Patriarch. Now it is plain that an obnoxious person might be completely ruined by simply withholding, or if already granted, by withdrawing the guarantee, or by refusing the countersign.

Mr. Dwight gives several affecting instances of most cruel oppression by this means.

'The means hitherto employed for extirpating Protestantism had signally failed of success. In the beginning of 1846, therefore, the Patriarch resolved to enter, at once, upon more coercive measures On Sunday, January 25, after the usual morning services in the Patriarchal Church were finished, the house was darkened by extinguishing the candles, the great vail was drawn in front of the main altar, and a bull of excision and anathema was solemnly read against Priest Vertanes, including all the followers of the "modern sectaries." '—p. 215.

After terrible anathemas the bull proceeds—

'By this admonitory bull, I therefore command and warn my beloved in every city, far and near, not to look upon his face, regarding it as the face of Belial; not to receive him into your holy dwellings, &c. &c.

'On the following day the greatest activity prevailed amongst the priests, in every part of the city and suburbs. All moved like the different parts of a machine, as if by one impulse. The Patriarch had issued orders to his clergy to see that the temporal penalties threatened in the bull were immediately inflicted to the very letter. The Armenian heads of all the trade corporation in the city were commanded to withdraw their countenance from all Protestants who would not recant. The keepers of khans, and the owners of houses, were ordered to eject all lodgers and tenants who would not comply with this condition. Families were also visited by the priests wherever any one lived who was suspected of heresy, and it was enjoined upon them to expel the offending members, or separate from it, even though it were a son or a daughter, brother or sister, husband or wife. . . .

'A wild spirit of fanaticism now reigned. Before it, all sense of right, all regard to truth and justice, all "bowels of mercies" vanished away. Even the strong and tender affection subsisting between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, was in some instances exchanged for the cruel and relentless hate of the persecutor.'—p. 218.

Bakers were stringently required not to furnish the brethren with bread; the water-carriers, many of whom are bigoted Armenians, were forbidden to supply them with water. In

Smyrna, Nicomedia, Adabazar, Trebizond, and Erzeroum, the same evil spirit prevailed. Everywhere the evangelicals were summoned before their spiritual rulers, by order of the Patriarch, and as many as would not recant were anathematized.

The persecuted brethren addressed a letter to the Patriarch, explaining their religious sentiments, and humbly intreating that they might be delivered from these oppressive measures. Obtaining no redress, they next applied to the Armenian magnates, but their request was treated with utter neglect. Worn out by sufferings, they next presented a petition to Reshid Pasha, Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs; they acquainted him with their grievances; in a dignified and impressive manner, they laid before him their whole case, and humbly requested that he would 'order the Patriarch to withdraw his oppressive hand.' This petition was treated with respect, but it procured no relief, probably owing to the influence of some of the Armenian magnates, who, as bankers to whom Turkish Pashas are under considerable obligations, often exert an influence for good or evil, which to the uninitiated appears almost magical. The oppressed brethren next determined to present their case formally before the English, American, and Prussian ambassadors, imploring their powerful influence to procure release from present inflictions, and, if possible, the establishment of their civil rights. Those gentlemen took the greatest interest in their cause, and desisted not until they had procured the release of some who had been wrongfully incarcerated; and obtained from the Turkish Cabinet the observance of the pledge which the Sultan had already given, that *henceforth there should be no more persecution for religious opinion in Turkey*. The Patriarch was gravely rebuked; the artisans and traders, whose sureties had been denied, were allowed to become sureties for each other; and much advantage and relief followed. The persecutors themselves felt the necessity, now that their proceedings were closely watched by the powerful defenders of the oppressed, of conducting their evil practices more cautiously; but every scheme of petty persecution, under colour of law, that malice could invent, was still sedulously plied against the protesting Armenians, more especially in places remote from the seat of government.

'In Nicomedia, a young mechanic, who was prominent amongst the Protestants, and who once, under the pressure of persecution, had gone back to the idolatrous ceremonies of the Church, but soon after repented of his deed, was selected as a victim. He was publicly excommunicated by name, and driven by force from his shop, and also from his family. . . . He was now ordered by the Armenian authorities to leave the town, as being unfit to live in any other way than as a vagabond. For several weeks he found shelter in the Turkish coffee-houses,

the Mussulmans treating him with a kindness which he could nowhere find among his own kindred and people. One day he ventured to go to his father's house to see his wife and children, and for this crime alone he received fifteen blows with a stick on his bare feet, by order of the chief Armenian magnate of the town. This man had wealth and influence, and could inflict such cruelties without fearing to be called to an account by any of his fellows.'—p. 246.

The case of Harootun affords another instance not only of the cruelties arbitrarily inflicted upon the non-conforming Armenians but of the kindness often displayed by the Mohammedans towards their ill-used neighbours, who no longer practise the superstitious forms of a corrupt faith, but adopt a more spiritual worship. Harootun was one of the earliest subjects of spiritual regeneration when the movement commenced in Nicomedia. Naturally of an extremely timid nature, he had long conformed to the Church ceremonies, though against his convictions. He was at length brought by painful means to thorough decision. The bishop required him to write a confession of his faith, and read it publicly in the church, in order to convince the people that he was orthodox. With this requisition he complied, but accompanied the statement with the following remarkable words:—'In regard to your reverence's wish that I would write a paper of recantation according to your pleasure, God forbid that I should write anything through fear of others, or to secure their favour. If I had done so I should be a denier of the true faith, and an infidel, an enemy, a despiser, a decayed member of the holy Church of Christ, which he hath purchased with His own blood. But blessed be God, by confessing and believing in the true faith, and by preaching the holy Gospel, I remain a faithful son and a true minister of the Church of Christ; and I have hope that, through the Holy Spirit, I shall remain faithful even unto death, and that I shall enjoy through eternity the promised rest. And finally, whatever violence, punishment, or disgrace are prepared for me, I am ready to receive with love and joy, for the love and glory of God.'

He had not long to wait before the test of his sincerity arrived. On the Sabbath following, the bishop having pronounced him excommunicate, the priest flew at him with rage, tore off his clerical garments, and with furious gesticulations cried out, 'Away with the accursed from the church.' The excited mob were not slow to imitate the violence of the priests, and not without many kicks and bruises poor Harootun at length escaped to his own abode. Here he was not allowed to rest; the bishop sent him a recantation which he was required to sign. On refusal, he was forthwith cast into prison. It had been ascertained that he owed several small sums to different individuals. These debts

were bought up by the leading magnate above referred to, who required instant payment. Unable to meet the demand, he was put in confinement *according to law*. After a time he was brought before the bishop and again required to recant; again refusing, he was told that by the Patriarch's order his beard must be cut off, one of the greatest indignities that can be put upon an Oriental and a priest. With singular meekness, Harootun replied, 'For the wonderful name of Jesus, I am ready, God helping me, to submit to this, and even to shed my blood, if that shall be the will of the Lord.' The barber was ordered not merely to cut off his beard but to shave off every hair of his head. Reaching the gate of the bishop's palace, on his way back to prison, he found an immense mob of men, women, and children, assembled for the purpose of mocking and insulting him as he passed along. He was conducted 'by a circuitous route, apparently for the purpose of prolonging his sufferings, the mob continually following him, spitting at him, and insulting him with the most opprobrious and filthy language.' 'I entered the prison,' said he, 'with a joyful heart, giving glory to God that he had enabled me to pass through fire and sword, and had brought me to a place of repose.'

Harootun's good reputation, and the meekness with which he bore himself, procured him friends among the Mussulmans. 'The Turkish governor of the prison, evidently moved by pity in view of what had happened to this unoffending old man, immediately released him.'

Our space fails, or we might mark more minutely the steps by which a spiritual church was set up on Mohammedan soil. There is scarcely a single locality where Armenians reside, in which an awakening concern about the truth is unknown. Such a commencement has been made, that we have the fullest confidence, under the blessing of God, this movement will spread and increase till the Armenians, relinquishing their absurd ceremonies, shall submit themselves to the sole authority of the King of kings.

Reference is made once and again by Mr. Dwight to the effective assistance rendered by the British ambassador at Constantinople. Whatever progress in enlightened policy has been made on the part of the Government, whatever prospect of better things now gladdens the heart of the evangelical seceders in the Turkish empire, it ought never to be forgotten that to Lord Cowley and to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is due the very highest praise for earnest, watchful, and most energetic support. One of the most valuable consequences of their interposition is the appointment of a political head or representative of the Pro-

testant Armenians, equivalent to the patriarchs of the Greek, Armenian, and papal-Armenian bodies.

We take our leave of Mr. Dwight's very interesting and instructive volume, by quoting the following passage, the concluding sentences of which we commend to the thoughtful and prayerful Christian :—

'Such has been the spread of Protestantism in this land hitherto, and such are the present aspects of the work. But now, the elements of the political world are greatly troubled by disturbing forces from the north, and the whole civil and social fabric of this empire is threatened with convulsion, if not dissolution. What will be the effect of this struggle, and the political changes that may follow it, upon the revival of pure Christianity in Turkey? Has God raised up free Christian churches here, and brought them thus far by such a wonderful series of providential interpositions, merely to hand them over to the spoiler? . . . Truly the hand of God is in all these things, and the providence is still more marked, if the supposition be true, that the particular aim of Russia, in the attitude she has lately assumed towards Turkey is, not to secure freedom to the Greeks, but to reduce all the Christian races of this empire once more to the very bondage from which, by successive acts of their gracious sovereign during several years past, they have begun to be delivered.'—p. 321.

We know that the work is God's; in the time of trial may it be proved sterling, and be found here, as always, indestructible.

ART. III.—*The Angel in the House; The Betrothal.* London:
John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

WE seldom meet with joy and delight by appointment, but unexpectedly they smile on us their sudden welcome round some odd corner of life. In this wise did the 'Angel in the House' come to us. The recommendations we had with it did not promise what we have found. Our surprise was all the more delightful, our joy all the greater, in thus coming upon so sweet a poem. The peculiar reception which the 'Angel in the House' has met with in one or two quarters ought to furnish a few reflections that may prove beneficial to young, earnest, and sensitive writers. The pains of the poet's labour are many and long. His creation has to be tended, and watched, and yearned over with all the intensity of a mother in travail; with all the wooing tenderness with which the wind and the rain of spring breathe upon and fondle the barren bough to bring forth the infant buds and the tender green leaves; with all the caressing warmth

with which the sunlight lays its golden fingers about the unfolding blossom to enrich its growth and ripen it into fruit. And then when the poet has brought forth his bantling with such a world of care and anxiety, the critics, often more eager to take a scalp than to bestow a crown, will pass it in review. Some will pat their approbation on the back of it, giving it at the same time a sly pinch here and there. Some will dismiss the work of months, perhaps years, in a few curt words. Another will greet the production of so much thought and brainrack and palpitation with a sorry jest. In this case one plucks a feather from the 'Angel's' wing, and pens her condemnation with it, somewhat like the facetious butcher whom we once heard of, who, having enticed a fine Newfoundland dog into his shop, chopped off its tail, and thrashed the animal out again with the severed member, which act he considered a good joke. However, let none be discouraged by a discourteous reception in any one place; there is no one review or paper now in existence that can either make the success of a book that has no life in it, or destroy the life of one that has. Opinion has too many utterances; influence is more widely and equably diffused than it was some years ago, and the great soul of the world is always just.

The 'Angel in the House' is the first part of a long and elaborate poem on one of the few truly good and great subjects that are left for a poet to make his own in these latter days;—the old, old subject of love, which is for ever new, for ever young. The author is Coventry Patmore, but the poem is published anonymously. This we think a mistake. The author had won a name, and his literary spurs, ten years' ago—a name that would have been quite sure to win attention. Now, in this busy, hurrying world of ours, where events pass you rapidly as people in a crowded street, and where the current literature passes from beneath your eyes as swiftly as water when you lean over the side of a ship, the value of a name is great, and not to be lightly flung away. It is as difficult to catch the public eye as it is to get that of the Speaker in the House of Commons. Once having caught it, it should be retained. The man who has anything to say asks all the attention that can be given to him; and if his truth lies in a well he cannot be judged by those who merely look down, and on the first superficial impression pass on and aver that there is nothing in it because they may not have drawn of its waters; therefore we think Mr. Patmore was wrong in not putting his name to his work.

The author is happy in his choice of a subject for his song, differing in this respect from some of our young singers. He is fortunate in finding an almost unoccupied domain in the choicest of all the realms of poesy, that is, wedded love. We have had

plenty of love-singers, but the greatest love-poet of all, the world has never yet seen. Him who should set a worthy crown on woman's queenly brows we have long waited for. Maiden and mistress have been lauded and decked and jewelled in innumerable strains, but it was all love before marriage; and few have dared or been fitted to go higher. They have been like loose gallants, they have wooed the virgin to the very door of the sanctuary, and then turned aside. Woman as wife and mother,—love kneeling at her feet in the little world of home,—love as a religious chivalry,—these have never yet been fittingly sung.

Look over the list of our acknowledged love-poets; the Song of Solomon would be intolerable if read as a warm and voluptuous Oriental expression of passion, non-spiritualized by the sacred interpretation of Christ's love for the Church. Ovid is a coarse heathen, and an impertinent rake; Catullus's love is at best the most glowing most and healthy animalism; Petrarch did the utmost that a man could do who knew nothing of his subject save what was revealed to him by the light of imagination instead of the torch of Hymen. Robert Burns gave to the world some exquisite love songs, and he did much in his capacity of gauger for Apollo toward arresting the illicit distillers of Parnassian dew, and in purifying the old views of love among the love-poets. But what noble-natured, high-minded woman, sitting at the hearth of home, loving and beloved, glorying and glorified, with her starriest nature revealed to her through the darkness of suffering, nuptial love smiling on her through her tears, and with her children around her like blossoms of health, can accept the chaplet which the hands of Robert Burns have woven? She would thank him with a gracious smile for the sake of some sweet innocent flowers in it, but, glancing at others, she would gently lay it aside. Melodious Moore would meet with a less flattering reception. His love is almost mainly idealized lust. The fire on his altar does not burn clearly and with a pure white radiance; it is unhallowed, and the offering is not acceptable to lofty woman and noble wife; in their presence it is repelled scornfully, as was the fire-offering of Cain in the presence of God.

We have had love-poets, so called, in England in the reign of the second Charles, and since. But though their muse moved to sparkling measures, and deftly masked in a guise of beauty, and wore a robe of gay conceits and glittering words, she could not hide the glance, and step, and gesture of the wanton. Of all who have ever essayed the theme of love, Alfred Tennyson has sung some of the sweetest, purest, most precious things. But Coventry Patmore is the first to attempt a sustained poem in

woman's praise and honour, with such definite earnestness, such serious sweetness, such fine thought and feeling, and such manifest capacity for the work. We have cleared a large space for him, we have raised high expectations; let us see how he fills and fulfils them. A rapturous reviewer interpreted by an imaginative reader will inevitably leave a disappointed purchaser. Therefore let us proceed as circumspectly as possible through the book. This first part of the 'Angel in the House' only takes us through the phase of courtship, to leave us, like true lovers, eager for what is to come. It is entitled 'The Betrothal.' It is planned coolly and carefully by a man who looks on life with a serene eye; but we think it unfortunate that it should so evidently bear the impress of the same serene cool spirit in working it out. It has a little too much the look of courtship as the author would court now. To us, the rich flushes and warm golden lights of that happy Nevermore—that Eden of Love's past—are too much subdued by the cold cloistral colour of his present contemplation. The heart of youth is warm and rich of colour; the blood will dance and the pulse of its life will have its 'magnificent come-and-go.' The lover is more of a passionate pilgrim and melodious madman than philosopher, and will be so as long as love shall light up the young heart, or gloom it tenderly with its April experiences. We could have wished a little more warmth of colour; and it is not necessary that the blood-flush be hectic—it may be the rose of health. Nevertheless, this very treatment may indicate all the more fitness, on the part of the author, for the future portions of his poem which relate to wedded love. We have also to complain of the metre. We think the author should have at once taken that of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which is one of the most melodious, plastic, full, and satisfying in the whole metrical repertoire for the expression of tenderness, pathos, piety, all gentle feeling, and lowly or subtle beauty; it is just a linked sweetness long drawn out. Once it has obtained possession of the ear, the alternate rhymes sound like a feeble inversion of it, monotonous as a solo on the drum. There is also another drawback. Mr. Patmore frequently puts an extra foot into his lines, over which we continually stumble. For example—

'Gave thanks that when we *stumble* and fall.'

'Fatal in force yet *gentle* in will.'

'Some work of fame and *labour* immense.'

If the rhythm had been more lyrical and leaping, the extra syllable might have been rendered effective; but the rhythm of this poem has a conscious loftiness and a stately movement, so

that these leaps which have to be taken are as out of place as a polka hop in the midst of a minuet. Enough of fault-finding.

The poet tells us that he hopes to raise—

That hymn for which the whole world longs,
 A worthy hymn in woman's praise ;
 A hymn bright-noted like a bird's,
 Arousing these song-sleepy times
 With rhapsodies of perfect words,
 Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes.
 And it is now my chosen task
 To sing her worth as maid and wife ;
 And were such post to seek I'd ask
 To live her laureate all my life.
 On wings of love uplifted free
 And by her gentleness made great,
 I'd teach how noble man should be
 To match with such a lovely mate :
 And as geranium, pink, or rose
 Is thrice itself thro' power of art,
 So might my happy skill disclose
 New fairness even in her fair heart ;
 Until that churl should nowhere be
 Who bent not, awed, before the throne
 Of her affecting majesty,
 So meek, so much unlike our own ;
 Until (for who may hope too much
 From her who wields the powers of love)
 Our lifted lives at last should touch
 That heavenly goal to which they move ;
 Until we find, as darkness rolls
 Far off, and fleshly mists dissolve,
 That male and female are the poles
 On which the spheres of joy revolve.—pp. 29, 30.

The poem, which consists of twelve parts, with prologue and epilogue, is interspersed with reflections, wise saws, and aphoristic sentences, which have often all the quaint beauty and curious felicity of Herbert or Henry Vaughan. Here are three—

L

Love, kissed by Wisdom, wakes twice Love,
 And Wisdom is, thro' loving, wise :
 Let dove and snake, and snake and dove,
 This Wisdom's be, that Love's device.

II.

'Tis truth (although this truth's a star
 Too deep-enshied for all to see),
 As poets of grammar, lovers are
 The well-heads of morality.

III.

'Keep measure in love?' More light befall
 Thy sanctity, and make it less!
 Be sure I will not love at all
 Where I may not love with excess.

This is a charming picture of home—

A tent pitched in a world not right
 It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
 On tranquil faces bore the light
 Of duties beautifully done.

Blessed is such a home. It is a place of refuge from the storm and strife that is for ever going on in this competitive world. What should we do were it not for this happy haven into which the weary and tempest-tost can steer? and the grim brow grows smooth in the placid smile of love, poetry comes into the face that is furrowed with the hieroglyphs of business, and the shut-up heart opens in the warmth of affection, and expands until it can embrace humanity in the arms of its love.

In this haven of home—the circle of wedded love, with children in its midst—behold the unexpressed and vague longings of half the young men of the present day who do not know what is the matter with them. Not comprehending the mysterious forces at work in their nature, they become despairing sceptics, subjective poets, and weary, listless egotists, who continually revolve on a pivot of self, and reject life as a sucked orange. They need something to take them out of themselves, something to draw the better side of their nature uppermost, and widen their horizon. Let love only beckon them out of the dismal byway and the lonely lane, and straightway they arise transfigured, most probably to walk the world rejoicing. Hand in hand with a companion who sheds upon them her softening, sunny influence, they reach across the range of a double experience and a double joy. Then come the children to renew the world, and bring fresh revelations of life, and hope, and loveliness. No man who is happy in his home can fail to grow better, and attain to loftier heights of life. And he is no true lover who can be surrounded by such circumstances, yet doubt of God and His good providence. It is here that the waters of life—troubled until the angel came—grow calm, and the best jewels of our humanity are revealed.

It is here that we may learn how much more blessed a thing it is to give than to receive, how much more exalting to serve than to reign. Those who hunger and thirst after power and the kingdoms of this world, may learn that to be the beloved crowned and throned in the heart of a leal, loving woman, whom we call by the name of wife, is a more precious thing and more to be

coveted than the sway of empires. It is here that the loftiest flowers of life may be seen springing from the lowliest rootage of love. That man uttered an abominable heresy, who said to the young artist, 'There is no hope for you if you are married.' He spoke of the necessity for economizing time. But how poor is all our isolated application compared with the wealth that a noble woman lavishes upon us, the realm she makes us master of, the rapidity with which her influence can enrich and develop the life of genius?

We should like to quote the whole of the lines entitled 'The Lover,' but must be content to cull from them. They will very fitly illustrate our foregoing observations.

He meets, by heavenly chance express,
 His destined wife: some hidden hand
 Unveils to him that loveliness
 Which others cannot understand.
 No songs of love, no summer dreams,
 Did e'er his longing fancy fire
 With vision like to this: she seems
 In all things better than desire.
 His merits in her presence grow,
 To match the promise in her eyes,
 And round her happy footsteps blow
 The authentic airs of Paradise.
 For love of her he cannot sleep;
 Her beauty haunts him all the night;
 It melts his heart, it makes him weep
 For wonder, worship, and delight.
 She is so perfect, true, and pure,
 Her virtue all virtue so endears,
 That often when he thinks of her,
 Life's meanness fills his eyes with tears.
 He prays for some hard thing to do,
 Some work of fame and labour immense,
 To stretch the languid bulk and thew
 Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.—pp. 44, 45.

And here is a far-reaching suggestion for woman to ponder over:—

Ah! wasteful woman, she that may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
 How has she cheapened Paradise;
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine.—pp. 97, 98.

What a world it might be if woman did but comprehend her

mission to save the world she lost ; for, as Mr. Patmore says so beautifully, it is

‘ Her beauty’s clear prerogative
To profit so by Eden’s blame.’

Woman moulds humanity either for good or evil. She is the great former of character. Ask men of genius how much they owe to their mothers, and you will find that they attribute almost all to them and their influence. And if we could only gauge the mental capacity of the wives of great men we might perhaps learn why genius is so seldom hereditary. The Lady Ida, in Tennyson’s ‘Princess,’ describes the women of her day as being

No wiser than their mothers, household-stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other’s fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard’s football, laughing-stocks of time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home, and fools abroad.

We do not class all women in that category, and we think the Lady Ida very hard upon her sex ; but the description is only too true of multitudes of them. Nevertheless, this state of things is in great part a just retribution for the selfish tyranny which man has exercised. He has looked upon woman, not in the light, but in the gloom of a slave. Our system of educating her for society, and marriage, and maternity, is akin to that practice prevalent in some cannibal island of fattening the royal concubines until they are fat-blind, before they are considered presentable to majesty ; only, while they do but eclipse the ordinary visual means, it is our more refined custom to put out the mental vision. We are not asking that woman should be crammed with dead languages and made into mummies of learning, but, for love’s sake, let them be educated up to the noblest offices and holiest duties of life, and developed to the fullest perfection, in accordance with their nature and destiny. The poet thus presents the matter :—

O queen, awake to thy renown,
Require what ’tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy despised prerogative !
I who in manhood’s name at length
With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
Must yet in this thy praise abate,

That through thine erring humbleness
 And disregard of thy degree,
 Mainly has man been so much less
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.
 High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
 The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
 The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
 Just to thyself, been worth's reward:
 But lofty honours undersold
 Sellers and buyers both disgrace;
 And favour that makes folly bold,
 Puts out the light in virtue's face.—pp. 98, 99.

There is a mournfully touching truth in the following stanzas entitled 'The Revelation.'

An idle poet here and there,
 Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
 The world, unfathomably fair,
 Is duller than a witling's jest.
 Love wakes men once a lifetime each;
 They lift their heavy lids, and look;
 And, lo! what one sweet page can teach
 They read with joy, then shut the book:
 And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
 And most forget; but, either way,
 That and the child's unheeded dream
 Is all the light of all their day.—p. 110.

The 'accompaniments' and 'sentences' which alternate with the 'Idyls' that professedly carry on the subject of the poem are far the richest portion of the book. They are so pregnant with thought, have such happy turns of expression, and possess so much profound wisdom. We collect a few passages:—

The little germ of nuptial love,
 Which springs so simply from the sod,
 The root is, as my song shall prove,
 Of all our love to man and God.
 He safely walks in darkest ways,
 Whose youth is lighted from above,
 Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
 Dawns the veiled moon of nuptial love.
 Who is the happy husband? He
 Who scanning his unwedded life,
 Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
 'Twas faithful to his future wife.
 We fast, give alms, pray, weep and wake,
 And wear our hearts out o'er the word:
 Ah, less of this, and let us make
 More melody unto the Lord!

We conclude our extracts with the following, in which the colours are admirably stippled in, and the finishing touch is perfect:—

I woke at three ; for I was bid
 To breakfast with the Dean at nine,
 And take his girls to church. I slid
 My curtain, found the season fine,
 And could not rest, so rose. The air
 Was dark and sharp ; the roosted birds
 Cheep'd, ' Here am I, Sweet ; are you there ?'
 On Avon's misty flats the herds
 Expected, comfortless, the day,
 Which slowly fired the clouds above ;
 The cock scream'd, somewhere far away ;
 In sleep the matrimonial dove
 Was brooding : no wind waked the wood,
 Nor moved the midnight marish damps,
 Nor thrill'd the poplar ; quiet stood
 The chestnut with its thousand lamps ;
 The moon shone yet, but weak and drear,
 And seem'd to watch, with bated breath,
 The landscape, all made sharp and clear
 By stillness, as a face by death.—pp. 145, 146.

Many will object to the occasional colloquial phraseology and studied homeliness of the poem. To us, this has a frequent charm. In it we hear the ground-tone of modern life caught up and consecrated by its marriage with the higher spheral melodies. And then we would remind our readers how very homely all genuine passion is. Words cannot be found simple enough to express it.

Love with our author is the same divine thing it has been to the great souls, the saints, the martyrs, who have lived for it, suffered for it, died for it in the past. The same great influence that makes the unwritten poetry, the unchronicled heroism, the unknown greatness of the world, its most glorious graces. The same shining light and radiance that, in the cellar or garret, will gild the meanest lives with the rarest moral glory ; the power that works the mighty change that Tennyson so exquisitely images in the following couplet:—

' Love took up the harp of life, and smote thereon with all his
 might—
 Smote the chord of SELF, which, trembling, passed in music out of
 sight.'

This is the high argument of the 'Betrothal.' He sings of woman the pure, the worshipful, the incentive to great deeds and noble lives. He nurses up grand conjectures and hopeful prophecies of her future, which is luminous with the beauty of

promise. She that has accomplished so much, what may she not accomplish? He does not disguise her failings, but his flatteries are very sweet, and sure to conquer. She should be proud of such a poet.

The 'Angel in the House' is somewhat shy, and must be approached with gentleness. In a crowd, or in the presence of a brusque, hard critic, she would be shrinking as a sensitive maiden, who broods over the sweet secret of first love amidst her rude and importunate brothers. But only win her regards by kindred sympathy, and then sit down for a long, quiet, loving talk, and she will become eloquent; her discourse is full of true wisdom and sweet human tenderness, it sparkles here with quaint fancies, and is again stately with its innate nobility of thought. She has watched the storms and conflicts of life with a patient eye of faith, like one who sees behind the veil. She believes that wherever love hath nestled there is good still: it did not even fly without shaking down some dew of heaven from its wings; and that there are none so dark, and cold, and narrow of heart, but love will warm and brighten, and quicken them into larger life. Her words are healthful as the embrace of mountain air and the draught from mountain springs; and many things that she utters will long remain in memory with an abiding beauty. And that is all we have to say about the 'Angel in the House.'

ART. IV.—*The Geography of Herodotus, Developed, Explained, and Illustrated from Modern Researches and Discoveries.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Plans. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

THE fate of Herodotus is a peculiar one. The eighteenth century, which delighted in starched theories of the unities, and pronounced Shakespeare fit only for the barbarians of Canada, had little respect for good old Herodotus. Voltaire, the great representative of that age, made a dead set upon the credit of the Halicarnassian, and his stories were looked on as the gossip of a silly old fool. The new criticism, which began in Wolf's vigorous and scholarly attack on the prevalent notions in regard to Homer, defended the truthfulness of Herodotus; and as researches were made in the countries which he had described, and as his assertions were established by clear-seeing and intelligent travellers, his credibility and character stood high.

But fortune is inconstant. The pinnacle of glory on which he has been placed is now reckoned by some too high for him ; he must be taken down from the solitary grand position into which he has been unworthily elevated, and his name must be ranked beside a host of other story-tellers, who jotted down in their note-books the gossip of sailors and merchants, without caring much whether the tale was true or false.

We do not intend at present to discuss the merits of Herodotus, or to weigh the objections which have been lately urged against his character as a careful, painstaking geographer. Some of the remarks which Blakesley* has directed against Herodotus may be called for. The admirers of the Father of History are apt to transplant him into the present age, to deck him with the clothes of a thorough historian of our own day, and thus to set him forward as an example of a process of study which has been reached only in these latter times. There may have been some reasons for the strong thrust with which Mr. Blakesley has thrown Herodotus back into the fifth century before the Christian era. But in the earnestness of his endeavour he seems to us, like Entellus, to have gone too far ; he has shut his eyes to the extraordinary merits of the Halicarnassian considered as a Greek of the age in which he flourished. True it is that later Greek writers did sometimes place him among the talkative *λογηγοί*, but did not they, or still more intelligent Greeks, place Homer among the Cyclic poets, and Socrates among the Sophists? And, after all, what is the opinion of a Strabo to us? The work of Herodotus is before us ; we can judge of it with our own eyes ; and if we cannot compare it with the productions of Charon of Lampsacus, or Hecataeus of Miletus, yet we surely may, without much difficulty, form a tolerably fair estimate of its substantial character viewed in itself. Thus, taking up the books of Herodotus, we find most unquestionably a truth-loving man, with large sympathies, with great inquisitiveness, and very varied speculation. His errors, we allow, are numerous, because it was impossible for a Greek of his age not to commit errors ; but at the same time, we are astonished that the mistakes he has committed are so few, and that the amount of reliable information is so great and so interesting.

Of course Herodotus claims attention primarily as a historian. His geographical matter seems for the most part accidentally introduced ; we might even say that his acquaintance with what geography he knew was accidental too. For his main object in his travels was religion ; to converse with priests, to

* Herodotus. With a Commentary, by Joseph W. Blakesley, B.D. 1854. We cannot praise too highly this admirable edition. It is one of the most remarkable fruits of English scholarship.

learn the histories of the gods, to ascertain the similarities and dissimilarities of foreign religions and modes of worship; these were the leading motives of his journeys. And it deserves attention that, owing to this religious zeal, he had access to the best sources of information on all subjects. The priests were the scholars of the age, not only in Greece, but in all countries; their position was most influential; and to such a man as Herodotus, who not unfrequently was able to procure initiation into their most solemn mysteries, they would give as accurate and truthful information as they themselves could obtain. Indeed, his religious character deserves more consideration than it has yet received; for there is little doubt that if a man could claim the protection of priests of the country, his residence there would be safe, and his means of locomotion more abundant and more secure. In this point of view it is noticeable that Herodotus has access to the temples in Greece, has all the legends connected with Delphi on his finger's end; and is so well acquainted with Dodona that he mentions the names of the three priestesses there. Do not these facts warrant us in supposing that Herodotus belonged to a priestly family, or may have had to do with temples in some way or other? And if this were the case, we may easily see how readily he would be received by foreign priests of every religion.

Though his geographical pursuits thus seem merely the amusement of his leisure hours, they were carried on in the same truthful spirit in which he sought after religious knowledge. What things he can examine with his eyes, he does; and he is often careful to distinguish the information which he has gained by personal observation from that which he has derived only from hearsay. Of course he was liable to mistake in his observations, and if he did not take notes on the spot, his memory might occasionally betray him. Often he had not the means to make accurate observations. The only language he knew was Greek; and accordingly his information was open to two sources of distortion. The interpreters might mislead him; and his own Greek mind would understand foreign ideas according to Greek notions. It is curious to notice how Blakesley's forgetfulness of this last circumstance leads him into far-fetched fancies. He is keen in scenting the sources from which Herodotus acquired his knowledge. Now it is a Lacedæmonian that speaks through Herodotus; now it is Charon of Lampsacus; now it is Hecatus of Miletus; and dealing with Persian matters we are frequently informed that Herodotus plainly got his materials from a Greek source. As if Herodotus himself were not a Greek source, and as if the Greek mind of Herodotus were not enough of itself to give a thoroughly Greek cast to any narrative.

Besides this, Herodotus laboured under the disadvantage of having had few predecessors. His maps, if he had any, were worthless; he had to make maps for himself. The difficulty of such a work in the time of Herodotus it is not easy for us fully to realize. Suppose we were to make a journey from London to Edinburgh, without knowing anything about the country but that two such towns existed. Let our journey be by coach; we have no compass. When we wish to point out directions we must speak of the rising sun as one, the sun at noonday as another, the region whence comes the cold wind as a third, the region whence a warm rainy wind comes as a fourth. Our norths and souths are far too definite for the knowledge which Herodotus had of the points of the compass. Then when we have to measure public buildings, it is impossible for us to carry about instruments for the purpose. We ask the people who are supposed to know best about it; and we test their assertions by counting how many paces long it may be, or by any other process equally easy and convenient. The result of such a journey would be the acquisition of a vast number of interesting facts, mixed with a considerable sprinkling of strange, sometimes enormous mistakes. If our notebook were full of measurements, we should make rare work of the figures, and especially since, in order to complete the parallel with the case of Herodotus, we must suppose that as soon as we have quitted the scenes of our travel, we can have access to no verifying authority. Besides all this, we have to take into consideration that the figures of Herodotus have probably been very much altered through the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers. Now, if we thus realize the position of Herodotus, and think how we should have succeeded in a similar investigation, there will be few bold enough to refuse to the Greek the merit of most praiseworthy carefulness, and of a thorough determination to be as accurate as his circumstances would allow.

But after all, Herodotus ought to be looked on principally as a historian; and in this point of view, we do not see how even Mr. Blakesley, who seems to deride the idea of Herodotus being the father of history, can deny the undoubted fact that he was the very first to describe, in rich and glowing prose, the historical development of the energies of the Greek nation. If Herodotus was a logographer, he was also something more. His first four books may not be much superior to what Hecataeus or Charon wrote, his last five books are as genuine a history as has been written in these days; and, indeed, very few histories now published can lay claim to equal accuracy, power of description, and to such complete unity of design.

It is this circumstance which has made us doubt whether Mr.

Wheeler has been happy in selecting the geography of Herodotus as a subject for development. The object of the work is to present such an idea of the ancient world as can be got from Herodotus, and at the same time to throw light on his geographical ideas and notices by the help of modern researches. For this purpose Mr. Wheeler has gathered together, out of the nine books, every reference to a locality. He has classified these under the countries to which they belong, and he has given a concise statement of the manners and customs of the tribes, so far as they are narrated by Herodotus. Unfortunately for Mr. Wheeler, this process produces frequently very dry and wearisome chapters. Indeed, no one but a regular scholar would attempt the digestion of such fare. And yet we are puzzled to know for whom Mr. Wheeler did undertake his task. If for scholars, he has failed. It is not worth the trouble of a scholar to read the whole of his book. The work of Bobrik is all that he desires. He would much rather consult Herodotus himself as to the habits of the barbarous tribes, or his opinions in reference to geographical questions, than any English summary of them, however admirably executed. On the other hand a general reader will be repelled at once by the frightful array of unknown and uncouth names. He would never be able to wade through them.

Mr. Wheeler has likewise illustrated the geography of Herodotus, and in this part of his task he has been unfortunate also. It is difficult for any one to determine the limits of illustration, and Mr. Wheeler has evidently followed no principle in this matter. Often he has passed over subjects that every student of Herodotus would expect to see discussed. We have no account of the localities of Marathon or Salamis; and what he tells of Plataea is derived principally from Grote, and not at all commensurate with the importance of the battle-scene. Moreover, he has systematically eschewed the discussion of doubtful passages. We think he has been far too modest in this respect. It is impossible to do full justice to Herodotus without a careful examination of different readings, and Mr. Wheeler has gained nothing by appearing to avoid them. For after all he has adopted readings which we, with many others, consider extremely doubtful. We may adduce, as one instance, his unhesitating adoption of a clause which appears very like an interpolation. We allude to the statement in Herod. iii. 106, that Greece has by far the best climate in the world (*ἡ Ἑλλὰς τὰς ὥρας πολλὸν τι κάλλιστα κικραμένης ἔλαχε*), though, as Blakesley remarks, he had already given the palm to Ionia. Mr. Wheeler not only copies this opinion, but introduces it into his book with emendations of his own, and apparently in support

of a theory which he fancies he finds in Herodotus, namely, that the winds were the cause of heat and cold. We may quote his words—'He also says that Greece was supremely blessed because of the happy temperature of her climate, a fortunate mingling of the blasts of Boreas with the warm breath of the too voluptuous Notos.'

The fault we have hitherto found with Mr. Wheeler's work is his want of judgment in the selection of his subject. We have to add another, that of carelessness in execution. The mistakes he commits are certainly not of great moment, but still it is a pity that they should exist at all. We shall notice a few to make good our affirmation.

In the second chapter of his book, which is entitled 'The World and its Divisions,' he commences thus—'Herodotus considered the fundamental powers of nature to lie in the winds which blew from different quarters.' The authority for this assertion is of the following nature. Herodotus, in speaking of the overflowing of the Nile, informs us that there were three opinions on the point prevalent among the learned men of Greece. One of these asserted that this phenomenon was the result of the Etesian winds, which prevented the river from flowing out into the sea. The second maintained that the Nile issued from the great ocean stream which encircled the earth with its sleepless current. The third affirmed that the overflow was caused by the melting of snow. Herodotus rejected all these opinions as untenable, and propounded a theory of his own, which at least is ingenious, though polytheistic. The Sun-god, according to his notion, had a decided aversion to cold places; and so his movements were always confined to the warmer parts of the earth. He thus issued on the approach of summer out of his warm retreat in the burning region of Libya, and advanced towards the centre of the earth. But no sooner did the storms appear, than they drove him back again to the ever-hot south. Now, wherever the Sun-god was, he was sure to attract some of the waters in the underlying lands. Thus, when he was in Libya, during winter, he drew from the sources of the Nile, and the water consequently came down in less quantities. But when he advanced in the direction of the Mediterranean, he used his influence only on the portions near the mouth, and so the river was fuller and in its normal state. The rivers of Europe, on the other hand, were far off from the sun in winter, the rains also came down and swelled them, and thus they were so large then. But in summer the sun acted as strongly on them as on the Nile; they had, besides, no showers to increase their current; and this was the reason that they were comparatively so weak in the warm season. Now, from this theory of Herodotus we do not think Mr. Wheeler

is at all warranted in inferring that he considered the winds to be the fundamental powers of nature. They were so far powers (at least the north wind, or we might even say the storms) that they drove the Sun-god away from the middle of the earth; but Herodotus speaks of no other power, fundamental or otherwise, that they have or are.

Again, in his account of Laconia (or Laconica, as Mr. Wheeler prefers), there is great indeterminateness in the use of the word Laconians, a distinction being at one time drawn between the Spartans and the other inhabitants of Laconia, while in another place that is attributed to the Laconians generally which Herodotus affirms only of the Lacedæmonians in particular. In the very same section to which we allude (p. 50), Mr Wheeler gives it as the opinion of Herodotus that the Laconians were in the custom of saying one thing while they meant another. But Herodotus makes no such assertion; and, though we are very far from having the unbounded admiration of the Spartans with which Müller has inspired many English scholars, we should yet without hesitation defend them from this wholesale accusation. It was their enemies, the Athenians, who delighted to speak of Spartan perfidy, very much in the same way that the Romans afterwards spoke of Punic faith.

Just two pages farther on (p. 52), we have this statement—'Our author mentions the following particulars respecting the manners and customs of the Laconians. After the death of a king, horsemen announced the event throughout the whole country; in the town, however, it was made known by an old woman, who paraded through the streets beating a kettle.' A most original and rather comical way of announcing the death of a king, certainly! It calls to our recollection the town-drummers of Scotland, who up to recent times (some of them are still alive) perambulated the towns beating their drums, and calling attention to rousps, sales, and articles missing. But instead of a man and a drum, we have an old woman and a kettle, and instead of the intimation of lost goods, our old female announces the death of a king. But we are afraid that the comicality of this custom lies not on the shoulders of the Spartans, but of Mr. Wheeler. The passage from which he has derived this strange piece of information is literally translated thus:—'Now these things are given to the kings while alive, out of the common fund of the Spartans; but when they die, the following customs are observed: horsemen go round proclaiming what has happened throughout the whole of Laconia, and throughout the city women going about beat a caldron;' *καὶ δὲ τὴν πόλιν γυναῖκες περιόυσαι λίβηρα κροτέουσι*. Perhaps the λίβης was not a genuine caldron, but a kind of cymbal; and at

all events the object the women (not the *old* woman) had in rattling it was to express the grief they felt at the decease of their ruler, not to make that decease known.

Mr. Wheeler knows the graphic point of a story; but either from not having paid sufficient attention to the minutiae of Herodotus's Greek, or for some other reason, he has now and then omitted some characteristic touches. An example of this we have in his notice of the offerings which Cræsus made to the temple of Delphi. He mentions 'a golden statue of three cubits high, which the Delphians said was an image of the Artocopus or baker of Cræsus.' One characteristic trait in this circumstance he does notice. He tells us that the 'importance ascribed to a baker is perfectly in keeping with the manners of despotic eastern courts. The officers of the Turkish janizaries, so long as that corps existed, were all named from the duties of the kitchen, the colonel being styled the soup-maker.' But another, and perhaps more interesting trait, he has entirely omitted. The word *ἄροκόπος*, *the bread-cutter*, brings before our mind the picture of an eastern girl, with languid dark eyes and long eyelashes, who has caught the heart of the luxurious monarch, and preferring her to all others, he assigns her the duty of cutting the bread for him, the king being unable to do anything for himself, like too many kings of modern times. In these old fashioned days a pair of pretty eyes might overthrow monarchies; and even still it is curious to notice how girls have swayed the destinies of empires. Louis XV.'s reign was, as Frederick the Great called it, a series of dances, the lazy, amorous monarch being led off by some wretched woman; while even Frederick himself, though far from favourable to women in general, honoured the danseuse Barberini with invitations to supper. At present opera girls often produce far more sensation than the most powerful truths or preachers of truth. The *Pepita* produced much more excitement last year in Berlin than Goethe ever did, honoured though he was; and the rabid adoration of the kind-hearted Jenny Lind by the Americans, according to Barnum's account, shows plainly enough that the feeling which made Cræsus place a statue of his female bread-cutter in the Delphic temple has not yet vanished from the face of the earth.

Mr. Wheeler's carelessness is seen also in the numerous misprints which disfigure his work. We have Archelous for Achelous, Bosphorus for Bosporus, Epignoni for Epigoni, Zigenner for Zigeuner, and many such. A moderate allowance of these no man can help, but we are afraid Mr. Wheeler's book has rather too many of them not to deserve a little blame. He has also unnecessarily repeated the same thing too frequently.

We make one remark as to style, and we have done with

blaming. At the commencement of the book Mr. Wheeler is slow, almost tawdry; but as he advances he gathers spirit and life, and the last chapters are well written and by far the best in the work. We do not think he would now write the first few chapters in the same style. In the second page we have the following specimen of fine writing:—‘The swell from that great storm was yet angry. Hellas was yet smarting from her scars but exulting in her victories, when Herodotus wandered forth to see, to touch, and to explore. The story of the great contest was still ringing in his ears, still rife in men’s mouths, but’—guess what comes next—a veritable anti-climax—‘the date is uncertain.’ This, however, is about the worst of the kind.

So far we have spoken of Mr. Wheeler’s book; we have a few words to say of himself. From the volume before us we can honestly say that he is plainly a very modest, laborious man. The work shows unwearied research, a vast amount of reading, and considerable power in expressing the results in forcible and telling language. The faults we have found with him are two—that he has chosen a bad subject, too undefined, and not suited to the wants of any large class of readers—and that he is somewhat careless. The first fault is rather a misfortune than a culpable error. The second is certainly culpable, but we are not disposed to blame him greatly. There is no man that does not commit mistakes sometimes. If these are in trivial matters he may be more easily pardoned, for if a man were to be as anxious as Scaliger is said to have been about placing a third person plural instead of a third person singular he is a decided fool, though he have all the learning in the universe. Mr. Wheeler is evidently a substantial man, strongly bent on geographical studies, and rather apt to look at matters from the geographical interest which they have. This seems to be the reason that he has not paid sufficient attention to the Greek text of Herodotus. To a geographical enthusiast, who does not know Greek, his work will be quite a treasure, and to any one the concluding chapters are full of interest. His fancied description of the circumnavigation of Africa by Neco’s mariners is drawn up in a vigorous, interesting style. His account of the Egyptians—of the recent researches of Vyse and Perring in reference to the Pyramids (though he devotes proportionally too much space to the subject), and his exposition of Linant’s examination of the country where Lake Moeris was, will be read by erudite and non-erudite with instruction and pleasure; and if a general reader has the perseverance to push on through the jungles of bristling names, he will rise from the work with a vast deal of interesting information, and a pretty fair idea of the world such as Herodotus saw it.

And Herodotus’s view of the world is well worth looking at.

He had very clear vision ; an eye for what was most noteworthy, and an honest and wisdom-seeking disposition which throw a charm over all his narratives. He clings, too, most firmly to facts ; all his theories are based on them, and he refuses belief unhesitatingly to what seems unwarranted by his observation.

The common notion divided the world into three equal divisions, Asia, Europe, and Libya (or Africa), and it surrounded this land with an ever-flowing stream, which bore the name of ocean. Herodotus rejects this conception of the earth rather contemptuously, maintaining that the existence of a great ocean river had never been proved and was a mere fiction of the poets.

As a native of Halicarnassus and as Greek by birth, Herodotus knew well both the coast of Asia Minor and the different cities of Greece. Our information from him, however, on these points is not so very great as we might have expected. In describing them he becomes far more an ethnographer than a geographer. He inquires into the origin of the Lydians and Carians, and tells how Psammitichus found out by the language of a child, who had heard no sound but the bleating of goats, that the Phrygians were the oldest nation on the face of the earth. And in speaking of the inhabitants of the Peloponnese he enters into an investigation of the original inhabitants, and the changes that the entrance of the Dorians had caused.

In passing from Greece to the north we come into Thrace. Herodotus has inquired diligently about the people, perhaps visited the places themselves. They were of great interest to him, as Xerxes had passed through them in his descent on Greece. The Thracian tribes were barbarians, but even barbarians had an attraction for our traveller. He searched for wisdom everywhere, like a true Greek ; and, unlike most travellers in the present day, his main object in seeing the various tribes of men was to become better and wiser. And how strange were the lessons he read here and there ! In Thrace there were the Getæ, the bravest of all Thracians, who believed in the immortality of the soul. The departed soul left this world to join the deity Zalmoxis ; and then, every fifth year, by a peculiar method, they dispatched a messenger chosen by lot to their god, that thus he might hear all the prayers which they hoped he would answer. But they were not always so respectful. When thunder rolled and lightning flashed, they would shoot their arrows at these elements into the sky, and threaten their god, the only god whom they believed to exist. The Getæ, we fear, are not altogether vanished from the earth. Those who shoot at what deserves worship and spurn the great God are not yet extinct in these civilized times.

The ancients had strange dreamings over the land to which

they might pass after death. Melancholy sits on the brow of the light-hearted Anacreon, while he sings that 'the recess of the unseen world is terrible, and hard the journey that ends in it;' and he groans over his near approach to Tartarus. Life on earth seemed to them but a pithless, dreamlike inactivity, and the life beyond was a great darkness which came forth to meet them with its shadow. We need not wonder then that Herodotus had an intense curiosity to know the opinions of other tribes on these matters. How touching for him to meet with the Trausi who believed this world to be *the* scene of sorrow. 'Not to be born at all,' say Bacchylides and Sophocles, 'is best; next to that, to pass as quickly from the earth as possible;' and no doubt, most of the religious Greeks had feelings very much akin to those that dictated these lines. The Trausi not only were of the same sentiments, but with Fosterian souls they acted on them. When a child came into the world, the relatives gathered round the infant, and deplored the woes that it would have to endure; but when any one died there was merriment and rejoicing—a soul had been set free from the pains of earth.

Herodotus found among the Thracians that barbarians could be exceedingly foppish after their own fashion. The man who was not tattooed among them was not respectable. The untattooed classes were forced to do many disagreeable things, while the tattooed gentleman despised work, and lived by robbery and plunder.

From Thrace we advance into Scythia—a region which Herodotus takes occasion to describe in speaking of Darius, who had gone on an expedition against it. With the Scythian towns on the shores of the Black Sea the Halicarnassian was probably well acquainted; and in Olbia he would spend some days inquiring of the merchants there what information they could give in reference to the customs and position of the various tribes. He conceived the Scythian land as a square, with the Black Sea on the south, and the rivers Don and Ister (Danube) on the east and west. Some indeed, among whom is Mr. Wheeler, fancy that Herodotus could not be so far mistaken as to believe the Danube to flow from north to south; but, besides that his notions as to the cardinal points of the compass were indefinite, his words are too precise to allow us to doubt his meaning. Within these regions roamed the nomadic tribes of the Scythians, never dwelling in towns, but inhabiting travelling wagons, and living on the cattle they drove before them. Various tribes of these he mentions, and his account of the rivers which flow into the Black Sea is accurate and trustworthy.

Herodotus gives ample details in regard to the customs of the Scythians; how they drank the blood of their slain enemy, and

flayed his head; what gods they worshipped, and how they sacrificed human victims to the bloody god of war; and how soothsayers were numerous among them, and frequently consulted. One of the most interesting portions of the narrative is that which describes the burial of the great, for the tumuli of the Scythian and of the ancient Briton were much alike. Their kings were always buried in the country of the Gerrhi, near the Borysthenes, and on the death of one of them, his body was carried round from tribe to tribe, when lamentations, ear-cutting, hair-clipping, lacerations of arm and face, and other demonstrations of sorrow were shown in profusion. On its arrival among the Gerrhi, a square cavity was dug for the embalmed body; this was covered with leaves, on which the corpse was laid; spears were stuck in on both sides; logs of wood, and then mats, were thrown over it; and finally there were buried along with the king one of his concubines who had been strangled, and his cup-bearer, cook, groom, attendant, message-bearer and horses, with golden cups, and the best of everything. Over the whole was thrown earth, and the Scythians vied with each other in making the mound as great as possible.

Beyond the Scythians, Herodotus's information did not go far, and many of the reports he did hear he could not believe. Thus people told him that there was a nation called the Neuri, each individual of whom became a wolf once a year for a short time. If Mr. Oliphant's account of the Russians on the Volga be correct, it is a rare thing for them to be anything else than wolves. Then some said that there were races of men that dwelt beyond the north wind and Mr. Wheeler's 'fundamental powers,' of whom Herodotus did not know what to think. Then he heard reports of men who had goat's feet, and of people who slept for six months in the year—stories which he could not credit.

Somewhere in the north, too, dwelt a people called the Issedones, who would be quite to the taste of the Women's Convention; for the women had equal rights with the men, only they had a rather savage custom of eating their dead fathers. These Issedones said that beyond them lived the Arimaspi, or one-eyed nation, and the gold-watching Griffins.

Of the west of Europe Herodotus says little. He must have known the southern coast of Italy very well from his long residence in Thurii; but it is strange to observe how completely unknown to him are the great nations which now possess the whole of the political influence of Europe. He had heard of Tartessus from the Phocæans, who also made him acquainted with Corsica. He knew the Etruscans, whose commerce extended far and wide; and he had some dim doubtful notions about the Cassiterides, or Tin-Islands. But of the inhabitants of our pre-

sent France, or Britain, or Germany, the universal geographer has heard nothing. Who knows what changes may take place in the world before as much time shall have passed away as has elapsed between the time of Herodotus and ours.

The knowledge which Herodotus possessed of Asia was confined, for the most part, to the great high road which led from Sardis to Susa. Somehow or other he had got hold of the names of the different satrapies into which Darius had divided his immense empire. He had also himself been at Babylon, and his picture of the great city is fresh and interesting ; and he had heard an immense deal about the variegated dresses which the barbarous tribes accompanying Xerxes had worn on the occasion of the invasion of Greece. The sensuous mind of the Greek would no doubt be vastly delighted with hearing every particular that could be related of the strange and uncouth hordes who had swelled the monstrous army of the great king. But, after all, the most interesting to them were the Persians themselves, who had exercised such a powerful influence on their own destinies, and whose very name had been a source of terror until the daring deeds of Greek valour had dispelled the illusion. The history of the hardy tribe, too, was full of wise lessons ; and as we see in the 'Cyropædia' of Xenophon, the early Persians performed the same functions in the hands of philosophic Greeks, that the Germans did in the hands of Tacitus. Hardy, poor, and almost barbarous in appearance, they were looked on as wise, just, and sensible. Beyond Persia Herodotus's information is derived from hearsay, or from a very remarkable voyage which Scylax of Caryanda had made down the Indus.

Herodotus did not know where to divide Asia from Africa. He had seen the Red Sea only at its most northern extremity, and had supposed that it was equally narrow at every point, and consequently rather a river than a gulf. What he calls the Erythræan Sea is our Arabian Sea. And it is a curious circumstance, that though the fact was denied by Greeks of a later day, Herodotus firmly believed that the waters of the Erythræan Sea and the Mediterranean were continuous, and that it was possible setting out from the one to enter through the pillars of Hercules into the other. He believed in the circumnavigation of Africa by the expedition Neco had sent out ; and we agree with Mr. Wheeler in thinking that the project was perfectly practicable, and that there is no reason for refusing credit to the statement of Herodotus.

Of all Africa, Egypt was the country dear to the heart of our author. It was there especially that his religious cravings were satisfied. He regarded it as the first of lands ; its primeval monuments struck him with profound awe ; its strangely-shaped

gods filled him with mysterious questionings ; its priests had opened his eyes to unheard-of wonders ; and he saw in hoary old Egypt the first seat of literature and religion, the land to which the Greeks were indebted for almost all the civilization they had. His journey through Egypt was confined to the banks of the Nile, up which he sailed as far as Elephantine. He visited the great temples on his way, the Pyramids, the Labyrinth, and the Lake Mœris ; he collected accounts of the customs of the people ; and he gives us as much information in regard to the religious beliefs of the priests as he could do without violating his vows. Beyond Elephantine he knew the tribes only by report. The account of one of these, the Macrobian, or Long-livers, is exceedingly interesting. They were a nation of Parrs, their usual age being one hundred and twenty years ; but they give no support to the vegetarians, as they lived on boiled flesh and milk. Nor do they at all favour the teetotallers, if the following story, given by Herodotus, be true. Cambyses, king of the Persians, wishing to be on friendly terms with these Ethiopians, the largest and most beautiful men in the world, sent a present to them by the hands of the Fish-eaters. The present consisted of a purple robe, a golden neck-chain and bracelets, ointment and wine. The king, who was chosen to that office because he was the tallest and strongest, asked what the garment was, and how it had got the purple colour ? On hearing of the process of dyeing, he replied that the men were deceitful and so were the garments. On examining the neck-chain and bracelets, he guessed them to be fetters, and had a most profound contempt for them and the people who could use such things for binding their captives. He made equally depreciatory remarks on the ointment ; but when he tried the wine, it had rather a good taste ; and so he inquired into the nature of the food which the king of Persia used. Wheat-bread, he was told, was the staple. 'Then how long do people generally live ?' 'Eighty years is about the longest period of life.' On hearing which the strong king had no doubt that they would not live so long if they had not the sense to partake copiously of the wine.

Besides Egypt and Ethiopia, Herodotus describes Cyrene and the numerous barbarous tribes situated round about them. Of the centre and western coast of Africa little was known, though he made very diligent investigations. The two principal events that had thrown some light on the subject, were an expedition of the Nasamonians into the centre, and a voyage of Sataspes, a Persian, who had passed out of the Pillars of Hercules, under commands to sail round Africa.

We have thus glanced over the knowledge which Herodotus had of the world, and at the same time over Mr. Wheeler's book.

It is easy to see that the subject might become very interesting, if treated in a popular style. We therefore rejoice that Mr. Wheeler intends to publish a volume styled, 'The Life and Travels of Herodotus, an Imaginary Biography founded on Fact.' He will be able to do himself much more justice than he has done in the work we have reviewed ; and he will no doubt give to the public a very readable and instructive volume.

ART. V.—*Oxford Essays Contributed by Members of the University.*
[8vo. pp. 310. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855.]

FOR immemorial ages there have stood in England two focal centres of learning and of ecclesiastical patronage and power. These hives (in all save the honey) have produced two distinct races. The first of these is constituted of the swarms who periodically migrate from their Alma Mater, and find their way to all parts of the globe and into all sections of British society. If the destination of each could be recorded, it would make human life seem to be a lottery. The son of a Lancashire weaver takes possession of Lambeth Palace, the goal of ecclesiastical ambition ; the son of a Cambridge draper becomes the Archbishop of York ; and the statesmen who have awed Europe, and the writers who have illuminated the world, have, as servants, placed the dishes on the table, not of their Alma Mater, but of their *injuncta noverca*. They have peopled the bar ; and on one or other bench have swayed the social destinies of their country in what Lord Chatham called 'the purity of their ermine, and the unsullied sanctity of their lawn.' Time would fail even to name the men who have illustrated our literature and our historical annals, and who have belonged to that class who, having left our Universities, have to some extent made the literature, the law, and the constitution of England what it is. Whether they have achieved their greatness in consequence or in spite of the training they received at Oxford and Cambridge remains a question, on which our second category may throw some light.

Certain still it is that many, if not the majority, of our greatest men have never studied within the walls of either of our national Universities ; and this fact may perhaps be accounted for if we turn our attention to the permanent tenants of those hives from which these swarms are drafted off. The resources of Oxford and Cambridge allow of the residence and support of a large number

of men possessed of the means of making these great corporations the centres and sources of intellectual illumination and popularized learning to the nation which has so richly endowed them. It must be manifest even to the most cursory observer of the course of British literature that they have not fulfilled their mission. The *Fellows* of our numerous colleges, distinguishing them from tutors and professors, are endowed with advantages of which neither they nor the public seem to be fully conscious. They have a life of literary leisure; they have the most opulent libraries available to their curiosity or study; they have the incalculable advantage of a concentrated literary intercourse; and with the sole exception of that preposterous law of celibacy which overlays their lot and dwarfs them to the social dimensions of Popish priests, or expands them to that character with which popular scandal invests these latter functionaries, we might address them as Virgil apostrophizes the husbandmen of his day—

‘Fortunati nimium sua si bona nôrint.’

It has long been observed that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, regarded in this latter aspect as permanent bodies, are, as respects the progress of letters, the most useless corporations in Europe. Not that they have been altogether supine. Stagnation is morbid, and the human mind, slug itself as it may, must, from the law of its nature, be generative either of good or of evil. The more active members of our Universities have thrown off now and then a treatise on Fluxions, a work on Conic Sections, or a newly annotated edition of a Greek play; but for all the higher and more varied purposes of literature our residentiary University men have been utterly worthless. It is true that the stagnant water at Oxford has been covered of late years with a highly coloured film, and has given off exhalations that have poisoned the Church; but, with the exception of the Tractarian heresy, the Universities have done nothing comparatively to leaven and inform the population of the kingdom, while its only active effects are tending to the dislocation and revolution of our ecclesiastical system,—and that is saying the least. Dr. Watts teaches the infant population of this country that the Devil makes his capital out of idleness; and we firmly believe, that the comparatively unemployed condition of the resident members of our Universities is not only ineffectual for all the purposes for which they were constituted, but is absolutely pernicious to the welfare of the State. Professing to be religious seminaries, their theological teaching is *human*, and meagre to the last degree. Their compelled devotional exercises are, as might be expected, shockingly perfunctory. They

overshadow their vicinities with a lamentable immorality, and the shade which their bulk projects far and wide (a fact equally true of all our episcopal and capitular homesteads), blights the growth and development of all excellence, whether intellectual or religious. We appeal to our readers if these remarks do not apply to our Universities and all our cathedral towns, where the free inquiry engendered by extended commerce does not overbear the benumbing influence of a local ecclesiastical establishment.

Yet with all these drawbacks, there is an immense amount of unemployed and buried intellectual capital in this country, and we are rejoiced to see that a portion of this is in process of exhumation from the soil of our national Universities. Oxford has taken the lead, and we find that Cambridge is shortly to follow; and to each of their productions we design from time to time to give an impartial attention. The grapes of Eshcol lie before us, in a volume of critical essays, framed on the model of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Its plan, however, is novel, and is thus enunciated in a brief prefatory advertisement—‘This volume of Oxford Essays is not intended to advocate any particular set of opinions, theological, social, or political. Each writer is responsible for his own opinions, and for none but his own; and no attempt has been made to give a general unity of thought to the publication. The tie that unites the different contributors is not that they think alike, but that they belong to the same University; and in accordance with the independent character of the separate contributions, the names of the writers have been affixed in the table of contents to the several Essays.’

The first article is entitled ‘Lucretius and the Poetic Characteristics of his Age.’ This is a most elaborate, and unquestionably a highly meritorious production. The writer commences by contrasting the literature of the Romans and the Greeks, and after observing that poetic genius manifested itself at Rome during a very short period of the national existence, that it was confined to a limited number of cultivated men, and that it addressed its productions to a small class of the population, he develops his theory on this subject in a passage which, while it is interesting in itself, affords a specimen of his style.

‘Their pursuits were war and agriculture, they enjoyed neither the wild adventure and enlarged intercourse with the world which fall to the lot of a maritime population, nor the free life and solitary independence of mountaineers and herdsmen; their institutions tended to merge the individual in the family and the state, and their religion to check all freedom of thought; their character was grave, stern, austere, submissive to law and order. But they possessed, beyond every other nation of antiquity, the gift of receiving and assimilating

ll foreign influences with which their career of conquest brought them in contact. It was owing to this gift that they mastered the world, and that they succeeded in establishing a great national literature. But we may ask by what medium could the genius of Greek poetry be communicated to the stern, practical, and prosaic life of the Roman citizen? How could these elements blend with one another so as to produce those works not only of pure art, but of original and natural feeling, which we justly prize among the richest treasures inherited from antiquity? The charm of Latin poetry arises from the Italian air which it breathes; from something not purely Roman, yet akin to the Roman spirit, and very distinct from the mere influences of Greek culture and ideas. The answer to our question is suggested by the fact, first noticed by Niebuhr, that nearly all the great men who enriched the Latin literature were of provincial and Italian, not of purely Roman origin. If we pass in review the names of the greatest Roman poets, with whose birthplace we are acquainted, we are struck by the fact that they were not reared amidst the stirring life and the high memories of the city; that it was not 'the air of the Aventine' which they first breathed, nor the 'sacred' Tiber that first cast its influence on their imagination; but that they grew up among calmer scenes, not destitute, we may believe, of beauty to sink into the soul, or of ancient memories of their own, and peculiarly dear to the poet from their association with his individual history.'—*Essay i. p. 4.*

The writer's portrait of the genius of Lucretius is singularly elicited, and is set in a frame of collateral learning, without which the examination of the writings of an individual poet would be meagre and unsatisfactory. He paints in just colours the mingled fervour and sublimity of the poet's imagination, the nicety of his powers of observation, the vividness of his conception, the comprehensiveness of mental vision which could embrace the most remote poetical analogies, the intense sympathy with nature, the deeply emotional character of his mind, and the unflinching majesty of his diction. The writer's summing up of the character of Lucretius deserves to be quoted for the mastery it shows over a science for which we may be perhaps permitted to invent the name of comparative literature.

'Perhaps, in some ways, Lucretius may come more home to our modern sympathies than to those of the world in which he lived. Without reminding us of any one modern poet or philosopher, he brings before us many of those modes of thought and emotion that have been represented by distinguished men in later times. In the way in which he recognises, and earnestly enforces, the principle that a "pure heart" is the truest aim of man; and in his doctrine that our peace can be secured only by un murmuring resignation, he anticipates some of the doctrines of Spinoza; although the modern thinker must have enjoyed a far more real calm than was compatible with the fervid feelings and imagination of the Roman poet. Again, his passionate enjoyment of nature, and his poetic sense of her beauty,

combined with his scientific interest in all physical phenomena and the reverence which the perception of relations and interdependencies excites in him, appear to proclaim a character of intellect similar to that of such great and genial men of science as Alexander von Humboldt. As a poet, by the sustained majesty of his style, by the sense of sublimity ever present to him, by his high self-confidence and lofty scorn of his adversaries, by his fondness for objects of pomp and magnificence, strangely blending with austerity, and by the love of "plain living," he reminds us of some of the characteristics of Milton; while the nature of his subject, his dislike of practical life, and his disbelief in all divine truth, appear in as striking contrast with the theme, the life, and the faith of our great English poet. In some respects, he displays the contemplative and poetic excellencies of our more recent poets; and perhaps we are not doing injustice to them when we claim for him, in respect of his intense reality, a superiority to Shelley; and in respect of consistent strength, to Wordsworth. Though, like the other Latin poets, he wants inventiveness, yet he shows no want of other characteristics of originality. He was the first among either Greeks or Romans who discarding the creations of the fancy, revealed the infinite poetry of real existence. This is perhaps his greatest claim to our regard.'—*Essay i. p. 45.*

The next article bears the well known name of Froude, and is entitled 'Suggestions upon the best mode of teaching English History.' After admitting, and very justly, the neglect of this important study at Oxford and Cambridge, the writer proceeds to a more general condemnation of the imperfection and unsuitableness to the advanced condition of the age which characterizes our University education. The public, he says, have been scandalized to find that men may take the highest honours, may get fellowships, perhaps tutorships, and yet be ignorant of matters which are familiar, as they say, to every girl fresh from the school-room. After all the accumulation of knowledge which the three last centuries have gathered up, the highest education of the country remains, it is indignantly said, with scarcely a change to what it was at the Reformation. If we forget the educational reforms promoted by Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and those enforced by Parliament on both our Universities, these words may be taken as a fair statement of the case.

Mr. Froude proceeds to suggest a remedy affecting one important branch of study—that of the history of our country. Let the reader make a dozen guesses as to what he proposes to make the text-book in our colleges and schools. We will hazard another guess—that he will miss his mark. What do you think, unsuspecting reader, of the Statutes at Large? and yet we must tell you that Mr. Froude supports his proposition with a degree of ingenuity and skill which gives great weight to the suggestion.

We digress for a moment to notice his severe and, we think, very prejudiced strictures on the more extended and practical curriculum of the London University. 'See, they seem to say, what they teach! Look at it in the length of it, the depth, and the breadth of it, and then compare with it, if the very comparison is not ridiculous, the pitiful achievements of the old Universities. Unfortunately questions are not answers, and we once suggested to a professor of that institution that it would contribute much to the assurance of thinking persons if along with their questions they would print occasionally a few of the average answers which are sent into them—the answers of such of the men as had been allowed to pass with tolerable credit. We could thus form some more definite notion, not of what was supposed to be taught, but of what was actually learnt.'

Mr. Froude seems to forget this argument cuts both ways. From all we have heard we are inclined to think that the records of the examinations at the elder Universities would, if they were published, rob Hood and Dickens of their laurels as purveyors of fun and laughter to the public.

But to return to the Statutes at Large. Mr. Froude takes as an illustration the condemnation of Anna Boleyn:—

'Who now questions,' he says, 'to mention an extreme instance, that Anne Boleyn's death was the result of the licentious caprice of Henry? and yet her own father, the Earl of Wiltshire, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, the hero of Flodden. Field, the Privy Council, the House of Lords, the Archbishops and Bishops, the House of Commons, the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and three other juries assented, without, as far as we know, an opposing voice to the proofs of her guilt, and approved of the execution of the sentence against her. There is this tremendous weight of testimony, yet her innocence is now assumed as matter of course. Mr. Hallam considers it almost criminal to doubt it; so public opinion has ruled in this matter, while, if she were innocent, even in the Rome of Nero, we cannot find a parallel for the baseness and infamy of that English people who thus encouraged a crime so atrocious. . . . A few slighting words, not even of shame; a few contemptuous phrases about compliancy, subserviency, and the like, are all which we find, and with these our historians are contented to dismiss into infamy the men to whom we owe the Reformation; the men who fought at Flodden, at Solway Moss, and Pinkie Cleugh—the Howards, the Nevilles, the Talbots, the Greys, the Veres, the Percies, the Fitzwilliams, the St. Legers,—the best and bravest blood of this once noble England. Whatever be the truth of the matter, there can be but little doubt of the amount of judgment in persons who treat it in this way; and this is but one instance out of many of the consequences of preferring the thoughtless compilations called Histories of England, but which are really dull historical romances, to contemporary authoritative documents.'—*Essay ii.* pp. 65, 66.

Not that Mr. Froude intends to inflict the whole of the Statutes

at Large on the students of our schools : Universities. He fixes the commencement of course at the fourth year of Henry VII., when first they were to be printed, and he recommends that from that time to the Restoration the Statutes should be made a text-book which should be studied as Thucydides and Aristotle are 'got up,' as a fixed and authoritative nucleus around which the knowledge of these two centuries are built up. Nor does he suggest that the whole of the Statutes within these limits should be proposed for study and examination. He recommends that a judicious selection should be made of those which relate to details of trade, to illustrate the remarkable system on which commerce was then conducted, and adds, 'Let there be made a carefully abridged edition, containing all such statutes as directly bear upon the outer or inner life of England, especial care being taken with such as are chosen to give the language of them exactly as it is, without omission or curtailment.'

The system proposed by Mr. Froude is certainly novel, but we must record our opinion that he has substantiated his case. History in the hands of partisans is very much what it was facetiously designated, by Lord Plunkett (if our memory serves us), 'an old almanack, and he who shall study successively the narrative of the Protectorate given by Hume and Carlyle, will probably be able to sympathize with the sensations of the Russian valetudinarians who emerge from the warm bath to roll themselves in snow. Without committing ourselves to the whole length of the writer's recommendations, we think them of great value to the higher class of teachers, especially as his scheme involves the condition of a minute index. It certainly is high time that our better instructed youth should know something of Cromwell as well as of Leonidas, and of the political economy of England as well as of the fiscal arrangements of Rome.

The article on 'The Neighbourhood of Oxford and its Geology' is evidently from the pen of a master, and is written with great vivacity, though for the most part more suited to the pages of 'The Philosophical Transactions' than to those of a popular review. The extended notice of 'Hegel's Philosophy of Right' will be read by but few, though distinguished by great metaphysical acuteness. It will be absolutely unintelligible to the great body of readers. It is a tissue of pure metaphysics, and is but scantily supplied with those illustrations, the introduction of which would have given clearness and intelligibility to its technicality and abstraction. The long article on 'Oxford Studies,' with which the number closes, is certainly very masterly, and a second article from the same pen, which is illustrated by the writer, will probably afford us a full and complete history of development and examining his views.

In closing the volume, we have but few remarks to make. It is an experiment, and the complexion which the work will hereafter assume will probably be determined in some degree by a candid and general public criticism. Of the learning and the intellectual power displayed in the initial volume there can be no doubt. The exception we should take against it is, that it is too learned and too scientific. It seems to have been written for the perusal of the two Universities, and not for the great body of educated readers throughout the realm. It is redolent of Oxford. In classics, the article on Longinus, in metaphysics, the article on Hegel, in science, the treatise on Local Geology, and in the great matter of University study, the closing article to which we have just alluded, and to these we might add some other papers which our limited space has forbidden us to analyse, confine the interest of the number before us to the highest, and yet a comparatively small section of British society. If the work is to retort upon the Edinburgh reviewers the caution which they addressed to Walter Scott on the appearance of 'Waverley,' that if he were not the author of it, he must look to his laurels, the scheme of the work must be more comprehensive and national. Oxford just now is not in the best odour, and the leaders whose patronage must determine the success of this experiment, are not much in love with that exclusive system of study, which in spite of all modern reforms, still interposes a very solid barrier between the *régime* of Oxford and Cambridge and the sympathies of the British people.

ART. VI.—*A History of England during the Reign of George III.*
By William Massey, M.P. Vol. I. 1745—1770. 8vo. pp. 552.
John W. Parker & Son.

FEW periods of English history are so destitute of illustrious men and of great virtues as that of the reigns of George I. and II. The impulse which led to the revolution of 1688 had worn itself out. The few great men who had taken part in that momentous settlement were dead. Their number had never been considerable, and their ranks had gradually been thinned by the universal law of their species. The wisdom and patriotism of Somers had long ceased to adorn the councils of his sovereign, and to throw a veil over the complex motives or unmitigated selfishness of many of his associates. The men who succeeded were of the ordinary stuff of which politicians are made, whilst the circumstances of the

day, by securing a long tenure of office to the Whig party, corrupted the school out of which better men might have been expected. The consequence was, that the mediocre talents and more than doubtful patriotism of the ministers of the first two Georges utterly failed to counterbalance the unpopularity of the sovereigns. Public virtue existed only in name. The objects of ambition were: low, mean, and selfish. What was personal, rather than what was patriotic, was universally sought. To fortify their own position, by increasing their connexions and strengthening their Parliamentary influence at any cost to the public service, was the object of intense solicitude. Politics were, in fact, a game to be played, not a solemn duty to be discharged. Men deemed themselves fortunate as they attained the influential and lucrative offices of the State rather than as they advanced the reputation and confirmed the liberties of the nation. It is a mortifying consideration—but not more mortifying than true—that during the reign of William III., and even down to the rebellion of 1745, the leading statesmen of the monarch *de facto* intrigued more or less directly with the exiled Stuarts. The restoration of that besotted family was not deemed hopeless until the latter event, and the ministers of the Crown did not scruple to provide for possible contingencies by corresponding with the exiled Court of St. Germain. The possibility of the return of the Stuarts was never lost sight of either by Whigs or Tories. Bolingbroke and Atterbury were in this respect little more than a type of a numerous class. Their treason was less guarded, but scarcely more criminal than that of many fortunate rivals by whom they were surrounded. Detection led to their instant punishment; but recent researches compel the belief that others, who were loud in their professions of zeal for the Revolution and the Hanoverian dynasty, had privately intrigued with the Pretender. This treasonable correspondence was, in many cases, more than suspected. It is related of William III., that on one occasion he sent a colonel of Guards to the Whig Duke of Shrewsbury with the seals of office in one hand, and a warrant of treason in the other. The duke was not long in deciding. He was ready to correspond with the exiled king, but he was unprepared to occupy the Tower in his service.

The administrative talents of William III. enabled him, though often with difficulty, to baffle the treasonable designs of those about him; but nothing short of the political folly of the Pretender enabled the Governments of the first two Georges to maintain them on the throne. The marvel is that the settlement of 1688 was upheld amidst the conflicting elements by which it was assailed. When Walpole was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1721,

the liberties of the nation were in serious peril. We are no great admirers of this statesman, yet it is due to his memory to bear in mind that we are chiefly indebted to him for the maintenance of our constitution. His long tenure of office enabled him to consolidate a dynasty which had previously trembled in the balance. His administrative talents were of the highest order, whilst the rules of his policy, though destitute of the nobler qualities of statesmanship, were fitted to improve and to make the most of the recognised arts of political craft. He was eminently a practical statesman, who contented himself with maintaining the *statu quo*, unless compelled by the national will to attempt alteration. Coming into power in a mercenary and selfish age, he never scrupled to employ the arts which were efficacious with those about him. He ruled by means of bribery and corruption, but we are not on this account to conclude that he deemed these the best means of government. A man of higher morals would have sought to purify the tone of statesmanship, but Walpole took things as they were. He was content to work with the agencies about him, forgetting, it would seem, that however his immediate object might be attained, the evil out of which the danger grew was thereby strengthened.

Mr. Massey attempts to palliate the charge against him, but his advocacy is not satisfactory. It does not follow, from anything he alleges, that Walpole might not have warded off the impending danger without undermining the grounds of public virtue. It is no doubt true that he 'found venality ripe to his hands;' but we have yet to learn that he might not have counteracted its baseness at the same time that he purified the sphere of politics. At any rate we should have been glad had he made the attempt, but of this no evidence is found. 'Walpole's mind,' says our author, 'was not superior to the age in which he lived; therefore, his character and conduct are doubtless open to reproach; but no candid advocate of free institutions will deny that, in the main, he acted the part of a great statesman and a true-hearted Englishman.' Walpole's administration closed in 1742, and his best defence is found in what followed. The country Whigs and the Tories, aided by the heir-apparent and the malcontents by whom he had been overthrown, were incapable of acting together, and the confusion which ensued afforded an opportunity to the exiled Stuarts, of which their representative was happily incompetent to take advantage.

Mr. Massey's volume commences with a brief sketch of events from the fall of Sir Robert Walpole to the accession of George III. in 1760. The present volume is the first of four, which are to be devoted to the reign of this monarch. It is not distinguished by originality, research, or philosophical depth. The author makes

no pretensions to these qualities, nor does he propose to go over simply the ground travelled by previous historians. 'It has been my aim,' he says, 'to illustrate not only the political and military but the social history of England.' The progress of society is to be traced through various sources of information hitherto but little consulted, and the manners of 'the court, the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the laboring people,' are to be described. It would be unfair to judge the author by the present volume. We must see his work as a *whole* before we can decide how far he has succeeded. So far as it has yet proceeded very little is done in this direction, but there is a sober, candid, intelligent, and painstaking conscientiousness in the volume which argues well for the result. We are somewhat at a loss to determine wherein the work is to occupy a ground of its own, distinct from that of previous explorers in the same field. We have already various histories of the reign of George III., and the recent volumes of Lord Mahon have gone far to exhaust the interest attaching to the earlier portion of it. We are glad, however, that Mr. Massey has addressed himself to the task. His views are generally sound, and his tendencies, without being ultra, are liberal. He is, moreover, eminently catholic, and is evidently concerned to draw his sketches in conformity with the laws of historic evidence rather than of political partisanship. The present volume is one of the most readable books that has fallen in our way. It is not encumbered with research or disquisition, and is pre-eminently adapted to lead on the reader to its close. We know no work better suited to give the inquirer a connected and accurate view of a period out of which most of the problems of modern politics have grown.

George II. died on the 25th of October, 1760, and was succeeded by his grandson, George III. The father of the latter, Frederick, Prince of Wales, died previously, and it was probably a fortunate circumstance that he did so, as the accounts handed down to us of his character are far from favorable. It is well known that a deadly feud existed between him and his parents. The animosity was mutual, and there was no attempt at concealment on either side. 'My dear first-born,' said the queen to Lord Hervey, 'is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world; and I heartily wish he was out of it.' This language is more discreditable to the mother than to the prince whom it was intended to depict; but other and more reliable witnesses concur in giving a most unfavorable account of his character and policy. The loss of his father left the young prince, afterwards George III., to the influence of his mother, whose early training in one of the petty courts of Germany had

instilled into her mind most exaggerated notions of sovereignty. These notions were transferred to her son, a process which was advanced by the tutors provided for him. The Bishop of Norwich and Lord Waldegrave successively resigned the office of governor to the prince, and reported to the king that 'he was in the hands of persons who insinuated unconstitutional principles into his mind.' Serious apprehensions were expressed by many friends of constitutional liberty as to the influence this early training might have on his views. His character in early life was far from attractive. Without shining abilities, and wholly destitute of application, there was nothing frank and open-hearted in his honesty. He was obstinate and subject to strong prejudices, and frequently gave an earnest of what his character would be in after-life. Lord Waldegrave, a warm adherent of the House of Hanover, and a shrewd observer of what passed around him, has sketched with marvellous precision one feature of his character in the following brief passage:—'When the prince shall succeed to his grandfather, he will soon be made sensible that a prince who suffers himself to be led is not to be allowed the choice of his conductor. *His pride will then give battle to his indolence, and having thus made a first effort, a moderate share of obstinacy will make him persevere.*'

At the time of George III.'s accession, Jacobinism had worn itself out. So long as there was the slightest prospect of the return of the Stuarts the ultra Tories toasted the Pretender, and their leaders exulted in the hope of a political *Goshen*. The suppression of the rebellion of 1745 and the sagacious policy of Lord Chatham had, however, effectually and for ever extinguished such hopes. The Tories saw that they must surrender their hereditary faith if they wished to share the good things of office. They were, therefore, prepared favorably to meet the overtures of the Court, and George III. resolved to make use of them in breaking-up the confederacy of the great revolution families. There is much to approve and much to blame in the course he pursued. Had it been prompted by a regard to the interests of his people it would have been most praiseworthy; but it was personal and selfish. It had respect to the freedom of the monarch from aristocratic control, and not to the establishment of constitutional liberty on a broad and enduring basis. The object of George III. was to substitute his own will for that of certain Whig lords. They had thrown a shadow over the path of royalty which he sought to remove, but in doing so he thought more of his personal comfort and dignity than of the maintenance of the nation's liberties. At the time of his accession, the elder Pitt was Prime Minister. He had succeeded the Duke of Newcastle in 1756, and having been dismissed by

George II., by whom he was mortally hated, he was speedily carried back to power by the irresistible force of public opinion. At this time our national affairs were at the lowest conceivable ebb. The imbecility, irresolution, and want of forethought which characterized the English Government, had rendered us an object of indifference if not of contempt to other nations. Our domestic administration was proverbially feeble and confused. Mere routine had been substituted, as in modern times, for promptitude and practical sagacity, whilst our foreign affairs exhibited a troublous and most disgraceful aspect. The genius of Pitt immediately rectified these disorders. Before his energy indolence aroused itself and opposition gave way. 'It will be impossible to have so many ships prepared so soon,' remarked Lord Anson, when Pitt projected the expedition to Rochfort. 'If,' replied the Premier, 'these ships are not ready at the time specified, I shall impeach your lordship in the House of Commons.' It is scarcely necessary to say that the requirements of the public service were met to the extent demanded by the daring genius of the minister. Pitt was unquestionably a war minister. To many this will be no praise. A little reflection, however, will possibly serve to mitigate the severity of the judgment which might otherwise be pronounced. The circumstances of the age must be remembered if we would rightly estimate the policy pursued, and those circumstances, if they do not justify the course pursued, yet greatly mitigate the censure to be pronounced. 'All public distress,' as Lord Brougham remarks, 'had disappeared. England for the first time, and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting without murmur a widely extended and costly war, and a people hitherto torn with conflicting parties so united in the service of the commonwealth that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more.' Such a minister was not suited to the temper of George III. He was equally offended as his grandfather with the overbearing and dictatorial deportment of his servant. We are not much surprised at this. As kings are usually made, they look for something more compliant, supple, and courtier-like than the elder Pitt. His public services, however, might have been received as a compensation for what was wanting in his personal bearing. His sagacity and promptitude had humbled the enemies of his country; and his king might, therefore, have nobly borne with the freedom of his speech and the self-reliance of his policy. The intellect of George III., however, was too stunted, his notions of sovereignty were too exalted, and his prejudices too inveterate, to allow of this. The commanding genius of the Great Commoner rebuked his littleness, and cost what it might, he

resolved to free the court from his presence. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was the one great statesman of his age. Fox and Murray, Hardwicke and Mansfield, had each their admirers, and their names are legible on the page of history, but their glory pales before the brighter lustre of their compeer. It was the vigor of Chatham, the firmness of his will, the sagacity with which he planned, and the unconquerable resolution with which he followed out his schemes, that saved England, when a host of little men had imperilled her liberties if not her very existence. 'Moderation, moderation,' as Chatham observed, 'was the burden of the Whig's song,' but his own policy was different. 'For myself,' he remarked on one occasion, 'I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a *scarecrow of violence* to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate Whigs, and temperate statesmen.' He resigned the seals of office in 1761, having endeavoured in vain to convince the Butes and the Newcastle of the wisdom of his plans. They saw only the 'boldness of his policy; and boldness ever appears temerity in the eyes of ordinary men.' Mr. Massey's volume contains, of course, many allusions to Lord Chatham, whose character is, on the whole, sketched with impartiality and vigor, as the following passage will show:—

'William Pitt was a genius for brilliant achievements, for extraordinary emergencies, for the salvation of a country. As a statesman, Pitt can endure comparison with the greatest names of modern history—with Ximenes or Sully, Richelieu or De Witt. As an orator he is yet unrivalled; and to find his equal, we must ascend to the great masters of antiquity.

'Such panegyrics may seem loose and extravagant. I propose to justify the first by a faithful narrative of the political achievements of Chatham; of his unfinished designs; and, lastly, of his opposition to the rash and shallow policy of the inferior men who supplanted or succeeded him. His fame, indeed, as a master of eloquence I can vindicate but imperfectly. I may quote passages, grand, affecting, and sublime; these, perhaps, can be matched in oratorical essays, which fell flat upon their audience; but who shall attempt to do justice to those qualities which constitute the essence of oratory—countenance, voice, gesture—all that the Greek calls action? Yet these were carried by Chatham to a transcendent excellence.

'Pitt's character had many faults, and one above all, which is hardly consistent with true greatness. A vile affectation pervaded his whole conduct, and marred his real virtues. Contempt of self was one of the traits which distinguished him in a corrupt and venal age. But not content with foregoing official perquisites which would have made his fortune, and appropriating only the salary which was his due, he must go down to the House of Commons and vaunt in tragic style how "those hands were clean." On resigning office after his first great administration, he could not retire with his fame, but must convert a

situation full of dignity and interest into a vulgar scene by the ostentatious sale of his state equipages.

'Sometimes, to produce an effect, he would seclude himself from public business, giving rare audience to a colleague, or some dignified emissary of the Court. Then, after due attendance, the doors were thrown open, and the visitor was ushered into a chamber, carefully prepared, where the Great Commoner himself sat with the robe of sickness artfully disposed around him. Occasionally, after a long absence, he would go down to the House in an imposing panoply of gout, make a great speech, and withdraw.

'At a later period, he affected almost regal state. His colleagues in office, including members of the great nobility, were expected to wait upon him; at one time he did not even deign to grant them audience, and went so far as to talk of communicating his policy to the House of Commons through a special agent of his own unconnected with the responsible Government. The under-secretaries of his department, men of considerable official position, and sometimes proximate ministers, were expected to remain standing in his presence. When he went abroad he was attended by a great retinue; and when he stopped at an inn he required all the servants of the establishment to wear his livery.

'Yet all this pride tumbled into the dust before royalty. His reverence for the sovereign was Oriental rather than English. After every allowance for the exaggeration of his style, it is still unpleasant to witness the self-abasement of such a spirit before George II. and his successor. "The weight of irremovable royal displeasure," said he, "is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broke me. I succumb, and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat." At the time when Pitt indited these shameful words he was the most considerable man in England, and on the eve of an administration that carried the power and glory of England to a height which it had never approached since the days of the Protector.

'If it were just to resolve the character of such a man into detail, it would be easy to collect passages from the life of Chatham which should prove him a time-server, a trimmer, an apostate, a bully, a servile flatterer, an insolent contemner of royalty. All these elements are to be found in the composition, as poisons are to be detected in the finest bodies. But taken as a whole, a candid judgment must pronounce the character of Chatham to be one of striking grandeur, exhibiting many of the noblest qualities of the patriot, the statesman, and the orator.'—pp. 7-10.

The Duke of Newcastle was another of the leading politicians of the day. He was the associate of Chatham at some periods and his opponent at others. His position amongst English statesmen was far from lofty, and his personal qualities and the general tone of his policy exposed him to serious charges which the judgment of posterity has ratified. He was eminently an intriguer, and the arts by which he sought to rule, whilst they

destroyed the confidence of his associates, failed to command the respect of opponents. Few men have been sketched in colors so uniformly dark. His great skill consisted in the management of the House of Commons by means of the patronage he dispensed, and of the prodigal use of the Secret Service money. His character is thus portrayed by our author, and its features must be kept in view, in order that we should rightly estimate the aversion with which he was regarded by Chatham and others:—

‘Newcastle was far, indeed, from being a competent minister, but duller men have filled his office both before and since, and obtained a respectable place in history. He was the successor of Walpole in the management of that machinery of corruption by which the government was carried on. Himself a large borough proprietor, he had a principal share in all the traffic for seats in the House of Commons. Reserving to his own management exclusively the distribution of places, and the dispensation of the Secret Service fund, he administered this department with considerable skill and tact. His maxim was to avoid giving offence to, or breaking with, any man, however inconsiderable. Those whom he was unable or unwilling to gratify, he held on by promises or caresses. He evinced a shrewd perception of the characters with which he had to deal. At the time when he was doing everything in his power to supplant Pitt, he affected to carry on a confidential correspondence with him, to whisper state secrets in his ear, to pay the utmost deference to his judgment, and, above all, to ply the king’s name—a spell which never failed in its influence upon the Great Commoner. Newcastle is a remarkable instance of the success which usually attends the unwearied pursuit of one object. Without parts or knowledge, or one single quality of a statesman; notoriously false, fickle, and timid; grotesque in deportment, and absurd in speech, this man contrived to outwit his competitors, and to maintain his position at the head of affairs during a long official life. His rank, and lavish expenditure in purchasing boroughs, was, no doubt, a considerable advantage; but he had little other adventitious aid.’—pp. 11, 12.

Personally the Duke of Newcastle was free from corruption. His official salary and the greater part of his private fortune were freely lavished in the public service. Yet on retiring from office he declined the pension which the king offered him, remarking that he was sufficiently rewarded by his majesty’s acknowledgment of his services.

The elder Fox, Chatham’s great rival, was equally distinguished from both these statesmen. He was vastly superior to Newcastle in ability, but was infinitely beneath Chatham in the elements of moral greatness. He is no favorite with Mr. Massey, whose sketch, though darkly colored, is not open to the charge of exaggeration:—

‘The enormous gains of the Pay-office were to him, throughout his public career, a paramount consideration; the example of Pitt, whom

he succeeded in his office, had not the slightest effect upon his coarse and venal nature, the self-denial of a noble integrity would appear to him as a freak of romance or ostentation; and the low morality of the times would rather admire the worldly wisdom of Fox than appreciate the magnanimity of his predecessor in office. Fox realized a large fortune from the profits of the Pay-master; and it is certain that he took to public life as a means of repairing his shattered fortunes. He was, therefore, in the strictest sense, a political adventurer, because it was impossible for him, consistently with his object, to maintain that independence which is essential to a useful and respectable position. But that this position can be maintained by men who enter upon public life without any advantages of private fortune is a fact of ordinary experience.

'Having acquired rank and wealth by political pursuits, Lord Holland had gained his objects; and, consequently, from this period, he ceased to take an active part in public affairs.'—pp. 141, 142.

Chatham was succeeded by the Earl of Bute, one of the least deserving of those men on whom the conduct of our affairs has ever devolved. 'The court favour which Walpole enjoyed was founded entirely on his merit as a public servant; that of Bute had no other origin than royal caprice.' Incapable of appreciating the greatness of Chatham, he was utterly unfitted to carry out his policy. His measures were a series of paltry manoeuvres, designed mainly to escape the difficulties of his position, and to crush, if possible, the supporters of his predecessors. The unpopularity of his administration speedily compelled his retirement, and George Grenville, the brother-in-law of Chatham, who had remained in office after the withdrawal of the latter in 1761, was appointed his successor:—

'The prevalent opinion of the time was, that Bute's retirement was simulated; that he merely withdrew behind the scenes, directing everything as before, but preferring irresponsible to responsible power. It seems certain that Bute did not intend to resign power with office. He calculated on his influence with the king, and, for a certain period after he had ceased to be minister, that influence continued. Finding that Grenville was not likely to prove the pliant tool he had expected to find him, it seems that, within a few weeks after his resignation, he made overtures to Pitt, with the view of supplanting his own nominee; and Grenville appears to have remonstrated strongly with his royal master for permitting Bute's interference with public affairs. This clandestine correspondence continued, however, for some time, but is stated, on good authority, to have wholly ceased with the dissolution of the Grenville government.'—pp. 135, 136.

To the administration of Grenville the loss of our American colonies is mainly attributable, and many of our readers are probably familiar with the strong terms of reprobation in which it has been portrayed by the most eloquent of modern historians. Bute was not the only party who had miscalculated the cha-

character of Grenville. He speedily became as unacceptable to the king as to the court favourite. Self-willed and intractable, he lectured the monarch with as little forbearance as he was accustomed to show to the suggestions of his patron. Few English statesmen have succeeded in making himself so thoroughly detested by all classes. In the cabinet of George III. he was treated with hauteur and want of respect, and when he looked to the people—if he ever did so—he was met with unmistakeable proofs of their aversion. Mr. Massey has drawn his character with greater impartiality than most of our historians. His influence, which at one time was considerable, was not based on any great superiority of talent. In the secret management of the House of Commons he was excelled both by the Pelhams and by Fox; General Conway was his superior in amenity of manners; and Lord North, to say nothing of the greater men of his day, far surpassed him in parliamentary tact and debating power:—

‘He had no idea of public opinion,’ says Mr. Massey, ‘save as expressed by its legitimate organ, the House of Commons. His notions of public policy were strictly regulated by law and precedent. Hence it was, that finding the taxation of the Colonies by the parent state was neither contrary to their charter nor to Parliamentary precedent, he submitted his measure of colonial taxation to the House of Commons, and, having obtained its sanction, he never was able to understand how there could be another side to the question. In like manner, he prosecuted Wilkes as he would have prosecuted any other seditious libeller; and, afterwards, was the most strenuous, as well as the ablest, defender of Wilkes’ seat, when the House exceeded their privilege, and trespassed on the domain of positive law. In either case, he was guided by a strict sense of right and justice, regardless alike of popular clamour or applause. At the commencement of the reign, he supported the policy of peace, because he thought, with the leaders of the Whig party, that the war had accomplished its objects: and, on that important point, he did not hesitate to relinquish the powerful political connection of his kinsmen Temple, and Pitt. On the other hand, he submitted to be displaced rather than lend himself to the foolish precipitation of Bute in concluding a treaty, and was prepared to give up office altogether rather than be a party to a peace which did not secure to his country the benefits and advantages she had a right to expect from her arduous and triumphant struggle. A man of high spirit would not, indeed, have submitted to the indignity of being set aside for a rival who was thought more fitted for a particular service than himself. But Grenville was measured and limited in his sense of self-respect, as well as in every other part of his conduct; and he thought he had made a sufficient sacrifice to his independence by quitting his place in the cabinet for a place of subordinate importance. The same decent consistency is maintained throughout his character. Essentially an honest man, he had no conception of the exalted probity of Pitt, and though incorrupt himself, was not too nice to dabble in that foul

channel of corruption on which public business had been borne during his experience of Parliament; one of his grounds of quarrel with Bute was that he had not been permitted that peculiar confidential intercourse with members, which was then considered necessary by a leader of the House of Commons. For the rest, he was a frugal manager of the public revenues; nor would he consent to what he considered any, the smallest misappropriation of the public funds, whether for the gratification of the sovereign, or the meanest of his servants. Grenville's private life was regulated with the same method as his public conduct. Respectable in all his domestic relations, he had from his youth been remarkable in a dissolute age for the decorum of his manners. In one respect, at least, his practice is deserving of imitation by public men. He made it his rule, whether in or out of office, to live within a private fortune by no means ample; and thus he was enabled to preserve that independence so valuable to a man embarked in public life, but which can be maintained only by a due regard to private economy. Grenville was only fifty-eight years of age at his decease.'—pp. 472-474.

We have already referred to the early determination of George III. to free himself from the control of the great Whig families who had so long shared amongst themselves the power and emolument of office. To a great extent the monarch was right in this determination, and might have calculated on the sympathy of the nation 'if he had not outraged popular prejudices by the means which he employed.' The 'king's friends' were continually speaking of the necessity of breaking up party distinctions, but it soon became obvious, and was increasingly so in after years, that they meant no more than 'the suppression of that great constitutional party, whose leading principle it was to restrain monarchial power.' To this end the influence of the Crown was uniformly directed. A temporary abandonment of the design was sometimes necessitated by the posture of affairs, but George III. uniformly recurred to it at the earliest moment which circumstances permitted. It was never lost sight of, and the inglorious distinction of the second Pitt was, that he enabled his royal master to carry the prerogative to a greater height than it had previously attained. The king was a perfect adept in the arts of political intrigue. The complex machinery of government was systematically used for this end, and the royal name, which the friends of constitutional liberty scrupulously refrain from introducing into the debates of Parliament, was banded about in a manner which sufficiently betokened the grossness of the influences that were at work:—

'The king himself,' says Mr. Massey, 'was active and vigilant as a party leader; surpassing even the Duke of Newcastle in attention to the minute details of party management. He daily scrutinized the

f the House of Commons, rewarding and punishing the members ng to their deserts. The patronage of the government was ed under his immediate direction ; and he frequently interfered disposal of the inferior offices. The pension list became a engine of corruption ; and by an ingenious evasion of the ich disqualifies pensioners from sitting in the House of Commons, rs were bribed by offices tenable with their seats, but having a or gratuity annexed to them, revocable at pleasure. In this : every member of Parliament who wanted a place or a pension ight to understand that his success depended not so much on our of the minister as on that of the king.'—p. 529.

have marked for extract several other passages, but want e compels us to pass them by. We point special attention author's remarks on the state of our representation in the half of the last century. For the most part the people of nd had 'no more voice in the election of the House of ons than the people of Canada.' The counties were in the of the great landowners, who generally arranged the entation among themselves. Occasionally they differed, inous expenses were then incurred in election contests. undred thousand pounds were spent by the rival houses of les and Wentworth in contesting the county of York, whilst all county of Westmoreland was won by the Duke of nd at the cost of forty thousand pounds. Many boroughs o constituency but in name, whilst others were created r for electioneering purposes :—

gentleman,' says our author, 'would no more think of contest- unceston or Calne, than Gatton or Old Sarum. Of the few us towns that possessed the elective franchise, in the greater tion it was confined exclusively to the municipal body. And se places where freedom of election was possible, in consequence qualification being almost nominal, venality in its grossest accompanied by brutal debauchery, were for the most part ted. On the whole, it would perhaps be an exaggeration that the fifth part of the House of Commons was elected a fair application of the representative principle. It is a cable instance of the tenacity of life which belongs to established , however glaring and enormous, that such a system as this have lasted nearly a century and a half, and have at last yielded within these few years to a national struggle which it could succeed was pushed close upon the verge of revolu- g violence.'—p. 339.

ough much yet remains to be done, we have happily ved on this state of things. The Reform Bill has greatly sed the constituency, has annihilated a large number of ation boroughs, has vastly diminished the expense of election

contests, and facilitated the accomplishment of other changes which the growing intelligence and good feeling of the community may deem expedient.

Here we must stop: we shall be glad to meet Mr. Massey again, and hope that the subsequent parts of his 'History' will be characterized by the same good sense and honesty of purpose which are conspicuous in this volume.

ART. VII.—*A Treatise on the Powers and Duties of Pariah Vestries in Ecclesiastical Matters; being a Vestryman's Guide.* By Alfred Wills, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: W. Maxwell, Bell-yard.

IN the space to which we are limited we fear we must be content with getting all we can out of this admirable little treatise without stopping to praise it. Observing only, therefore, that Mr Wills' books answers to its title, and really does supply to the vestryman all that former works have bestowed with so much liberality upon the rector and the churchwarden, we proceed at once to notice some of the points usually most troublesome to church-rate opponents, on which they will here find information.

It is well known to those who are practically acquainted with these matters that church-rates are frequently carried in the face of an admitted majority, by refusing the votes of small occupiers whose rates are paid by the landlords. The manner in which this operates is remarkable, as showing the risks which one party are content to run in order to get a rate in any shape, and the illegalities which the anti-rate party are content to pass unquestioned, in sheer ignorance, as we believe, of their own legal advantages. The rule is—it is laid down explicitly by Lord Truro in the Braintree case, but it is of old establishment and recognition—that where the legality of a tax is disputed, it does not rest with the disputant to make out his objection, but with the party levying it to establish its validity. The whole burden of the case rests from first to last with him. Apply this to the present case. A rate made by the minority is invalid; and if the small occupiers are entitled to vote, a majority obtained by excluding them from the poll is in fact a minority. It has never been pretended to be *clear law* that the small occupiers are *disentitled*; it is only a point upon which a question has been raised, and no churchwarden can at law sustain a rate made in their absence without satisfying the court affirmatively that they are not entitled. Mr.

Wills examines with great discrimination and compactness of argument the statutes bearing upon the point, and concludes with the following observations, which we extract, less for the clear opinion they express in favour of the small occupiers than for the important practical suggestion at the close.

‘The discussion of this point has been entered into at some length, because it is of very considerable practical importance, and attempts are not unfrequently made to exclude the class of voters in question, under colour of the 13 & 14 Vict. c. 9. In one of these instances the case was brought before the Court of Queen’s Bench by a motion for a mandamus to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Bowin in Lincolnshire, to hold a vestry to elect a new churchwarden. The court declined to enter into the question of whether a mandamus was the proper form of remedy in such a case, refusing the application on the simple ground that the affidavits did not show that the result of the election would have been different had the persons excluded been allowed to vote. No opinion was therefore expressed upon the right of such parishioners to vote, and at present there is no decision upon the point; but for the reason given above, it is submitted with some confidence that they are not disentitled. *They should certainly, if desirous of voting, tender their votes, and in sufficient numbers to show that they might have influenced the election*, and then the question may be raised in an advantageous form for solution.—pp. 9, 10.

There is a short but very valuable section (pp. 51-59) on the effect of irregularity in vestry proceedings, in which we are happy to find strong confirmation of some views we advanced in a late number.* Inasmuch as the churchwarden must show that his rate is valid, if in making it he has proceeded irregularly, and has persevered in his irregularity notwithstanding protest, he may be defeated by inability to show that the conduct complained of was not really wrong or injurious. Of course also he may escape by showing that although, strictly speaking, it was irregular, it was not essentially of an invalidating effect, and that it was in point of fact acquiesced in by the meeting; and in nine cases out of ten it is unfortunately true that vestrymen do not stand their ground, and thus lose the protection the law gives them. They move amendments; the chairman declares them illegal; and forthwith they are withdrawn, or not pressed, and the opportunity is lost. Hear again Mr. Wills. The italics are his.

‘It may, therefore, be asserted that *any* miscarriage or irregularity in the conduct of the meeting, the *necessary* effect of which is to interfere with ascertaining the real sense of the meeting on any relevant proposition on which it is desired to take their decision, will vitiate the proceeding in respect of which it is had. And, accordingly, if the chairman, although *bonâ fide*, refuses to allow a relevant proposition,

* March, 1855. Art. Church-rate Legislation and Vestry Contests.

such as either is fairly included u
naturally and properly be made in respect of the business mentioned
in the notice, or arises out of the discussion upon it to be made, or
refuses to allow a speaker to be heard, or interposes such obstacles in
the way of either party, that they cannot fairly express their views, or
bring forward their propositions, or does not allow a proper and im-
partial poll to be taken, or so adjourns the meeting as to interrupt and
delay the lawful and proper course of its deliberations, or in any way
makes use of his authority with *mala fides*, and with a view simply to
defeat a party obnoxious to his own views, the proceedings will be bad,
and the Court of Queen's Bench will interfere, according to the
exigency and nature of the case, that justice may be done.—p. 51.

It is now settled by the Braintree case, that if the vestry
refuse to make a rate, there is no other authority known to the
law by which it can be made. Attempts have, however, been
made to prevent this state of things arising, by obscure hints of
what course the Ecclesiastical Courts may adopt against con-
tumacious parishioners. Any one who makes himself prominent
in a vestry contest may fitly, it is hinted, be singled out as a
ringleader and proceeded against personally for the mischief
which he has induced others as well as himself to commit. We
have sometimes read with no small amusement the elaborate
prelections of Messrs. Swan, Prideaux, and others upon this
subject. It is most happily handled by Mr. Willa. The notice
is unrelentingly traced up to its source in an old writ copied by
Fitzherbert, which has been read apparently with too eager an
anxiety to find in anything a semblance of authority for a con-
venient course of proceeding, but which, when examined, 'proves
too much or proves too little, and as an authority in favour of the
proposition under discussion cannot be relied on' (p. 163). It is
now perfectly clear that the mere refusal of a rate is not matter
of even ecclesiastical cognizance: and that in so far as such
refusal or any other course of proceeding involves the non-repair
of the fabric, this is the act not of any individual but of the
whole parish, which alone can be proceeded against according to
the legal technicalities, which very technicalities render the
proceeding impossible.

The only case, we take it, in which a parishioner (doing all
things decently and in order) can find himself under ecclesiastical
jurisdiction is when the vestry has actually made a rate which
he refuses to pay. If he disputes the validity of the rate or his
own liability to pay it, the jurisdiction conferred by statute upon
the justices is ousted, and the churchwardens must cite the
recusant into the Ecclesiastical Courts. But these courts are
far more dreadful in their threats than in their execution. They
exercise their jurisdiction, it has been aptly said, *in vinculis*.

every step the Queen's Bench lies in wait ready to snatch from them their anticipated prey. Perhaps in nothing has Mr. Hs rendered much greater service than in the few concluding pages in which he explains the course necessary to obtain a PROHIBITION, and the circumstances under which it will be granted. It should be observed—for it is practically of great importance as a point of tactics and often overlooked—that the enormous expenditure familiarly attributed to these proceedings falls in any case *first* upon the churchwardens, and unless he is successful falls solely upon him. It may very well be that the usant parishioner, if judiciously advised, like the Menagussy German,* does not incur the expense of a single farthing beyond the few pounds which he pays to his own solicitor. The law works thus. A B in vestry takes some course which he thinks himself entitled to take, but the chairman overrules him, and disregarding A B's protest, proceeds in his own fashion. A B is advised that this invalidates the rate, at all events so far as he is concerned, and when the collector comes round refuses to pay. He is summoned before the justices, and objects to the validity of the rate. They can do nothing, not even award costs. The churchwardens must now 'libel' him in the Ecclesiastical Courts. The 'libel'—which is the formal statement of the ground of complaint—analagous to the bill in Chancery or the 'declaration' at common law, only rather worse than either—may show on its face of it that the churchwardens are wrong. If so, A B appears under protest, allows them to obtain their first decision against him, and then quietly 'moves' in the Queen's Bench for prohibition, and stops all further proceedings. The whole expense falls upon the churchwardens. A B may do the same thing, whether the churchwardens appear to be wrong on the face of their own statement, or it appears in the course of the proceedings afterwards that they are wrong. Even where they are right, the Queen's Bench will at once stop the Ecclesiastical Court if incidentally a question is raised (as, e. g., the validity of a custom) which can only be decided at common law, or if that court decides wrongly and prejudicially to either party, a question over which it has undoubted cognizance. If A B is wrong at setting out, of course all these helps will fail him, except that he can thereby always ensure a comparatively cheap decision in the Queen's Bench. But what we are more anxious to point out is, that in using the means, which in this and our former articles we have indicated, of opposing churches in vestry, he is unquestionably *right*, and that he will not,

* We feel much pleasure in testifying our gratification with the admirable conduct throughout of the Rev. John Pym of Devonport, by whom Dunn's case was managed.

by afterwards availing himself of this position before the Ecclesiastical Court, run the risk of being ruined by their expenditure. In them he need rarely do anything, never much: his business is simply to watch proceedings, and at the proper moment stop them by prohibition.

We have said enough to commend Mr. Wills' treatise to the careful attention of our readers. Not unacquainted with law books upon this subject, we can speak with unaffected satisfaction of the manner in which he has combined legal information with practical aptitude for use. He appears never to have forgotten, that if his arguments were to be held up before the judges one day, his suggestions and recommendations were to be acted on by unlearned vestrymen the next. We believe that he has satisfied the requirements of both classes of readers.

ART. VIII.—*Report of the Select Committee on Public-Houses; together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence in the Sessions 1853 and 1854.* (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.)

2. *A Voice from the Bench on Intemperance, and the Way to remove it.* Being the Charge of M. D. Hill, Esq., Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham. Delivered to the Grand Jury at the Christmas Quarter Sessions at Birmingham, January 5, 1854. Leeds: John Kershaw. London: Houlston & Stoneman, Paternoster-row, and W. Tweedie, Strand.
3. *A Letter to J. Wilson Patten, Esq., M.P., on the Drinking System, the late Sunday Bill, and the Maine Law.* By J. Livesey, Preston. London: W. Tweedie.

PUBLIC attention is now fixed, more than at any former period, on the traffic in intoxicating liquors. This result—for result it is, and not a passing incident of the day—is referable to several causes. The temperance organizations of twenty years' growth have assisted, along with their more specific influences, to bring under general observation the system of licensing, and the character of its fruits. Not a little, too, must be ascribed to the evident bias of our age towards the investigation of social questions; a bias which even the maelstrom of war has fortunately, in our opinion, not proved strong enough to absorb. While to these powerful causes must be added the abhorrence of drunkenness which every one now feels bound to express, and the

readiness everywhere professed to unite in diminishing that prevalent and destructive vice. The time for mere complaint, fretful and ineffective, has gone by—as it ought to do; for as drunkenness is the great feeder of crime, pauperism, profanity, and lunacy, whose dark and fetid waters are ever rolling through this Christian land; and as drunkenness is mainly traceable to the public-house and beer-shop, it cannot be unnecessary or unwise to set about inquiring what course of legislation is the fittest to be pursued. Something, indeed, has been already gained by the serious and intelligent discussion of so important a subject; for discussion under the auspices of freedom winnows error from truth—scattering the one to the winds, and allowing the other to be garnered for the life of the world. A variety of opinions have been made public and widely diffused—not in the shape of vague and indefinite theories, but, so to speak, in a crystallized form—coherent, definite proposals for dealing with a question second to none in the whole range of social and political economics.

First, we observe the *abolitionists*, who would suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors, except for select purposes under responsible control. A movement for this object, borrowing a name from the State of Maine, where such a law was enacted in 1851, has made extraordinary progress in the United States; while in this country its friends have established a 'United Kingdom Alliance,' which has met with very extensive support and encouragement, not the least part of this latter being derived from the respect awarded to its operations by the late veteran reformer Joseph Hume, and by many living men of distinguished ability and position. Directly antagonistic to the abolition party are arrayed the *free-traders*, who claim that the traffic in intoxicating drinks should be as unshackled as the trade in bread. This class, which is extremely small, embraces some men of talent; but their skill, we venture to think, will be foiled in the attempt to establish a parallel where experience has displayed a contrast. Precisely those reasons which justified and demanded free trade in corn, do not justify free trade in those articles into which corn is distilled and brewed. A favourite phrase, and deservedly a favourite when properly applied, can never be set against the fearful fruits of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. A third party, the *conservatives*, as we may call them, are in favour of the existing licence system; not because it is immaculate, but because, they assure us, it is much superior to any which may be expected in its stead. It is easy to attribute the undeniable and patent evils of the present system to the faulty administration of it; but how a better administration can be secured is not explained, and it may fairly be asked

whether a system under which intemperance has so fatally flourished is not open to at least very extensive revision? The affirmative is boldly assumed by the *reformers* (a name they will not disallow), who are represented in Parliament by a number of able men, to whom we are indebted for the Blue-book described at the head of this article. These gentlemen entertain a scheme, elaborately drawn out in the report of that select committee, but the kernel of which is contained in the suggestion to permit any person to obtain a license to sell every kind of intoxicating drink (thus abolishing all distinction between licensed victuallers and beer-sellers), the public interests being cared for by raising the price of this licence, graduating from £6 to £30, according to population, and by exacting from the licensed party and two sureties a bond for the due observance of the law; or, as a friend to this scheme has recommended, the deposit of a certain sum of money as 'caution-money' in the hands of the Excise.* The appointment of inspectors of public-houses and all places of refreshment is likewise advised; and this proposal, whatever becomes of the principal plan, is one we should be sorry to see lost sight of. As might be expected, the licensed victuallers (though they would not be prevented continuing as at present) are among the stoutest opponents of this scheme, and the beer-sellers among its warmest supporters. We confess ourselves to be very dubious whether it would produce more than a trivial reformation, if so much. With stringent police inspection, the evils are small which result from the hands in which the liquor traffic is placed, compared with those which are incident to the liberty it enjoys and the scale of magnitude to which it has attained.

The parties we have now briefly sketched may be said to hold to one another a belligerent relation, since it is impossible to espouse one set of opinions and consistently advocate any other. We are, however, lamentably mistaken if, among those who are included in each of these schools (except, perhaps, the free-trade section), there does not prevail a sentiment which we are sure finds favour with multitudes who have not decided, never carefully reflected, it may be, upon the theories which are occasioning so much earnest and animated discussion. This sentiment, in short, is one desiring such a *limitation* of the liquor traffic, *such a restriction of its operations*, as is capable of enforcement in the present state of the public mind. But it may be asked, how should this policy be applied? Shall the numbers of those who compose the trade be limited? The repeal of the Beer Bill of 1830 has long been ardently desired by the mass of our county magistracy and

* North British Review, February, 1855. How to Stop Drunkenness.

prison chaplains ; and undoubtedly the prospect of giving 43,287 beer-sellers, and the districts where they reside, a deliverance from their pernicious occupation is exceedingly pleasing and seducing. It may, however, be replied, that such a measure would fail to realize the good anticipated from it; that the 91,070 licensed victuallers would speedily swell to a much greater number; and that the 'hush' houses, and other places, where liquor is sold without a license, would be increased to a frightful extent, which the efforts of the police would be totally unable to contend with. This reasoning may not be conclusive, but it is unquestionably specious, and not to be despised. As a commencement, it might be wiser to repeal that clause of the Beer Act allowing drink to be consumed upon the premises, a suggestion which corresponds with one contained in an address to the Queen against beer-houses and gin-shops, which was signed by above 40,000 wives and daughters of the labouring classes, &c., and presented to her Majesty by the Earl of Harrowby at a levee in the autumn of last year.

Our firm and deep-seated conviction is, that for some time to come, the endeavours of all who sincerely wish to restrict the operations of the liquor traffic, and its baneful results to society and posterity, would do well to aim at a *limitation of the hours* during which the sale of intoxicating liquors is carried on. On this account we look with the utmost complacency on the progress made in curtailing the period within which strong drink may legally be sold on the Sabbath day. To complete that work by divorcing the liquor traffic from the whole of Sunday, is the task which the philanthropy and patriotism of the English people is called first to accomplish. In saying this, we do not undervalue the importance of effecting an earlier closing on week nights, and especially on Saturday nights,—knowing, as everyone who has studied this subject must know, that to close all liquor shops one or two hours earlier all the six days round—particularly in the evening—is both more practicable, and would be more beneficial, than closing a large number altogether. It is evident at a glance, that this benefit would be more diffused, and much more likely to be shared by a greater number of the persons standing most in need of that benefit, than would be the case were even a considerable reduction of licenses to be effected. Full well are we aware that whenever the principle of restriction is applied it will be assailed by cries of 'tyranny,' and 'interference with the liberty of the subject'—ejaculations which are at all times absurd when placed in opposition to the undoubted right of the people to abate and abolish a public nuisance, or when intended to obstruct the exercise of that right. But such cries, when urged by publicans against a restriction of their

business hours, sink into sheer contempt from the known endeavours of the same parties to debar a large class of their fellow-citizens (the beer-sellers) from the liberty of selling ardent spirits. Here, however, is the peculiar advantage of Sunday restrictive legislation, that these pet and often pseudo-patriotic phrases, applied to it, lose half their plausibility and all their force. With other trades, Sunday opening is the exception—Sunday closing is the rule; or where it is otherwise, the majority would welcome an act of legislation rendering closing compulsory on all alike. We profess to show some respect for the Christian sabbath, the first mark of which is cessation from ordinary secular pursuits. As a mere affair of social utility, the same conclusion would be reached. General usage sanctions this arrangement, and parliament respects it to the point of having recently refused to open the British Museum and other similar institutions on the Lord's Day. But as a class the liquor dealers have hitherto run counter to this rule—transgressed the common custom of the country—and given themselves, or at least their servants, no rest from their daily toil. The least that can be said, therefore, surely is, that in taking up this position the liquor vendors are acting on the offensive, and ought to be called to the bar of public opinion, to show cause for their anomalous and defiant conduct. At other times they wish to be dealt with as other tradesmen, but on Sundays they would keep open shop when other shops are closed, and commit themselves to a course, which, if followed by other trades, would drive the sanctities and very name of Sabbath from the land.

One frequent answer which is returned, is to the effect that a veto on the Sunday sale of strong drink would deprive the masses of the people of its use on that day. Were the statement correct, it might be doubted whether the people would not be gainers; and at all events it could be said, that the question of gain or loss is one which the people can settle for themselves, and as to which the vendors of strong drink, from their interested position, must not be suffered to pass judgment. The objection, however, is an unsupported one. In every town there are some publicans and beer-sellers who conscientiously refuse to sell on the Lord's Day, and yet they find it possible to accommodate their customers with what they deem an adequate supply of liquor for Sunday use. Several such publicans were examined before the Select Committee of the House of Commons; and so far were they from seeing in this account a valid impediment to Sunday closing, that one of them said, 'the matter would arrange itself in a month—there would be very little loss to publicans, and great benefit to the customers; the customers are persons from the mother, his

large body of workmen ; he hears them all speak in high terms of the closing.' But it may be responded that the gist of the difficulty is not with regard to quiet stay-at-home people, but in reference to such as choose to take a coach or railway ride, or spend the day in visiting the country ; and it is the imaginary difficulties of these Sunday excursionists which are converted into the Goliath of Sunday tipping and profanation. That these difficulties are imaginary is demonstrated when it is shown that drink can be purchased on Saturday night and kept fit for next day's use ; and if people will travel for their amusement on the Sunday, where is the great hardship of requiring that they shall lay in their stock of alcoholic cordials the evening before they start ? There is another answer which could be returned, and which the 'Times' newspaper nine months back did return in the following terms :—'As for Sunday excursionists, they already make considerable demands on the public forbearance. If a thousand people invade a quiet town, and perhaps a rural village on the Sunday, and that not once only, but half-a-dozen times in a summer, it is quite enough that they do so without further annoyance to the quiet inhabitants. It is too much that they should also insist on being served with intoxicating liquors wherever they go, at all times and seasons, by the very persons themselves whom they molest with their presence.' This retort may be less courteous than cutting, but its justice cannot be disproved. 'If there must be Sunday picnics for the million,' adds the 'Times,' 'let them be conducted as picnics usually are ; let the company carry their own commissariat, without looking for supplies from the natives.' That they can do so, is certain, and if they will not, let them saddle the blame, not on legislation, but on themselves. Seeing, then, that the only two plausible excuses for the sale of drink on Sunday are indefensible, we reiterate our inquiry—Why, of all men, should the publican and beer-seller violate the rule which both custom and religion approve ? Were their business ever so harmless, if they cannot make out some special ground of vindication, they are nonsuited at the bar of public opinion.

But we are told to advance further, and to contend that the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday is a public grievance, which ought promptly to be removed. Public-houses and beer-shops are *not* harmless places. They may have their uses—but their abuses, how vast in magnitude, how infinite in number ! To limit these abuses on week days, legislation has put numerous agencies to work, and how ineffectually that work is done, we all may notice if we will. But what if those abuses are most active and mischievous on Sundays ? What if on that day, when the workman puts his tools aside, and washes his hands free of returning toil,

there is found to be a stronger attraction to the house of dissipation than on other days? What if the liquor vendor stops in between every useful instrumentality which the benevolence or piety of man puts into operation on that day, and if he either seduces away those who, but for him, would have come within the range of these means of mental and moral elevation; or after they have been subject to these influences, ensnares them by the drink he sells, the company he keeps, and the attractions he exhibits? Are we to stand by and see these things done, and suffer them to continue? Shut these shops, and the sober community could be as well supplied with liquor as they chose; so that they are open to gratify the appetites of the vicious, or what is worse, to corrupt or ruin the multitudes who are so easy to be won. By a scrutiny, extending over ten Sundays, in Manchester, and including 1487 public-houses, beer-shops, and vaults, it was remarked that the average number of visits paid to these places each Sunday were 120,122 by men; 71,111 by women; and 23,585 by children—a total of 214,818 visits. There remained 619 other houses which were not watched; but omitting these from the calculation, the Sunday visits to drinking shops were in proportion of two visits to three persons of the entire population of Manchester, infants included. In another town of 80,000 inhabitants, 43 public-houses were watched, and between half-past twelve and ten o'clock P.M., the number of visits paid by men were 7568, by women 2804; and by children 1261—a total of 11,653; and in the same proportion the total number of visits paid within these hours to all the liquor houses in that town must have been 62,061. In Bradford, with 134 public-houses and 242 beer-houses, 7520 were counted as being present during the Sunday evening service.

Bath had a population in 1851 of 54,248, and on the Census Sunday 15,997 persons were reported as attending evening service in all the churches and chapels of the town, while the visits paid to 69 public-houses between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday evening were noted to be, of men 2817, of women 2061, and of children 1219; a total of 6090, at which rate for the other 200 liquor-shops 25,625 persons visit such places every Sabbath evening during the period of Christian worship.

In London it is no better. Take the parish of Marylebone, which in 1851 had 46 places of worship to set against 340 drinking-houses. A city missionary, who was appointed to visit them on Sunday evenings, calculated that the number of persons at any one time present in them, at service hours, was greater than the number present at religious worship.

In one large gin-shop, fifteen men and six women were at the bar, several of them drunk; and in reply to a request of the mis-

sionary respecting a place of worship, one of the women replied—‘This is our church, governor; we serve the devil!’ The anticelements adopted on Sunday evenings to allure all classes, especially the young, into the snares so thickly spread are often of a strange and profane description. A Manchester clergyman on returning home one Sabbath evening saw thirty or forty young men and young women standing before a beer-house, who were singing an anthem—‘I will arise and go to my Father,’ to decoy persons in. He afterwards learnt that these young persons had been brought up in Sunday schools, and had been paid fifteen shillings by the beer-seller for their evening’s work. Rural districts suffer equally with more populous places. At one of its meetings the Essex Court of Quarter Sessions resolved to petition the Home Secretary with respect to the demoralizing influence of beer-shops, ‘particularly on the Lord’s Day;’ and a resident in a country parish, of which the population scarcely exceeds 1000, has noticed that 12 public-houses and beer-shops are well filled every Sunday by many who are constant in their attendance at the parish church in the morning.

From such evidence of the working of Sunday opening (and these are but specimens of more that must remain unadduced), it would not, we think, appear unreasonable to ask an honest trial of Sunday closing. Prodigious, truly, must be his belief who can suppose that such a change of policy would leave things as bad or worse than before. But it is said, that ‘the people are adverse to the whole day closing.’ Do the people themselves affirm this, or is it said for them by interested persons? If petitions to parliament are any criterion of the direction and strength of the popular feeling, a very different inference must be drawn. Year by year many petitions, numerous signed, have been sent to both Houses, preferring this request; and in the session of 1854, no fewer than 2182 petitions, with 415,027 signatures, were presented to the House of Commons, requesting in the plainest terms an entire Sunday bill. The petitions on the other side were confined to one or two. During the present session, indeed, the aspect of affairs has slightly altered; but, considering the excited state of the Licensed Victuallers, and the strenuous exertions many have put forth, it will not be thought much of a triumph that they have succeeded in getting, up to the adjournment of the House for Easter, about twenty petitions, with some 70,000 signatures for a repeal of the Sunday Bill of last session.

Again, it is pleaded that we have no right to injure the dealers in such articles by a restrictive measure of the kind. But *salus populi suprema lex*; and as we have shown, the publican and beer-seller have no right to insist on driving their trade through the custom of the land and the religious sentiments of the

country, to say nothing of the public good. It is then contended that our object will not be gained; that the consumption will not be diminished, only diverted into other channels; and that private drinking will be promoted. To which we reply that such an assertion directly contradicts the previous assumption, that 'the trade' would suffer from Sunday closing, and runs directly in the teeth of the movement which for some months has been in progress among the dealers in strong drink to obtain the repeal of Mr. Wilson Patten's Act. If as much drink is sold now as formerly, and would be sold under a whole day closing, and if the publicans would gain a clear Sunday to themselves, are we to be told that they would make such a measure the object of their furious and vituperative hate? Every fact which has come to light utters a different story. Sunday has been a day of dissipated drinking, when the sellers have reaped the usages of a double unrighteousness; and hence, knowing that if the Sunday sale were forbidden they would not sell so much, and that no trivial or temporary increase of private drinking would compensate for the losses sustained, they think they do well to be angry.* One other objection—and it is a favourite with some—is, the prediction that as Sunday drinking goes out Monday drinking will come in; but this objection, be it observed, implies that the Sunday consumption will diminish, and that the consequences of that consumption will proportionally disappear. This objection, therefore, overthrows the last; and it would be well for the opponents of Sunday closing to agree among themselves what propositions they will defend before they call on us to rebut them all. In truth, until they who assert that to diminish Sunday intemperance would augment the sum of Monday dissipation, are able to bring proof of their affirmation, a bare contradiction of their statement is all that we need to offer. We trust soon to convince the most incredulous of the falseness of the allegation; but were we compelled to admit even its partial correctness, on any extensive scale, our hearts would well nigh sink within us at the prevalence of such persistent self-demoralization among the working classes of England. Surely they who use this language cannot perceive the burning brand which, if true, it would print upon the operative classes. For ourselves we know them better than to believe that if the inducements to drinking are kept

* In arguing against the permission to beer-sellers to sell spirits, the licensed victuallers wax warm in depicting the evils that would flow from the increased consumption which they are sure would follow. Perhaps they are right; but does not increased consumption result from the period of selling as well as the number who sell? Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., the learned Recorder of Birmingham, in his admirable charge to the grand jury of that town, said, 'The experience of the last few months has satisfied my mind, at least, that the same rule governs restriction upon the hours of sale.'

from them on the Sunday they will go and seek them and indulge in more degrading practices on the Monday. If they would, farewell for many a long day to their social and religious reformation! We know too well the nature of the evil which curses them so much to give the objection any credit.

At this point our readers may not be averse to a sketch of events relative to Sunday legislation on the liquor traffic since 1839. In that year a clause was introduced into the Metropolitan Improvement Act (2 & 3 Vict. c. 47), by which houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Metropolitan Police District were closed until one o'clock on Sunday; and so strikingly beneficial was this clause in its operation that, at subsequent periods, Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, incorporated a similar clause with their local acts. In each of these towns the Sunday committals for drunkenness were immediately and largely reduced, until, in 1848 (11 & 12 Vict. c. 49) an act was passed applying the same law to all parts of Great Britain. As to the working of this act there is but one opinion; and when those who are engaged in the traffic profess to admire and laud that measure, while they denounce and defame that of more recent date, we are at a loss whether to attribute the glaring inconsistency to weakness of the head, or to a worse affection of the heart. So obvious and incontrovertible were the fruits of the Sunday enactment of 1848, that its friends from that time devoted their energies to obtain a bill which should effect for the remainder of Sunday what had been obtained for the morning. Years passed without success, until the commencement of 1854, when it was resolved to give larger scope and expression to the public sentiment in favour of such an act. Floods of petitions from every town and village were poured into Parliament (1341 of them proceeding from the inhabitants of the places specified), until, as before remarked, an aggregate was reached of 2182, with names fast approaching to half-a-million in number.

Parliament could not be blind or deaf to this national remonstrance. Mr. Adderley, M.P. for North Staffordshire, gave notice to bring in a bill further restricting the hours of the Sunday sale of intoxicating liquors; but that gentleman waived his notice at the request of Mr. Villiers, M.P. for Wolverhampton, and chairman of the select committee on licensing then sitting, and which was desirous of taking evidence on this special point. It was not till nearly the middle of July that that committee presented its report, which recommended, that 'with the exception of the hours of from one to two o'clock P.M., and of from six to nine P.M., all places for the sale of intoxicating drinks should be closed on Sunday, and that on the week days all such houses should be closed from eleven o'clock, P.M. until four o'clock A.M.'

Mr. Wilson Patten, M.P. for North Lancashire, who had meantime agreed with Mr. Adderley to undertake the work, drew out a bill on the pattern sketched by the select committee, leave to introduce which was given, and the formula of a first reading passed. It was then that the committee of the Licensed Victuallers' Association (an institution embracing but a small proportion of the Licensed Victuallers of England) took the alarm, and sent a deputation to Mr. Patten, urging him to extend the time of opening from nine to ten, and promising, if that request were granted not to oppose the progress of the bill. A refusal, on the contrary, it was intimated, would compel them to resort to hostile proceedings. So far advanced was the session at this period, that any obstruction in the Commons, even so much as a long discussion on the second reading, would have rendered it impossible to get it through the remaining stages; and in this dilemma Mr. Patten felt it his duty to sacrifice his own decided preference, and to accept the compromise offered rather than let his bill be numbered among the abortions of the session. Having thus successfully passed the Commons, it was introduced into the Lords by the Earl of Harrowby. Here, however, the evil of the previous concession began to appear; for Mr. Patten having left town, the noble earl was persuaded to accede to further alterations, which would have emasculated and nearly nullified the measure. It was seriously proposed to allow the opening from one to half-past two, and from five to eleven P.M. This surrender was boldly opposed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of London, and other peers, who were successful, on a division, in bringing back the bill to its original integrity except the half-hour from two to half-past two. In this shape, then, it finally passed and received the royal assent, rendering the sale of intoxicating drinks illegal during Sunday, and up to four o'clock on Monday morning, *except* from one to half-past two, and from six to ten on Sunday afternoon.

This plain narrative of facts is a sufficient reply to the calumnious charges which have been advanced against Mr. Patten, of getting the bill 'smuggled' through the House. The literal terms of this accusation, and all that it involves, are absolutely and wholly untrue. Over and over again were tokens given that such a bill was in preparation; and if the publicans were at last taken unprepared, they have their own dullness and not the duplicity of any honourable member to accuse. It may be disputed whether Mr. Patten did wisely in accepting any compromise; but both he and his friends who counselled him acted under difficulties not of their own origination or choice, and which precluded that full and vigorous discussion which they would have courted had the state of public business permitted.

No sooner had the bill become law than it was clear no consideration would be accorded to it from a large section of 'the trade.' The Licensed Victuallers' Association itself became the arena of a fierce dissension between the committee who had compromised with Mr. Patten and a party who condemned all compromise as treachery. A new federation was formed, under the name of the 'Defence Association,' which has distinguished itself by rousing a spirit of opposition among the Licensed Victuallers of London and the provinces. As a movement against the act of last session it comes too late, and as a barrier against a more comprehensive measure it will prove as inefficient as an attempt to stem the rising of the ocean tides. A daring journalist exhorted 'the trade' to treat the bill with silent neglect, and act as if it were a thing unborn; but the courage and perhaps the wisdom of the trade were not equal to the bold rebellion. On the 13th of August, 1854, the law came into force—in some places not till the 20th, owing to the ignorance or leniency of the local authorities. At the outset a little confusion among excursionists arose, but we believe that there are few laws which have been more generally observed than the 17 & 18 Vict. c. 79. The only reasonable ground of complaint is the want of a legal definition respecting 'bonâ-fide travellers;' but this difficulty had before existed, and was transferred to, not created by, the present enactment. Certain magistrates have been absurdly lax in their interpretation of this phrase; and unless some better can be decided, we recommend the adoption of that which the stipendiary magistrate of Manchester has laid down, by which that denomination is confined to those who, in claiming to be comprehended under it, order an ordinary meal in evidence of their veracity.

We now draw near a most important part of our office—that of reviewing the influence and results of the act which puts a ban upon the Sunday sale of strong drink eighteen hours and a half out of the twenty-four. There is no wish on our part to deliver an arbitrary award, and then claim for it the credence of our readers. We have fortunately had access to a wide collection of evidence, mostly consisting of the testimonies of police and other official parties, which we intend frankly to submit to the inspection of all. One caution we are bound to offer, based on the fact that in many towns drunkenness, unless connected with disorder, or other offence, is not considered sufficient cause for custody, or for more than a temporary imprisonment which is not entered in the books. It is therefore necessary to remember that for this reason, and also from the partial application of Mr. Patten's Act, a reduction in the number of committals is not always to be expected, while, on the other hand, strong and

decided witness, either for or against a general improvement of manners, &c., is to be highly valued, especially when proceeding from those whose situation affords them every advantage for correct observation, and no inducement to testify contrary to the facts before them. We may also remark that the confident tone in which a heavy Monday is placed against a light Sunday has caused us to be as minute in our inquiries on this point as on that of Sunday drinking and intemperance.

Beginning, then, with LONDON, we may mention the circumstance, interesting and valuable as an index, that to inquiries circulated among employers, desiring information on the effect of the Sunday Bill upon their workmen, forty-eight answers were returned. Of these, ten stated that its influence in favouring an earlier return to labour on Monday was clearly manifest; four gave an opposite reply, and the rest were neutral. As to the general influence of the Act, fifteen gave none, or an unfavourable opinion, and thirty-eight were favourable, in some cases warmly eulogistic. The police courts are next to be consulted. The 'Bow-street' reporter stated that the new Act had exerted 'a marked effect upon the business of the court on Mondays. Hitherto the proceedings of Monday have been almost exclusively confined to drunken charges; frequently as many as seventy have been heard in succession, and generally about two-thirds of the offenders have been women, while more than half the entire number have been taken to the police station after ten o'clock on Sunday night. On the first Monday only one drunken charge was received after ten, and on the following Monday not a single case was received, and the prison-van left Bow-street for the first time within the experience of the magistrate without a single prisoner of any kind.' We also quote what follows, as it was this statement which, so far, as our knowledge extends, gave countenance to the idea of increased Monday dissipation resulting from the new Act. 'In proportion to the decrease of drunken charges on Monday has been the increase in the number of similar cases on Tuesday.' The writer does not say that the number was equal, and he adds—'This fact was specially observable on the first two Tuesdays after the Act came into operation,' showing that the proportion had relation to no fixed numbers, and that these additional outbursts of dissipation did not maintain their vigour beyond two successive weeks.

Concerning 'Clerkenwell Court,' we have the opinion of William Corrie, Esq., the magistrate, who states—'In this district, containing between three and four hundred thousand persons, the charges against drunkards have, since the passing of the 17 & 18 Vict. c. 79, been fewer on Mondays, and they have not been more numerous on other days.' From 'Lambeth Court,'

we receive the sentiments of J. W. Elliott, Esq., the colleague of the Hon. Mr. Norton, who, soon after the Act was passed, displayed a most unfriendly spirit towards it, and said—‘The present Act cannot, in my opinion, last, for the time of opening, from one to half-past two, is *not long enough* for a publican to serve his customers and clear his house!’ Mr. Elliott writes—‘My experience is decidedly in favour of the Sunday closing of public-houses. I have no doubt it diminishes drunken charges on that day, in itself a most desirable object; and I have not perceived any sensible increase in consequence on other days. I have long considered that the entire closing of public-houses and gin-shops after twelve o’clock every day of the week would be a great public benefit, and tend greatly to the diminution of crime.’ Of ‘Marlborough-street Court,’ our only recorded evidence is contained in the reporter’s statement:—‘Before the new Act came into operation, the Saturday night and Sunday night offences varied from sixty to about a hundred. On the first Monday after the Act was enforced, the whole number of cases, drunken cases included, was only twenty-five, and not a single case was brought to the station-house from twelve o’clock on Saturday night up to Monday morning, thirty being the average previously.’ Respecting ‘Marylebone Police Court,’ R. E. Broughton, Esq., the magistrate testifies—‘My opinion is that the Act in question has not added to drunkenness in the middle of the week. And I may further observe, that the intelligent representative of the D division of police remarks, that in the whole police district the streets have exhibited a marked improvement as to quietude and order since the Act came into operation.’ The ‘Southwark Police Court’ has given no uncertain record by the pen of G. A. A’Beckett, Esq., the presiding magistrate, who spontaneously addressed the ‘Times’ in a letter, in which he said:—‘Previous to the New Beer Bill, the business of this court was not only considerably greater on Monday than on any other day in the week, but it consisted chiefly of cases of drunkenness, and of assaults, more or less violent, that had been committed under its influence. From the day when the Act came into effect I have kept an account of the number of charges of Sunday drunkenness, which have been brought before me on every Monday on which I have sat here.’ The ‘results’ were ‘thirty-seven cases in nineteen weeks.’

With respect to COUNTIES in general, we have information from Bedfordshire, Cardiganshire, Kent, Lancashire, Northamptonshire, Wilts, and the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Of *Bedfordshire*, in connexion with the rural police, it is said that drunkenness has decreased, and public order materially improved. Not including Bedford, the number summoned for drunkenness, from Midsummer to Christmas 1853, was 38, and in the corresponding term

of 1854 only 11. The respectable innkeepers would approve the entire Lord's Day closing.

Cardiganshire has never suffered from Sunday intemperance, and no apparent change has therefore occurred.

Kent (Bearstead division of police).—The bill has had a most beneficial effect.

Northamptonshire has not exhibited any sensible alteration.

In *Wilts* (Chippenham division) the act has tended to decrease Monday dissipation.

The *West Riding of Yorkshire* (Barnsley district).—There has been a decrease of Sunday drunkenness, and improved public order.

From *Lancashire* the most ample representations have been received. A pamphlet has been published containing returns from superintendents of divisions of police, showing the number of persons apprehended and the number summoned for being drunk and disorderly during each of the months of September, October, November, and December, 1853, and January, 1854, compared with the corresponding months of 1854, and January, 1855. There are eighteen divisions, and the aggregate returns show that in the former term the apprehensions for being drunk on Sunday were 150, and the summonses with conviction 527—in the latter period 177 and 458. For the rest of the week, in the former term, the figures are 512 and 838—in the latter they stand at 557 and 974.

These statistics, it will be seen, are of little argumentative value; but the superintendent of each division has attached to his official returns answers to certain questions on the general effects of the Sunday Bill. Our limited space forbids us offering even an epitome of these interesting and satisfactory reports. Analytically, it may be said that those from the following divisions, North Lonsdale, South Lonsdale, Garstang, Leyland, Bolton, Bury, Middleton, Oldham, Manchester, Kirkdale, Ormskirk, Prescott, St. Helen's, and Warrington, bear clear and, in most cases, emphatic testimony to the beneficial influence of the bill in causing a decrease of Sunday intemperance and Monday tippling, and a consequent improvement of public order and social comfort among the working-classes. The only dubious reports are from Kirkham, Higher Blackburn, Lower Blackburn, and Ashton-under-Lyne.

The reports from provincial CITIES and TOWNS may be divided into two classes—those that are couched in general terms, and those which, besides general terms, embrace statistical returns.

Of the *first* class, the following state that little or no apparent effect has followed the operation of the Act:—

(Brecknockshire) Brecon; (Bucks) Amersham and High Wycombe; (Caermarthenshire) Llandovery; (Cardiganshire) Cardigan; (Cornwall) Helston; (Devon) Honiton and Bideford; (Durham) Gateshead; (Hants) Romsey; (Herts) Hitchin; (Hunts) Godmanchester; (Kent) Ashford; (Northamptonshire) Northampton; (Oxford) Ban-

bury; (Pembroke) Pembroke; (Somerset) Bristol; (Stafford) Alton; (Suffolk) Bury St. Edmunds—19 places.

The following concur in the statement that Sunday drunkenness has decreased, and that other good results have accrued. Those names printed in italics intimate that the improvement has been very striking, and an asterisk signifies that Monday dissipation has also diminished:—

(Anglesea) Alnwick, *Beaumaris, *Llangefni.
 (Berks) *Maidenhead, *New Windsor, *Newbury.
 (Bucks) Aylesbury, (Cambridge) Cambridge, *Ely, Wisbeach (Cardigan) *Aberystwith.
 (Carnarvon) *Bangor (Cornwall), *Cambourne, *Launceston, *Liskeard, *Redruth, St. Ives, *Truro.
 (Cumberland) Alston, Workington.
 (Denbigh) *Denbigh (Derby), Ashbourne, *Belper, Chesterfield.
 (Devon) *Ashburton*, *Brixham, Exmouth, Great Torrington, South Moulton, Teignmouth, *Tiverton.
 (Dorset) Blandford, *Dorchester, Poole, Shaftesbury.
 (Durham) Barnard Castle, *Durham, *Stockton*.
 (Essex) *Colchester, (Flintshire) *Flint.
 (Glamorganshire) *Cardiff, *Neath*.
 (Glo'ster) Tewkesbury; (Hants) Newport, Portsmouth.
 (Herts) *Hertford; (Kent) *Faversham, *Folkestone, Maidstone, Ramsgate, Sandwich, *Tunbridge Wells.
 (Lancashire) *Lancaster, *Rochdale*.
 (Leicester) *Market Bosworth.
 (Lincolnshire) *Boston*, *Grantham*, *Great Grimsby, Lincoln, *Louth*, Spalding.
 (Middlesex) Brentford (see London).
 (Montgomery) *Llanidloes, *Welchpool.
 (Norfolk) King's Lynn, *Thetford.
 (Northumberland) *Alnwick, *Bambrough; (Oxford) *Chipping Norton.
 (Pembroke) *Haverfordwest, *Tenby; (Rutland) *Oakham.
 (Salop) *Much Wenlock, *Shrewsbury; (Somerset) *Ciard, *Wells.
 (Stafford) Newcastle-under-Lyme, *Walsall*.
 (Suffolk) Beccles, Woodbridge; (Sussex) *Brighton*.
 (Warwick) *Stratford-on-Avon.
 (Wilts) *Calne, Devizes.
 (Worcester) Droitwich.
 (Yorkshire) *Barnsley, Beverley, *Bradford, *Dewsbury, *Hull
 Scarborough—Total, 90.

Of the second class of reports, those containing statistical returns, we have a fewer number, yet sufficient to prove the tendency of the Sunday bill to diminish the crime which places the offender in the hands of justice:—

(Cheshire) *Birkenhead*.—From 7th August, 1853, to 30th March, N.S.—VOL. IX. R R

1854, the committals for drunkenness on Sundays were 64, and on Mondays 21. For the same period, 1854-5, on Sundays 26, and Mondays 31. Monday dissipation of a general kind has decreased.

Stockport.—Committals for drunkenness during five months of 1853-4, compared with the same period 1854-5, Sundays 53 and 41—decrease, 14. Other days, 120 and 138—increase, 18.

(Cumberland) *Carlisle*.—From 13th August to 31st December, 1853, the committals for drunkenness were 110. For the same period in 1854, 70—decrease, 40. The Act works well in the town and country.

(Durham) *Hartlepool*.—Considerable public advantage. The committals for drunkenness, from 1st September, 1853, to 18th March, 1854, were on Sundays 33, and Mondays 22—total, 55. From September, 1854, to 18th March, 1855—Sundays 19, and Mondays 11—total, 30.

South Shields.—On the three first Sundays after the Act, there was not one committal for drunkenness or its consequences.

(Lancashire) *Ashton-under-Lyne*.—Six months before August 20th, the apprehensions for drunkenness were on Sundays 22, on Mondays 24—for the whole term 92; six months after August 20th, on Sundays 21, on Mondays 19—for the whole term 83.

Blackburn.—Public order has been much increased and police duties lightened; Monday dissipation decreased. From January 18th to August 17th, 1854, the commitments for drunkenness on Sundays were 186, on Mondays 63, and for the whole period 249. From August 18th to January 17th, 1855, 121, 26, and 147. The *monthly* averages, therefore, before and after the Act were—for Sundays 26 and 24, Mondays 9 and 5, and for the whole period 35 and 27.

Bolton.—Comparing eighteen weeks, before and after the Act: *Before*, the number of committals for drunkenness on Sundays was 110, and on Mondays 72—total, 182. *Since* the Act, on Sundays 50, and on Mondays 49—total, 99, or a decrease of nearly one-half. On comparing corresponding periods: from August 7th, 1853, to January 29th, 1854, such committals on Sundays were 110, the rest of the week 318—total, 428. From August 6th, 1854, to January 28th, 1855, on Sundays 62, and the rest of the week 231—a total of 293; showing a decrease on the Sundays of 48, and the rest of the week 87—a total decrease of 135, or 34 per cent.

Liverpool.—The superintendent at the Head Constable's office states, 'The Act has effected a marked improvement in the discipline of our streets on Sunday.' The number of prisoners brought up for drunkenness on the six Mondays before the Act was 650; on the six Mondays after, 490—decrease, 160.

Preston.—The summary committals for drunkenness, and offences caused by drunkenness, were, four months before the Act, 108, of which 35 were on Mondays; four months after the Act 67, of which 17 were on Mondays.

Ulverstone.—From August, 1853, to January, 1854, the committals for drunkenness were on Sundays 38, and on Mondays 77. From August, 1854, to January, 1855, Sundays 29, and Mondays 99, an

increase owing to the great increase of persons employed at the iron-ore pits.

Warrington.—Much less disorder on Sundays. Monday dissipation lessened. Convictions for drunkenness from August 14th, 1853, to January 31st, 1854, were 92, of which 47 were Sunday cases. From August 13th, 1854, to January 31st, 1855, 28, of which 15 were Sunday cases. The ex-mayor also writes—‘I can quite bear testimony from my experience as a magistrate to the very great advantages which have resulted from the Act.’

Wigan.—Police labours have been lessened, and public order promoted. Six months before the Act, the cases of drunkenness brought before the magistrates were 127; six months after, 92—a decrease of 35, or upwards of one-third.

(Leicestershire) *Leicester*.—Public order and Monday sobriety have increased. The committals from August 7th to the end of 1853 were 62, and for the same period of 1854 only 32, a decrease of nearly one-half.

(Montgomery) *Newport*.—From February 12th to August 6th, 1854, Sunday committals, 70, and Monday ditto, 34. From August 13th to February 4th, 1855, Sunday cases, 106, and Monday, 32. (Sunday is reckoned from twelve o'clock on Saturday night.)

(Northumberland) *Morpeth*.—An excellent influence, especially on Sundays, has been exerted by the Bill. The last harvest season was the quietest ever known.

	7th August, 1853, to 7th March, 1854.			7th August, 1854, to 7th March, 1855.		
	Sunday.	Monday.	Whole period.	Sunday.	Monday.	Whole period.
Committals for Drunkenness	13	4	18	8	7	16
Ditto, with other Offences	7	8	34	5	7	32
Total	20	12	52	13	14	48

North Shields.—On the three Sundays before the Act there were 50 committals for drunkenness; on the first three after, 16.

(Notts) *Nottingham*.—From August 13th to March 19th, 1855, the Sunday committals were 16, Monday ditto, 8; for the whole period, 52. For the same term of 1853-4, on Sundays, 15, Mondays, 3, and the whole period, 64. There has been great benefit as regards the increased order of the town on Sundays.

(Somerset) *Bridgewater*.—From June 1st to August 13th, 1854, there were 10 charges for Sunday drunkenness, but since the new Act there has not been a single charge up to March, 1855. Monday has also been improved.

(Warwickshire) *Birmingham* has shown an increase of general crime in 1854 compared with 1853; but Sunday and Monday committals for drunkenness show a decrease—reckoning from six A.M. to six A.M. of the following day.

	Sunday.	Monday.
1853	33	44
1854	14	36
	19	8

In *Coventry*, from September, 1853, to March 1st, 1854, the Sunday committals were 11, and the Monday, 3. From the same period of 1855-4, the Sunday committals were 7, and the Monday, 3. The police labours are lightened, and Monday dissipation rather diminished.

(Westmoreland) *Kendal*.—There have been just one-third fewer prisoners on Sunday compared with the same months in the previous year.

(Yorkshire) *Doncaster*.—The Sunday committals for fourteen months previous to the Bill were 63. During the next seven months, 14. Police duties much lighter. No increase of Monday drinking.

Halifax.—Seven months previous to the Act, the Sunday committals were 22, and the Monday ditto, 13. Seven months since, the Sunday committals were 17, and the Monday, 1. Public order promoted.

Hull.—Drunkenness diminished slightly. Public order promoted, Monday tippling lessened. Working classes favourable.

Leeds.—From August 13th to December 31st, 1853, from Sunday to Monday morning the committals were 33; in the corresponding period of last year, 8. The mayor and chaplain of the gaol also testify to the good effects of the Act in reducing crime.

Middlesborough.—The Act has been of great good. Monday drinking has decreased. For six months before the Act the committals for drunkenness between twelve o'clock on Saturday night and Monday morning were 66, in the same period after the Act, 34.

Rotherham.—The labours of the police are lightened. Monday dissipation decreased. From May 1st to September 3rd, 1854, the number of drunken cases was 67. From September 3rd to December 25th, 45.

Sheffield.—The Sunday apprehensions for drunkenness, six months prior to the law were, of males 91; females 16—total 107. Six months succeeding, males 25; females 7—total 32.

In the perusal of these statements it must not be forgotten, that the law to which they relate still allows the sale of intoxicating liquor from six to ten on Sunday evenings, and that much of its protective and otherwise salutary influence is thus thwarted and made of none effect. We forbear to enlarge on the all but unanimous testimony of the foregoing reports, embracing every county in England and Wales except three Welsh and two English counties, and proceeding from 140 cities and towns, most of them having municipal and parliamentary privileges. We are more anxious to note that the evidence thus afforded, while irresistible in favour of the Sunday Bill, is not less powerful in the support of the proposal to render that law more efficient by applying its provisions to the entire Lord's Day. Only as so enlarged will its principle have that free and fair play essential to its production of the *maximum* amount of good.

But on this question we are not left without sufficient data.

From the whole number of witnesses whose evidence we have presented, between seventy and eighty have also added their unqualified opinion in favour of a whole-Sunday Act as expedient, and calculated to be useful to all classes of society. But this opinion, which is a legitimate deduction from the experience of the past, is strongly corroborated by the results of the Scottish Public-house Bill, commonly called 'Forbes Mackenzie's Act,' which took effect in May, 1854. This law, up to the present time, has been imperfectly carried out as a whole, but that part which provides for the closing of drinking-shops during the whole of Sunday has been generally enforced. We have, therefore, the benefit of nearly a year's experience of that measure to enlighten us as to the probable effects of a corresponding enactment on this side the Tweed. The reports received from the county police authorities may first be enumerated.

From *Argyllshire* we hear: 'It has generally done good throughout the county, but its chief effects have been experienced in the fishing stations, where it has considerably lightened the labours of the police. Its greatest enemies are compelled to admit that it has done good in many instances.'

In *Dumbartonshire* the commitments between 15th of May and the 20th of March following have increased in the last year as compared with the former from 137 to 156; but the writer states: 'As we do not deprive any of their liberty for being intoxicated, unless in connexion with some other offence, my information cannot be very satisfactory.'

Linlithgowshire has felt 'a very material difference for the better. The commitments for drunkenness and other offences which may be traced to it have greatly diminished. All classes consider the Bill a great boon.'

In *Peebles*, 'drinking, particularly late at night and on Sabbaths, has greatly diminished. Dissipation on Mondays has much decreased. With a few exceptions, the Bill is approved by all classes.'

Rosshire has experienced great good.

Selkirkshire has found the Bill to lighten the labours of the police, prevent the profanation of the Sabbath, and decrease Monday dissipation.

Sutherland has been free from convictions for Sunday drunkenness since the Act came into operation.

In the island of *Orkney*, the general and decided opinion is that the Bill has considerably diminished drunkenness.

From the following towns:—Anstruther Easter and Wester, Banff, Bervie, Cullen, Culross, Dysart, Falkland, Forres, Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, Lauder, Pittenween, and Renfrew (all with fewer than 10,000 inhabitants)—the reports are unequivocally and strongly in favour of the Bill. The evidence of the more

populous towns, all reaching down to within a very recent period, remains to be presented.

1. *Abroath*.—From May 1st to July 31st, 1853, the apprehensions for Sunday drunkenness were 18; ditto with other offences, 15—total 33. Monday drunkenness, 9; ditto with other offences, 16—general total, 49. During the same period in 1854 the cases of Sunday drunkenness were 11; ditto, with other offences, 4—total, 15. Monday drunkenness, 11; ditto, with other offences, 7—total 15: general total, 29—general decrease, 20. The returns from October 1st to December 1st, 1853, compared with the same period of 1854 are even more conclusive. For the former period the apprehensions for Sunday drunkenness were 18; ditto, with other offences, 12—total, 30. For Monday drunkenness, 13; ditto, with other offences, 8—total, 21; general total, 51. For the latter period, Sunday drunkenness, 4; ditto with other offences, 3—total, 7. Monday drunkenness, 5; ditto, with other offences, 10—total, 15: general total, 22: general decrease, 29.

2. *Ayr*.—Drunkenness and its concomitants have diminished much. Monday dissipation is much less, and it is rare to see a person drunk on Sunday. The police duties are much lightened. From 1st February to 1st June, 1854, the Sunday committals for drunkenness were 34, and the Monday ditto, 72. From 1st June to 1st October the Sunday committals were 19—decrease 15; and the Monday ditto, 38—decrease 34; a total decrease of 49.

3. *Dumfries*. For the seven months before the Bill, i. e., from October 26th, 1853, to May 26th, 1854, the committals for drunkenness on Sundays were 9; Mondays, 18; whole period, 113. For the seven months after the operation, i. e., from 26th of May to 26th of December, 1854, the Sunday committals were 4; Mondays, 9; whole period, 89. Esteemed by the general public 'a capital Bill.'

4. *Dundee*.—The printed report of the superintendent of police, dated January 26th, 1855, contains a table showing the number of persons apprehended for drunkenness and disorderly conduct arising from drunkenness, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night till eight o'clock on Monday morning, from May 15th to December 31st, in the years 1853 and 1854.

The totals for 1853 are, of cases	363	persons	536
Ditto „ 1854 „ „	180	„	280
A Decrease of		183 256	

To this contrast is added the statement:—

'I am not sure, however, that even these figures convey adequately the good effects arising from the closing of public-houses on the Sabbath, and its results to the community generally. The aspect of the streets has entirely changed since the operation of the new law; and while formerly, in certain localities, drunkenness was the rule, to see a drunken person in the streets on the Sabbath is a rare thing.'

We have lying before us another return showing the number

of apprehensions for drunkenness and disorderly conduct on Sunday and Monday from the 1st of January to the 20th of March, 1855, compared with the same periods in 1854 and 1852: also the total number of cases during those periods.

1852.				
OFFENCE.	Sundays.		Mondays.	Whole period.
Drunkenness	24	39 214
Disorderly Conduct	99	58 433
Total	123	97 647

1854.				
OFFENCE.	Sundays.		Mondays.	Whole period.
Drunkenness	27	49 278
Disorderly Conduct	84	44 268
Total	111	93 546

1855.				
OFFENCE.	Sundays.		Mondays.	Whole period.
Drunkenness	9	16 201
Disorderly Conduct	51	36 259
Total	60	52 460

The superintendent, commenting on these tables, observes:—

‘It will be seen that crime has not decreased during the week equal to the decrease on the Sabbath, as the result of the new law; but this is not at all astonishing when the inveterate drinking habits of the lower classes are taken into account. I am of opinion, however, that it demonstrates the good effects of restriction so far as it has gone, and proves that a more stringent measure still would be of immense benefit to the country.’

5. *Edinburgh*.—In two elaborate and able letters to the ‘Times,’ the late Lord Provost of this city brought the operation of the Act under the eye of the civilized world. The latter of these letters appeared six months since, and could not present the same lengthened term of comparison which we are now able to exhibit. It must not be imagined that these figures, gratifying as they are, are a full view of the advantages conferred. For some time, in a large part of the city, exempt from municipal control, the law was very inadequately enforced; and, as Mr. McLaren very wisely urged, ‘great as the benefits of the change are to the class who are taken up by the police intoxicated, the aggregate benefit to the class which does not become intoxicated to this deplorable extent is still greater.’ The same gentleman, as the result of a personal inspection of the state of the streets, could ‘unhesitatingly state that the change for the better on Sundays is truly marvellous.’ The bare statistics tell a most pleasant tale:—

	Committals for Drunkenness.	Committals for ditto, associated with other Offences.	Totals.	Decrease.
SUNDAYS.				
44 Sundays <i>since</i> the Act, calcu- lated from 12 P.M. on Saturday to 12 P.M. on Sunday.....	320	335	655	428
Corresponding 44 Sundays in the <i>previous</i> year	520	563	1083	
44 Sundays <i>since</i> the Act, calculated from 8 A.M. on Sunday morning to 8 A.M. on Monday morning...	53	76	129	405
Corresponding 44 Sundays in the <i>previous</i> year	277	257	534	
MONDAYS.				
44 Mondays <i>since</i> the Act, calculated from 12 P.M. on Sunday to 12 P.M. on Monday night	589	378	967	242
Corresponding 44 Mondays in the <i>previous</i> year	630	479	1109	
TOTAL NUMBER.				
Cases during the 44 weeks <i>since</i> the Act (May 15, 1854; March 19, 1855)	4331	2963	7294	898
Ditto, during the corresponding 44 weeks of the <i>previous</i> years	4732	3460	8192	

Need we wonder that under these altered circumstances the good burghers of Edinburgh were spared £12,500, which had been demanded for increased prison accommodation by the Prison County Board? We turn from the ancient capital to the commercial metropolis of Scotland—

6. *Glasgow*.—From three o'clock each Sunday morning, till ten o'clock the following Monday morning, there were disposed of by the Glasgow police for being drunk and incapable, drunk and disorderly, and drunk and charged:—

	1851.	1852.	1853.	1854.
June	273	206	172	70
July	204	155	180	67
August	174	212	159	86
Total	651	573	511	223

These were *cases* of drunkenness, not *persons*, as the same parties appear several times in the returns.

The next return shows the number of persons taken into custody and brought before the magistrates, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and drunk and incapable, during the seven months from June to December in the years 1853 and 1854;

also, the number discharged without being brought before the magistrates during the same period :—

1853.						
DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.			DRUNK AND INCAPABLE.			
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Brought before the Magistrate	3404	786	4189	2222	166	2388
Not so brought.....	1095	772	1867	4196	2141	6337
Total	4499	1557	6056	6418	2307	8725

1854.						
DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.			DRUNK AND INCAPABLE.			
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Brought before the Magistrate	1317	282	1599	2453	243	2696
Not so brought.....	1084	970	2054	3497	1885	5382
Total	2401	1252	3653	5950	2128	8078

It appears then that

The Drunk and Disorderly in the 7 months of 1853 were 6056
Ditto " " " " " 1854 " 3653

Decrease 2403

The Drunk and Incapable in the 7 months of 1853 were 8725
Ditto " " " " " 1854 " 8078

Decrease 647
2403

Shewing a total decrease of 3050

7. *Greenock*.—Returns from January 1st to April 1st, 1854 :—

	Sundays.	Mondays.	Whole period.
No. of Intoxicated Persons brought to the Police-office for protection...	141	108	876
Ditto, for Drunkenness, with other Offences	25	29	165
Total	166	137	1041

From January 1st to April 1st, 1855 :—

	Sundays.	Mondays.	Whole period.
No. of Intoxicated Persons, as above	61	30	396
Ditto, for Drunkenness, with other Offences	15	15	110
Total	76	45	506

8. *Leith*.—

	Sunday.	Monday.	Whole period.
Committals for Drunkenness, from May 15, 1853, to March 15, 1854.	170	84	627
Ditto, for corresponding period, 1854-1855	64	98	589

Leith, as a seaport town, does not seem to have reaped general benefits from the Act equal to those derived by other towns in Scot-

land ; but the decrease in the Sunday committals is very great, being nearly 200 per cent.

After the array of evidence now laid before our readers, it will probably be considered by them, as by ourselves, superfluous to multiply hortatory remarks. We are, however, anxiously desirous of leading all those who are impressed with the facts above detailed, to lose no time, and withhold no energy, both to preserve the present English law from the hands of the spoiler, and to procure one co-extensive with the whole of the Lord's Day. We are perfectly convinced that, could a poll be taken of the population from fifteen years upwards, a vast majority would be favourable to a complete Sunday Bill. But Parliament must be convinced of that, or of something like it, else nothing more will be gained, even should the existing law be kept intact. *Working men* may prove of the greatest service in making their sentiments known in St. Stephen's, where hon. members are wont to indulge in language about 'the poor man' and his 'pint of beer,' which a high and honourable spirit among our operative classes will repudiate and scorn. As far as our informants enable us to judge, nine out of every ten of the *steady* and *sober* mechanics of England approve of the new Act, and would vote for a better ; and there is no doubt that the same feeling pervades their wives and daughters, almost to a *woman*. In the petitions of last session, praying for a whole Sunday Bill, no fewer than 112 were exclusively signed by working-men to the number of 32,151, and 17 proceeded from females only, with 4935 signatures attached. We cannot but believe that many of the manufacturers of strong drink are favourable to Sunday closing. Robert Hanbury and Charles Buxton, Esqrs., have so expressed themselves in the most decided terms. Even of the retailers we would fain indulge the hope that the majority would easily acquiesce in such a decision ; else we should be compelled to conclude that, as a class, they are not only willing to commit flagrant Sabbath profanation, but to tempt their fellow-creatures to do the same in the most shameless and injurious manner. Not more than a few hundreds probably are *actively* hostile to the present law and a further extension of it ; while several thousands, it is computed, have signed petitions to Parliament for a whole-day bill. Forty-seven, residing in West Bromwich, have distinguished themselves and their town by a voluntary resolution to close during the whole of Sunday. Still, such examples will be rare, and if 'the trade' does not give a general opposition to the measure, it will not extend a general approval. Plutus will tempt Bacchus to keep aloof, and we fear will not tempt in vain. Our own hope lies with the Christian public, to whom we make an earnest and ultimate appeal.

Averse as we are to censure, we cannot compliment our churches and congregations, or our Sunday-school committees, on what they have done. Doubtless, much of the town and rural effort made last year was originated and prosecuted by Christian principle and zeal ; but that separate action, which might also be adopted, has not to any creditable extent been carried out. Why, for example, should not every clergyman and his churchwardens, and every dissenting minister and his deacons, send up a petition? Why should not every Sunday-school committee do the same? Why should not some one or two persons in every church and congregation volunteer to wait upon the members and seat-holders and obtain their signatures? Petitions kept in the lobby for a Sunday, or left lying in the vestry, do little good. In the session of 1854, only 459 petitions emanated from Christian congregations, signed by 62,273 persons—an average of 136 names to each petition ; and in one case we observed that a petition, purporting to proceed from one of our largest Congregational churches, had fewer than 100 signatures attached! If Parliament, in deference, as Lord Palmerston said, to the sentiments of the religious public, would not consent to the Sunday opening of our temples of science and places of amusement innocent in itself, surely it cannot be too much to hope that, in deference to the same public, it will cheerfully consent to close throughout the Sunday the temples of dissipation, unless there is reason to conclude that the conscience of the religious public is less sensitive on the one point than on the other ; but what would religious people say to an opinion so libellous as this? With our Christian brethren we leave the serious consideration of a question, which demands prompt and practical action. To them ‘ we speak as unto wise men,’ requesting and trusting that they will judge what we have felt it our bounden duty to say.

Brief Notices.

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Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett. With Illustrations. Super royal. pp. 202. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this volume. During the interval which elapsed between its preparation and publication, tidings reached England of the sudden and premature death of the author. 'Cut off in the flower of his age and in the full vigour of intellect, after a few hours' illness, he has found a sepulchre in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose shores he had so often and so successfully illustrated.' Such an event will be deeply deplored by those who are acquainted with Mr. Bartlett's former works, in which the 'peculiar talents of the author and the artist' were most creditably displayed. In the volume which he published in 1844, under the title of 'Walks about Jerusalem,' he sought to illustrate the more popular objects of interest in the Holy City. That work became, as it well deserved, extensively popular; and as great additions have recently been made to our knowledge of the localities of Jerusalem, Mr. Bartlett was desirous of including these in a second and enlarged edition of his work. This design, however, was ultimately abandoned in favor of a new work, which, without trenching on the ground already occupied, might introduce subjects wholly omitted, or but partially dwelt on, in the former. The result has proved the soundness of the decision; for a more interesting and instructive volume than the one before us has rarely been presented to the public. No means have been neglected to give value as well as attraction to it. The objects around him are viewed with the eye of an artist; whilst a nice appreciation of character, quick perception of the minuter as well as the broader features of the condition of a people, unfailing intelligence and sound judgment, constitute Mr. Bartlett's qualities as an author, and, in combination with a clear and unhacknied style, serve to retain without weariness the attention of his readers. The general character of his *Illustrations* is well known. They greatly aid his purpose as an author, and in their combination with his letter-press constitute a work of unrivalled worth and beauty.

The future traveller to Jerusalem must avail himself of Mr. Bartlett's labors; and those who cannot journey so far as Palestine, may congratulate themselves on having the aid of so intelligent, painstaking, and accurate an observer.

While answering many of the ends of a topographical work, this volume accomplishes much more than such publications propose. History, tradition, personal incidents, and religious peculiarities contribute in happy proportion to the instruction and pleasure of the reader.

Edward Irving; an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 287. London: W. Freeman.

THIS small volume is dedicated to Thomas Carlyle and the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the former of whom is described as 'the most trusted of philosophers, and the most admired of historians.' This description furnishes a key to the work to which it is prefixed. There are some things in Mr. Carlyle which we much admire, but the more we study his volumes, the deeper becomes our conviction that his philosophy is not to be trusted nor his history to be admired. Of the former it is scarcely requisite to attempt proof; and in support of the latter we need only refer to his 'French Revolution,'—one of the most captivating works we have ever read, but which, as a *history*, is scarcely worthy of mention. The present volume is the production of a clever man, whose admiration of Mr. Irving is much too indiscriminate and wholesale to meet our taste. We go with Mr. Wilks in much that he alleges on behalf of the deceased, and should be glad to hear from many of our pulpits such words of power as he was accustomed to utter. But it is necessary to analyse, much more thoroughly than our author has done, the elements of Mr. Irving's mental character and of his remarkable popularity, if we would gather from his biography the instruction it is adapted to yield. We have no sympathy with the little minds which found relief in depreciation and slander, but we are as little inclined to acquit Mr. Irving of some charges which even thoughtful and candid men, preferred. Let this, however, pass, *Nil nisi bonum*, &c.

The present volume is a useful contribution to a biography for which we are not perhaps as yet fully prepared. It is written somewhat ambitiously, in a style which affects the profound rather than the lucid; and in a spirit of assumption and asperity. Its principal value consists in numerous extracts from the writings of Mr. Irving. It is impossible to read these without feeling that we are in association with one who had companioned and was able to appreciate the great men of the seventeenth century. A calm, searching, and truthful biography of Edward Irving, one that shall do justice both to him and to religious truth, which shall sustain his integrity at the same time it lays bare the subtler elements which, in our honest judgment, deluded his intellect and dimmed his religious vision, will be one of the best offerings which could be presented to the church. Such a biography will serve both as an incentive and a

warning,—an incentive to a masculine theology coupled with vigorous, independent action; and a warning against the thousand dangers by which eminent talents and great popularity are surrounded. The volume before us does not assume to supply such a biography, but when the time for its preparation is come, Mr. Wilks's labours will not be useless.

Ladies of the Reformation. Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters belonging to the Period of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. By the Rev. James Anderson. Illustrated by J. Godwin, J. W. Archer, &c. England, Scotland, and the Netherlands. London and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son.

Mr. ANDERSON is favorably known as the author of 'The Ladies of the Covenant,' and the reputation he has already won is fully sustained by the work before us. The volume contains a series of biographical memoirs of distinguished women in England, Scotland, and the Netherlands, whose names are associated with the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. In one case, indeed, that of Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., this rule is departed from. Otherwise the volume must be regarded as a biographical illustration of some of the most interesting points of the great defection from the papacy which was heralded by Luther. Mr. Anderson's reading has been extensive, and his judgment is commonly sound. The lights of civil history are thrown on the narratives of the Church, and the conclusions brought out are such as appear to be warranted by the evidence of the case. In some instances, we demur to the propriety of the selection made. As examples, Anne Boleyn and Queen Elizabeth may be specified. They were doubtless connected with the Reformation, and their influence on its policy, especially in the latter case, was considerable. Still we cannot but feel that they are out of place in a volume of this kind; and if we mistake not, the author himself sympathizes with us. We treat with utter contempt the foul aspersions which were heaped on the murdered queen of Henry VIII., but should hesitate to place her in the category of religious worthies. In reference to 'Good Queen Bess,' our judgment has been too frequently recorded to need repetition. Her protestantism was political; her spirit was popish. In addition, Mr. Anderson, we think, is not sufficiently discriminating in some of his judgments. The protestant, rather than the historical student, is seen in his pages. Notwithstanding these deductions, however, his volume is one of considerable merit and attraction; and as such, we give it our cordial commendation. It is to be followed by another, embracing the lives of protestant ladies in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Spain.

Memoirs of Anne, Duchess of Brittany, Twice Queen of France.
By Louisa Stuart Costello, 12mo. pp. 420. 10s. 6d. London:
W. & F. G. Cash.

MISS COSTELLO is already known as the author of several biographical and other works which have had extensive circulation, and are highly

prized. In the present volume her selection of *subject* is most fortunate, and the manner in which she has accomplished her task is highly creditable to her research, discrimination, and general soundness of judgment. There are few countries whose records are more richly imbued with the elements of deep and romantic interest than Brittany, and amongst these none are more attractive than those which narrate the career of the Duchess Anne. Born in January, 1476, she was invested with supreme authority at a very early age, and by her marriage, first with Charles VIII. and afterwards with Louis XII. of France, she terminated the ducal line of Brittany, and annexed her vast possessions to the French crown. Her first marriage was a forced one, into which she entered most reluctantly, and from which little happiness was derived. The case was very different with the second. Louis, as Duke of Orleans, had been the object of her early attachment, and her union with him when he succeeded Charles VIII. repaid her for the mortifications and disappointments of her early youth. 'Seldom,' remarks Miss Costello, 'had a royal union been so perfect as that of Louis and Anne.' During the greater part of her reign the English throne was occupied by Henry VII., and her death occurred very soon after the accession of his son. Miss Costello's 'Memoirs' branch out into the general history of the French Monarchy at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. In some instances, we are ready to conclude that this has been done to too great an extent. The early portion of the volume might have been abridged with advantage. The career and character of Anne, her many admirable qualities, and the few defects which indicated her humanity, would have been brought out more distinctly had this common error been avoided. We receive the volume, however, as it is, with many thanks. It is well fitted to supply a chasm in the historical recollections of most readers. Chaste in style, minute in research, and comprehensive in its views, it is at once an instructive and a pleasing companion.

The Life of William Cowper. With Selections from his Correspondence. Fcap. Svo. pp. 272. 2s. 6d. London: Seeley & Co.

THIS volume is the first of a series announced under the title of 'The Library of Christian Biography,' and is to be edited by the Rev. Robert Bickersteth. These volumes will be published on alternate months, and an annual subscription of twelve shillings is to secure the first six. We have had several biographies of Cowper, yet it is a singular fact that until the appearance of the present volume no one has been satisfactory. Haley and Southey were obviously incompetent to deal with the religious phenomena of the case. Grimshawe's version of the memoir of the former is little more than a thread stringing together the poet's letters; whilst the brief sketch by Taylor was prepared before much of the information now possessed respecting Cowper had been collected. Great misapprehension prevails respecting the more melancholy features of this biography. It has been usual to attribute them to Cowper's religious views, yet nothing

is more certain than that they had an entirely different origin, and had indeed developed themselves before those views were entertained. This fact has been lost sight of, or wholly misapprehended by Cowper's previous biographers, and we are, therefore, glad that in this case the editor has departed from his general plan by issuing an *original* work, instead of republishing an old one. While doing justice to the elements of Cowper's poetic genius, the present volume throws much light on his religious history, and especially on those sombre features of it to which indifference and scepticism are accustomed to point.

Slave Life in Georgia. A Narrative of the Life, Sufferings, and Escape of John Brown, a Fugitive Slave, now in England. Edited by S. A. Chamerovzow. London: 27, New Broad-street.

ANOTHER painful revelation from the dark prison-house of American slavery, over which our readers will do well to ponder. We are sorry to find one of our contemporaries remarking, that 'there is too little variety in these slave narratives to render their multiplication necessary.' We dissent from this *dictum*. The *sameness* spoken of is good reason for the repetition. Men can scarcely credit the atrocities of the slave system, and the tale must be repeated again and again, in order that they may be aroused to becoming efforts for its suppression. In the present case, we are much indebted to the 'Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society' for the pains he has taken in editing the narrative of John Brown. This fugitive from slavery writes without asperity or exaggeration. He is evidently concerned to maintain the truthfulness of his narrative, and abstains from many disclosures which would be eminently adapted to awaken the detestation of English readers. Enough, however, appears in the course of John Brown's history to substantiate the worst charges which have been preferred against slavery. 'Many people,' he remarks, 'say that half of what Mrs. Stowe and others have written about the punishments inflicted on slaves is untrue. I only wish, for the sake of those who are now in bonds, that it were so. Unfortunately it is too true, and I believe half of what is done to them never comes to light.' A very interesting sketch is given of the 'Underground Railroad,' which has proved so powerful an auxiliary to the negro seeking to escape to Canada, for which we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Chamerovzow. The proceeds of the publication are to be devoted to the benefit of the race of the author, and we shall be glad to find that they are such as to furnish him with considerable aid in the furtherance of his honorable and beneficent design.

Poetical Works of John Dryden. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 344. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

We noticed the former volume of Mr. Gilfillan's beautiful edition of Dryden in March last, and now report with satisfaction its completion.

There are few names associated with the poetical literature of England which awaken more complex and antagonistic feelings than that of Dryden. We admire his genius, whilst it is scarcely possible to express too low an estimate of his moral worth. He is not to be compared with the Chaucers, Spensers, Shakespeares, and Miltons of a former age, nor with some of more recent date, who, by universal admission, occupy the highest niches of the poetic Pantheon. But his position is confessedly very high. In several respects his poetic style is vastly superior, both to that of Pope on the one hand, and of Byron on the other. 'He can say the strongest things in the swiftest way, and the most felicitous expressions seem to fall unconsciously from his lips.' A more tasty and beautiful edition of the works of an author who has left on our poetical literature the imprint of his own character cannot be desired. As a library book it is unequalled.

A Collection of Sanctuses, Chants, and Anthems. Designed for Private and Congregational Use. Arranged by James Turner. pp. 73. London: Ward & Co.

THIS is a chaste and seasonable contribution to the existing stores of sacred song. The gradual but certain reformation which has taken place of late years in congregational psalmody may be justly regarded as of happy omen; for, until a recent period, the music of the church was vastly inferior to the music of the world. But very great changes are being rapidly effected, and, henceforth, the chapel will compare with the cathedral in the service of song in the House of the Lord. Mr. Turner, who is already well known to the larger congregations in the metropolis as an able composer, has arranged the present collection of chants with great judgment and good taste. He has admirably adapted these sacred melodies to the purpose either of public or private worship. His little volume is rendered the more valuable by a well-written introduction, illustrating the adaptation of that finest of instruments—the human organ—to all the purposes of speech and song; and we would gladly see these excellent remarks in another form, and with such considerable additions, as it is evident their accomplished Author could readily make. We have much pleasure in recommending this volume to the large and daily increasing class of persons who delight in that exquisite art which is ever most fittingly exercised in the worship of God. The selection of chants is exceedingly judicious; and those which are written by the Editor himself are among the best in the volume.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Vols. V. and VI. 8vo. pp. 480. 12s. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

THE former of these volumes contains the Philosophical Essays, 'with many new and important additions.' These 'Essays' are an appropriate sequel to the 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' which formed the preceding three volumes of this edition. The first appeared in quarto in 1810

and then in octavo in 1816, and again in 1818. These three editions exhibit very few variations. All of them have been employed, we are told, in printing the present edition; the printer's copy being taken from the second, and the first and third being used in the correction of the proofs. These 'Essays' are now reprinted, with all the advantages to be derived from Mr. Stewart's later disquisitions. 'There is a copy,' Sir William Hamilton tells us, 'of the first or quarto edition interleaved, containing many additions and corrections, by Mr. Stewart; all of which being here incorporated greatly enhance the value of this edition.' An extended index is also furnished; the numerous quotations have been verified; and the additions made by the editor are carefully distinguished from the text.

The second of these volumes, constituting the sixth of 'The Collected Works,' contains the second part of the 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy,' together with the first and second books of 'The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man.' The latter work will be completed in the next volume. It was originally published in 1828, the year of Mr. Stewart's death, and no emendations, therefore, were left by him. 'The only part of that publication,' says Sir William Hamilton, 'for which any additions by the Author have been found available, is the Appendix on Free Agency, of which a transcript, varying occasionally from the printed text, and apparently anterior to the impression, has been preserved.'

Altogether the style of this edition leaves nothing to be desired. A more illustrious monument to the memory of a great man could not be raised, and the admirers of Mr. Stewart's genius, and indeed all the disciples of mental philosophy, must feel greatly indebted to Sir William Hamilton for the worthy service he is performing. We await the appearance of the 'Biographical Memoir' of Dugald Stewart with large expectation and intense desire.

Hellas: or, the Home, History, Literature, and Art of the Greeks.

Translated from the German of Friedrich Jacobs. By John Oxenford. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855.

AN intelligent young man, who has not had the advantage of a classical education, should, to use a university phrase, 'get up' this translation from Friedrich Jacobs. It contains a brief though comprehensive survey of the geography, history, literature, and art of the ancient Greeks. It condenses the learning of a life into the study of a week, and gives to the gleaner of a holiday the fruits of a tree which has been the growth of ages. Translations, in general, indicate the low-water mark of literary imperfection; but while this is a rule for which many reasons might be given, the book before us stands out as a striking exception to it. In the perusal of it, any reader might be deceived into the opinion that he was studying an original production. Its cardinal merits are learning and brevity;—the learning without pedantry, and the brevity without obscurity. He who makes himself thoroughly master of the entire contents of the 335 pages which this volume contains, may diminish, if not dismiss, his regrets that his

education has not been enriched by a direct acquaintance with Homer and Thucydides, with Herodotus and Plato. We hail this volume as an important accession to our literature, and rejoice to see a monarch of learning descending from an isolated throne, like a paternal king, who, sitting at his palace gates, dispenses cheap justice to his people.

Bible Teaching; or, Remarks on the Books of Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus. With a Recommendatory Preface, by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A. New Edition, revised. pp. 644. London: Shaw. 1855.

WE are informed, in the preface of this volume, that it was written by three Misses Bird, of Taplow, sisters of the late R. M. Bird, Esq., of the East India Civil Service, and is presented to the public by their surviving sister, the widow of the late Rev. J. H. Evans. It originated in the want felt of some practical help for the homely villagers in Berkshire, among whom the writers were accustomed to visit. Mr. Mackenzie observes, that 'the mass of Christ's people want some book, which, without any parade of learning, just seizes the meaning of the text, unfolds it in plain and familiar language, and then converses with the reader about its use and abuse in daily life.' These words may be considered as sufficiently descriptive of the character of the work, in conjunction with the circumstances of its authorship.

The Restoration of Belief. Part III. Crown 8vo. pp. 240, 381. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855.

WE have spoken of the previous parts of this work in high terms, and in high terms we must speak of the present one. It is strongly marked by all the qualities that have already won the respectful attention of many of the most thoughtful minds. We regret to read the following words in the preface: 'When these Tracts were projected, it was intended that they should embrace the principal subjects that belong to the modern argument concerning the truth of the Christian system; and I then believed that I should be able to carry out my purpose at short and regular intervals. I have not found it possible to do this, and, in fact, many months have separated the second of these publications from the third; nor ought I now to believe that at any time to which I could pledge myself, I shall be able to resume my task.' We certainly should rejoice if the author had been able to realize his original idea; but failing that, we thankfully accept such contributions as he has found opportunity to make to the illustration of themes of great and pressing importance.

The present part is occupied with the relation of the miracles of Christ to the principal features of the Christian scheme. From the acts and discourses of Christ, it is gathered, that his mission, in his own view of it, had three purposes toward the human family: to bring about a secular reformation, purifying and ennobling man's individual and social life in relation to the present course of things; to redeem his people, imparting a new and imperishable existence to 'his own,'

the chosen from the million millions of the human family; and to overthrow the dominion of the Evil One, destroying the reign of Satanhood and disorder, and becoming conqueror in the world of spirits. The miracles of Christ, instead of being intended merely to introduce a new religion into the world, and give it an initial impulse, occupy a place of perpetual efficacy in relation, separately, to each of those three purposes of his mission. Such is a general outline of the author's thought, mostly in his own words. As to the manner in which he works it out, we must refer our readers to his pages, in which they will certainly find much that does not enter into popular religious conceptions, and possibly much to clear and enlarge their own.

Astro-Theology; or, The Religion of Theology. Four Lectures, in reference to the Controversy on the 'Plurality of Worlds,' &c. By Edward Higginson. pp. 96. E. T. Whitfield. 1855.

THESE lectures have for their topics, 'Jewish Astro-Theology,' 'Scientific Astro-Theology,' 'Orthodoxy at issue with the Christian,' and 'Scientific Analogies, and the Christian Hope.' The author is a Unitarian, whose uniform observation, beyond the circle of avowed Unitarian Christians, has been, 'that science and theology are accustomed to look upon each other with a greater or less degree of jealousy and suspicion,' a remark indicative of the unfortunate lot of the writer, if not suggestive of a still more unfortunate turn and tendency of mind; such, at least, has not been our 'uniform observation.' The writer, without adding anything to the subject, discusses in a clear and intelligent manner several important topics; but we think it easy to see that one chief purpose of his book is to assail orthodoxy with the weapon of astronomy, which, according to him, 'furnishes, perhaps, the severest scientific test of our Platonic and middle-age theologies,' 'the orthodox Atonement' being 'proved to be a paralogism in astronomy, as palpably as the Athanasian Trinity is an absurdity in arithmetic.' We can only say that the proof is not sufficiently strong to overthrow our faith, even admitting the plurality of worlds, which the author maintains.

The Christian Life, Social and Individual. By Peter Bayne, M.A. Crown 8vo. pp. 526. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1864.

THE first paragraph of the preface puts us into possession of the motive and aim of the book. 'In the opening paragraphs of his powerful essay on Jonathan Edwards, Professor M'Dougal remarks on the too extensive diffusion of the idea that evangelical religion, in its strict, personal form, comports ill with solidity and compass of intellect. In a course of somewhat desultory reading, I was forcibly struck with the prevalence of this idea in certain departments of our literature; and it occurred to me that a statement of the Christian view of the individual character, together with a fair representation of the practical embodiment and working of that character in our age, might not be unattended with good. It was thus that the composition of the following

chapters had origin. With the first idea certain others became gradually allied; and especially it seemed to me important that the position and worth of Christianity as a social and reforming agency should be, at least in outline, defined. The twofold statement and delineation which I here attempt was the final result.' The work is divided into three parts: the first, called 'Statement,' deals with the individual and the social life; the second, called 'Exposition and Illustration,' presents Christianity before us as the basis of each, giving, as examples of the first, Foster, Arnold, and Chalmers; and, as examples of the second, Howard, Wilberforce, and Budgett; the third, called 'Outlook,' contains remarks on the Positive Philosophy and Pantheistic Spiritualism, and a general conclusion. Such is the design and plan of the work. Few will hesitate as to the excellence of its conception; and few who read it as to the excellence of the execution. We are not prepared, in every instance, to adopt the view of the writer—on such a subject, this is not to be expected—but we can honestly aver that he has produced a volume of real and solid worth; that his expositions of principle are clear and vigorous, and his delineations of character are strong and faithful. The results of earnest thought are apparent in almost every page, and these results are exhibited in a form that renders them attractive as they are important. The whole work is a striking indication of the conditions of thought among us, and a valuable contribution to its needs.

Our National Sineus; or, a Word on, to, and for the Working Classes, showing their Present Condition, Socially, Intellectually, and Morally, and the Desirableness and Practicability of its being Improved. By Stephen Shirley. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 178. Horsell & Sherriffs.

As the production of a working man, this little work is entitled to respectful consideration. Its dedication, by permission, to the Earl of Shaftesbury, is sufficiently indicative of its general character. It is calm, serious, and sober. While it shows a deep sense of the needs and wrongs of the class to which the writer belongs, it is free from exaggeration and bitterness. Without committing ourselves to an approval of all its suggestions, we commend its statements and appeals to the consideration of those who take a practical interest in the masses of the people. It is right to add, that the author regards his subject in a Christian light, and applies to it Christian principles.

The Crimea and Odessa: Journal of a Tour, with an Account of the Climate and Vegetation. By Dr. Charles Koch. Translated by Joanna B. Horner. With a Map of the Crimea. London: Murray.

DR. KOCH, a German botanist of merit, repeatedly visited the South of Russia and the provinces of Transcaucasia. When, in September last, public attention was drawn to the Crimea, he published the Diary which he had kept on his journey to the Taurian Peninsula in 1844.

As the information about the Crimea, even after the valuable publications of Pallas, Dubois de Monpéroux, and Prince Anatole Demidoff, is very insufficient, Miss Joanna Horner deserves our thanks for her able translation of a work containing a great many facts of considerable importance. According to Dr. Koch, the 'promised land of the Russians' is for its greatest extent nothing but a most repulsive steppe, scarcely inhabited, the Tartar population having decreased by two-thirds from the time of the Russian conquest. Most of them are nomades, all the eastern and northern portion of the Peninsula being unfit for agriculture. Only the valleys of the Salgir, from Sympheropol to its mouth in the putrid sea, of Baidar, of the Katcha, and of the Alma, around Baktshi Serai and Sebastopol, are fertile and cultivated. It is the rocky south-eastern coast, from Balaklava to Alushta, which deserves the reputation borne by the Crimea for picturesque scenery and a genial climate. Here the peninsula strikingly resembles the Isle of Wight and her 'Chines,' and the Russian counts and princes have built their far-famed marine villas and planted their parks, which, after all, cannot be compared to the residences of the English nobility. The country is, with the exception of a few valleys, very unprepossessing; devoid of fertile soil, of timber, and of population; and is, therefore, of little importance to the Czars. Even the importance of Sebastopol has been overrated in the present struggle, since it is not Sebastopol but Nikolaeff on the head of the estuary of the Boug, midway between the Crimea and Odessa, which contains the dockyards and arsenals of Russia. The guns of the new fortifications did not belong to Sebastopol, they were taken from the men-of-war sunk by the Russians. The defence of the fortress is kept up by the resources and ammunition of the fleet.

Dr. Koch's style is dry; still we recommend the publication for the many correct facts it contains, principally on the climate, which is more variable in the Crimea than in any other portion of Europe.

Is Sebastopol Armageddon? the place spoken of, Revelations xvi. 16. By the Rev. D. Nihill, M.A. pp. 8. London: Piper, Stephenson, & Spence. 1855.—The author maintains the affirmative, by means of reasonings, which, without satisfying us, are more plausible than are *always* employed by the students of prophecy in defence of their positions.

Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Entwistle. Fifty-four years a Wesleyan Minister. By his Son. pp. 468. Second Edition. J. Mason. 1854.—Mr. Entwistle was born in 1767, and died in 1841. He was for some time contemporary with J. Wesley, by whom he was first appointed to a circuit. He was a

devout and devoted man, a fair specimen of the best class among the first Methodist preachers. The Memoir is largely made up of extracts from his private papers, and is unnecessarily occupied with details of engagements and feelings. There is much in it to quicken the piety and zeal of Christians, and especially of ministers, of all sections of the Church of Christ.

One Thousand Questions on the New Testament, with Explanatory Introductions: designed to aid an intelligent use of the Sacred Volume. By a Teacher. pp. 135. Jarrold & Sons.—A little work which may be found useful to many of those who have to train the young in the knowledge of the New

Testament. The information is elementary, and the questions are plain.

Poetical Works of James Thomson. Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. II. Fcap 8vo. pp. 272. 2s. 6d. London: J. W. Parker & Son. — The second and concluding volume of an edition which leaves nothing to be desired in a pocket companion of one of our truest poets. The first volume was noticed at the time of its appearance, and we are glad to have it so quickly followed by the present, which contains 'The Seasons,' and the 'Castle of Indolence.' Mr. Bell has exercised a wise discretion in not loading his notes with the various alterations which the author made in the 'Seasons.' 'These changes consist in retrenchments, expansions, additions, verbal alterations and transpositions. In some instances whole passages were removed from one place to another.'

History of Christian Churches and Sects, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. Part IV. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley. — This work continues to be distinguished by the same good qualities as we noticed in the former *Parts*, and confirms our judgment of its supplying what has long been needed. It contains, in addition to the conclusion of the sketch of the Church of England, articles on the Free Church of Scotland, the French Protestant Church, and the Society of Friends.

Corsica in its Picturesque, Social, and Historical Aspects. The Record of a Tour in the Summer of 1852. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the German by Russell Martineau, M.A. London: Longman & Co. — In noticing Messrs. Constable's edition of this work in our last number we spoke of it in high terms, and need not, therefore, repeat our-

selves now. It is deserving of very high praise, and must obtain extensive circulation amongst us. The present edition constitutes *Parts* 79, 80, and 81, of the 'Travellers' Library.' The translation is correct and spirited, and we are glad to find that the *appearance* of rivalry which it wears to Mr. Muir's edition was unintentional. Mr. Martineau informs us that his work was almost completed before the announcement of Mr. Muir's translation, and that his arrangement with the Messrs. Longman had been made several months previously. We are glad to note this, as there are few things which we more deprecate than the bringing out of rival translations of foreign authors. The benefit to the public which accrues from competition is far more than counterbalanced by the inferior workmanship to which publishers are compelled to resort.

Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 385. 3s. London: Burns & Lambert. — This volume, though published anonymously, is known to be the production of Cardinal Wiseman. It is the first volume of 'The Popular Library of Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Literature,' a series designed to supply information to members of the Roman Catholic Church. The present volume is designed to illustrate the history of the early Church. It is thoroughly papal in its tone, and has somewhat surprised us by the credulity it evinces. Its movement is cumbersome; its style heavy; and its occasional attempts at the lighter forms of composition are an obvious failure. It can never be popular beyond the pale of the author's church, and we shall be surprised if it long retains a high place even there. We are not prompted to say this by protestant bigotry; it is the award of critical fidelity.

Review of the Month.

THE CHURCH-RATE DIVISION OF THE 29TH OF MARCH HAS TERMINATED AS WE EXPECTED. The main object of Sir William Clay's Bill is 'the total abolition of church-rates.' In this respect it is precisely similar to the Bill of last year. The honorable member, however, has wisely introduced some provisions for facilitating the application of voluntary contributions to the repair of the edifices, and the support of the ministrations, of the Established Church; as also 'for cases in which churchwardens might be reluctant to undertake such functions.' This provision is suited to meet candid opponents. Those who are disposed to cavil may find opportunities in the particular mode suggested; but candid men of all parties will see the obvious solicitude of the framer of the Bill to meet reasonable opponents. Where charges have been contracted on the security of church-rates, such rates are to be continued until the liabilities are discharged; but in all other cases it is proposed that they shall be absolutely and ever abolished. Mr. Drummond, and several other members, opposed for the motion, but Lord Stanley, in consistency with his previous course affirmed that the present state of the law was unsatisfactory, that every Minister since the Reform Bill had admitted this, and 'in succession had tried his hand at a remedy for the evil, and had failed.' 'No satisfactory compromise,' said his lordship, 'having been effected after twenty-five years' discussion, it would be extremely unfair to refuse now to entertain a proposal to deal with the law in the only way in which, as he believed, it could be dealt with.' The speech of the Premier was significant. After adverting to the difficulties of enforcing the law, and to the animosities which it engendered, Lord Palmerston remarked—'It must be admitted upon all hands, that if an arrangement could be made which would provide adequately for the repair of churches and chapels without involving questions of religious controversy, it would be a great blessing to the country.' Speaking, therefore, 'in the interest of the Church itself,' his lordship affirmed that some change in the law was desirable, and added—'Regarding this as a subject which is well deserving of consideration, and reserving to her Majesty's Government full freedom to deal with the measure when it shall be introduced, according to their judgment of its merits, I shall certainly not oppose the introduction of the Bill.' On a division the motion was carried by 155 to 76. This division, it will be remarked, is an advance upon that of last year, when the numbers were 129 to 62. This, however, is not the most significant feature of the case. Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet opposed the measure with its utmost force, and Lord John Russell, as the Ministerial leader of the Commons, denounced it as replete with serious perils. This year the Premier and several members of the Government voted for it, while the leaders both of the Tory and of the Peelite parties abstained from voting. Whether they will con-

tinue to do so in the future stages of the measure remains to be seen, but the course pursued on the introduction of the Bill clearly shows that the question is approaching a settlement, and that those who assume to be leaders of political parties are, to say the least, in doubt as to the course they should pursue. They are apparently on the watch-tower, and their ultimate decision will depend on what they deem the state of public feeling. The 'National Parliamentary Reform Association' has put out the following analysis of the division, from which our readers will learn where the strength of the anti-church rate feeling lies:—

County	Members—	England and Wales	For.	Against.
"	"	Ireland	14 . .	36
"	"	Scotland	9 . .	2
University	"	"	2 . .	5
Borough	"	England and Wales	— . .	2
"	"	Ireland	115 . .	29
"	"	Scotland	6 . .	4
"	"	"	11 . .	—
			*157	78

Of those voting against the motion of Sir William Clay, twenty-six are connected with the aristocracy, and nineteen are interested in church property. The constituencies represented by the minority are inconsiderable compared with those of the majority. Including the whole population the average to each member, county and borough, is only 37,546. The second reading is fixed for the 14th of May, and if the friends of religious liberty are true to themselves, we are sanguine of a successful division on that day.

Mr. Packe has given notice of an amendment, which brings to our recollection Cromwell's exclamation at Dundee—'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.' We thought the day for *compromise* was past, but were mistaken, it appears. Sir William Clay has prepared some additional clauses to meet Mr. Packe's amendment, and we are really sanguine that an important step will be gained this year, even if the obnoxious impost be not altogether abolished. Our friends, however, must be up and doing. Where petitions have not been adopted, let them be instantly prepared. Congregations, parishes, and towns, should each give utterance to their prayer in language clear, brief, and earnest. These petitions should be addressed to both Houses. We are specially solicitous that our friends should petition the Lords as well as the Commons. Let this be done instantly, and let such petitions, whether to the one House or to the other, be entrusted to such peers and commoners as are connected with the locality whence they proceed. In addition to petitioning, too much importance cannot be attached to private communications, especially in the case of the Lower House. Let our county and borough members be made to feel how deeply their constituents are interested in this subject by the number of private letters addressed to them. The importance of this cannot be overrated, and we earnestly counsel both liberal church-

* These numbers include 'tellers.'

men and earnest dissenters to put forth their utmost strength. 'The Religious Liberation Society' is nobly exerting itself under the judicious counsel of Dr. Foster, whose unwearied zeal and earnestness of purpose cannot be too highly praised. The recent *Census* has placed us in a position of great advantage. Its figures supply an argument which all can understand, and the very attempts which have been made to involve them in doubt only serve to establish their correctness. The times are not distant when the arguments advanced by some of the opponents of Sir William Clay will be regarded with unmingled contempt and amazement. That able men should utter the folly which some addressed to the House on the 29th of March is a lamentable indication of the force and inveteracy of prejudice. But let this pass. The Bill must reach the Upper House. It is due to their lordships that they should have the opportunity of talking on the matter. We regret to see that Earl Grey does not deem the law in its *present form* 'a substantial grievance.' That the Bishop of Exeter should be gratified by the statement is no marvel, but that the son of the author of the Reform Bill should have given it utterance is a lamentable proof of the little sympathy which exists between Whig lords and the popular mind of this country.*

THE MAYNOOTH COMMISSIONERS' REPORT HAS BEEN PRINTED, and its contents have been subjected to rigorous scrutiny. We have examined it with some care, and purpose next month recording our judgment. Without going the length of some opponents, we are free to acknowledge that it does not satisfy us. It fails, in our honest judgment, to meet the obvious requirements of the case. But our present object is not with the *Report*,—we shall deal with that in due course. We have now to record that meetings were held on the 17th and 18th, at Freemasons' Hall, London, of Protestants of various denominations, with a view of obtaining the repeal of the Maynooth Endowment Act of Sir Robert Peel. The conference was numerously and very respectably attended from all parts of the kingdom; and the resolutions adopted were at once earnest and well-timed, suited to the exigencies of the case, and obviously designed to avoid impinging on the views of distinctive individuals or denominations.

It is probably known to all our readers that Mr. Spooner has given notice of his intention to move for the disendowment of Maynooth. Mr. Spooner is a strong Conservative, but the motion will be seconded by Mr. Dunlop, a thorough Liberal. The bill is to bear the names of two Liberals and two Tories. The following resolutions, which constituted the second and third, will sufficiently indicate the tone of the Conference. The second of them was originally proposed in an objectionable form, and we are indebted to Dr. Steane for suggesting an alteration which has greatly improved it.

'That this meeting rejoices to learn that a motion for the Disendowment of Maynooth will be immediately made in Parliament, and that it is likely to be supported with equal energy by members of different

was read 25th, Sir W. Clay introduced an amended form of his bill, which his measure, necessary by some verbal errors which had crept into the title of

political parties; and assured as we are of the earnest desire largely pervading the constituencies of the empire for the attainment of that object, it is our duty to make this fact known to our Parliamentary Representatives, in the hope that they will give it due weight in voting upon so grave a matter.

'That in the opinion of this meeting, Protestants should be recommended not to vote for the return to Parliament of any candidate who is not prepared to support a Bill for the Disendowment of Maynooth.'

We shall not be deterred by the clamor which will be raised against this motion from avowing our entire and cordial sympathy with it. Opposed to all State endowments of religious sects, we are, of course, hostile to that of Maynooth. We opposed the transfer of the grant to the Consolidated Fund, and are now prepared to take our share of whatever obloquy may attend a repeal of the Act of 1845. In doing this we are not actuated by bigotry or partisanship. We object to such grants in our own case, and were ever foremost amongst the opponents of the vote recently made to 'Poor Protestant Dissenting Ministers.' We are, therefore, in the present case only doing to others as we would have others do to us. Our conduct is in strict harmony with this law of human brotherhood, and we are consequently unmoved by all which political or religious partisans may urge against us. It is no doubt true that we feel a special objection to the endowment of Maynooth on account of what we deem the unscriptural and pernicious dogmas taught in that college. But apart from this, and without any such aggravation, we should support Mr. Spooner's motion on the simple ground, that the appropriation of public money to the support of a religious body or institution is a wrong to the community, fraught with serious peril to the body receiving such grants, and in direct hostility to the spirituality and independence of the Kingdom of Christ. We hope, therefore, that our friends in the House will give Mr. Spooner the benefit of their votes, and that our readers generally will petition and correspond with their representatives in support of his motion.

THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL EDUCATION CONTINUES TO OCCUPY THE ATTENTION OF PARLIAMENT. Six bills are now before the House, two having relation to Scotland, and four to England and Wales. The latter have been brought in by Lord John Russell, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Denison. To the last, entitled 'A Bill to provide for the Education of Pauper Children,' we do not object. In the case of paupers, it is admitted that the State stands *in loco parentis*, and the friends of voluntary education do not dispute the propriety of the provision which Mr. Denison proposes. The bills of Lord John Russell and Sir John Pakington have been described on former occasions, and we have only space at present to remark, that Mr. Gibson's bill is based on what is popularly known as the *secular* scheme. As the means of compassing his object, the honorable member for Manchester proposes another Government department, which he entitles 'The Board of Public Instruction for England and Wales.' We have not space to enter into the details of the measure. It is enough to remark that the times are singularly inopportune for such a proposal.

Why the Government should be expected to be a better educator than it has proved itself a trader or purveyor we know not. With the experience of the Crimea before us, it does seem marvellous that any politicians, and especially those who are liberally minded, should expect to improve the quality and extend the limits of education by substituting Government control for private enterprise.

THE SECULARIZATION OF THE CANADIAN CLERGY RESERVES, long hoped for by voluntaries, and dreaded by the supporters of church establishments, is at length secured by an Act of the Colonial Legislature, which has just been presented to the British Parliament. The mere fact that the preamble affirms the desirableness of removing 'all semblance of connexion between Church and State,' sufficiently indicates the importance of the measure; but its significance is greatly increased by the circumstance that the M'Nab Ministry, by whom it has been introduced and passed, so introduced it in opposition to their own views,—they and their party having been returned as the avowed enemies of secularization! As in the case of free trade in the mother country, so in Canada voluntarism has obliged its opponents to defer to public opinion, and thus has vanquished apparently insurmountable difficulties. We, however, learn that this great reform is not without its drawbacks, and that what was intended as an act of justice to individuals, is in danger of being converted by the perverse ingenuity of the endowment party into a fresh and perennial source of mischief. It is an important feature of the measure, that it secures to the present ecclesiastical stipendiaries the incomes they have hitherto received, and the Government has the power of commuting the pensions into hard cash. Adroitly availing themselves of this provision, the Government and the authorities of the Churches to which the Ministers belong, propose throwing all the commuted pensions into a common fund, and thus securing to the Churches a large and perpetual endowment, which will continue their pecuniary superiority over other religious bodies. The Canada voluntaries have commenced petitioning against what they term 'the commutation iniquity,' which they regard 'as designed to build up, in perhaps a worse shape than before, the very evil which has afflicted Canada so long, and which the Reserve Act was professedly intended to remove.' But the cleverness of the scheme appears likely to insure success—that is, for the present.

THE READERS OF THE 'ECLECTIC' NEED NOT BE INFORMED THAT WE ARE NO WORSHIPPERS OF LORD PALMERSTON. We never had faith in his liberalism, and are not, therefore, disappointed at what has occurred. We did, however, think that his lordship was sufficiently alive to the signs of the times to avoid the grosser blunders into which he has fallen. Whilst some portion of the Liberal press exulted in his lordship's premiership as the salvation of the country, we were content to indulge in very limited expectations. His personal qualities did certainly appear to us better suited to meet the crisis which has arisen than those of his predecessor, and we were therefore concerned to secure for him an impartial trial. This has been conceded; with what result, the country knows too well. A more inveterate cliqueship than that which has marked his lordship's

appointments has never been criticised in the history of our country. The complexion of his Cabinet is more exclusive than that of any of its predecessors, whilst none of his measures give promise of the vigor, forethought, and due appreciation of merit which are so indispensably demanded at the present hour. The appointments necessarily announced have been met with a feeling it is somewhat difficult to describe. Were not the interests involved so serious, serious injuries would have been heard, but as it is men have been indifferent, already, in many cases, but still indifferent at the heart's office and the wrongs done to public feeling. The infinite however has been in various colors amused for an hour, but the time has been wasted and no prompt reparation be made the worst consequences may follow.

'The country has been greatly disappointed in Lord Palmerston, says a London Morning Journal which was most zealous in the advocacy of his claims. He was brought into office as the champion of the people, in the belief—a belief which we venture not now to do in creating—that he was the man for the crisis. Till the present hour he has done nothing to justify the confidence so generally reposed in him. He was hurried by the popular vote into office against a reluctant Court, because the country felt anxious that he would either carry on the war with a vigor worthy of the reputation of England, and which would soon make itself felt in America, or that he would soon bring about a safe and honorable peace. Lord Palmerston has done neither. In both respects he has utterly disappointed public expectations.'

Mr. Layard gave utterance to a similar feeling in his speech at Liverpool on the 21st. We never sympathized with his view, but the fact of its having been entertained gives greater force to the expression of his disappointment and sorrow. 'I was a time and the Member for Aylesbury. I was one of those who was delighted to see a follower of Lord Palmerston. I believed we were going to have such a Government as had never been seen before, and it was in the right place. But I must confess it was a great disappointment to me. I have seen nothing of the kind. The Government has not done what the country were polled from me and what the whole nation has seen of every hundred would say the same; and yet Lord Palmerston, who sits jauntily in the Commons House, whilst the people are starving, and the mutterings of rebellion are in the air, and the country is in a state of anarchy, without his assistance, is a Government without his assistance, to meet the demands of the hour. What period is approaching, therefore, must there be, when we are furnished a new class of the scions of an effete party, uneducated and not in any manner of way, every administration for the last forty or fifty years.'

The English people do not want to be taken by surprise, nor do they have no revolutionary tendencies. They seek the progress of anarchy; but he is no friend to the perpetration of this crime, and seeks to perpetuate what is now passing. It is not surprising failure was never seen that a minister of the administration, the failure of our Government. There was nothing in our government, the failure of the country state, and the failure of the government, the failure of the

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'The country has been utterly disappointed in Lord Palmerston,' says a London Morning Journal which was most zealous in the advocacy of his claims. 'He was brought into office on the shoulders of the people, in the belief—a belief which we ourselves had much to do in creating—that he was the man for the crisis. Until the present hour he has done nothing to justify the confidence so generally reposed in him. He was forced by the popular wish into office against a reluctant Court, because the country felt assured that he would either carry on the war with a vigor worthy of the reputation of England, and which would soon make itself felt in Russia; or that he would soon bring about a safe and honorable peace. Lord Palmerston has done neither. In both respects he has wofully disappointed public expectation.'

Mr. Layard gave utterance to a similar feeling in his speech at Liverpool on the 21st. We never sympathized with his hope, but the fact of its having been entertained gives greater force to the expression of his disappointment and sorrow. 'For a time,' said the honorable Member for Aylesbury, 'I was one of those who was delighted to be a follower of Lord Palmerston. I believed we were going to have such a Government as had never been seen—the right men in the right places. But I must confess it was a most terrible delusion, for I have seen nothing of the kind.' Mr. Layard may well say so. If the country were polled from one end to the other, ninety-nine men out of every hundred would say the same; and yet Lord Palmerston can talk jauntily in the Commons House, whilst the clouds are gathering, and the mutterings of thunder not far distant are heard. We want a Cromwell without his ambition, or a Chatham without his affectation, to meet the demands of the hour. What ground for apprehension, therefore, must there be, when we are furnished in their stead with the scions of an effete party, marshalled and led on by a member of nearly every administration for the last forty or fifty years.

The English people do not want to be driven to extreme measures. They have no revolutionary tendencies. They hate the thought of anarchy; but *he* is no friend to the aristocracy of this country who seeks to perpetuate what is now taking place. A more miserable failure was never seen than is exhibited by the administrative talent of our Government. Those who affect to be *par excellence* the rulers of the country stand convicted of the grossest incompetency ever

proved against public men. Our merchants and traders would be ashamed to show their face were they chargeable with a tithe of the folly, miscalculations, and blunders, which our Ministers have committed; and yet these men, imbecile as they have showed themselves—the laughing-stock of Europe, the bane of Britain—claim a monopoly of office, and spurn the aid of others vastly better 'qualified than themselves. In the meantime the Conferences at Vienna have terminated by the refusal of Russia to adopt either of the alternatives proposed on the third of the 'four points.' We learn from the explanation of Lord Palmerston, which has subsequently been confirmed by the Earl of Clarendon, that on the 19th the plenipotentiaries of England, France, Austria, and Turkey proposed to the representative of Russia, 'either that the amount of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea should henceforth be limited by treaty, or that the Black Sea should be declared entirely neutral ground, and all ships of war of all countries be excluded from it, so that it should be a sea for commerce only.' The Russian plenipotentiary required forty-eight hours for the consideration of this proposal, at the close of which period it was 'absolutely refused.' The Conference thereupon adjourned *sine die*, and Lord John Russell left Vienna on the 23rd. We are not surprised at this issue. It is much what we anticipated. The Conference was originated by Austria, at whose solicitation the Western Powers agreed to negotiate on the basis of the 'four points.'

Nothing now remains but to prosecute the war with becoming vigor. The course which Austria will pursue is not doubtful. She has been placed in a position of commanding influence by the solicitude of France and England to secure her alliance. Her troops are disposed of in a manner favorable to her subtle and hollow policy; and should nothing occur to alter the complexion of the war, she may attempt to dictate terms to both parties. We have never had the slightest faith in her co-operation. Again and again the time for action has arrived, but Austria has sedulously guarded against committing herself. We do not expect her to do otherwise in the ensuing campaign. She will still procrastinate and affect the mediator, and unless the Western Powers make up their minds to threaten her with an appeal to the nationalities she has oppressed, they had better at once demand her terms and accede to them. Had Sebastopol yielded to the allies she would have been found with us, but as it is, she will continue to procrastinate until threatened with the revolutionary movements of Italy, Hungary, and Poland. Every day that this is delayed increases the danger, and we fear that neither our own rulers nor the French Emperor is prepared to summon into the field the only power by which her policy can be controlled.

Of the military movements in the Crimea we say but little. The terrible bombardment of Sebastopol commenced on the 9th. Each gun, we are told, discharges one hundred and twenty rounds per day. Yet comparatively slight injury has been done to the fortifications of the enemy, whose fire, we are told, on the 14th had 'not much diminished.' The intrepidity and skill with which this can-

nonade is met has no parallel in history. The endurance of the Russian soldiery is marvellous. All the exigencies of the siege are met with courage and determination, guided by the highest engineering skill. We fear it must be acknowledged that the bombardment is a failure. Should it prove so, there will be no alternative but to abandon the peninsular, or to undertake a Crimean campaign. The French Emperor is about to proceed to the seat of war. This has long been rumored, but is now placed beyond the possibility of doubt. The fact is indicative of his determination to proceed with vigor, but whether his presence will effect any material alteration in the state of the combatants remains to be seen. One thing is clear, and on this we would have our countrymen fix their steadfast gaze: the grossest blunders have been committed both at home and abroad. Officialism has done its worst, and we must be the veriest idiots in creation if we permit it still to waste our treasure and to sacrifice our troops. It is a melancholy reflection—we bitterly regret it—that some of the men to whom we had looked, as the nucleus of a regenerating party, should have sacrificed their position and influence by what we deem the merest folly of which public men were ever guilty. We do not yield to any member of the Peace Society in our abhorrence of war, but the speeches recently delivered at Manchester and elsewhere savor more of commercial selfishness and Russian sophistry than of the higher attributes of moral heroism. When listening to some of these speeches we almost despair of our country. That the best men amongst us should talk the language of Russia, and advocate her policy, is one of the most mortifying spectacles we have ever witnessed.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

- The Bulgarian, the Turk, and the German. By A. A. Poter.
 Manual of Political Science. For the Use of Schools, and more especially of Candidates for the Civil Service. By F. R. Humphreys, LL.D.
 The Choral Book. A Selection of Sacred Music for the Sanctuary and Social Circle. Arranged for Four Voices. With appropriate Psalms and Hymns. By John Leekman, Jun.
 Lays and Lyrics. By C. Rac Brown.
 Life of William Etty, R.A. By Alexander Gilchrist, of the Middle Temple. Two Volumes.
 St. Louis and Henry IV. Being a Second Series of Historical Sketches. By John Hampden Gurney, M.A.
 Tonga and the Friendly Islands. With a Sketch of their Mission History. Written for Young People. By Sarah S. Farmer.
 The Life of James Arminius, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden, Holland. Translated from the Latin of Caspar Brandt, by John Guthrie, A.M.

The Extent, Evils, and Needlessness of Sunday Trading in London, as detailed in the Parliamentary Evidence of 1832, 1847, and 1850; and the Measures required for its Gradual Suppression considered. With a Preparatory Letter to the Lord Bishop of London. By a Layman.

The Electric Telegraph. Was it Invented by Professor Wheatstone? By William Fothergill Cooke, Esq.

Conversation. A Lecture addressed to the Literary Institution at Reading, December 9th, 1854. By Francis Trench.

God and His Works; or, the Existence of God in Harmony with Human Consciouness. By Rev. Thomas Roberts.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Strauge, Knight, Engraver, and of his Brother-in-Law, Andrew Lumisden, Private Secretary to the Stuart Princes. By James Deninstoun of Deninstoun. In Two Volumes.

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The Burning and the Shining Light. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley. Preached in the Tabernacle, North Nibley, 21st January, 1855, by Edwin Buxton Hood.

A Guide to the Mythology, History, and Literature of Ancient Greece. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer.

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Sketches, Legal and Political. By the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil. Edited, with Notes, by M. W. Savage, Esq. In Two Volumes.

History of my Youth. By Francis Arago. Translated by the Rev. Baden Powell, A.M., F.R.S., &c.

The Golden Colony; or, Victoria in 1854. With Remarks on the Geology of the Australian Gold Fields. By George Henry Wathen. Illustrated from Original Sketches by the Author.

The Crimea: its Towns, Inhabitants, and Social Customs. By a Lady resident near the Alma.

Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich. A Memoir. By Martin Hood Wilkin. With Introductory Chapter, Preface, &c., by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S.

A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. With a Revised Translation. By C. J. Ellicott, M.A.

Plain Papers on Prophetic and other Subjects.

Thorney Hall. A Story of an Old Family. By Holme Lee.

The Fibrous Plants of India fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper. With an Account of the Cultivation and Preparation of Flax, Hemp, and their Substitutes. By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., F.R.S.

The Mormons' Own Book; or, Mormonism Tried by its Own Standards—Reason and Scripture. By J. W. Taylden. Dedicated to the London City Mission.

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The Angler and his Friend; or, Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions. By John Davy, M.D., F.R.S.

THE

Eclectic Review.

JUNE, 1855.

RT. I.—*The Sea-Side Book; being an Introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts.* By W. H. Harvey, M.D., M.R.I.A., Keeper of the Herbarium of the University of Dublin, and Professor of Botany to the Royal Dublin Society. Third Edition. With a Chapter on Fish and Fish Diet. By Mr. Yarrell. London: John Van Voorst. 1854.

A Popular History of British Sea-Weeds; comprising their Structure, Fructification, Specific Characters, Arrangement, and General Distribution, with Notices of some of the Fresh-Water Algæ. By the Rev. D. Landsborough, A.L.S., Member of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, and Author of 'Excursions to the Isle of Arran.' Second Edition. London: Reeve & Benham, Covent-garden. 1851.

The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c. London: John Van Voorst, 1854.

R. HARVEY'S 'Sea-Side Book' has reached a third edition, a fact which is a proof of the excellence and suitableness of the first and second editions. Of the second edition we express our conscientious conviction when we say, that it is as good a book as White's 'Selborne.' It is as good a book for the British public as White's is for an inland parish, and for the middle of the nineteenth as the other was for the state of science in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Dr. Harvey's work is the latest of the science of the day, and the man who has mastered it by repeated perusals, and by using it to tell him what many

of the plants and animals are which he finds at the sea-side, is henceforth thoroughly introduced to the natural history of the British Coasts. The agreeable and elegant plainness of the English style of good Gilbert White is not reached by Dr. Harvey, although we think he could attain it if his attention were sufficiently devoted to style; but for fulness and depth of scientific information, conveyed in a popular manner, and in a small pocket volume, the 'Sea-Side Book' of Dr. Harvey is the best on natural history in the English language. The third edition, however, we regret to say it, is inferior to the second, and is loaded with additions which are not improvements. Dr. Harvey has been indebted in this edition to his friend the Rev. Professor Haughton for diagrams showing 'the equilibrium theory' of the action of the moon upon the earth; and Mr. Yarrell supplies a chapter which is professedly on 'Fish and Fish Diet,' but is chiefly occupied concerning fishing-nets. If we had not had them often explained to us by fishermen upon the sea-coasts, we confess we should have found his descriptions of the sean, trammel, and keel drag nets, incomprehensible. When an intelligent and overworked man, somewhat out of sorts in regard to health, arrives at the sea-side for a short time in search of oxygen to redden his blood, and takes a book on coast botany and zoology out of his pocket to refresh his brain with the delight of wonder at the works of his Creator, he does not care to encounter several pages of diagrams about normal and tangential forces. We have administered the former editions of the 'Sea-Side Book' to minds diseased by grief and toil, and do not like these deteriorations of an excellent and charming restorative.

Dr. Landsborough's 'Sea-Weeds,' and Mr. Gosse's 'Aquarium,' are beautifully illustrated by coloured plates, printed from stone. Dr. Landsborough's 'Popular History of British Sea-Weeds' is the best which exists for beginners. It may be regarded as an authorized abridgment of the expensive algological works of Greville and Harvey, illustrated by twenty plates, representing in their accurate forms and natural colours eighty of the plants most likely to interest the young student of sea-weeds. We have used the word young advisedly, and do not mean by it boys and girls, for we deem every one young who has the courage to commence an unknown study, and know that the joy of novelty is the perennial youthfulness of intelligence. As there are only four or five hundred species of British sea-weeds known, the beginner who knows eighty of them, has made a good commencement. A pleasant peculiarity of the work of Dr. Landsborough consists in the glimpses he gives us occasionally of the animal associates of the ocean flowers, and of incidents which happened to himself, his friends, and family, in the collection of them. The

defective part of his work relates to the preparation of the specimens. Adherence to the paper is an object sought by him, while it is an evil carefully avoided by the algologists of Brighton and Dublin. When once a plant adheres to the paper the collector has lost his command over it; he cannot transfer it, he cannot examine it satisfactorily, and it runs considerable risk of being destroyed.*

Dr. Landsborough's 'Popular History' will prepare the student for Dr. Harvey's 'Manual of British Marine Algæ, the mastery of which will entitle to the learned appellation of algologist, as one who knows the sea-weeds of his country. Dr. Harvey's 'Phycologia Britannica,' with its careful dissections, beautifully coloured figures, and price £7 17s. 6d., is the British work of reference and authority upon the subject of algology. The price, by the way, is fitted to make the poor student feel thankful that the weeds themselves have not been made, like their pictures, for the exclusive enjoyment of the rich! Dr. Landsborough's book brings all the instruction and delight of marine botany within the reach of every possessor of a spare half-guinea.

The word 'aquarium' will never, we hope, be added to the masses of the big and bad, dark and dead words which disgrace the literature of the natural sciences. A reverend doctor, whom we once consulted respecting the choice of a name, told us 'to choose something long, fine, sonorous, and Roman,' and certainly the naturalists agree with him in his taste. When the botanists, who first used the term 'aquarium,' have to explain their meaning, they tell us an 'aquarium' is a tank: why not then call it a tank? Long and Roman the word tank is not, but it is short and English; and the clearness, force, harmony, and elegance of the English language, we respectfully fear are unknown to the minds and ears which can prefer 'aquarium' to tank.

'The plates which illustrate this volume,' says Mr. Gosse, 'are its principal peculiarity. I have endeavoured, in a manner hitherto, I believe, unattempted, to represent marine animals with their beauty of form and brilliance of colour, in their proper haunts, surrounded by submarine rocks and elegant sea-weeds, as these appear when transferred to an aquarium. They have been printed from stone by Messrs. Hanhart, who have not spared all the resources of that beautiful art of which they are the acknowledged masters in reproducing my original drawings. The wood engravings represent the coast scenery in the vicinity of Weymouth.' The volume has two characteristics; it is a manual of the natural history of the coast at Weymouth, and an

* For a brief account of the best methods known to us of preparing marine plants, see the Eclectic Review for August, 1853, pp. 152-4.

account of observations on its plants and animals when preserved alive in a tank. A fuss has been made about preserving the sea-water pure by proportioning the animal and vegetable life in it to each other, and establishing a perpetual movement and aëration of the water. The experiment of Mr. Warrington is an interesting one, but it must itself be the chief object of the tank, and must guide the choice of the plants and animals. Instructions are given by Mr. Gosse in his work for the erection of basins, cisterns, or little ponds. However, he frankly avows, that when his object was to observe as many animals as possible, he kept his sea-water pure by frequent renewals from the sea. Indeed, we cannot recommend the tank of sea-weeds and animals as an amusement for persons far from the sea, because it is only by considerable skill and expense that they can avoid failure and vexation. At the sea-side, the gentle pleasures of the observer of sea-weeds and sea-urchins, shellfish and starfish, corallines and crustaceans, can be secured by a small outlay of cost and care. Persons commencing, while knowing little, can learn more daily and delightfully by means of an earthenware pan and a bucketful of water a-day. The nobility and gentry resident near the sea will add immensely to their enjoyments by erecting glass tanks in their halls, and marine ponds in their grounds, under the guidance of Mr. Gosse.

The last ten years have been distinguished by the publication of comparatively cheap and popular works, bringing the wonders of natural science within the reach of the general reader. The books before us, with Landsborough's 'Zoophytes,' and Sowerby's 'Conchology,' suffice to give a person of intelligence an introduction to the science of the objects he encounters at the sea-side, during his annual holiday of a month's duration. Thirty years ago there were no such works. A knowledge of natural history was in those days an achievement of vast labour and expense. Schoolmasters of a pedantic and tyrannical spirit have kept up and spread the notion that it is a good thing to acquire knowledge with labour and difficulty, saying, the more painfully it is acquired the more securely will it be retained. The idea is in every respect false. The memory retains best what it recalls most frequently, which is, in fact, what it dwells on most agreeably. The Swiss peasants of the Catholic Cantons object to easy roads that they open the country to the enemy, and enervate the inhabitants,—and they are every whit as much in the right as are the dominies. Knowledge cannot be made too easy of access, because human science never can be anything but insignificant in comparison with the universe; and the struggle to overcome difficulties, which strengthens and ennobles the mind, can never be removed further than a few steps from the commencement of the path of the student. Thirty years ago, the inquisitive youth

who asked questions about pebbles, shells, and sea-weeds of his professional instructors, was sure to be answered with some expression of scorn and rebuke, for the mask of ignorance is always a grand air of contempt, and her voice always consists of big vague words of learned sound. Dr. Landsborough records a characteristic anecdote of the time. 'We have heard of a student about that period who, having collected some beautiful algæ on the shore, showed the contents of his vasculum to the professor of botany whose lectures he attended, expressing a wish to get some information respecting them. The professor looked at them, and putting on his spectacles, again looked at them, when pushing them from him, he exclaimed :—"Pooh ! a parcel of sea-weeds, sir ; a parcel of sea-weeds !" The Newhaven fishermen seem to have caught the spirit of the learned professor, for to this day do they denominate all the finer sea-weeds—*chaff*.'

Thirty years ago, we remember when we commenced our sea-side observations, under the shadows of two Universities, of King's College, and Marischal College, Aberdeen, on the sands of the sea-shore, or among the rocks on the south side of the mouth of the Dee, neither book nor man could we hear of to answer our questions, and all we could learn was, that starfishes were 'five-fingers,' shells, shells ; weeds, weeds ; and Medusæ, 'blubbers.' Many is the afternoon we have spent, eating dulse, badderlocks, and tangles, and looking down into the rock pools in which the ocean flowers formed a scenery of marvellous beauty more mysterious than the flower shows of earth, and which, in lieu of scientific generalizations, the imagination peopled with supernatural creatures, kelpies, mermaids, and sea-goddesses. When the toil-worn citizen arrives at the sea-shore, and the breezes and sunshine dispose him to lay himself down drowsily on the pebbles, he can do nothing better than yield to the good dulness. But as the situation is not a safe one for sound sleep, the mental diseases of care and anxiety are apt to resume their empire over the mind which is not occupied with novelty. The pebbles on which he lies, the sand at his feet, the weeds washed high and dry by the tide, and the waves whose approach compels him to change his position, however, supply him with novelty and wonder in abundance, and these are as necessary and refreshing to the mind as oxygen is to the blood.

The pebbles on the beach are stones with sermons in them. Their rounded forms are the effects of the pounding against each other, by which the ocean extracts from them the chemical ingredients which in solution form sea-water. The metaphor is not too bold on which we venture when we say that the dashing of the waves is a species of mastication in which the ocean grinds down the materials which it dissolves and assimilates, and we had almost said digests. There is salt in stones. The muriate

of magnesia, muriate of lime, sulphate of soda, and chloride of sodium, the ingredients of sea-water, are found in the rocks, and the movements of the waves are the mechanical actions which precede their chemical solution. The destruction of sea-coasts by frosts and thaws, the corroding of rocks by the weather, and the weakening and splitting of them by perforating shellfish, are all parts of vast processes by which the vegetable and animal inhabitants of the sea are supplied with the provision which sustain them. Ariosto poetically called the waves the herds of Neptune, the god of the sea ;—

‘ Neptune’s white herds lowing o’er the deep ;’

but it would be nearer the prosaic facts of science to say the white herds were chewing the cud of their geological and mineralogical provender. Of the great ocean, which covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe, those portions are saltiest which are farthest from the fresh water of great rivers, and whose stormy breakers can chew immense blocks and boulders weighing many tons.

‘ O sea ! old sea ! who yet knows half
Of thy wonders or thy pride !’

is the exclamation in which a poet melodiously echoes the feelings of ignorance and mystery with which the ocean has always been regarded by mankind ;—

‘ What hid’st thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main ?’

The truth is, the ocean expresses glorious meanings in a language of which we are comparatively ignorant, and by symbols only a few of which we can decipher.

‘ The gentleness of heaven is on the sea ;
Listen ! the Mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.’

Science, however, is daily, by little added to little, discovering more and more of the secrets of ‘ the world of waters.’

The ocean is many-coloured. Geography mentions the White Sea, the Black Sea, and the Red Sea. Poets and voyagers have described green, blue, and milky seas. Water is colourless in small quantities, but in deep columns in the *crevasses* of ice of the Alps, or in the profound soundings far from land, it displays an azure hue, and is ‘ darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.’ Brainerd says,

‘ There’s beauty in the deep :—
The wave is bluer than the sky ;’

and Byron :—

‘ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !’

The blue of the water and the yellow of silicious sand, blending like gamboge and Prussian blue, make the sea-green of the British shores. Hence the description by Milton of—

‘The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea.’

The colours of the bottom give their names to the Black and White Seas. Salt in rocks has naturally a reddish tinge, but the ocean is nowhere salt enough for a reddish hue to be given to it by evaporation similar to the blue tinge displayed by congealed water. The Red Sea derives its colour from a singular blood-red plant, which consists of hair-like filaments united in the shape of small bottles or boxes, and which is found covering immense regions of snow and sea. A young and intelligent voyager to China, Mr. Henry Grafton Chapman, has recently described the milky sea, one of the rarest aspects of the ocean, an appearance which is due to animal life. In the Indian Ocean, near the Island of Christmas, on the 1st of August, 1854, when the wind had fallen, the moon gone down, and amidst deep darkness, the sea began frothing and effervescing around the vessel like a glass of seidlitz water. When a bucket of water was drawn up it was full of animals which seemed like vermicelli, yellow, alive, and phosphorescent.

‘The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth’s wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.’

Poets are only melodious echoes of public opinion, and when science shall have previously observed the marvels for them, the many-coloured sea will be sung as the green and blue have been, and all cultivated imaginations will be delighted with pictures of the ocean, surpassing in the novelty of their conceptions the beauty and splendour in the lines of Byron and Milton.

The white edge which the breakers display in their spray has been ascribed to the lime in the globules which is made apparent for a moment by the force and shock of the wind and tide, pebbles and beach. The ocean is made up of globules which are of different temperatures, the warmer and lighter ascending to the surface. We have often watched the thin films of the globules of spray when they have decomposed the sun-rays into the simple colours as the drops in the clouds do in making rainbows, and have thus seen every breaker for an instant crested by

an iris. Of a summer evening, after dark, when somewhat belated on the sea-beach, the loungeur may often see the breakers flashing phosphorescently. The glories of phosphorescence on the tropical ocean have been compared to the northern aurora in the skies. Coleridge, in the 'Ancient Mariner,' says of the phosphorescent animals :—

' Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam : and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.'

The less splendid displays on our coasts are described by Crabbe.

' And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern ;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore :
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand ;
When, lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
On weeds that sparkle and on waves that blaze.'

Hydrographical, zoological, physical, and electrical phenomena combine in these wonders. Of electricity, we only know that it displays itself wherever there is rubbing or collision, and the sea is one of its principal arenas. Just as there are electrical fishes which have in their organization galvanic batteries, there are Medusæ, worms, and infusoria which emit sparks and flashes of light. Dr. Landsborough records some interesting observations of some of these creatures :—

' As my object is to aid in rendering my young friends not merely algologists, but diligent observers of the phenomena of Nature, I shall not consider myself bound to adhere rigidly to one department of nature's works. To encourage them in their researches, I may mention that a single tumbler of water will furnish a rich field for their bright young eyes. This very tumbler which showed me the germination of Algæ from seed, and which exhibited also the beautiful *vorticella*, contained numberless *infusoria* of many kinds, merrily dancing in all directions, and showing that He who made them blessed them with happiness. These animalcules I had seen before, but in watching their sportive gyrations, I was gratified with appearances that I had never before observed. Perceiving what I thought a little hazy spot on the glass, I applied a lens, and found that it did not adhere to the glass, but was moving up and down. Afterwards, more than a score were observed, some of them little semi-pellucid and, I think, hollow balls ; others, more like broad flattened bonnets, such as worn at times by carriers, with an aperture for the reception of the head. The largest, however, were less than a line in diameter, and of a light-grey colour. When the tumbler was allowed to remain unmoved, they lay invisible at the bottom : but when it was gently

agitated, they mounted up like little balloons to the surface of the water, and then gradually descended. How they moved, I could not tell. The surface of the balls in certain lights seemed a little hirsute, but I could observe nothing like the motion of cilia. When they were all in motion, some ascending and others descending, the mystic movements of these little spheres presented a very animated spectacle.

'But what were my little peripatetic puff-balls? At first, I despaired of being able to tell; but fortunately I had beside me Sir J. G. Dalyell's recent publication, and turning over its pages and plates, I was delighted to find that what I had contemplated with so much interest was the *progeny of Medusa*, for in his plate xxi., his figures quite corresponded with what I had observed. I then tried an experiment on them which Sir John does not mention having done. I took the tumbler into a darkened apartment, and giving the glass a smart percussion, instantly my little puff-balls sent forth a very brilliant flash of phosphorescent light, showing me in all likelihood they play no very secondary part in that beautiful phosphorescence of the sea, which in the wake of a vessel I had so often admired in a summer evening. I continued to watch them in the hope of seeing them transformed into *Medusa Riffida*, but frost of unusual intensity for the season set in after the month of October, and my *Medusettes* sank under it. On trying to rouse them, only one attempted to rise, and next day it had vanished—like another creature of greater pretensions, "fleeing also as a shadow and continuing not."

Black, white, red, milky, green, or blue, the many-coloured and phosphorescent ocean is in perpetual motion from currents, tides, and winds. Just as the poets have expressed inadequate conceptions of the colours of the ocean, they have had narrow views of its movements and magnificence. The couplet—

'Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,'

does not express the true, although it does the popular notion of the ocean which encircles the earth. Byron's conception of a 'glorious mirror' is magnificent:—

———'Glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime.'

Still the magnificence of this poetry is unequal to the grandeur of the truth. Our planet is a globe of water. The water is the predominant, and the mineral mass the subordinate thing in the aspect of it. The sedimentary rocks themselves are water-built fabrics. The sea has been where the land is, and may be again. The ocean is not a glorious mirror framed or set in islands and continents, it is a globular mirror, out of one-fourth of the

surface of which, here and there, islands rise, and a chain of mountains running north and south, called America, and other chains in eastern and western directions, called Europe, Africa, and Asia. The grand globe of water, many-coloured and ever-moving, is made up of drops. All over its surface, and especially at the equator, the sun rarefies the drops, some of which, leaving their earthy salts below, mount up into the skies, and form the clouds which, congregating upon the mountain tops, cool, and roll down their sides in rivers towards the sea. The drops which have been less rarefied form rivers or currents on the surface of the sea, running over the colder strata of globules, and flowing towards the poles. Light and warm and superficial at the equator, the drops become cold, heavy, and profound at the poles. Such are the solar and polar rivers called currents. The lunar rivers or currents are called tides. The attraction of the moon lifts up the globules of the sea, and at a certain interval and distance they flow after her. The winds make the waves, and there are certain winds which produce surface rivers or currents. Rivers down the slopes, rivers and whirlpools over the surface, rivers in the deep; solar, lunar, and polar rivers are what educated eyes perceive in the Old Sea. The planet Earth is to them a shell of quartz with an inside ocean of fire, whose chimneys are called volcanoes; and with an outside ocean-globe of water, which is attended by an aureole or glory of clouds as it travels space—a star among stars.

Man is, like his habitation, built of water. An easily accounted-for prejudice connects life with dust, while, in fact, it is chiefly manifested in connexion with water. The majority of living things are formed of water, are scarcely discernible in it, and dissolve into it. In boyhood we often witnessed the opening of stone coffins found in the ruins of the Cathedral of Old Machar, Old Aberdeen, and were always astonished at the small handful of brown dust which remained of a mailed baron or a mitred bishop.

The pebbles on which the sea-side lounge lies are either the bits of the rocks which the sea pounds and dissolves, or chalks, limestones, sandstones, flints, and agates, which are fossils. Buffon called fossils 'the medals of Creation.' His notion was, that as the antiquarians learn the ancient history of nations from collections of coins and medals, the naturalist could decipher the history of zoological and vegetable life on the globe from the petrified effigies and imprints found in the fossiliferous strata. The physical, chemical, and magnetical agencies of fossilification are little known, and zoology and anatomy have much progress to make ere palæontology can tell us anything satisfactory respecting the history of life upon the planet Earth; nevertheless,

the lounge cannot fail to find, meanwhile, if he examines the rubbish around him, in almost every pebble a marvellous story of forms of life originally little else than water, which have become stones.

The heaps of sea-weed left by the tide always contain instructive specimens. Corallines abound, often of the most exquisite delicacy, elegance, and beauty. A dirty white, flat, much-branched animal-plant, zoophyte, in Greek, built up of innumerable little oblong cells, called *Flustra foliacea*, is very common on the south-east coast of England. It has a pleasant odour, like verbena, orange, roses, or violets. Plants with animal life may well excite wonder. The polypes live in the cells as numerous as the Londoners in their houses, and the city of their habitation is a skeleton which they have in common.*

With the books before us at his elbow, the lounge will find out what most of the objects are which may interest him on the beach; and they refer him onwards to works which will help him to as much learning as he chooses to acquire in natural history. In the cultivation of the mind a man can seldom do better than follow his inclinations, the impulses of which indicate the direction of his growth. All the curiosities of structure and habits are referable to the facts of reproduction or nutrition. These facts are all we know of the nature of life. Some minds delight in referring all their observations to great generalizations, and see in individual animals only the variations of the ideas of Nature, while many naturalists think the most interesting things in natural history are minute and graphic details respecting individual animals. This is the biographical treatment of natural science, as distinguished from the historical, which is occupied with the records of observations of animals, and the philosophical which expands the characteristics of species into generalizations.

Tanks, pans, and glasses, give excellent facilities to the biographical study of animals. Mrs. Power, when resident in Sicily, inclosed several nautili in a floating cage at anchor, in which they lay until she solved the disputed question, whether they steal the shells of others, or secrete the shells themselves. No visitor to the coast can examine the rocks or sands at low tides without finding many animals well worthy of biographical study. In

* When Poinçonet sent the memoir to the Academy of Science, in which he proved that the polypes were animals, and not the flowers of the plants, Reaumur suppressed it. After the publication of the discovery by the Royal Society, the Academy published a memoir to prove still that the polypes were not animals; and to which a note was added, saying, it was of little consequence whether they were or not. Professor Owen and the British Association have pursued an exactly similar course in regard to the discovery of the means of perforation of the Pholades, with the exception of denying the importance of the discovery.

regard to the methods to be pursued the beginner must adapt them to each particular case, and had better obtain as much guidance as possible from the experience of his predecessors, prior to undertaking experiments of his own.

The group of Crustaceans furnishes amusement even to the least observant of sea-side loungers. The forms of the species include crabs, lobsters, and wood lice. A curious crustacean of the lobster kind is the hermit or soldier crab, which shelters its naked abdomen in any suitable univalve shell it can find. A translation of the Greek words used to describe some of these encrusted animals suffices to delineate their structure; the king-crabs are called jaw-feet, and the water-fleas, gill-feet. The trilobites are encrusted animals of a three-lobed shape. Cuvier and his disciples have declared the trilobites to be a lost species, but they have been found in Bohemia; and the *Apus productus* of the environs of Paris is very like a trilobite. Indeed, it is dangerous to call anything lost which happens to be out of sight. A large crab, described by Aldrovandus, two feet long from tip to tip of the claws, was lost for three hundred years. No museum contained a specimen of it, and no naturalist had ever seen it, and the *savans*, who know everything, set it down as lost, when a few years ago it turned up, exactly where Aldrovandus said it lay, within twenty leagues of Marseilles.

Mr. Gosse has made some interesting observations on the hairy broad claw, or porcelain crab. This encrusted creature is something between a crab and a lobster, having a flat carapace, with fringed swimming plates at the abdomen or tail. It lives in crevices and under stones. When put into a tank, a few flaps of the tail bring it slantingly to the bottom, where it immediately disappears under a flat stone. By adjusting the flat stones to the glass sides of the tank, Mr. Gosse could observe the adaptation of the crab (which seems crushed flat on purpose) to its habitat and its habits. Most crustaceans are active in pursuit of their prey, but the broad claw does not change his abode for months together. His feelers are flirted about continually. The organs which the stationary broad claws have for the apprehension of their prey consist of foot-jaws, in the shape of 'sickles,' covered with bristles, forming a 'spoon of hairs,' which are kept in perpetual motion like the fringed hands of the barnacles and balance. This apparatus is 'a living cast net,' with closing and opening meshes, for the seizure and rejection of animalcules. Apparently the broad claws have only three pairs of legs, but a close examination discovers a fourth pair of tiny ones folded down almost invisibly in grooves beneath the edge of the carapace.

'What is the use of these feeble limbs? No one that I asked could tell me, till I asked the crab himself, or rather looked on while he

used them. Strange to say, they are didactyle, each being terminated by a minute hand or claw of two fingers. They are set, moreover, with radiating hairs, so that in all respects they are the very representatives of the anterior feet of the prawn, which I shall presently have to describe, though placed at the opposite end of the series. And this resemblance is not one of structure only, *but of function also*; for these feeble limbs are the *cleansing brushes* with which the broad claw washes his person, applying them, with the greatest ease, *to the whole surface of the abdomen and inferior region of the carapace*, while the fingers of the little hand are used to pick off adhering matters that cannot be removed by brushing.'

Cuttlefishes are cast ashore dead upon our coasts by every storm; and their eggs are drifted about upon the waves, attached to sea-weed in dark clusters, called 'marine grapes.' The kraken, which belongs to this group, has been said to measure two fathoms across, and to have arms nine fathoms long! Many species are found on our coasts, but none of them with an external shell, and all with internal vertebra in a rudimentary form. Everybody has heard of their hooked suckers, by which they fasten into their prey, and of their ink, by which they hide themselves from pursuit, and which retains its colour even in the fossil state. The group includes a variety of species, from the kraken, which fable has invested with terror, to the nautilus and ammonite, described by the poets as sailing beautifully on the summer seas, with their shells as boats, their arms for sails, and their legs as oars. The ammonite is at present only known as a fossil.

'And the Nautilus now, in its shelly prow,
As o'er the deep it strays;
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.'

The tank of Mr. Gosse enabled him to make observations on the *Sepioloa vulgaris*, which the keel-drag net takes in considerable numbers in Weymouth Bay. Indeed of late years much new light has been shed upon the whole of the group. Mrs. Power, by means of her floating cages, proved that the argonauta argo is not a parasite, but secretes its shell, although capable of leaving it. Dr. Rüppell has described the differences of the sexes, which were unknown, and are very singular; and Mr. Gosse tells the sea-side visitor how the sepiola burrows in the sand, and how he may himself witness the changing colours, movements, and manners of these pretty but ferocious little creatures. The sepiolas are about an inch long. They prey on each other, the stronger darting upon the weaker, and shedding out the lives of their victims in a few seconds. They have ten arms, which the German naturalists call feet; but it is difficult to see more than eight, as the long arms are coiled up and packed down upon the

mouth. Their organ of locomotion is a funnel between their eyes, which impels them about hither and thither by means of successive jets of water. Sometimes they are seen hovering motionless, their 'swimming fins,' one of which is a reproductive organ, seeming like the wings of a butterfly. As it hovers suspended in the water, the *sepiola* displays singular changes of colour. One moment it is white with brown specks, and with silver glistening through them; and in an instant the specks become spots, which come and go, and seem to play about like a coloured fluid in the pellucid skin.

'Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and as the little creature moves slightly, either side, beneath the fin, is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again, the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful netted pattern of brown, which colour increasing, leaves the interspaces a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are every instant interchanging and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost irregularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his colour pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him; with the quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to an uniform deep brown, the rich full colour suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep ~~sienna~~ tint of tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of colour.

'The *sepiola* is a burrower, and very cleverly and ingeniously does it perform a task which we might at first suppose a somewhat awkward one,—the insertion of its round corpulent body into the sand or gravel. Watch it as it approaches the bottom, after a season of hovering play such as I have described. It drops down to within an inch of the sand, then hangs suspended, as if surveying the ground for a suitable bed. Presently it selects a spot; the first indication of its choice being that a hollow about the size of a silver fourpence is forcibly blown out of the sand immediately beneath the group of pendent arms. Into the cavity so made the little animal drops; at that instant the sand is blown out on all sides from beneath the body backwards, and the abdomen is thrust downward before the cloud of sand which has been blown up settles, but which presently falls around and upon the body. Another forcible puff in front, one on each side, and another behind, follow in quick succession, the fine sand displaced at each blast settling round the animal, as it thrusts itself into the hollow thus more and more deepened. . . .

'I at once saw that the funnel was indeed the organ employed, and the only one, in every case; and perceived its beautiful adaptation for the work it had to do in its extreme flexibility. This organ is very protrusile, and being perfectly flexible, its orifice can be, and is, at will, pointed in any direction, so as to blow the jet of water forward, backward, or to either side at pleasure.

'It frequently occurs, of course, that small stones are mingled with the sand, or the animal may find it convenient to burrow in the loose gravel. In either case the arms come to the aid of the funnel, the sucking disks with which they are furnished being made to adhere to the stones, which are dragged out and thrown aside. . . . The rapidity with which the arms are thrust under the body and drawn out, bearing pieces of stone of comparatively large size, and the graceful ease with which they are then thrown forward, discharging and dropping the burden, impress the mind with admiration of the beautiful fitness of the organization for the requirement.'

The sea-side loungee has his attention frequently directed to individuals of the group of radiated animals which preserve the name of Medusa, one of the Gorgon sisters whose beautiful and frightful head was wreathed with adders instead of hair, and turned the beholders into stone. They are composed of a gelatinous and transparent substance similar to the vitreous body which forms the eyes of vertebrated animals. When dried, nothing is left of them but cellular tissue. Their organs are disposed in the form of rays around a centre. The Greek word *acalephe* or stinging-nettle is carefully affixed to these animals by the naturalists, although it is a bit of darkness to the English reader, and tells nothing to the Grecian scholar, except that certain species sting the hands which touch them. The poetical name Medusa conveys the idea of a head of monstrous beauty and terribleness floating in the sea. The medusa, the beroe, and stephanomia are examples of the various forms of the group. With the medusa or jellyfish everybody is familiar, but until we saw them in Loch Erribol, Sutherlandshire, we had not a conception how strangely and fantastically beautiful they could be. The beroe is a diamond alive, dancing about in the sea by means of sparkling valves and long helms of curled hair. The stephanomia derives its name from the Greek word for a crown, and looks as it floats on the waves like a garland of ivy leaves formed of crystal, and intermingled with rose-coloured feelers or tentacles.

Starfishes, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, groups which are classed together for their spiny skins as echinoderms; and the polype groups, coral, actinia, and hydra; and groups of widely different animals chaotically confused or classed by the naturalists under the word worms; marvellous, monstrous, and brilliant creatures, present themselves plentifully at the sea-side to minister effectually to minds diseased the genial restoratives of astonishment and delight, instruction and adoration.

In one of the Channel Islands M. Quatrefages discovered a sea-cucumber, or holothuria, which he called *Synapta Duvernœa*. 'Imagine,' he says, 'a cylinder eighteen inches long and one thick, with five little stripes of white silk running along its

whole length, and surmounted by a living flower of twelve whitish petals, bending backwards gracefully. In the midst of tissues, the delicacy of which seems to surpass the finest products of human industry, place an intestine of the thinnest gauze, gorged from one end to the other with large grains of granite, the sharp ends and cutting edges of which may be seen by the eye.' The animal seemed to have no other nouriture than sand. The scalpel and the microscope displayed in the sides of the body seven distinct layers of tissues, a skin, muscles, and membranes. Upon the petals are suckers which enabled the synapta to climb the polished surface of a crystal vase. A mosaic of little calcareous bucklers bristling with double hooks protects the synapta.

'When I preserved the living synapta for some time in a basin of sea-water, I saw them break themselves in pieces. They swelled their hinder parts with an accumulation of the liquid which circulates incessantly between the intestine and the teguments; a constriction is quickly formed, and the separation takes place brusquely. Hunger was the sole cause of these spontaneous amputations. It may be said that the animal feeling unable to nourish itself entirely, suppresses successively the parts, the maintenance of which is too costly for the whole; just as the useless mouths are driven out of a besieged town. This singular means of combating famine is employed to the last moment, for at the end of a few days there often remains nothing more than a spherical balloon, crowned by the tentacles. The synapta, to preserve its head, cuts off, little by little, all its body.'

The synapta of Quatrefages is the *Chirodota digitata*, which Montagu found long ago on the coast of South Devonshire. Mr. Gosse received many living specimens of it from the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who found them in the vicinity of Torquay, and suspects them to be the *Holothuria inhaerens* of Müller.

Professor Edward Forbes, writing pleasantly without observing seriously, described the brittle starfishes, and especially *Luidia fragilissima*, throwing off their rays and committing suicide, just to spite him and prevent his obtaining a specimen. But Mr. Gosse found no difficulty in getting as many as he wished, and none of the Brighton fishermen we have questioned, nor any of our own observations, ever confirmed the notion of suicide. Mr. Gosse had an *Uraster rubens*, which he thinks voluntarily threw off four of its rays; the fifth ray falling off by its own weight when he lifted the starfish from one vessel to another. When preparing many starfishes for the cabinet, we found brittleness to be a characteristic in which one individual of a species differed from another, and which in the fragile individuals pervaded the whole structure. We saw no more signs of will in it than in the decay of the teeth or the brittleness of the bones of the aged

in general. The brittle specimens had every other symptom of decrepitude. Mr. Gosse says his *uraster rubens* 'never moved after its last amputation, and putrefaction soon made it too manifest that death had ensued.'

As for the suicidal sea-cucumbers :—

'According to the concurrent testimony of observers, they frequently disgorge from the mouth the stomach, intestines, and ovary, "leaving the body an empty sac"; and occasionally throwing off even the tentacles, the mouth, and the dental cylinder. . . . While in captivity the motions of these animals were quite vermicular, slowly twisting the long body into knots and contortions, and writhing about. The tentacles were now and then bent inward to the mouth, one or two at a time, and then unfolded. They did not long retain the cylindrical form in which I received them; very soon one after another began to constrict the body into knots at irregular intervals, occasionally so forcibly as to separate into two or many pieces. Sometimes the division was incomplete, so that the intestines, and especially the long generative threads, were forced out abundantly from the constriction. Each of the animals, as soon as it had arrived at this stage of its suicidal process, was seen to be wrapped up in a swathing-band of white threads, which, issuing in a bundle from the rupture, soon became involved in inextricable confusion by the writhings and knottings of the animal. The threads were of great length, and closely resembled in appearance white sewing cotton. . . . I was in hope that this spontaneous protrusion of the egg-tubes was a normal process, and that by keeping the animals I might witness the development of the eggs and young, especially after what Sir John Dalyell and others have observed in the *Holothuria*. But I found that the self-divided animals very soon became offensive and evidently putrescent, an infallible evidence that death had ensued; and that not only was this the case with the posterior portions separated from the main body, but with the latter also, or that to which the head was attached. . . . One which I put into fresh water in order to kill it for preservation, immediately began to contract, and continued the process (not rapidly) to rigidity. It then lengthened again, distended the posterior extremity, and then divided by constriction near the middle, protruding the intestine, but no ovigerous threads.'

Professor Edward Forbes, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Kingsley, and M. de Quatrefages, are all agreed that the dismemberment is voluntary. Mr. Kingsley ascribes it to the irritation of light, and M. de Quatrefages explains it by a commissariat theory;—the animal is short of provisions, and cuts off the portions of its body it cannot feed,—just as in the Crimea the army shot the ponies for which they had no forage! Dismembered soldiers abound in war times, and the explanation is, they have cut off their arms and legs because a mismanaged commissariat had reduced them to half-rations. Not a single proof of the action of will has been adduced by any of these gentlemen. If the *Holothuria*

knot and break off their extremities, they also eject their stomachs, an effectual way certainly of combating a stoppage of rations. However, often as we have seen them eject their stomachs and ovaries, we have never observed any sign of the action of the will; all the occurrences being as involuntary as parturition or dissolution. Fear and disease, age and death, explain all the facts. Suicide is a perversion of human nature, peculiar to the highest organism of life, and has only been imagined on insufficient pretexts as a zoological fact by naturalists seeking great reputations and astonishing discoveries by the easy guesses of the imaginative instead of the severe experiments of the inductive method of scientific investigation.

ART. II.—*Life of William Etty, R.A.* By Alexander Gilchrist, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In Two Volumes. London: David Bogue. 1855.

WE propose to avail ourselves of this carefully written biography in order to bring before our readers the leading incidents in Etty's life, and the characteristic merits and defects of his genius. Of his life indeed there is little to relate but what is common to humanity;—of his special gifts in their rise and development we shall speak more at large. True to the history of genius, his earliest days were prophetic of his future career. That art which inspired the youthful Giotto in the field, not less indubitably manifested its power and spell in the childhood of Etty. We find him spoken of as the infant Apelles. Destitute of education, for seven years apprenticed to an arduous trade which left little leisure at his disposal, despite likewise the opposition of parents and friends, he still cherished the thought of one day becoming a painter. His apprenticeship as printer being ended at the age of nineteen, in the year 1805 he comes up to London, enters with ardour on his chosen pursuit, draws from prints, or from nature, or anything he can find, is introduced to Opie and Fuseli, and shortly commences his long career of labour and study at the Royal Academy. There he is the associate of students who in after years become like himself conspicuous in the art annals of their country. Collins is admitted probationer the same week as himself; Haydon, admitted two years before, was already painting ambitiously; Wilkie, as Academy student, had even then produced his 'Village Politicians' and the 'Blind Fiddler'; Mulready had begun to exhibit pictures of quiet merit,

and Leslie, Constable, Bailey, and Hilton were pressing forward towards that goal which they each ultimately attained. It is no slight honour that among such aspirants for fame Etty in after years was found worthy to occupy by no means the least conspicuous position. Yet he had long to labour and to wait. His was a mind that took years in maturing, his art was no spontaneous product, but the careful elaboration of thought and patient industry. He had to suffer many discouragements; for a year he was the pupil of Lawrence, and at the end of it was not grounded even in the technical portion of his art. He then went to the British Gallery, copied old masters, painted from nature, heads in the day-time and the Academy by night, silently but steadfastly, by daily and nightly study overcoming the difficulties and dangers of his art. Never was there a more striking example of the necessity of industry even in the presence of un doubted talent. With the emphasis of threatened failure, yet ultimate success, Etty would appear to warn all students against confiding in the creative and self-sustaining power of genius; to tell them that even for the gifted, art is long while life is short; that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that it is through patient waiting, yet untiring industry, that even great powers attain their development and great works are produced. We have seen that Etty was late in commencing his studies, he was likewise long in obtaining success—for years indeed it was chiefly failure that goaded him to exertion. It is characteristic of his mind that while never inordinately elated, he was never utterly cast down. He had a modest faith in his powers which gave him a prevailing assurance even in the midst of failure, and which cheered him onwards till it bore him to ultimate triumph.

At the age of thirty-five for a second time he visits Italy, his mind now matured and prepared not only to appreciate but to profit by the great works which even in these days still remain the inspiration of the artist. His journal, it must be confessed, is of little interest, and would imply no great mental capacity or insight. He visits Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, and other cities with an enthusiasm which is barely sufficient to balance the ordinary discomfort of travel; and his criticisms, whether on art, scenery, or people, scarcely rise above the level of the remarks which the thousand travellers who leave England for health or recreation write in the sleepy hours of evening to anxious and attentive friends at home. Etty was no painter in words; he was not one of those men of universal genius who are equally great in whatever department accident may direct their lives, he was a painter of pictures and nothing more; the heights of fame were accessible to him in that direction and in no other. Far

from being a citizen of the world, he was so completely bound by the ties of home and country as to feel ill at ease in a foreign land.

If Etty take a permanent place in the history and progress of art, it must be as a colourist. In his earliest studies he gave indications of possessing an eye for colour. In his autobiography he says—'When one night in the "Life" Fuseli was visitor, I threw aside the chalk and took up the palette set with oil-colour, and began to paint the figure. "Ah! there," says Fuseli, "you seem to be at home," and so I truly felt.' His master, Sir Thomas Lawrence, told him that he had a very good eye for colour, but that he was lamentably deficient in almost all other respects. In all his studies, as in all his travels, it is this 'eye for colour' that actuates his labours and directs his aims. In Florence his one desire is to copy the well-known Titian Venus of the Tribune; in Paris, he expatiates with rapture on the 'Marriage of Cana' by Paul Veronese; in whatever city he may be, it is the works of the Venetian school that inspire him with ardour and impel him to labour. It is not the drawing and expression of Raphael, the superhuman grandeur of Michael Angelo, or the illusive light and shade of Correggio that he strives to incorporate into his own style and treatment; it is Venice and the unrivalled colour of the Venetian school that holds him captive by a spell, and makes him a willing exile from home and country.

It is in Venice that he revels, not in gondolas by moonlight, not among the 'spoils of nations' and the riches of 'the exhaustless East'; but with an ardour that knows no abatement, for seven long months he is copying by day the pictures in the Galleries, and by night studying in the Academy from the 'Life.' He returns home in 1825, at the age of thirty-six, well satisfied at the result of his labours, and eager to enter on his future career with matured powers and accumulated knowledge. The very next night saw him at his post on the bench of the Life Academy. But his education was in fact complete, he was at the height of his powers, although the full accession to his fame came as usual only to cheer him in life's decline.

Having thus traced the development of Etty's powers, we will now endeavour to arrive at a more critical estimate of their merit and character. Tintoretto inscribed over the door of his studio as the rule of his life, 'The colour of Titian, with the drawing of Michael Angelo.' It is probable that this celebrated maxim sought to combine elements incompatible in their nature, and at least, the history of art affords no example of their successful association. The schools of thought have never been famed for colour; and periods rich in colour have always made thought,

drawing, and the higher attributes of art, subordinate. Art in its full range would appear to take too wide a scope to be embraced in its fulness by any one master or period. The development of one excellence is at the expense of others; and he who ambitiously attempts to combine all merits within himself will probably end in an eclectic mediocrity, alike devoid of excellence or defect. All that we can demand is that each man shall bring out to the uttermost his individual *specialité*, and failing to find in any one master or epoch the representative of art in its full completeness, we must be content to perfect the cycle in its history rather than in the biography of an individual, and rest abundantly satisfied if any man in our days has been found worthy to add one stone to the beauty of Art's temple. Not only does charity in criticism, but even essential truth demand that we should eliminate the merits rather than cavil at the failings of a man; still we cannot but record our regret that Etty, either through carelessness or inability, was so often guilty of bad drawing. We are assured that he could draw, and that he did draw correctly, but that he ever attained to that delicate and refined appreciation of form, or acquired the niceties and elegancies on which anything approaching to style in drawing depends, we utterly deny. We boldly confess that it is not without regret that we find him night after night, year after year, during a long life of study, laboriously copying from all the accidents and deformities of a life model. We are told that he idealized the forms before him, we can only say that we have seen no evidence of his having done so. At his death he left above eight hundred Academy studies, and yet throughout his works the forms are coarse, heavy, in fact, actual rather than of that ideal beauty which the poetic character of his subjects demanded. We ask, could any better result be anticipated from such a course of study? We do not wish to fall into any empty and hackneyed eulogy on the transcendent merits of the antique; yet we are persuaded that if not the only, at least in these days, the best antidote against the coarse actualities of the life model are to be found in the ideal statues of antiquity, and we are equally ready to admit that the study of the life is likewise the best remedy against the cold abstractions of the classic school. We are no admirers of statuesque painting. We do not wish to add to the defects of the English school by importing from France the cold petrifications and sculptured rigidities of David and his followers. We do not desire to see forms so purely scholastic and classical as to be at least beyond, if not above, our sympathies. The flesh and blood creations of Rubens allowed to run riot in wild exuberance, with all their unpardonable coarseness of form, are

yet incomparably superior to any of the vapid Academy and classical products of the French school. Fortunately, we are not compelled to travel to Paris for instruction in this matter ; from our own Flaxman, Etty might have learnt a purer form. Flaxman's outlines appear to us the happy medium between the classic and the romantic, the ideal and the actual. The conclusion therefore is, that whatever other attributes Etty might possess, delicacy and beauty of form were not among the number, and that in this, the highest and most spiritual element in art, his works are wanting.

This defect is the more to be regretted because Etty aspired to a class of subjects in which it is imperative that the form should be as far as possible elevated above the commonplace of actual life. But unfortunately he had little or no capacity for abstract creations. We recollect that when Haydon was mentally working out one of his greatest works, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' the head of Lazarus was suggested by a print in the British Museum. The plate consisted of a figure in which the head was wanting, but it immediately suggested that for which he had been seeking ; the face of Lazarus, with death awaking into life, flashed before his mind, and he went home and put the conception upon canvas. This head is in the opinion of many, for expression and fitness, one of the grandest conceptions of which modern art can boast. The following anecdote will serve to show by how different a process Etty arrived at his results. He is in want of a head for his 'Joan of Arc,' which the reader will recollect was among the most ambitious of his works :—

'The lady who had so kindly sat had been first seen in Westminster Abbey—had there struck his fancy as suitable for the head of his chosen heroine. He set his niece on the stranger's track, who traced her to Kensington. By dint of management—applications to Verger and Kensington tradesmen, the skilful envoy extracted from them, first the calling, then the name, of the lady's father ; finally, for the "celebrated artist" obtained (a delicate business) his and the lady's consent to her sitting. A characteristic instance, among many like, of the channels through which Etty often obtained his models for the head ; at the cost of no small pains and embarrassment. The feminine tact of his "Right Hand" always proved invaluable in perfecting the discovery and opening a negotiation. Sometimes at the theatre, the painter's eye would be taken with a picturesque "face in the boxes ; and he issue the injunction to his niece to keep her eyes about her." '—Vol. ii. p. 206.

We have already said that the range of Etty's subjects especially demanded a pure type of beauty. He tells us :—'When I found that all the great painters of antiquity had become thus great through painting great actions and the human

form, I resolved to paint nothing else. And finding God's most glorious work to be woman, that all beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting—not the draper's or milliner's work—but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done.'

A noble ambition most truly, in the realization of which it must be admitted he proved himself not wholly unsuccessful. Yet the worship of this idol, not the compilation of the tailor, but the emanation of God, carried him into an art anachronism which the public showed no alacrity to sanction. The best justification of the undraped figure was given by a living critic, when she said that 'we have all some abstract notions of power, beauty, love, joy, song, haunting our minds, and illuminating the realities of life.' It is not that we care for the sea-born Venus, but for that beauty and love of which she is typical; it is not that the vine-crowned Bacchus is an object of our faith, but we need not the less accept him as an exuberant product of fancy, the personified expression of fertility and enjoyment. We think that a debt of gratitude is due to the man who shall not be deterred by fear or calumny from thus translating into the language of the present day, and boldly bringing before the public—which either is too depraved or pretends to be too pure—these poetic fictions of the past which a cold rationalism that even in art would exert an undivided supremacy, is but too ready to banish and condemn. Such subjects, however, are never likely to be eminently popular in this country; and we do not even desire that they should be; and assuredly Etty scarcely attained to that elevation and purity of treatment which alone could justify the boldness of his attempt. In a climate where we suffer the rigours of winter, only to be followed by the severities of a northern summer, undraped figures, even on the walls of an exhibition, are somewhat out of place. They can only be reconciled to manners and associations so foreign as our own by an ideal and all but unreal treatment, which shall at once transport the fancy to other times and regions. Scenes like these must not be laid on earth, but in those limbos of air, among the isles of the imagination, or the fancied Hesperides slumbering under cloudless skies fanned by perfumed breezes. Such regions are fitly peopled by beings not of earth; the forms unearthly, the colours bright with all the brilliancy of the rainbow, and the sportive gaiety of the action telling of a land devoid of care and sorrow. Such scenes were within Etty's power. We have now before us a plate of that glowing creation, 'Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm,' so brilliant in colour, so happy in conception, so joyous and festive in the life it breathes. Callous must be that criticism which can speak with severity of such a

work. The admirers of Etty may always refer with confident pride to conceptions like this, in which he stands almost without a rival.

We believe it is uniformly the triumph of the highest art to redeem from grossness every object within its sphere by throwing around it a halo of beauty. 'Una and the Lion,' 'Orpheus and the Beasts,' may each be taken as typical of that saving beauty, the soul of art, which reduces gross materialism into subjection to itself, and brings discordant and opposing elements to confess a superior spell. To this test we may fairly subject every work of art. Is beauty found in that supremacy which throws into subjection every lower consideration? With the best examples of ancient sculpture this is undoubtedly the case. In the classic period, the full knowledge of the human form seems to have ended in its deification. Form was exalted till it became, as it were, formless; the material so instinct with thought and purpose as to touch on the confines of the spiritual, till the physical structure became but as a veil which covered without concealing the soul within. Never will the human form be again so exalted; but while we revert, not without sorrow, to the past, we may look upon the aims and aspirations of subsequent and present times as affording an abundant recompence. We do not now give the prize of merit to the man who surpasses all competitors in deeds of prowess or of skill, but to him who having brought his body into subjection, bears the stamp of true nobility in the expression of his countenance and the capacity of his brow. Herein lies a fundamental distinction between Pagan and Christian art; the one has primary reference to the soul within, the other is the glorification of the physique without. With Christianity and its consequent civilizations, the whole end and aim of art were at once diverted from their accustomed channels; and hence, as already stated, we regard the style of Etty in great measure an anachronism. The purity of his mind we do not doubt, the purity of his works is altogether another question. Judging from our recollection of the reproductions which we were accustomed to see on the walls of the London exhibitions, we must adhere to our opinion that they were not sufficiently elevated in form or character to save them from their more obvious tendency. For Etty, as a man, we have the greatest respect; and in justification of himself, and in some measure likewise of his works, we are constrained to make the following extract:—

'Like many other men, my character has been much misunderstood. . . . As a worshipper of beauty, whether it be seen in a weed, a flower, or in that most interesting form of humanity—lovely woman; in intense admiration of it and its Almighty Author, if at any time I have forgotten the boundary line that I ought not to have passed and tended to voluptuousness, I implore His pardon; I have never wished to seduce others from that path and practice of virtue which

alone leads to happiness here and hereafter; and if in any of my pictures an immoral sentiment has been aimed at, I consent it should be burnt; but I never recollect being actuated in painting my pictures by such sentiment. . . . My aim in all my great pictures has been to paint some great moral on the heart.'—Autobiography, 'Art Journal,' February, 1849.

We cannot but think that this 'moral on the heart' was so adorned and disguised by the blandishments of his palette, as to pass altogether unnoticed by the multitude. The moral of his pictures is not unlike the moral appended to fables, which, while it cannot be said materially to augment our wisdom, has at least the merit of not diminishing our enjoyment. In either picture or fable we are but too willing to be led on through the alluring mazes of a fancied creation, but we refuse to be taught by so circuitous a method the truth of some self-evident position. Assuredly, a picture by Etty is not exactly the place where we should expect to find moral truth; and it is not a little characteristic of the unworldly simplicity of Etty's mind that he should imagine his productions fulfilled a vocation in this direction. Essentially festive and joyous, his works are not to be condemned because they do not possess merits to which they lay no pretensions. If they satisfy the imagination, and do not absolutely offend the conscience, it sufficeth. For pictures of any high aim or extended scope, we believe Etty's mind to have been wholly unequal; it is on such works as the following that we ever rejoice to see his pencil employed:—

'The 'Cleopatra' must reckon as a second step in the track so happily indicated by the 'Coral Finders.' Most of the productions finished the ensuing year (1822) are minor flowers from the same smiling garden of fancy. 'Venus and Cupid Descending';—'Cupid and Psyche Descending';—'Cupid Sheltering his Darling from the approaching Storm';—'Venus at the Bath' (not exhibited, wherein figure again the favourite dramatis personæ 'Psyche and her Lover'): these together form a bright and graceful posy; all in the fanciful and pretty rather than imaginative strain; all small in size also.'—Vol. i. p. 98.

It is to us a remarkable anomaly that a man so plain, homely, and unostentatious as Etty should find a fitting expression in a school of art so essentially decorative. Heavy and uncouth in person, without a single line of beauty in his whole composition; accustomed from his earliest childhood till his latest days to the rudest simplicity of life; by a rebound which can only be understood on some inexplicable law of contradiction, he painted throughout his whole career just the opposites to himself. The history of literature is not without similar examples. The tragic element is said by an innate necessity to contain within itself the comic. Jean Paul Richter, weighed down by sorrow, composed

some of the quaintest and most humorous of his works, and we all know that 'John Gilpin' was written in a fit of despondency. Still these instances are not wholly analogous, they are but the momentary unbending of the bow, the convulsive or hysterical reaction of a mind too highly wrought. In Etty, on the other hand, we find a constant and apparently healthy action, steadily working to one uniform result in which the cause contradicts the effect, the life is in opposition to its results. He was probably one of those quiet, timid men in whom much is slumbering unknown. We find that in general society he was 'too shy and diffident to take a part,' and 'would often at a dinner party sit without saying a word.' We have seen likewise that his mind was long in arriving at maturity, the current of his thoughts was evidently slow, and his ideas wanted that rapidity of sequence on which brilliancy in society so greatly depends. Beneath the heavy outward form, unseen by the outer world, there evidently lay concealed in Etty's mind a rich vein of poetry and romance which only found suitable expression in the quiet seclusion of his studio.

Etty on his return from Italy was fired with an ambition to paint large pictures. A large canvas demands not only large figures, but a great subject and a grand treatment. A large picture must be something more than a small one magnified; a giant figure must be instinct with giant energies; works on the scale of Michael Angelo demand his powers. It was fortunate for the fame of Etty that in his attempts at high art, in the sense of large canvases, he obtained little encouragement. The series of grand works now in the Academy of Edinburgh he was glad to dispose of at prices which barely afforded him the means of subsistence; and we may safely venture the opinion that the high sum realized for his latest great effort—the 'Joan of Arc,' was the reward of a previously well-earned fame in other directions rather than the representative of the intrinsic merit of the work. Of this 'Joan of Arc' series, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847, we have retained no very favourable impression; they were received with the greater leniency as the latest efforts of a veteran whose previous works and untiring zeal entitled him to respectful deference. On a recent visit to Scotland we did not fail to examine Etty's Edinburgh series, and we find in our notebook the following entry respecting them:—'The action of these pictures is forced and exaggerated without being really strong.' This is just what we should have anticipated; a mind deficient in essential grasp and power always tears its 'passion to tatters,' and wants the 'temperance that may give it smoothness.' An artist should be conscious of something like superhuman powers, before he puts his genius to the severe test of great pictures.

Wilkie, who won well merited fame in the Dutch department, proved himself utterly unsuited to the Italian and Spanish scale and sphere of subject. This might infallibly have been predicted from the character of his mind. It was wanting in that power, grasp, and loftiness which alone can fill a large canvas not merely with bodily but spiritual presence. With Etty it was the same. His journals and letters do not contain one really great original thought, and how could he then paint a truly great picture? Raphael did not visit the Holy Land in order to paint the 'Transfiguration,' nor Athens that he might accurately represent its school; the imagination can always create for itself the most fitting sphere for the enacting of a great event; and when we find Etty, before he attempts his 'Joan of Arc,' constrained to make a tour to Orleans in order to take sketches of backgrounds and accessories, we at once know that his mind is more fitted for the accuracy of the topographer than for the originating power implied in the historical painter. Etty was not a great man, there is nothing in his life to show it; he painted, it is true, some pictures which by their exuberant fancy and power of fascination will always live in the art of his country, but he was not a man of that distinguished and commanding power which would place him as a fixed star in the constellation of universal art; he did not possess that general genius which can command a position in history. He had not those qualities which give force on a grand scale; he had not raised his mind to that high pitch from which alone high art can originate. However contradictory it may appear, yet we believe it is undoubtedly true, that in order to paint a large picture a man must be able to concentrate the greatest possible amount of thought into the smallest possible amount of space. Now of this concentrated power of thought Etty was deficient. We could quote from his 'Life' aphorisms which from their mingled gravity and puerility would hold his character up to ridicule. To do so would be unjust, for it is perhaps scarcely fair to judge of a painter otherwise than by his pictures.

But it is as a colourist that Etty must stand or fall, herein lies his true claim to immortality. We have seen that in his earliest outset Sir Thomas Lawrence told him that he had 'a very good eye for colour.' Now although colour ranks low among the primary elements of art, yet the power of appreciating its delicacies and refinements is among the rarest of endowments. A man by assiduous industry may acquire the power of drawing correctly; the grammar of art will teach him the laws of light and shade, with the rules of composition, which without much difficulty he may reduce to practice; but no industry, no instruction, and no technical maxims will in colour supply the want of a delicate

perception. The tyro will ask the master how did you compound those tints and tones ; he cannot tell. If again asked why he puts given colours in a certain position, he will have no better answer than because they look well. Colour which can be divided according to positive and well-known laws by the prism, and is capable of scientific accuracy in its analysis and statement, becomes, when practically applied to art, all but a creature of caprice. We know that a well coloured picture must please by virtue of certain well ascertained laws, and yet the knowledge of these laws will neither make a good colourist or be an efficient recipe for the composition of a good picture. Colouring would be the most carnal element in art if by its subtlety it were not the most spiritual. The great colourists have never educated their eye through the intellect ; if they have fulfilled laws they have done so unwittingly ; the Venetians knew little about the prism ; their works were not the result of science though they doubtless bear the test of scientific analysis. From the pictures of Turner and his copyist Pyne, it might indeed be imagined that at least in their case the eye had been perverted from the study of nature and reliance upon healthy intuition by the more palpable brilliancy of the prismatic spectrum. Such pictures Etty aptly termed 'fiery abominations,' and accordingly we find his own works free from such vagaries. Etty's colouring is undoubtedly far from literal, it is fanciful and playful, in keeping with the character of his subjects ; it is stamped with an individuality of his own, and is in some measure to be regarded as a mental creation. His eye for colour became indeed a passion craving for constant gratification, pictures created enthusiasm in his mind in proportion as they contained this element, and canvas was just so much space in which fancy revelled in voluptuous hues.

In order to assign to Etty his right position among the great colourists, it will be well for a moment to revert to the leading characteristics which have distinguished the more celebrated masters. By general consent, Titian ranks as chief. Not only is he the purest and the most truthful, but in him colour never ran rampant ; it was not pursued as the sole object ; was kept in subjection, and never permitted to interfere with the senatorial dignity of his figures. It is evident that Etty, whatever may have been his individual merits, belonged to a totally different order of taste. Florid and decorative, pursuing colour for its own sake, he was not anxious to render it subservient to a higher meaning. We find in a note-book that we passed the following criticism on one of his works : 'It contains just one excellence—colour—and that gaudy and wanting in purity ; the colour is even less pure than that of Rubens, and fails in attaining his liquid lucid and transparent quality. The style is that of meretricious glare, is wanting

in balance of parts, and would presuppose anything but a refined and delicate taste.' This criticism, if it were to stand alone in its unmitigated severity, would be unjust; it is one-sided, and scarcely applicable to many of his works. Still, in kind, if not in degree, it expresses our deliberate opinion, and serves to show that we do not place Etty among the class of pure colourists.

If not for the purity, at least for the glory of colour, we turn to the works of Paul Veronese. The prince of palace painters, his pictures are resplendent with all the sumptuous riches of a court. Educated under the sway of Titian, making Venice the city of his adoption, he was the fitting instrument to transmit to latest times the expiring glories of the Republic. The festivities of merchant princes, the apotheosis of the world's favourites, robed in all the splendour of earth, enhanced by the radiance of the skies, found in him their chosen chronicler. His pictures more than any other works, whether written or painted, serve to prove the analogy between colours and sounds; in modulation of tone, in intricacy yet harmony of arrangement, they are to the eye what a band of musicians is to the ear. Yet it must be confessed, nevertheless, that they appeal to the bodily rather than to the spiritual sense; and while recording with rapture the riches of earth, do not lead the thoughts onward to the mysteries of heaven. Never in fact were spiritual subjects treated in a more secular manner than by the whole school of colourists, whether we turn to Rubens in Belgium, or to Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto in Venice. But at this moment we are concerned merely with the individual style of colour which characterizes the works of Veronese. We have been the more desirous of dwelling upon his special manner from a persuasion that a comparison of Etty's style with this master would show that in visual susceptibilities they were alike, and that our modern colourist may claim Veronese as his historical progenitor. Both were florid and decorative, exuberant and profuse; both were alike wanting in purity; both pursued colour with an intoxicated delight, making it their supreme good, and allowing form, thought, and the high purposes of art to become subordinate.

There is still another colourist, scarcely less famous than the two preceding, and boasting of a well-defined manner of his own, whose influence may likewise be traced in Etty. We need scarcely say that we refer to Rubens; in him colour runs into rampant riot. The lavish profusion and complicated intricacy of his lines, with the impetuosity of his hand, are even outvied by the profuse riches of his gorgeous colour. A vigour of hand which never seems to have paused one moment in its triumph either for repose or to await the guidance of thought, revelled

in colour as the language of passion, drunk with an enthusiasm which knew no satiety. It is not in Assumptions of the Madonna or Depositions from the Cross that such a man was fitted to excel, but in the triumphs of Bacchus and the revels of Silenus. In his art indeed he was himself a god suited for such company. From Rubens, Etty claims, if not lineal descent, at least collateral consanguinity. He inherits not merely the merits of his predecessor but still more the faults. In the voluptuous character of his subjects, he is to a greater extent indebted to the Fleming than to the Venetian, and his phlegmatic forms are kindred rather to the swamps of Holland than to the soil and sky of Italy. The bold daring which marks the outlines of Rubens is not less conspicuous in his colouring. In the Louvre there is a small landscape, in which the most extraordinary colours run through the sky—greens, browns, reds, all blended into aerial harmony. He anticipated in his practice Chevreuil's theory of the simultaneous contrast of colours, and the law which the Frenchman has reduced to an algebraical equation the Fleming expressed with not less exactitude in his works. Colours the most florid, and taken by themselves out of their context literally outrageous, are yet by juxta-position and the modulation of intermediate tints blended into unison. This perfect balance of parts is the result not of compromise or surrender but the antagonism of intensity against intensity, each colour contending for the mastery, yet kept in subordination by some fitly placed and chosen mass of still greater force. This it is that gives to his works such killing brilliancy. The Exhibition of the British Institution of last summer contained what might be taken for companion pictures, both in size and subject, the one by Rubens, the other by Etty. Etty's 'World before the Flood' was by the position it held on the wall of the Exhibition, designedly contrasted with one of the gorgeous displays of Rubens. The modern master, although last and indeed least, and yet nevertheless occupying a most worthy position in the ranks of the great colourists, bore the test of such trial with an access rather than a diminution to his previous renown. Speaking from recollection, we should say that the most marked distinction between the two pictures consisted in a certain crudity and harshness in Etty's colours, which in the work of his master were blended by transition tints. This gave to Etty's picture a want of balance, and although probably it contained the least colour of the two pictures, yet to the eye it appeared from this lack of blending, the most florid. We find indeed from Etty's 'Life' that he was not unmindful of the value of the broken and tertiary tones; some of his pictures, we are told, were painted 'on the principle of attaining harmony of colour by neutral

tints ;' and we are assured that 'perhaps no class of Etty's works more unmistakeably shows his mastery as a colourist than do these ; wherein scarcely any positive colour is introduced, which are yet as delightful to the eye as significant to the mind.'

This is one of those passages in which Mr. Gilchrist displays that highest manifestation of a critic's ingenuity—the discoursing on an excellence which has no existence. That Etty might strive to mitigate his tendency to an over-florid colouring by the introduction of 'neutral tints' is possible, and certainly laudable ; that he ever succeeded in the attempt, we know of no evidence. His mind wanted that refined culture which tends to the neutral in colour, as it loves the unostentatious in thought.

In conclusion to this portion of our subject, we would venture to refer to that highest phase of colour to which assuredly neither Etty nor any of his great progenitors can lay much claim. All physical phenomena rise by a gradual and unbroken scale from brute materialism up to spiritualism. Colour, in its highest relations, ceases to be physical and becomes metaphysical, the visible expression of a mental emotion, part of that symbolism by which matter is made the vehicle of mind. To the attainment of this mental expression we believe it is primarily essential to merge positive colour into general tone. Tone in colour and tone in mental feeling are in fact correlatives, the product of discipline, the repose of duly regulated powers. They spring up in the midst of gentleness and tenderness, and imply a calm sobriety in demeanour. It is only the lust of the eye that seeks the florid, the chastened mind clothes itself in that beauty which is pure and gentle. Barbaric grandeur, Oriental beauty, princely festivities in palaces of beauty, are not inaptly represented in an art that feasts the eye in the prodigality of colour. But a higher and more mental civilization demands a higher art, in which sense is subordinate to spirit, and colour is a means, not an end. The greatest picture of colour ever painted is, as such, only to be ranked with the best house decorations, and nothing more ; the painter of such a picture is a mere adorning of walls and ceilings, and not the true artist or poet ; he may be endowed with delicate sensuous susceptibilities, but did he possess true mental resources, intellectual expression and purpose would struggle for supremacy in his works. If it were our purpose to assign to Etty his place in universal history, considerations such as these would govern our decision. We have endeavoured to classify and distinguish his special style of colour, and now we seek to give to colour itself a true position among the elements of art. It may be an ungrateful task. It is always most pleasant to a writer, and most agreeable to the reader, that the subject of a biography should be made its hero ; we have, however, resisted this tempta-

tion, and endeavoured to give an impartial and discriminative estimate of Etty's powers. An admiration of his genius has not blinded us to his defects.

Etty was a man of mental strivings and ambition; to his credit be it spoken, his whole life was one of intellectual progress. It is the result of observation that artists who arrive at eminence are seldom if ever destitute of literary attainment, or, at least, literary aptitude. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? Literature and Art are twin sisters, the offspring of the same parents, one in origin and destiny.

‘Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,’

each claims the same high calling. Having already told the reader that Etty was no painter in words, we think it but due to his reputation that at least one among the several exceptional passages which have come to our notice should be quoted. The following will serve to give some insight into that element of romance which obtained an utterance in his works, but was otherwise concealed under his heavy form and the silence of his demeanour. Speaking of the kind hospitality which he received at the house of a friend in Naples, he says:—

‘Vasi et altre antiqui elegances of the olden time decorated his apartments, which were in a lofty part of Naples, commanding a superb view of the beautiful bay and coast; here, till the life-long daylight failed, and the sun dipped behind the mountains, I sat. Look below! there are the numerous Neapolitan fishing-boats spreading their winged sails and standing out to sea; and hark! what sound is that which sweetly rises on the evening breeze, wings its way on high, rising like an exhalation? it is the fisherman's song to the Virgin. How like the Æolian harp, melodious, mysterious; now swelling on the ear, now dying like a dream away; well might Lord Byron say,

‘Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour!’

All is again silent. The sea-breeze rises and shakes the casements; the night steals on, and with her comes the silver moon shedding her soft light on this enchanting scene.’—Autobiography, ‘Art Journal,’ February, 1849.

This scene we ourselves have often witnessed in ‘nights not made for slumber,’ which after the sultry glare of day brought ‘healing on their wings.’ Etty lived wholly for his art; it was the sole idol of his life, the centre round which circled every desire and thought. His was not one of those discursive natures which range through the wide domain of knowledge, transmuting all they touch with the power and vitality of their genius. He was a man of few wants, of but one ambition; and born to slender expectations, and of no brilliant powers, his triumphant career was a surprise alike to himself and to his friends. A man

who raises himself to a sphere above his origin, who is rewarded by a success he little anticipated, acknowledged as a hero by the circle in which he moves, seldom fails of being happy. Etty's 'Life' is monotonous to read, because it runs in an untroubled current of content and calm without a single catastrophe to give tragic interest to the progress of the drama. In his earlier career it is true he is inconveniently susceptible to the attacks of love, but the passion being always unrequited, his life ultimately settles down into confirmed bachelorhood with a niece for a housekeeper, and his art as the sole object of his affection.

We cannot predict for this biography the popularity that recently attended the life of Haydon. The successful Etty and the ruined Haydon were the antipodes of each other, and their several characteristics cannot be thrown into stronger relief than by their mutual contrast—Haydon, in open rebellion against the world as he found it, sought to carry everything by storm, and waged throughout life a deadly warfare which was as ruinous in its progress as it was tragic in its close ;—Etty, quiet, timid, and retiring, calmly submitted to the trials and difficulties of his lot, but at the same time laboured with that persevering industry which in the end commands success. Haydon, with wild erratic genius, discursively and ardently pursued, or rather vehemently attacked and assaulted, every subject that came within his reach ; what in ordinary mortals was enthusiasm took in him the form of mania ;—Etty, on the other hand, was a man of one idea, but it never became in him the monomania of his life, never threw for one moment his mind out of healthy balance, or was the cause of his violating the decorum or even the conventionalism of society. Haydon, elated by inordinate self-conceit and assurance, believed himself the appointed instrument for raising the art of his country to world-renown ; he made convulsive and strenuous efforts and failed ;—Etty had, it is true, just the requisite faith in himself to sustain his energies, but he was essentially an humble man who waited till he should be exalted by others ; and it was only when he received the acclamation of applause, seated in the midst of his collected works at the Adelphi, that he gloried in his powers and triumphed in his success. Haydon was prodigal in prayers, yet his life was loud in blasphemy ;—Etty's prayers, if few, are at least free from ostentation, and they brought forth the fruit of good living. Haydon's art was repulsive and forbidding, Etty's alluring and winning. Haydon was tortured on this world's rack, his life a blunder, his art a failure, and his death a disaster and disgrace ;—Etty passed through life in calm contentment ; in his art he received the reward of riches and renown ; and he died in the evening of life, the day's labour ended, the prize won.

ART. III.—*A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By George Gilfillan.
 Edinburgh: Hogg. Post 8vo. pp. 536. London: Groombridge.

IT were almost as difficult a task to define, with metaphysical exactness and precision, all the essential characteristics of the true critic, as to state, in a single sentence, all the necessary qualifications of the poet. In this, as in many other cases, it is far easier to present the negative than the positive side of the picture, and to show what he is not, instead of describing what he is. Of course the more obvious requirements and surface qualifications both of bard and critic may be stated in a series of propositions; but after we have done defining and analyzing, it will generally be found that some important element has escaped our observation. Genius, in whatever mode it may manifest itself, whether its votary be a Praxiteles, a Canova, a Michael Angelo, or a Chantrey, who works his wonders through the magic of form; or whether he be a Raphael, a Titian, a Poussin, or a Turner, 'dwelling in the light of setting suns,' and reproducing in colour the beautiful and holy both of earth and heaven; or whether he seizes sound as his slave, and with Handel, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, rolls out grand volumes of harmony, passionate, though unsyllabled spiritual pleadings, or wild wails of musical anguish;—whether its disciple be poet, philosopher, critic, painter, sculptor, or musician,—it has one universal quality in common,—this, namely, of *mystery*, both as to its origin and nature, and the laws which govern its development. Every man of true genius is in many important senses a 'veiled prophet,' and hides more than he reveals. He stands like Moses on Mount Sinai, with all heaven at his back, in the light of 'another presence,' and surrounded by the thunderings of a power foreign to himself. He is often merely the mouthpiece of the oracle—the blind agent of an irresistible force. His genius possesses *him*; he does not possess *it*. At the height and fervour of his inspiration, when it comes on him like a tempest, he is carried away, whence he knows not, nor whither. At such moments his career resembles not that of the eagle sailing sunwards, stirring the still ether into momentary commotion by his uprising, beating his breast against the sunset, and with burning eye flapping the ruddy light with his broad vans, in the calm consciousness of regal power and buoyancy, but rather that of an arrow whistling through the air, quivering with an energy not its own, and rushing onward with the speed of light towards some unseen target in the distance. The sources of his power, as well as the nature of the power

itself, are altogether inexplicable even to himself; and all attempts to solve the riddle and explain the mystery, on the part of others, are utterly futile.

Assuredly the genuine critic is a man of true genius. Hence the danger of dogmatizing as to the character of his qualifications, and the difficulty of defining fully what manner of man he is. He possesses much in common with the artist, whether poet or painter, and of him it may be affirmed, as confidently as of either of them, that he is born, and not made. No possible amount of culture will bestow the faculties necessary for the worthy discharge of the duties of his calling; although culture, and that not stinted, is essential to their due development. There are certain writers who insist loudly on the necessity of an 'artistic training,' as though this was to supply the place of all natural deficiencies, filling the barren wilderness with plenty, and making the arid sands of a thirsty Sahara blossom into rose-beds. Surely a few preliminary questions had better be instituted as to the nature of that which has to be 'trained.' Liberal and enlightened culture will doubtless produce the best of its kind, but nothing more. A cultivated cabbage is a cabbage still, albeit a fine one, with large heart and ample leaf, but not a lily or a moss-rose. On the other hand, there are those who seem to imagine that genius works its wonders altogether unaided by education,—*Fiat lux!*—and straightway a world of beauty, with leaping seas, shores sun-fringed with golden sands, rushing cataracts, bulging, billowy mountains, and forests in all their tumbled and dishevelled beauty, springs suddenly out of chaos into light, as Venus stepped out from the foam in all the glory of her full-formed limbs and streaming hair! Never was there a greater mistake! This is Abaris without his spear, Jupiter without his thunderbolts, or Apollo *minus* his lyre and golden arrows. In strict proportion to the amount of genius conferred on every man is the necessity for its sedulous culture, and *vice versâ*. Where little or none has been bestowed, not only will little be required, but much would be a mere waste, and worse. Flippancy would, in that case, be added to folly, and pertness to a *plethora* of wind and vapour. But where the endowments have been prodigal, much care is necessary in their cultivation. A garden on the Ganges—were such a thing common—would require the utmost watchfulness and industry in weeding and pruning, in order to keep down the exuberance of the vegetation, the bursting bud and blossom of a too-lavish efflorescence; whereas a similar plot of ground in the centre of an Irish bog, or in the heart of Lapland, torture it as you may with plough and harrow, is not worth the labour bestowed upon it.

The genuine critic, like the true poet, is a man of extreme

susceptibility, keenly alive to the presence of beauty in all its thousand disguises and developments. He, too, to a certain extent at least, possesses the 'vision and the faculty divine.' He sees what others see not, and has the power to exhibit what he sees. As the poet stands rapt before nature, eager to behold her in her various attitudes and loving her in all : now bending in delight over her quiet loveliness, and anon startled into mystic dread by the savage terrors of her lowering aspect ; tremblingly alive, alike to the slightest whisper of her noontide woodlands and the loudest thunderings of her might and majesty ; tracing along her dusty highways and amid her waste-places, as well as over her heather-bloom and meadow-flowers the impress of divine footsteps, and hearing in her stammering accents some syllables of the words which were spoken by Him whose garments once fluttered in her winds on Calvary,—so the true critic comes before a great work of art,—an 'Iliad,' a 'Prometheus,' a 'Divina Comedia,' or a 'Paradise Lost ;' and, feigning no affected raptures, but thoroughly imbued with its power and splendour, he perceives, through his strong sympathy and kinship with its spirit, the tenour of its 'high argument' and the full scope of its significance, and sees face to face those beauties which to others are but dimly discernible, 'as through a glass darkly,'—beholds the whole weird region alive and humming with the song of Nymph and Naiad, while untouched eyes perceive nothing more than stunted trees and tangled underwood ; and then, in proportion to his skill, to the grasp and grandeur of his genius, will be the force and beauty of his pictures of the fairy-landscapes he has witnessed,—the value of his jottings in the wonder-land in which he has been wandering !

It will be seen, from what we have already stated, that we do not, with some, regard the critic as a mere compound of the wasp and spider,—sting and cobweb. Nor, on the other hand, do we regard him as a perfectly harmless personage, whose province it is to utter commonplaces, windy platitudes, and oracular nothings. He is certainly not a Blair, a Gifford, a Boileau, or even a brilliant Jeffrey or Macaulay. He is a man of genius, born to accomplish the task to which he is devoted,—often a poet, and always *potentially*, although not *actually*, that which he depicts and criticizes. Such high-souled critics were Goethe and Coleridge, Wilson, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt ; and such a critic is the author before us—George Gilfillan of Dundee.

Mr. Gilfillan has been too long and too prominently before the public to need any introduction at our hands. His 'Three Galleries of Portraits,' his 'Bards of the Bible,' his work on the Scottish Covenanters, and though last not least, his splendid

edition of the Poets, have built up for him such a literary reputation as it is the lot of very few to acquire in a lifetime of incessant labour.

Few writers attain to eminence in the walks of criticism, especially if they are possessed of strong individuality, are honest, free of speech, and inclined, moreover, to submit all men who pass under review to a Christian test, without having many and bitter enemies. Mr. Gilfillan is no exception to this rule. It is a paltry antagonism, however, whose regnant spirit is that of heartless and malevolent depreciation, and which is driven to the very last resource of impotent hate, that, namely, of parading a few faults as specimens of an author's style, seizing on his dishabille garments and exhibiting them to view as his parade-dress, dragging into light a few of his peccadilloes—the mere asides and *pawky* touches of a high and noble nature—as deep-rooted and inveterate sins, and ignoring altogether the bright and sunny qualities, the brilliance, the weight and wisdom which constitute his genuine characteristics. Our author is accused of lauding too loudly, and of blaming too boldly. He is neither timid nor heartless—alas! His imagery is too exuberant. So is that of Thomas Carlyle—a demi-god in the estimation of the most malignant of Gilfillan's detractors—of Jean Paul, of Thomas De Quincey, of Professor Wilson, of Jeremy Taylor—of all men, in fact, whose imagination is sovereign and supreme, and who have more pith and power than they well know how to bestow. More pertinent is the objection that he possesses the logical faculty in a state of imperfect development. Whether this is a fault or a merit remains to be seen. It is true that, in perusing the writings of Mr. Gilfillan we are often reminded of Coleridge and the lady to whom he appealed for an opinion, and who, after expressing it, and beginning to state the reasons on which it was grounded, was interrupted by the poet and philosopher with—'Madame, I am greatly obliged to you for your *opinions*, but permit me to find *reasons* for myself!' One of our author's opinions is worth more than a whole page of his reasoning; and why? He is far more of a bard than a dialectician, and arrives at his results by sure swift instinct rather than by slow and uncertain logical deductions. Truth does not come to him in naked propositions, but arrayed in gorgeous drapery; or, if naked, then in lovely forms, even as Juno, Venus, and Minerva came to Paris in the days of old. Many writers seem to be gifted with a remarkable facility of presenting truth in her most repulsive aspects. With them it is one long winter-time; the trees of the ancient forest are all there, but their branches are bare, and swing to an iron-music in the breath of a biting blast. With our author it is late in spring; his forest is always full-foliaged, humming

with bees, and booming in a sea-swell of warm wind, all alive with birds and brooks, with slips of sunshine sliding in upon the greensward—a rich, sweet sylvan scene, waiting only for the advent of

‘Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb!’

and, lo! she appears in the shape of some high and holy Christian moral; and the place is not only sweet but sacred—blessed as well as beautiful.

Mr. Gilfillan is certainly not ‘that faultless monster whom the world ne’er saw,’ nor do we wish to represent him as such. But his very errors spring from those peculiarities of temperament which form the basis of his most distinguished excellences. His Pegasus is no sleek and smooth-shod mule, fit to bear the holy burden of a well-fed friar in his gentle amblings, but a fiery Bucephalus, whom no one can manage but himself. As a writer, he is distinguished by the breadth and warmth of his sympathies, by the racy vigour and richness of his style, and by his thorough attachment to the doctrines of Christianity. His imagination teems with novel and beautiful illustrations, and the warm hues of fancy are thrown around all the objects he depicts. Occasionally he exhibits more power than grace, more of native force and originality than of artistic skill. He knows better how to hurl stones and fragments of rocks with Ajax Telamon than to pull a string with Paris and Ulysses. Extraordinary wealth of thought and unlimited power of expression are his most obvious characteristics. His diction is rare as well as rich, and abounds in felicities. As a critic, he is subtle rather than profound. He is not a philosophic Coleridge, but alternately a genial Leigh Hunt, a strong-handed Landor, a keen-sighted Hazlitt, and a rich, eloquent, and exuberant Wilson. His perceptive powers are remarkably keen and quick, and he wields a pencil that never fails him in its office of strong and steady delineation.

This ‘Third Gallery of Portraits’—to which we regret that our space will permit us to do little more than direct attention—is characterized by many of the better qualities of the author, while it contains fewer of those ‘exaggerations’ of style to which such loud and reiterated exception has been taken by his adversaries. It presents us with nothing so gorgeous as the article on Shelley, so rich, eloquent, and suggestive as the critique on Milton, or so genial and fervid as the review of Thomas Aird’s ‘Devil’s Dream on Mount Aksbeck,’ which adorned the former ‘Galleries;’ but we have here greater breadth, more equability and ripeness of judgment. His imagination, however, is none the less warm because it is less glaring. The brilliant hues of dawn, staining the horizon with promises of a glorious day, have

given place to the mellow lustre of the hour preceding a sumptuous summer noon, with less palpable colouring, but more light, and with less of the mere appearance of warmth, but far more of the reality. One of the most remarkable features of this volume is its variety and versatility—a versatility displayed not only in the selection of topics, but also in their mode of treatment. We have portraits of ‘French Revolutionists’—Mirabeau, Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Vergniaud, and Napoleon; of ‘Sacred Authors’—Edward Irving, Isaac Taylor, Robert Hall, Hamilton of Leeds, Jameson of Methven, and Dr. Chalmers; of ‘New Poets’—Sydney Yendys, Alexander Smith, Stanyan Bigg, and Gerald Massey; of ‘Modern Critics’—Hazlitt and Hallam, Jeffrey and Coleridge, Delta, Professor Spalding, Thackeray, and Macaulay; while the ‘Miscellaneous Sketches’ include Carlyle and Stirling, Emerson, Neale, and Bunyan, Edmund Burke, Edgar Poe, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Smibert, Benjamin Disraeli, Wilson, Henry Rogers, Æschylus, and Shakspeare.

The paper on Delta opens with a noble burst of eloquence in praise of poetry. Dr. Moir, in his beautiful book of criticism on the ‘Poetical Literature of the past Half-Century,’ expresses a fear lest the progress of science should prove inimical to the very existence of poetry, ‘exactness of knowledge being a barrier to the laying on of that colouring by which alone facts can be invested with the illusive hues of poetry.’ ‘In the foamy seas we can never more expect to see Proteus leading out his flocks; nor in the dimpling stream another Narcissus admiring his own fair face; nor Diana again descending on Latmos to Endymion. We cannot hope another Una “making a sunshine in the shady place;” nor another Macbeth meeting with other witches on the blasted heath; nor another Faust wandering amid the mysterious sights and sounds of another May-day night.’ But here our author meets the poet with *more* than ‘equal arms,’ both as to truth of argument and profusion and beauty of illustration, and shows that although these figments of imagination may be banished from the province of belief, they are not therefore necessarily banished from that of poetry; that although these illusions may be ‘thrust forth from the inner shrine of truth, yet they linger on, in their highest ideal shapes, in the beautiful porch of poetry;’ and that in fact the further we advance beyond the point of credulity is their poetic power and value frequently enhanced.

We have always thought that Delta, in this passage, has confounded the common materials of the poetic art with the poetical faculty itself. It is true that the poet cannot work *without* materials, but where *he* is, there will they be also. Even were the successes of science to be, as Moir supposes, tantamount to

the creation, or rather the unfolding of a new heaven and a new earth, the effect would be, not the total extinction of poetry, but merely its re-birth or revival in another mode. If poetry is, as he defines it, 'the imaginative and limitless,' and science 'the definite and true,' it is clear that whatever may be the progress of the latter, it can never fling its shadow over the entire extent of that unbounded region which is the province of the former. Science does *not* destroy the mystery of the universe; it only removes it to a greater depth. Whatever veils it may remove from the face of nature, it will ever leave unexplained that *greatest* mystery of all—the meaning of that living soul that shines out of every lineament of that fair face itself.

We had intended selecting one or two of these rich and brilliant papers—such as those on Burke, Shakspeare, and Macaulay—for special remark and comment, but our space is already exhausted. Indeed, were our limits thrice as extensive they would be too narrow to render justice to the multitudinous topics started in this remarkable volume, or to present anything like an adequate idea of its teeming wealth of thought and imagery. In conclusion, we would say, that in *healthiness* of tone, in vigour and beauty of style, in the quantity and value of the information it conveys, as well as in those rarer attributes of genius in which it abounds, and to which we have already briefly alluded, this is a very valuable contribution to our stock of literary criticism.

ART. IV.—*A Catalogue of British Fossils, comprising the Genera and Species hitherto described, with reference to their geological Distribution, and to the Localities in which they have been found.* By John Morris, F.G.S. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. Published by the Author. 1854.

THIS book is literally a catalogue, and nothing but a catalogue, with suitable references; yet it is one of the most valuable geological works ever issued from the British press; as indispensable as it is unique. If such a book had been compiled some forty years ago, the labours of the many earnest workers who have since that period been collecting and naming organic remains would long since have raised the science of palæontology to its present healthy growing state. This assertion may, we think, be proved by comparing what was known at the time of the publication of the first edition with the information contained in the

second. In 1843, Mr. Morris registered 863 genera and 5074 species of British fossils; in 1854, 1379 genera and 8359 species, making an addition to our knowledge, in about eleven years, of 519 genera and 3288 species. This great increase in the number of recognised forms was, we believe, the result of knowledge (much of which may be traced to the publication of the Catalogue), and not of increased energy in research; for the geologist worked as hard forty years ago as he does now, and was more under the excitement of novelty and public curiosity. But in those days he spent almost as much time in studying, naming, and describing the fossils he collected as in making the surveys of which they were the products. The information he required to identify his specimens was distributed through the pages of a large number of periodical and miscellaneous works, which few men possessed, and a still less number had read so carefully as to know where to find what they happened to want. Memory was therefore the only guide, and, as usual, incompetent and treacherous. It was then a fortunate event to meet with a tolerably complete local catalogue of the fossils of the formation one happened to be studying. But even with such assistance a doubt might remain whether the best classification had been adopted, for the nomenclature authorized by the most eminent palæontologists was so little known among the students of geology, that it could not prevent the introduction of different names for the same forms; and thus the individual love of order became a source of general confusion. This great evil would have been prevented if some competent person had assumed at an earlier period the office of registrar of the exhumed inhabitants of the ancient world.

But there is another reason why we deeply regret that the work which has been so admirably performed by Mr. Morris was not sooner undertaken. Geology is a science which, if not born within our recollection, we can remember in its infancy; and now it has grown to maturity. So remarkable an instance of the results of combined labour is not to be found in the history of any science, and we would there had been that register of its progress which a series of triennial or even septennial catalogues of known British fossils would have supplied. Astronomy does possess such a record of its investigations, and it is one a man may understand without being an astronomer. Let him compare Ptolemy's catalogues of visible stars with those constructed from modern observations, in which the places of hundreds of thousands of these self-luminous bodies are so determined that they can be exhibited in maps in their relative positions; and no commentary will be required to prove the vast increase of knowledge in this department of the science. But to estimate the greatness of the result as the produce of industry and intelligence, it must

be remembered that the difference of numbers between the catalogues of the ancient and modern astronomer commenced with the discovery of the telescope and not with the decay of the Alexandrian school. But we doubt whether the discoveries of astronomy itself are in any degree more remarkable as evidences of scientific research than those of geology, though they give more sublime conceptions of the extent of creation, and conduct the mind through such vast ranges of space that the shadows of infinity seem to fall on us as we enter them. Astronomy has discovered multitudes of suns, geology many earths and their inhabitants. Every fossiliferous rock represents what was once a world of life, for it contains the remains of the creatures which at the time of its formation lived in the enjoyment of conditions suited to their wants and administrative to their pleasure. To trace the physical history of a world by the structure and position of its rocks, and from the remains of ten thousand organisms to determine the forms of life which have successively inhabited it, are pursuits which may be compared with any of those in which mind has been worthily employed and won its noblest trophies. It would be presumptuous for man to speak of the works of God by comparison, as though one act of creation required a greater effort of Almighty power than another, or as though it were easier for Him to call a world into being than to clothe it with vegetation and furnish it with animal life. But to us the creation of life seems more wonderful than the production of matter, though both are inconceivable. Our sympathies are with vitality, for we ourselves live, and believe we shall live for ever—to this extent our being will be unchanged as well as eternal. It is not therefore strange that our pleasure is greater in the discovery of conditions regulating the distribution and support of animal existence than in the announcement of a purely dynamical law. In opening and expounding the records of the former states of terrestrial being, the geologist has performed a labour honourable and satisfactory to the human intellect, but of the results of the early investigations we have no perfect account, from the want of a series of catalogues of known British fossils.

Such a book as the one before us would not be without value if fossils were nothing more than curiosities and museums only served to employ the dilettante and amuse the idler. But the real value of organic remains consists in their being the representatives of past ages, the well defined but hieroglyphical chronicles of extinct kingdoms of nature. If thus regarded, they possess the value of authenticated documents as well as the adventitious interest of antiquities. The fossil shell, which in the hands of an ignorant collector is nothing more than the testaceous covering of some ancient animal, is to the geologist what an in-

terpreter is to an intelligent traveller in a foreign land ; it answers questions and suggests the necessity of inquiry. Geology is the most popular of all sciences, because every one is curious to know what the earth was before the creation of man, and what sort of animals inhabited it. If there had been no organic remains, no successive stages or horizons of life, no necessity for such a catalogue as the one before us, the geologist would have had but few listeners, except quarrymen and miners, to his useful discourse about depositions and denudations, elevations and depressions, aqueous agents and igneous forces ; but many who now watch his investigations with curiosity might have ridiculed him as an enthusiast, or shunned him as a fool.

Palæontology, as a science, may be said to have originated with the discovery that rocks, or we should rather say epochs, may be identified by their fossils, and that geological formations in far distant countries, even when they have no similarity of lithological structure, hold the same stratigraphical position if they contain similar or representative organic remains. To obtain a complete collection of the fossils of every formation from many parts of the world as data for accurate deductions, and as perfect a knowledge of the ancient earth as man can hope to attain, is the ultimate object of the science, and the impossibility of gaining all that is desired is not a restraint to the wish or an impediment to research. The love of collecting and the curiosity excited by the discovery of the remains of many strange animals have been additional motives, and the catalogue before us is sufficient to prove the success which has attended the search, although it cannot be supposed that the majority of British species have been collected. So rapid, however, has been the progress of our science, that zoology, upon which it depends for a knowledge of the laws regulating the condition and distribution of animal life, has scarcely kept pace with its demands. To describe the physical condition of any part of the earth at a specified epoch, it is not sufficient to know that the rock by which that age is represented was formed in the bed of the ocean because it contains the remains of marine animals ; but the depth of that sea must be gauged and its temperature measured. For this purpose its organic remains are studied under the guidance of laws which zoology teaches. But as some of our readers may be unacquainted with this branch of science, it may be necessary before we refer to the present state of palæontology, as exhibited in Mr. Morris's Catalogue, to take a brief review of those principles which guide the geologist in forming opinions from the presence of organic remains, and authorize him in making statements, which to the uninitiated may appear dogmatical, concerning terrestrial epochs and the faunas by which they were severally distinguished.

Place a collection of shells before a naturalist, and in all probability he will be able to inform you from what part of the world they were brought, if he cannot name the sea in which the animals lived. There is frequently a peculiar facies which is at once recognised by the conchologist, and which, as Dr. Gould says, 'impresses itself upon us the more we study local collections, just as we learn by a very little observation to distinguish men of different nations and neighbourhoods. Thus we distinguish the loose, horny, colourless structure of the northern marine species; the stony, corroded, livid New Zealanders, and the polished, absolutely perfect specimens from the coral seas.' But while this local aspect, if we may so speak, serves as a guide to the zoologist in determining the habitat of living species, the fossil matrix and the general aspect of the fossils themselves frequently direct the palæontologist in the same manner to a knowledge of the vertical position of the rock from which they were taken. But this is only the first step in the examination, and one upon which he places little dependence; by the forms he must be guided, and they seldom fail to teach all he is capable of learning, for it must not be denied that while one observer gains a clear perception of the truth, another may go empty away.

The eminent American naturalist whom we have just quoted says, speaking as a zoologist of living animals, 'Certain forms are so characteristic of certain regions that we never expect to find them elsewhere. Thus we look for *Clausilia* in Europe and Asia; for *Achatina* in Africa; for *Cylindrella* in the West Indies and their neighbourhood; for *Achatinella* in the Sandwich Islands; for *Partura* in the Pacific Islands, south of the equator; to the United States of America we look for *Helices* with toothed apertures; to the Philippine Islands for the ivory and beautifully painted species; and we venture to call them stragglers if they are brought to us from any other quarter.' It is thus also in the distribution of fossil shells in the vertical series. The *Graptolithus* marks the Silurian age; the *Productus*, the carboniferous; *Ammonites* are almost confined to the secondary, and the *Voluta* and *Murex* to the tertiary series. But these facts are generalities which, however valuable in themselves, offer no guidance to the origin of the distribution they indistinctly point out. But the closer we examine the fossils of superimposed rocks, the more confirmed will be the conviction that every geological formation has its own fauna, and that by collecting species we may classify rocks in groups upon a palæontological system—that a complete geological series of organic remains would represent the succession of animal life—and that, knowing the habits of the animals, we may predicate the circumstances under which they lived, and

consequently the origin of the rock in which the relics are imbedded. That this statement may not be misunderstood, it is necessary to assign a limit to its application.

Some geologists have asserted, and M. Agassiz is among the number, that 'the ensemble of organic beings was renewed not only in the interval of each of the great geological divisions which we have agreed to term formations, but also at the time of the deposition of each particular member of all the formations.' To give a decided application to this doctrine, Agassiz says:— 'I believe very little in the genetic descent of living species from those of the various layers which have been regarded as identical, but which, in my opinion, are specifically distinct.' This opinion is, in all probability, still held by the eminent naturalist, for he describes the glacial epoch as one which in its advent destroyed all existing animal life. To the doctrine of substitution by creation we are not inclined to object, but we cannot admit that every change in the lithological character of a marine deposit was followed by a complete destruction of existing species, and the introduction of other forms. Of the 340 species of mollusca in the Coralline Crag catalogued by Mr. Searle Wood, 73 are still indigenous to British Seas, and although a large proportion of the remainder may be extinct, some are known to be still in existence, ranging through more northern waters. From the Red Crag, a more recent formation, 260 species of mollusca have been obtained; and of these 60, a still larger proportion, have their living representatives round our coast. These facts prove that there was a great destruction of animal life during or subsequent to the deposition of the upper tertiaries, many species becoming quite extinct; but they also prove that extinction and creation were not necessarily consecutive acts.

But this doctrine, which we regard as unphilosophical, will appear most improbable if the physical changes of geological eras are studied in reference to those with which we are acquainted by personal observation. It cannot of course be imagined that the rocks of any age can have the same lithological composition and structure in all parts of the world, for it would be folly to assert that all seas are depositing mud because that is the accumulation in the one with which we are best acquainted, or that all rivers are choking their channels with sand because those we have examined are so employed. The largest deposits are in fact strictly local. In one place, there may be conditions unfavourable or even inimical to animal life, while in another a variety of creatures may riot in existence. During the deposition of some of the old red sandstones, the sea was in places so charged with the protoxide of iron that mollusca could not exist in it and the rock is unfossiliferous;

while in others the representative rocks supply the geologist with a rich harvest of organic remains. Changes in the nature of the sea-bed, in the depth of ocean, or in the temperature of the water, must have had similar effects upon the finny tribes as upon the mollusca. The sudden elevation of the bed of the ocean would destroy whole families of marine animals, but such events are exceptional to the general course of nature. Elevations and depressions changing the relative levels of land and water are common enough in our own day, but they are slow movements and not paroxysms. The effect, however, is the same upon the distribution of animals, with this exception, that it causes migration instead of destruction. Should we find then, as we often do, two consecutive fossiliferous deposits, one containing the remains of animals living in a deep sea, and the other those of species ranging through shallow waters, and observe at the same time physical evidences of the elevation of the sea bottom, it is not necessary to suppose with M. Agassiz that one class of animals was destroyed to make room for the other, for the migration of one or even of both families is a more probable supposition, and a close observation may prove that although the faunas differ, they are representative, both belonging to the same climate, though ranging at different depths under the same medium.

If it be true that each series of rocks represents by its fossils the state of its district at the time of its formation, a collection of the organic remains of rocks of the same age from all countries would show the condition of the earth at that period. Supposing the surface of the earth to have been then, as it is now, divided into climates, the animals which existed upon it must have been adapted to temperatures, and distinct zoological regions were characteristic of the ancient as they are of the modern distribution of animals. This law, as it affects existing species, is fully recognised by universal experience. No man expects to find a mussel on every shore, or a nautilus on every wave. When a strange animal or a curious shell is exhibited, no surprise is expressed; the questions asked are, *Who found it? Where was it discovered?* But it is to the result of scientific investigation, and not to popular opinion, that we must look for an exposition of the law which governs the distribution of animals; and upon this subject zoology can now speak with confidence. 'The doctrine of the local limitation of animals,' says Dr. Gould, 'meets with so few apparent exceptions, that we admit it as an axiom in zoology that species strongly resembling each other derived from widely diverse localities, especially if a continent intervenes, and if no known or plausible means of communication can be assigned, should be assumed as different until their identity can be proved.' This law we must assume to be true irre-

spective of ages, and it must therefore be applied to the study of the faunas of geological epochs. Every series of stratified rocks is the permanent museum of the age in which it was produced, so that if physical conditions were then what they are now, every horizon of life should exhibit such a limited distribution of species as marks the faunas of existing climates. If, on the other hand, a wider distribution should be observed, or, assuming an extreme case, a universal one, the same species being everywhere present in rocks of the same age, there would be reason to believe that the surface temperature was more equable or quite uniform. More extended search must be made before the geologist will be able under the guidance of palæontology to describe the faunas of any one period over a large extent of the earth's surface. But whenever it shall be attempted it will no doubt prove that the law of distinct zoological regions limiting the distribution of species is as clearly defined on every zoological horizon as on the modern surface, though the earth may not have been inhabited then by creatures requiring such varied physical conditions as those which now compose the animal kingdom.

The geologist sometimes meets with a strange intermixture of the relics of animals which he knows to have lived under different conditions and in different climates. Such occurrences give a wide opportunity for speculation, and hypotheses of great improbability appear when philosophers put on their guessing caps. The only safe way of forming a conclusion under such circumstances is to estimate the past by the present, and inquire in what place conditions exist which would produce a similar distribution of animal remains if circumstances were favourable to the formation of a stratum for their entombment, or a terrestrial fauna were destroyed by the submergence of the country they occupy. To apply this observation, take as an example a country bordering on the tropics, with a surface so irregular that by the differences of elevation the temperature of all climes shall exist between the same lines of latitude and longitude. Mexico is an instance of this. It is a country situated on the verge of a tropical climate, the boundary between the northern and southern zoological provinces of America, with a peculiar physical conformation of surface.

'Professor Lichtenstein,' says Dr. Richardson,* 'compares the whole of New Spain to a great mountain, whose volcanic summit, attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet, enters within the snow line, while its middle temperate region is traversed by numerous valleys communicating at various heights with wide basins, whose bottoms are little more than

* Report on North American Zoology.

1000 feet above the sea-level. Hence the traveller journeying down the deep descent of one of these magnificent ravines through forests of beeches, oaks, and pines, loaded with cacti and epidendra, finds himself suddenly on the level shores of the Rio Alvarado, surrounded by palms, and has an opportunity of seeing the animal productions of the north and south, of the Alpine regions and tropics, nay, of the eastern and western hemispheres, mingled together. Wolves of northern aspect dwelling in the vicinity of monkeys, humming-birds returning periodically from the borders of the frozen zone, with the northern buntings and soft feathered titmice to nestle near parrots and curucuis; our common European whistling-ducks, shovellers, gadwalls, and teal swimming in lakes which swarm with sirens (axolotl), and wherein the northern phalaropes seek their food in company with Brazilian parras and boatbills; associations which occur on no other region of the earth.'

These anomalies are easily explained while the country and its living animals are before us,—every line in this chapter of natural history is intelligible, and may be read without doubting by those who have learned the art. But let this Mexico sink into the ocean, and its highest summit be washed by the wave—strip off the feathers and the foliage from birds and plants, leave nothing but the bones of animals broken and defaced, the bare trunks and branches of trees with here and there the spray of a shrub, the characteristic structures half defaced, and then throw the jumbled fragments into beds of mud and sand to be examined by the palæontologist at his leisure, when the strata have been raised above the level of the sea, hardened by the sun and air, and compressed and cracked by pressure; and to make the conditions consistent with those to which he is accustomed, let his examination begin when many of the species and all the genera have ceased to be represented by living forms. A slab of defaced hieroglyphics, instead of a legible page of natural science, will thus be presented to the geologist. Should he, after a minute examination, discover the remains to be those of animals and plants belonging to different climes, and having no natural association, it would not be a wonder if he should attribute the accumulation to a wrong cause. He might suppose, if the conjecture were at all sustained by the structure of the rock in which the fossils were enclosed, that they had been drifted from distant places, and thrown into some inland sea where the waters were sufficiently quiet to admit of the deposition of a sediment and the entombment of the relics. Any supposition indeed might appear less improbable to him than that they had all lived upon an area of small horizontal extent, and that a climate suited for each was provided by a vertical range. There is, however, one conjecture he could not indulge, for he would rather confess his inability to give a satisfactory explanation than shelter his igno-

rance under the suggestion that there might have been no law of distribution, and that all the animals could have inhabited the same climate.

It has often been said that the distribution of animals depends on climate, but this statement must be received with some reservation, until a more precise definition is given of what the word climate is intended to convey. It is sometimes used vaguely, as though it were a word for the phrase, mean-temperature; its signification is extended, but is scarcely more precise, when it includes the influence of prevailing winds, the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, and the succession of the seasons. But although all these conditions have an influence in determining the range of species, other causes are operative which it is not necessary now to consider. It is upon the mollusca chiefly that the palæontologist depends for the determination of the stratigraphical position of rocks when the evidence of organic remains is required to decide the question. This arises not only from their abundance and usually good preservation, but also from the circumstances under which the beds were formed, and the clearer evidence they give of local conditions. Now the distribution of marine animals is chiefly influenced by the temperature and depth of the water; but while this fact simplifies the inquiry, it cannot be generally applied to the explanation of recorded observations until the thermometric measurements which have been taken on the surface of the ocean shall be extended to its depths. The effect of climate or temperature upon animal life, however, is not to produce specific differences, but simply to sustain healthy existence and vigorous growth. The importance of this subject, frequently misunderstood, in its application to palæontology as well as the range of existing faunas and floras, will justify an allusion to it in this place.

The growth and stature of a plant are increased, its form becomes less rigid, and its branches are better covered with a thicker foliage of a deeper green, when it is removed from a bleak mountain steep into a sheltered valley. But by no process of seasoning could an arctic vegetation be changed into one of another character. Changes are produced upon both animals and plants by removal into more congenial localities, but none that can be called specific. In the human race the effects of physical conditions are understood, not only in producing national characteristics in uncivilized life, but also in communities where the effects of want and neglect are so well known as to be called natural. The influence of climate upon vitality may be compared with that which is produced upon a man by what is called his circumstances. After a long course of adversity, when he can no longer support what he has persuaded himself to be his destiny

of ill-fortune, he becomes spiritless and even abject. Suddenly perhaps the burden is thrown off, and if no permanent distortion has been produced in his mind, his eye becomes less fearful, his step more firm, his stature more upright. So when the pressure of unfavourable elements is removed, the dwarfish ill-clothed plant lifts itself up and spreads out its branches to be covered with a richer dress and brighter blossoms. Its fruit is the same, but instead of being acrid and valueless, it has its natural flavour; and while it becomes more pleasant to the eye and more grateful to the palate, it has a reflex influence upon its healthy condition and strong vitality.

These general remarks will serve to point out not only the connexion which exists between natural science and the study of organic remains, but also the necessity of an acquaintance with the laws which now regulate the distribution of animals for the explanation of their distribution in rocks. It only remains to exhibit the present state of the science so far as that can be done by reference to the discoveries which have been made in the extinct faunas and floras, and thus to encourage future exertion by the example of past success. The material for such a review is partly provided for us by Mr. Morris's catalogue.

Considering the difficulty there is in recognising the structure and affinities of fossil plants, there has been a too earnest desire to name specimens. Against this hasty assignation of a nomenclature, Dr. Hooker, Professor E. Forbes, and other eminent botanists have strongly protested, and have so far checked the practice in this country, that Mr. Morris has catalogued only 652 British specimens. The same cautious regard to the clear development of specific differences before the adoption of specific names has not been thought necessary by many continental observers, but mere fragments of vegetable matter, which should have been kept for comparison with other specimens, have been named and figured with as much confidence as if all the characters which warrant a classification had been preserved. This great error has given authority to the assertion that 'our fossil flora is rapidly advancing towards the state of a chaos of synonymy.' Dr. Hooker points out very clearly the difficulties which attend the investigation of fossil plants in the conclusion of a paper on a new species of *Volkmanina*, read before the Geological Society in 1853.

'No progress in systematic botany can be made without an extensive study of the structure and morphology of plants—of their comparative anatomy, in short; and the materials for these researches are seldom preserved in fossil specimens. The familiar characters of plants are easily acquired; but when once lost sight of, the botanist must have recourse to dissection, and in the first instance, to the dissection of the

reproductive organs, however minute ; and these, even when present in the fossil, are almost invariably irretrievably injured. In the coal flora we have but one familiar feature—the polypodiaceæ ; and we recognise these at once by their habit, and approximate to their affinities by their venation. I know of no other genus of coal plants, of which it can be said that it is known to be at all closely allied to any existing genus. To appreciate these difficulties a very extensive knowledge of recent plants is necessary ; and when this is brought to bear upon fossils, the results are very barren of geological conclusions.

‘Plants are much more protean than animals in habit, and in the form and characters of their external organs of support, assimilation, and respiration ; and there is also another and a greater difficulty not sufficiently understood, namely, that the habit and functions of a plant are not indicated by its structure to the extent which is commonly supposed. The prevalent tendency to infer from the lax and compressible tissue of so many of the plants of the carboniferous flora, that the vegetation of that epoch was a swamp is one instance of this amongst many. Amongst the marsh trees of our own era, whether of fresh water or salt, of the tropics or of temperate zones, the botanist perceives hard and compact woods to prevail ; this is shown in the swamp pines of the north and south temperate hemispheres on the one hand, and in the *Avicennia*, *Rhizophora*, and other mangroves, and a host of dicotyledonous trees of the deltas and salt-water creeks of the tropics, on the other. And if we turn to the driest regions of the globe, the baobab, one of the most bulky known trees, an inhabitant of Senegal, and of the arid Cape de Verd, may almost be sliced with a knife like a carrot. The gigantic cacti of America and the euphorbiæ of the African deserts are other cases in point of succulence indicating drought. That the plants which contributed most materially to the formation of coal had unusually lax tissue, is, I think, proven ; but this, of itself, is no argument for their being evidences of a swamp flora, whilst the prevalence of ferns throughout the coal formation is rather against such an hypothesis than in its favour. On the other hand, I think that the geological evidence in favour of the coal plants having grown in swamps is of itself conclusive, and opposed to no botanical consideration of importance.’

Professor Edward Forbes speaks in the same spirit of caution when describing the labours of the German botanist in collecting and describing fossil plants.

‘The search after and description of fossil plants has been actively prosecuted on the continent, and not a few memoirs, several of them beautifully illustrated, have appeared during the year. As contributions of facts towards a future understanding of fossil botany, these papers and figures are welcome and valuable ; but as palæontological data for the service of the geologist, the use and appreciation of them require the greatest judgment and caution. The vegetable unit in the lists of extinct beings is of far inferior value to the animal unit, and conclusions respecting the age and affinities of formations drawn from the fragments of an ancient flora should always be put forth as

problematical and provisional. Yet in geological memoirs we too frequently find this caution lost sight of, and apparently unknown to their authors.'

The caution thus inculcated has had its legitimate influence upon the minds of British palæontologists, and has probably prevented the introduction of a large number of doubtful species to our native lists. Many additions of fossil plants, however, from the Eocene deposits have been made by Mr. Bowerbank and Mr. Prestwich; but the named species very inadequately represent the numerical wealth of the British fossil flora. Mr. Bowerbank states in the addenda to the catalogue that he has at least from 300 to 400 unnamed species of fossil fruits from the London Clay of Sheppy, and not less than 100,000 specimens which give their united testimony to a warm and temperate climate at the time of the deposition of that great bed of clay upon which the metropolis of England is now built.

The discovery of the relics of an ancient flora in amber is one of the most interesting accessions recently made to our knowledge of fossil botany. This substance is found in drift beds above the Tertiary Brown Coal formation, and represents with its relics of vegetable organization a comparatively recent geological epoch. It has been collected by Scheerer in Norway and by other naturalists in Holland, Northern Germany, Russia, Greenland, and parts of North America. As it occurs in beds of drift, there may be some doubt as to the precise locality in which these plants grew, and the age of the deposit itself is not absolutely determined, though there is no doubt in assigning it to the newer pliocene or pleistocene period; and in all probability it is a member of that formation called the northern drift. The amber, according to Professor Goeppert, to whom we are indebted for our information, is the fossilized resin of several species of *pinus*, *abietinæ*, and *cupressinæ*. It occurs generally in drops, a form which suggests a semi-fluid condition, or as casts of resin ducts; but occasionally in nodular masses, such as are accumulated at the base of the stem of the copal-tree. After an examination of 570 specimens of plants preserved in amber, Professor Goeppert selected 163 species, of which only two, *Libocedrites salicornoides* and *Taxodites Europæus*, are found fossil in other situations, but 30 of them were identified with existing species. Of cellular plants there are 16 fungi, 1 algæ, 12 lichens, and 30 musci—of vascular plants there are 98 species, of which 52 are gymnosperms. A more interesting and curious research cannot be undertaken than that which is offered by this remarkable relic of an ancient flora. The evidence given by the plants in their transparent tombs, so far as they have hitherto been examined, is that of a northern climate, and no tropical or sub-tropical

plants are intermixed with them. Their resemblance to existing genera is so remarkable as to suggest a similarity of climatal condition to that which belongs to the northern parts of Central Europe, though those countries are less rich in cupressineæ and abietineæ than the amber flora, and the coniferæ produce a less abundance of resinous matter. But apart from all speculation, it is evident, as the plants enclosed in the amber are of forest growth, that the districts, and perhaps countries, where they are found were at some late tertiary epoch covered with thick forests of firs and cypresses surrounded with a richer flora than now flourishes in districts where these trees abound.

If we might be permitted to generalize upon the early fossilized floras we should thus describe them. The most ancient vegetable structure was probably that of cellular marine plants. In the Old Red Sandstone age vascular plants of cryptogamic forms appeared, and Mr. Hugh Miller has discovered a lignite of coniferous origin. The carboniferous æra was distinguished by a rich fauna of gymnospermic dicotyledons (coniferæ and cycadaceæ) with the phanerogamic monocotyledons (grasses and palms), and cryptogamia. A striking difference is exhibited between the vegetation of the ancient and modern earth in the association of the palms and coniferæ, and yet there is a locality in which that association exists even in the present day. 'We have so accustomed ourselves,' says Humboldt, 'although erroneously, to regard coniferæ as a northern form, that I experienced a feeling of surprise when, in ascending from the shores of the South Pacific towards Chilpansingo, and the elevated valleys of Mexico, between the Venta de la Moxonera and the Alto de los Coxones, 4000 feet above the level of the sea, I rode a whole day through a dense wood of *pinus occidentalis*, where I observed that these trees, which are so similar to the Weymouth pine, were associated with fan palms.'

Passing by the diatomaceæ, we need not tarry over the amorphozoa, but simply remark that although naturalists are not disposed to agree with Mr. Toulmin Smith in regarding the ventriculidæ as polyzoan, they fully acknowledge the value of that gentleman's labours. The number of the species of the British fossil foramanifera has been rather more than doubled since the publication of the first edition of the Catalogue. The honour of directing the attention of palæontologists to these animals is due to Ehrenberg, whose successful investigations quickly obtained the co-operation of many competent observers. Mr. Rupert Jones, the Assistant Secretary of the Geological Society, and Doctors Williams and Carpenter, have done much towards the discovery and definition of the large number of species added to our British forms. The zoophyta have been examined by

Milne Edwards and Jules Kaimes, and to their works the reader must be referred for an explanation of their labours. The bryozoa, formerly included in this class have been proved to be allied to the mollusca, and they have been removed to their natural association, but there is, notwithstanding, a large numerical addition of new species. In this department of zoology Mr. Lonsdale has been long eminent, and to him we are indebted for many valuable contributions to our knowledge.

The echinodermata, a class of animals whose remains give important aid to the geologist, have always been regarded with interest as characteristic fossils, but they have recently been made the subjects of especial study by Professor Edward Forbes, M'Coy, and other palæontologists. The number of species in the second edition of the Catalogue is nearly double that in the first.

The cystidea of Von Buch, formerly known as spheronites, have a great importance as representatives of one of the earliest epochs of organization, scarcely less characteristic than the trilobites and graptolites. They hold the same station in the animal economy as the well-known sea-urchin. They are entirely confined to the Cambrian and Silurian formations, just as the cidaridæ are limited to the secondary rocks, with the solitary exception of one species (*Cidaris Websteriana*), which was introduced into the sea that deposited the London clay after the destruction of all its congeners. Professor Edward Forbes, we are informed in the preface to the Catalogue, revised the section which records the echinodermata, and in this section we are indebted to the labours of the same eminent naturalist for the addition of the entire family of the cystidæ, the genera and species having been described from specimens collected by the geological surveyors and during the researches of Messrs. Gray and Fletcher of Dudley.

The fossil articulata are represented by the annelida, cirrhipeda, crustacea, and insecta. Large additions have been made to the catalogue of the annelida by discoveries among the Palæozoic rocks. One hundred and twenty-nine species are now described: of the cirrhipeda, there are 42 British species; and our knowledge of this class of animals has been brought into a more satisfactory state by Mr. Charles Darwin's monograph, published by the Ray Society. Two hundred and ninety-one species of crustaceæ are catalogued by Mr. Morris as British fossils, with all the care their characteristic remains demanded. They appear in the form of trilobites among the oldest Palæozoic rocks, and a careful examination of those strata both at home and abroad has been rewarded by the discovery of a great variety of these interesting animal remains. There is reason to believe that

crustaceans were among the first created things, and as a class they have probably never ceased to have a place among living creatures. The malacostraca, genera of a high order, are found in the secondary and lower tertiary rocks; and it is a curious fact that of these there are but 46 species in 26 genera; while in the entomostraca or lower forms of crustacean life, the species are very numerous. Of trilobites there are 139 species in 35 genera. This very interesting group has been fully described and arranged by M. Barrande in Bohemia, and by McCoy and Salter in England. The discovery of fossil insects in the Lias and Purbeck beds has been followed up with great zeal by the Rev. P. Brodie. Fifty-eight genera have been obtained from British strata, and the numerous fragments prove that fossil entomology would be fully represented if the specimens were less mutilated, and probably will be in spite of that impediment a few years hence.

The sub-kingdom mollusca opens so large a subject, and the investigation of it has been so successful during the last ten or twelve years, that we cannot venture to trace its progress without entering more fully into a history of the classification than would be consistent with our present object. It will be sufficient to say that this branch of natural science comprises 407 genera and 4848 species of British fossils, being an increase of about one-fourth, including the introduction of the bryozoa, since the first publication of the Catalogue. Every successful effort to bring the classification of the mollusca into groups consistent with nature is highly important to the progress of geology, and that has been done by Mr. Morris, with a competent knowledge of the investigations of foreign and native naturalists.

Many of our readers have been made acquainted with a few fossil fish by Mr. Hugh Miller's delightful books, 'The Old Red Sandstone' and 'The Asterolepis of Stromness.' The British palæontologist is now acquainted with 741 species, which is an increase of 208 since the year 1843. So far as our knowledge at present extends, fishes are the most ancient vertebrated animals; but a practical geologist has recently said, and we are not disposed to dispute his opinion: 'So little credit do I personally attach to negative evidence in the matter of organic remains, that to take up extreme grounds at once, I hold myself perfectly prepared, if I live long enough, to hear of the discovery of the Silurian mammalia and of course of all those of the more recent periods.' But taking discovery as our guide, we must for the present admit that fish remains make their appearance in strata of a much greater age than the lowest of those which contain the bones of any other vertebrated animals. In the Ludlow group of the Silurian rocks ichthyolitic remains were discovered some years

since by Sir Roderick Murchison, and for the present they must be regarded as the most ancient specimens of vertebrated animals. But although research in other countries as well as our own has hitherto failed to discover the bones of reptiles or mammalia, we are not prepared to assert with Sir Roderick that the Silurian system can yet be regarded 'on the whole, as representing a long, early period, in which no vertebrated animals had been called into existence.' From the first appearance of ichthyolites in the transition series of the upper strata of the Silurian formation, they may be traced uninterruptedly through every group to the tertiary epoch and the present seas. But each set of beds has species frequently genera peculiar to itself. In the Red Sandstone the forms are most remarkable. We there find the pterichthys with its wing-like appendages; the cephalaspus, with its disproportioned buckler-shaped head, and thin jointed body; and the uncouth coccosteus. In the strata ranging from the Coal formation to the Chalk the sauroide are found, so called from a supposed affinity to reptiles, and from their being covered with enamelled scales.

The reptilian remains have greatly interested the public on account of the strange shapes and huge dimensions of some of them; but it is an error to suppose that the animals of the Old World were as a fauna distinguished by a greater bulk than those which inhabit the surface of the New; though there was a period when reptiles did exist, having forms and dimensions which appear almost fabulous. Geologists are now acquainted with 48 genera and 153 species. The serious investigation of these remains commenced with the discovery of the ichthyosaurus in 1814. In 1821 Mr. Conybeare discovered and described the plesiosaurus, and in the following year the mosasaurus. Dr. Mantell figured the anatomy of the iguanodon in 1825, and Cuvier, whom we shall never cease to regret—for as a naturalist and a scholar, a man of noble intellect and nobler virtues, he commanded the respect and honour of all men—four years after described that strange flying reptile the pterodactylus. Since this period, the task of reconstructing the skeletons of fossil animals has been performed by Professor Owen, who has earned an European reputation by the admirable sagacity with which he detects analogies, and from the fragments of an osseous structure detects the habits, structure, and form of the animal to which they belonged.

Reptilian life had its origin at the close of the Red Sandstone era, or we should perhaps say no bones of an earlier date have been discovered. The telerpeton is the oldest known reptile, and was obtained from the sandstones of Elgin on the south side of

Murray Firth. In all the formations above this the remains of reptiles are more or less abundant. During the age of the secondary rocks the large-eyed ichthyosauri, the swan-necked plesiosauri, the huge megalosauri, growing to a length of five-and-forty feet, and the flying pterodactyles inhabited the seas and their coasts. The forms of these reptiles are now as well known to reading people as those of their domestic animals, and the wonder they excited when first made known has scarcely diminished. It is still curious to compare these extinct races with the present inhabitants of Great Britain of the same class, whether in relation to their number, size, or diversity of forms. But whether we limit the comparison, or include those stealthy and voracious animals which still haunt the rivers and shores of warmer climates, we find that the cold-blooded, air-breathing animals of the present day are, when compared with the mighty creatures which were once lords of our isles, a degraded, insignificant, and powerless race.

The British fossil mammalia are 96 in number. They belong for the most part to the tertiary formation and to its recent beds. None have yet been found below the Stonesfield slate of the Great Oolite, where Dr. Buckland obtained, many years since, the osseous remains of an animal referred by Cuvier to the genus *Didelphys*. No discovery of modern times has been more positively contested, for it contradicted a favourite hypothesis. Everybody believed that the mammalia had been introduced among the lower grades of animals during the Tertiary age; and some men of science, who had more regard for their hypotheses than for truth, would not believe that an insectivorous mammalian could live in the Jurassic age. There were two sources of doubt, and the sceptics availed themselves of both; but while Dr. Fitton disposed of one by proving the true stratigraphical position of the rock, Owen reasserted the mammalian character of the bones. Up to the time of the death of Cuvier no remains of the quadrumanous had been discovered, but the bones of monkeys have since been found in recent Tertiary deposits, in England and France, as well as in India and South America. A feline animal also, larger than any living species, existed with the bears, wolves, and other animals whose bones are preserved in limestone caves.

The great success which has hitherto attended the research of the palæontologist guarantees the continuance of his labours. What will be the result of his study during the next ten years we cannot predict, but he will begin a new stage in his inquiries with a safe and intelligible guide. To those of our readers who are interested in the study of geology as a vocation or amusement—whether employed in examining extensive districts and

collecting fossils from rocks of all ages, or having no practical knowledge of the science beyond the locality in which Providence has placed them, we recommend Morris's 'Catalogue of British Fossils.'

ART. V.—*Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Angus Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon. In the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into Modern English by Charles Kingsley. In Three Volumes. Cambridge. Macmillan & Co. 1855.*

IN the economy of literature, if there are not those cycles which recur in the physical and perhaps in the social world, there are certainly aberrations which very much resemble them. We speak more especially here of fictitious literature, in which, whether prosaic or poetical, the same general laws obtain. While history, essay, and philosophical disquisition have for their main object to instruct the mind, fiction, whether in prose or poetry, is chiefly designed to delight it. It is true that fable and parable, and their common expansion in allegory, are didactic in their tendency, however æsthetical and emotional they may be in their detail. But that literature which may be designated as fictitious *par excellence*, is, as Horace describes poetry—'Animis natum juvandis.' It 'must please to live.' It lies without the utilitarian sphere, and the instruction and moral improvement which it conveys, great as they may occasionally be, are rather accidental than essential to it.

The main initial scheme of prose fiction has been, as a general rule, to affect the feelings of mankind by working on their strongest passion, that is, by the most affecting delineations of beauty and love, connecting them with those accessories of natural scenery and romantic events and situations which are adapted to assist the main design. We are referring here chiefly to prose fiction; but even in poetry, while the ode is more devoted to heroic action, and the epic has more the character of history in verse, yet the latter of these is not to be regarded as an exception. The primeval prince of epics has founded his immortal poem on the passion of love. He represents to us the beauty of Helen far more expressively than a picture or a description could do it. Old men—compared as they sit to grasshoppers—in whom passion has subsided under the touch of time, and in whom senatorial prudence, allied against the beauty which razed their empire to the ground, had taken the place of the warlike prowess of the

past, are depicted as charmed spectators of that lovely woman, the 'belli teterrima causa.'

'They cried, no wonder such celestial charms

For ten long years have kept the world in arms.'

So, too, Milton, with the fate of the world in his mind, represents Adam as the fairest of his race, and adds, with a pardonable solecism —

'Fairest of her daughters Eve.'

In prose fiction, this concentration of the interest of love and beauty on heroes and heroines has been well nigh universal. Godwin, indeed, in his 'Caleb Williams,' and a few others of lesser name, have been ambitious enough to defy the law, but these have been rare exceptions. To instance the grandest prose fictions that have ever been written in modern times, those by the author of 'Waverley,' we have this principle exemplified in Rebecca and Ivanhoe, Amy Robsart and Leicester, Lovell and Isabella Wardour, and a thousand other instances might be given from our best novels and romances.

Our modern novelists, however, seem to think that the public is satiated with this natural food. The lamented authoress of 'Jane Eyre' has in that work, and also in her 'Villette,' seemed resolved to expatiate into a wider field, and to compel the interest of her readers to situations between the sexes of the most exceptional, not to say the most unnatural, kind. In the one she has wedded her heroine to a man blinded and seamed with the scars of a conflagration, and in the other to a man whose character has by the course of the narrative been exhausted of all the elements of natural sympathy and interest. Such works can only be regarded as the succedanea to a palled appetite. The plot is thoroughly defective, and the interest of the reader is solely sustained by the continuous vivacity of the execution and the tastefulness and beauty of the episodes.

The work before us falls under the same category. Unlike the former productions of Mr. Kingsley, it has no moral, and we might almost say, no plot. It is simply a series of sketches, some of them, as will hereafter be seen, exceedingly beautiful, but still mere 'orient pearls at random strung,' and their effect beside our highest works of fiction is like that of an assemblage of precious stones in a jeweller's tray in comparison with the gems which adorn the brow and the bosom of royal beauty.

Moreover, he who appropriates great names and moving historical associations without doing full justice to the materials he employs inflicts a wrong upon the republic of letters. He purloins from those characters and subjects which Horace designates as 'De medio sumptis.' It is a tame enterprise to follow him. He is like those possessors of a life-interest in estates, who, with a

malignant eccentricity, consign them to dilapidation and decay in order to spite the next heir.

We could adduce numerous instances of this literary sin, many of which will probably occur to every reader who has employed his leisure on the fictitious literature of our country. We have, for example, in this work the names of Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Walsingham, Spenser, and of Elizabeth herself, affording to the author opportunities for the development of the most characteristic traits as well as of the most striking situations. But we look in vain for anything specifically characteristic of these great personages. How differently has the 'Great Unknown' dealt with some of the characters we have mentioned !

Still, with all these exceptions, Mr. Kingsley's book is no ordinary production. It indicates the hidings of power. It is incomparably inferior to 'Alton Locke,' and yet, in comparison with that work, it shows a surprising versatility of talent. Its descriptions of natural scenery are vivid and graphic in the last degree. In perusing his pages we seem to dwell amidst the mountains and vales, the woods and the waters of the Far West, and at the same time to become familiar with the manners and the sentiments of the Elizabethan era.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to present such an outline of this fiction as would convey to the reader a just conception either of its merits or its defects. It pretends to be a record of the adventures of Amyas, afterwards Admiral Sir Amyas Leigh, a Devonshire man, as one might suppose the author to be from the 'esprit de corps' with which he glorifies the heroes whom that beautiful county claims as its own. His first introduction to us is as a school boy, the son of a widow, but the godson of the powerful Sir Richard Grenville, brought up in the town of Bideford under the severe discipline of Vindex Brindlecombe, the schoolmaster of Bideford. His elder brother Frank had been introduced to the court of Queen Elizabeth, and was there inflating his youthful mind with all the anticipated impossibilities which could swell the fancy of a young courtier in that age of rapid and romantic preferment. Amyas, returning from school, falls among a group of sailors who, having returned from the El Dorado of the western world, were seeking to enlist hands, both young and old, to embark with them in their next venture. The youth was fascinated and resolved, and forthwith visited his godfather to obtain his sanction. The description of Sir Richard Grenville's residence is one of those happy efforts which vindicate the claim of the author to the character of a first-rate painter.

'From the house, on three sides the hill sloped steeply down, and the garden where Sir Richard and Amyas were walking gave a truly English prospect. At one turn they could catch over the western

walls a glimpse of the blue ocean flecked with passing sails, and at the next, spread far below them, range on range of fertile park, stately avenue, yellow autumn woodland, and purple heather moors, lapping over and over each other up the valley to the old British earthwork, which stood black and furze grown on its conical peak, and standing out against the sky, on the highest bank of hill which closed the valley to the east, the lofty tower of Kilhampton Church, rich with the monuments and offerings of five centuries of Grenvilles. A yellow eastern haze hung soft over park and wood and moor; the red cattle lowed to each other as they stood brushing away the flies in the rivulet far below; the colts in the horse park, close on their right, whinnied as they played together, and their sires from the Queen's Park, on the opposite hill, answered them in fuller though fainter voices; a rutting stag made the still woodland rattle with his hoarse thunder, and a rival far up the valley gave back a trumpet note of defiance, and was himself defied from heathery brows which quivered far away above, half seen through the veil of eastern mist; and close at home, upon the terrace before the house, amid romping spaniels and golden-haired children, sat Lady Grenville herself, the beautiful St. Leger of Annery, the central jewel of all that glorious place, and looked down at her noble children, and then up at her more noble husband, and round at that broad paradise of the west, till life seemed too full of happiness and heaven of light.—Vol. i. p. 211.

Amyas appears again upon the stage after having accompanied Sir Francis Drake in that circumnavigation with which his name is inseparably connected, and at this period of the drama enters one of the two heroines of the tale, with whom the author represents (with very questionable skill, as we venture to think) all the swains of the country side enamoured, including the two brothers, Frank and Amyas Leigh. Under these circumstances, Frank adopts a course equally improbable and dangerous—that of assembling all the lovers at a supper and uniting them in a club, binding them by a vow to acquiesce in the choice of the beautiful Rose Salterne, and to aid and abet the happy man whom she should favour with her choice. But the Rose of Torridge has one admirer of a different stamp. This is Eustace Leigh, a cousin of Frank and Amyas, and a dark and malignant Jesuit, who reminds us occasionally of Rashleigh Osbaldistone in 'Rob Roy.' Residing in the neighbourhood, he has repeated opportunities of intercourse, and uses them, though unsuccessfully, to ply all his arts upon the affections of the beautiful maiden. The intensity of hatred thus produced between the cousins is developed by Mr. Kingsley with singular power. It issues in the success of Eustace in securing the committal both of Rose and of Frank Leigh to the dungeons of the Inquisition, the gloom of which they only exchange for the intenser horrors of the stake.

Meanwhile Amyas joins an expedition to Ireland, associated with Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser, to expel a body of

Spaniards who have effected a piratical landing on the coast. In an engagement he takes prisoner a Spaniard, whose ordinary designation of Don Guzman has the usual long train of high-sounding patronymics. The Spanish Don is sent as a prisoner to the mansion of Sir Richard Grenville, to be kept in liberal custody until his ransom is paid. Here he meets with the beautiful Rose Salterne, and adds another to the list of her adorers. This places Rose in a perilous situation. Amyas is abroad and Frank at Court, and none of all was near to keep alive by any association those feelings which would have rendered harmless the assaults of the Don on her affections. Thus left on a clear stage, he captivated her attention by his narratives of romantic adventure, predominated over her simplicity by his national pride, and at length declared his passion. For this Rose was not prepared. She declined his proposals and shunned his society, charging him not to resume his intercourse with her. The effect of this self-imposed silence on the mind of Rose is depicted in a passage which has been repeatedly cited as a proof of Mr. Kingsley's profound insight into the character and temperament of woman.

‘Rose Salterne and the Spaniard had not exchanged a word in the last six months, though they had met many times. The Spaniard by no means avoided her company, except in her father’s house. He only took care to obey her carefully by seeming always unconscious of her presence beyond the stateliest of salutes at entering and departing. But he took care at the same time to lay himself out to the very best advantage whenever he was in her presence, to be more witty, more eloquent, more romantic, more full of wonderful tales than he ever yet had been.

‘The cunning Don had found himself foiled in his first tactic, and he was now trying another and a far more formidable one. In the first place, Rose deserved a very severe punishment for having dared to refuse the love of a Spanish nobleman; and what greater punishment could he inflict than withdrawing the honour of his attentions and the sunshine of his smiles? There was conceit enough in that notion, but there was cunning too, for none knew better than the Spaniard that women, like the world, are pretty sure to value a man (especially if there be any real worth in him) at his own price; and that the more he demands for himself, the more they will give for him. And now he would put a high price on himself and pique her pride, as she was too much accustomed to worship to be won by flattering it. He might have done that by paying attention to some one else, but he was too wise to employ so coarse a method, which might raise indignation, or disgust, or despair in Rose’s heart, but would never have brought her to his feet—as it will never bring any woman worth the bringing. So he quietly and unobtrusively showed her that he could do without her, and she, poor fool, as she was meant to do, began forthwith to ask herself why. What was the hidden treasure? What was

the reserve force which made him independent of her, while she could not say that she was independent of him? Had he a secret? How pleasant to know it! Some huge ambition? How pleasant to share in it! Some mysterious knowledge? How pleasant to learn it! Some capacity of love beyond the common? How delicious to have it all for her own! He must be greater, wiser, richer-hearted than she was, as well as better-born. Ah! if his wealth would but supply her poverty! And so, step by step, she was being led to sue, in *formâ pauperis*, to the very man whom she had spurned when he had sued in like form to her. That temptation of having some mysterious private treasure, of being the priestess of some hidden sanctuary, and being able to thank heaven that she was not as other women are, was becoming far too much for Rose, as it is too much for most; for none knew better than the Spaniard how much more fond women are by the very law of their sex of worshipping than of being worshipped, and of obeying than of being obeyed; how their coyness, often their scorn, is but a mask to hide their consciousness of weakness, and a mask, too, of which they themselves will often be the first to tire.—Vol. ii. p. 109.

The issue is Rose's consent to elope with him to the Caraccas, where he, with his ransom paid, has been appointed to a governorship. This, however, was not accomplished without a passage of arms with one of Rose's indigenous devotees, Mr. William Cary, one of the fraternity which Frank Leigh had so fantastically constituted. The description of the scene of this contest on the sands of the Devonshire coast is certainly a masterpiece of painting. It proves that the author is free of every province of the realm of nature, and that he is admitted to each as a lover. Indeed, his perception of natural phenomena is intensely vivid. The peculiar odours of the hour of dawn, the appearance of the sky and of the vegetable world, the minute sounds of awakening nature, the songs and behaviour of birds, the aspect of the beach and of the shrubby slopes which lack their mirror when the ebbing tide has left the ribbed sand to vary the landscape; all these are depicted with an intensity of perception which indicates genius, in so far as sympathy with nature is one of its elements.

But while Mr. Kingsley is thus happy in details, he appears to be incapable of sketching the outline of a fascinating and consistent story. At this stage of his narrative he seems embarrassed by the odd compact of the fraternity of the Rose, and it is hard to imagine any sufficiently potent motive to impel a crew which numbered on its roll Amyas as captain, Frank Leigh the courtier, Cary the wounded duellist, and Jack Bridlecombe the enamoured curate, to sail for the Spanish Main in quest of the abducted bride. Away they speed, however, Westward Ho! and their adventures in the land of their search afford the author a fresh opportunity of indicating his power of portraying natural

scenery, whether amidst the quiet loveliness of the Devonshire coast, or the more gigantic features and full-blown beauties of a tropical clime. Indeed, it is hard to say whether he seems more at home in the park and quiet gardens of Sir Richard Grenville or amidst the awful cliffs, the mountains with their thundering torrents, the plethoric vegetation, and the brilliant hues of birds and flowers, which in those palmy days made the western world a theatre of wonders.

Among the crew is Salvation Yeo, whose mission, rather oddly conceived, as it seems to us, is to redeem a pledge made to his deceased friend Oxenham (both having been members of that group at Bideford, amidst which the school-boy, Amyas, first caught the fever of nautical adventure) to discover his illegitimate daughter. Rose Salterne is found at the mansion of the Don, beset in the absence of her husband by unworthy proposals from Eustace Leigh, who holds over her recusant virtue the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. An overheard conversation in the pleasure-grounds of the Don leads to a terrific conflict, in which Frank is taken prisoner, while Amyas and some of his comrades escape to his ship. The impassioned malignity of Eustace accomplishes a total alienation of feeling between Don Guzman and Rose. She, together with Frank Leigh, are delivered over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition, and are burned alive side by side.

Meanwhile, inflamed with equal hatred of the Spaniards and love of the gold which they were monopolizing, the British crew pursue their cruise, and Salvation Yeo accidentally discovers his little maid, the object of his faithful search, a half-savage beauty with the name of Ayacanora. During their voyage to England our shores were threatened by the Spanish Armada, and the vessel of Amyas, stopped by the queen's orders, was apprized of the invasion, and Amyas nominated to a command in defence of his country. If anything could be wanting to reconcile him to his new career of duty, it was the information that the detested Don Guzman was in command of one of the enemy's ships. Amyas tracks his foe through seas and storms, panting for a personal conflict with him, until at length he finds his vessel, as he supposes, in his power; but a storm disappoints his thirst for revenge. 'On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed, the black arch following, fast curtained by one flat grey sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line; while every moment behind the watery veil a *keen blue spark* leapt down into the sea, or darted zigzag through the rain.' But the vengeful spirit of Amyas was fiercer than the storm, and the intensity of his hate condemning the mingled fury of the elements, reminds us of the sublime imagery of Foster,

'bands of armed men gallantly maintaining battle on the yet uncovered spaces of ground, while the universal deluge was rising.' Mr. Kingsley's description of the catastrophe of Don Guzman's fate, which robbed him of the bitter sweetness of his revenge, forms a picture which must be seen on the canvas of the artist.

'On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard. "Call the men up, and to quarters, the rain will be over in ten minutes." Yeo ran forward to the gangway and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!" Amyas with the strength of a bull jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below. She swung round; the masts bent like whips; crack went the foresail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her and above her a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds, and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam. "What is it, Morte? Hartland?" "It might be anything for thirty miles, Lundy," said Yeo. "The south end?" "I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers—hard-a-port yet, and get her close hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!" Yes, look at the Spaniard! On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock some two hundred feet in height, then a hundred yards of roaring breaker, upon a sunken shelf across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey, and between the Shutter and the land the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm. He too had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to; but his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm. He struggled a moment, half hid in foam, fell away again, and rushed upon his doom. "Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas, madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time. "Sir! sir! what are you at? We shall clear the rock yet." "Yes," shouted Amyas in his frenzy, "but he will not." Another minute the galleon gave a sudden jar and stopped, then one long heave and bound as if to free herself, and then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter. An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning, but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every saint in Heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever. "Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right! my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!" A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver, a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out glowing red-hot every mast, and sail, and rock; and

Salvation Yeo, as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand—all red-hot transfigured into fire, and behind, the black, black night.'—Vol. iii. pp. 349-352.

Here follows a crisis in the narrative, which again we must condemn as another instance of the inability of Mr. Kingsley to sustain a plot which shall not disappoint the reader, and destroy the effect of a story which, in the main, is so beautifully told. One flash of this terrific storm deprives the hero of his vision for life. He returns to the residence of his mother as Admiral Sir Amyas Leigh, but henceforth a helpless giant in the midst of his days. Ayacanora has been committed to the care of the matron, and is domiciled in her house. Here, grown up to the stature and proportions of a lovely young woman, she nurtures a preconceived passion for Amyas, which threatens to be hopeless from his detestation of Spanish blood. The victory achieved by the tenderness of youthful and devoted love over this almost instinctive repugnance is described by Mr. Kingsley in the following scene :—

'And Amyas was sitting all alone. His mother had gone out for a few minutes to speak to the seamen who had brought up Amyas's luggage, and set them down to eat and drink ; and Amyas sat in the old bay-window, where he had sat when he was a little tiny boy, and read 'King Arthur,' and 'Fox's Martyrs,' and the 'Cruelties of the Spaniards.' He put out his hand and felt for them ; there they lay, side by side, just as they had lain twenty years before. The window was open ; and a cool air brought in, as of old, the scents of the four-season roses, and rosemary, and autumn gilliflowers. And there was a dish of apples on the table ; he knew it by their smell ; the very same old apples which he used to gather when he was a boy. He put out his hand and took them, and felt them over, and played with them just as if the twenty years had never been : and as he fingered them, the whole of his past life rose up before him, as in that strange dream which is said to flash across the imagination of a drowning man ; and he saw all the places which he had ever seen, and heard all the words which had ever been spoken to him—till he came to that fairy island on the Meta ; and he heard the roar of the cataract once more, and saw the green tops of the palm-trees sleeping in the sunlight far above the spray, and slept amid the smooth palm-trunks across the flower-fringed boulders, and leaped down to the gravel beach beside the pool ; and then again rose from the fern-grown rocks the beautiful vision of Ayacanora—where was she ? He had not thought of her till now. How he had wronged her ! Let be ; he had been punished, and the account was squared. Perhaps she did not care for him any longer. Who would care for a great blind ox like him, who must be fed and tended like a baby for the rest of his lazy life ? Tut ! how long his mother was away ! And he began playing again with his apples, and thought about nothing but them, and his climbs with Frank in the orchard years ago.

'At last one of them slipped through his fingers, and fell on the floor. He stooped and felt for it; but he could not find it. Vexations! He turned hastily to search in another direction, and struck his head sharply against the table.

'Was it the pain, or the little disappointment? or was it the sense of his blindness brought home to him in that ludicrous commonplace way, and for that very reason all the more humiliating? or was it the sudden revulsion of overstrained nerves, produced by that slight shock? Or had he become, indeed, a child once more? I know not; but so it was, that he stamped on the floor with pettishness, and then checking himself, burst into a violent flood of tears.

'A quick rustle passed him; the apple was replaced in his hand, and Ayacanora's voice sobbed out,

"There! there it is! Do not weep! Oh, do not weep! I cannot bear it! I will get all you want! Only let me fetch and carry for you, tend you, feed you, lead you, like your slave, your dog! Say that I may! Say that I may be your slave!" and falling on her knees at his feet, she seized both his hands, and covered them with kisses.

"Yes!" she cried, "I will be your slave! I must be! You cannot help it! You cannot escape from me now! You cannot go to sea! You cannot turn your back upon wretched me. I have you safe now! Safe!" and she clutched his hands triumphantly. "Ah! what a wretch I am, to rejoice in that, to taunt him with his blindness! Oh, forgive me! I am but a poor wild girl—a wild Indian savage, you know; but—but—" and she burst into tears.

'A great spasm shook the body and soul of Amyas Leigh; he sat quite silent for a minute, and then said, solemnly,

"And is this still possible? Then God have mercy upon me a sinner!"

'Ayacanora looked up in his face inquiringly; but before she could speak again he had bent down, and lifting her as the lion lifts the lamb, pressed her to his bosom, and covered her face with kisses.'—Vol. iii. pp. 369-372.

We have already intimated our opinion as to the essential defectiveness of the plot of this singularly able and striking fiction. The close of it confirms our judgment. That a hero deprived of sight in mid-life should be the subject of pensive interest to all can be no matter of surprise; but that, with a universe of possibilities obedient to his choice, a writer should select such a man as the object of devoted passion to a young and lovely woman, is an eccentricity which genius itself can hardly justify. The circumstance, too, that she was not his first love, but only the heiress of an earlier passion which drew him from the arms of a mother to the ends of the earth, renders the situation still more improbable. Indeed, the liberties which Mr. Kingsley has taken with all the established conventionalities of the novel and the romance, while they indicate his consciousness of power, certainly

threaten the extension and durability of his fame. His isolated tableaux are something marvellous ; but we cannot help remarking his deficiency in grouping, while his failure in the delineation of the most tempting characters compels us to close his volumes with a sense of disappointment.

ART. VI.—*The History of British Guiana : comprising a General Description of the Colony ; a Narrative of Events from the Earliest Period ; and an Account of its Climate, Geology, Products, and Natural History.* By H. G. Dalton, M.D. In Two Volumes. London : Longman & Co.

GUIANA consists of a large tract of country in Southern America, with the Orinoco on the west and north-west, the Amazon on the south and south-west, and the Atlantic Ocean on the north-east and east. Here is a vast expanse encircled by water—on one side by the sea, and on others by the mightiest rivers of the earth. The Indian, seated in his frail canoe, may float into the mouth of the Amazon, creep against its current as far as the Negro, pursue his course along the Cassiquiare, and entering the Orinoco, find himself at last on the same ocean whence he commenced his voyage. The area of the region thus enclosed is enormous, as may be conceived when we remark that its greatest length is more than 1000 miles, and its breadth upwards of 700. However, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Portuguese, the French, and the English have divided the country ; so that the British portion is included within a space of about 100,000 square miles. Over the whole, before Europeans arrived, tribes of wild Indians roamed, the ancient and sole possessors of the land, which was uncultivated and clothed with the original forest. Since colonists established themselves, many of the woods have disappeared ; agriculture has replaced the unfruitful wilderness of trees ; canals and trenches have been formed, towns and villages built, and the wild beasts have been driven from the new haunts of men. But these cultivated tracts form only a small proportion even of British Guiana. The inhabited districts lie along the sea border, where the soil is alluvial, and where indications appear of a marvellous growth, by which all that coast has risen from beneath the Atlantic.

This country, so rich and so beautiful, has attracted the notice of few writers. Dr. Dalton is its first historian. Fragmentary accounts existed in various languages before he undertook the

present work ; but nothing approaching his book, either in the completeness of its plan or in the ability of its execution, had been attempted. We have said that Dr. Dalton's volumes constitute the first history of British Guiana ; we may add that they will probably be the last, since a production so full, so authentic, so solid, and valuable, is never likely to be superseded. There will be in the colony progress and change ; new conditions will arise to claim the pages of a future record ; but as far as that South American colony—the seed plot, perhaps of empires—has proceeded, the history is written, and the reputation of the historian is decided. In its scope the work is large, comprehensive, and philosophical ; and in its details it teems with interest. We may glance over the surface and variety of its contents, and our readers may feel assured that they will not often be recommended to study a production which will inform them at once of all that it is necessary to know on a difficult, important, and neglected subject.

Besides the wide alluvial tract on the Atlantic border, there are spaces covered with thickets and trees, rocky plateaus beyond them, and still further inland, the famous savannahs. These savannahs are composed of grassy marshes, of natural pastures, of prairies alternately verdant and bare, in which the serpent and the stork alone exist. Far other aspects belong to the Guianan wood. Here are trees more stately than the oak, prouder than the palm, lighter and more graceful than the vine. Parasites twine about their stems and mount to the crowned summit, when they shower their blossoms to the earth. Scarcely a beam of the sun falls on this floor of moss and flowers. Yet the entire range is filled with animal life. A confused and perpetual hum of insects is heard ; myriads of them crawl on the ground, or flutter about the plants. From every bush, under every stone, from the very earth itself, the eternal murmur is audible ; while above, in the branching roof, wrought by nature into fantastic beauty, and bedropped with rich flowers, birds pass to and fro, with their gaudy plumage, and their shrill peculiar songs. To these solitudes only a rare traveller comes at intervals to survey their splendours, antique but ever new ; and in them only the melancholy Indian lives.

We prefer to linger for awhile in these natural scenes to entering with Dr. Dalton into the colonial history of Guiana. Such topics are of special importance, but the glades and landscapes of the region have an interest of an universal character. The old voyagers were first attracted to Guiana by rumours of its beauty and sumptuous aspects, which, to their imagination, seemed connected with the golden ore and banks of precious gems they hoped to discover. Among colonies, the annals of one

resemble those of another, and when we recollect the incidents of any 'plantation' history, the main events and vicissitudes are in all nearly alike.

Singular as it appears, there is, nevertheless, an historical question of some importance connected with Guiana. Among the river watered plains of the interior, where the rock takes strange shapes, specimens of 'picture-writing' have been met with carved on the scarped stone, which is exceedingly hard. With the sharpest instrument, it takes several hours of labour to produce any impression on this indurate surface, and yet some of the characters are found in bold relief, upwards of a foot in length, and an inch deep. The traveller has traced these rude sculptures over an area of upwards of 350,000 square miles. They are primitive in their outlines and simple in their suggestions; but, as we think, nothing is more absurd or more inadequate than to describe them as 'the idle tracings' of a hunting people. What tools did the idlers work with? Had they implements which enabled them to accomplish with ease a task which the sculptors, armed with tempered chisels, could only with great difficulty and patience perform? The supposition destroys the hypothesis it is intended to uphold, since it proves an acquaintance among those ancient tribes with curious mechanical arts. In what way can we explain the fact that the practice has been laid aside, while the instruments have been lost? These hieroglyphics are mysteries to the native as to the stranger. The Indian ascribes them to the labours of divine beings in some cases, to his ancestors in others, and to a race of women who lived 'a long time ago!'

Among the figures are representations of birds, animals, men, and women; and—which is very singular—of large ships with masts, but of quaint construction. The full moon also occurs. Dr. Dalton saw copies of these picture-inscriptions, and was struck by a resemblance—which, however, he was not the first to observe—between them and the characters of the Hebrew dialect. Such a resemblance has been remarked upon by students of Egyptian hieroglyphy, though Dr. Dalton has been more judicious with respect to the archæology of Guiana than Mr. Osburne was with respect to that of Egypt; he has forborne to base a theory of historical connexion upon a similitude which may have been purely accidental.

At this point it would be useless to speculate as to the probable origin of the Guianan sculptures. They are, like those of Central America, traces of an unknown period, and even more mysterious than the ruins of Mexico. To suppose that the Indian tribes at present existing carved the face of the rocks

over so vast a surface, by the efforts of pertinacious labour, is to suppose, in the history of their race, a period which they themselves have utterly forgotten ; and it also contradicts the well-known truth, that savages are never known to abandon the customs of their forefathers until European influence has effected a change in their ideas. The rocks of Australia, which are similarly sculptured, though in a rougher style, continue to receive additions every year. On the other hand it would be unprofitable to rival the courage of Champollion, by supposing that more is meant than meets the eye, and after correcting this hieroglyphic text, translating it into a detailed history. The present aborigines of Guiana are savages of a reddish brown colour, approaching in physical structure the Mongolian race, or that which is so named. They wear scarcely any clothing, are fond of bright ornaments, and are divided into tribes. Of these some are more warlike than others, and some more amiable. Those who dwell far in the interior are skilful in the devices of the chase, while those who inhabit the coast have a rare aptitude for building canoes. Such of them as inhabit a marshy country have been provided by nature with broad flat feet, which makes it more easy for them to tread the swampy ground. Like all barbarians, they depend on manual dexterity, and are cunning, are fond of ceremony, celebrate their own achievements with feasts and songs, and inculcate the necessity of revenge. So isolated are the several tribes, that the dialect of one is rarely understood by another. In their virtues and their vices there is nothing peculiar, nor in their mode of life, which is simple and monotonous, though varying with the exigencies of the season or of their natural situation. In religion they are distinct from many savage races ; for though one traveller affirms idols have been found belonging to the Carib nations, no such images are to be seen in Guiana. The Indians believe in a Creator, but their belief is vague, and scarcely influences their life. They know that the human soul is immortal, but refer the influences which act on their daily fortunes to good and evil spirits, with which certain men in each tribe are supposed to hold communication.

It was rumoured in Europe, soon after the discoveries of Columbus, that Guiana was the true *El Dorado*, or Land of Gold, in which an Amazon nation defended the treasures of the earth. In the interior was believed to exist the City of the Sun, with mansions built of the precious metal, and a lake whose waters glittered in a bed of silver. Every new explorer's report confirmed this illusion, and inflamed the hopes of adventurers. Sir Walter Raleigh having learned much 'of that mighty, rich,

and beautiful empire called Guiana,' resolved to visit it, and his impressions were such as to enhance instead of dispelling the visionary ideas which spread through Europe.

'I never saw a more beautiful country,' he says, 'nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the rivers winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble; all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards evening singing on every tree, with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the rivers' side; the air, fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stopped to take up promised either gold or silver by its complexion.'

In this description, the last line was the most enticing. Raleigh, after his imprisonment, journeyed again to Guiana, and refused to pay £700 for a pardon, as Bacon advised him, writing, in his characteristic way, 'Sir, the knee-timber of your voyage is money; spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life you have a sufficient pardon for all that is past already, the king having, under his broad seal, made you admiral of your fleet, and given you power of martial law over your officers and soldiers.'

To these enterprises in pursuit of a superb chimera, succeeded a number of voyages in search of a more reasonable object—a planter's soil—and an influx of European colonists took place. They who are familiar with the history of our dependencies, know what jealousies and rancours had to be appeased, what conflicts happened, what frigate actions were fought between the maritime nations, before it was agreed who should possess the territory of the South American continent. The share of Guiana that fell to Great Britain was large and rich, though the destruction of slavery produced there, as in all other colonies, a temporary decline of fortune—by no means to be balanced, as selfish cynics would infer, against the gain to humanity, and the recognition of Christian principle which declares, that wherever the light of religion shall spread among men, 'the truth shall make them free.' In the countries of Demerara and Berbice, a wonderful change has taken place in the condition of the coloured people since the Act of Emancipation; they build villages, cultivate the land, acquire property, educate their children, and live among themselves in pleasant social order. What is absurd in their manners and imperfect in their civilization may be improved, if happy influences continue, until they form a respectable and polite community. Thus a great amount of good has been secured, and it is to little purpose that agitators urge the extent to which immorality and false appearances prevail among the native population. Things are better, by many degrees, than they

were formerly. Dr. Dalton does not weigh for an instant the transient and partial evils which have been produced against the enduring and wide-spread good that has resulted from the abolition of a system which was a legal rupture of all the relations that bind man to man.

We turn to the cotton planters, the second class in Guiana, and in the West Indies generally, for they may all be included in one review. The causes and the effects, in the history of slavery, are uniform. He settled in these countries as an adventurer; there were obstacles in his path, and he boldly encountered them. He turned the desert into a garden, but a moral blight was upon all his labours. He sowed and reaped the tears of his fellow-creatures, and while his opulence increased, a race of abject servitors was created, and civilization beheld with shame her children growing prosperous by the toil of slaves. It abolished the nefarious privilege; the planter became a farmer; for awhile he was despondent, and abandoned many branches of his industry; but Dr. Dalton believes that a wise policy may renew the prosperity of Guiana and its sister colonies, though his theory is one which would excite much discussion, and we have here no mission to discuss. He adds—'I believe that the colony is neither ruined, nor likely to be ruined; with the evidence of wealth and industry before me, I believe in its onward progress and prosperity, but at the same time do not anticipate that, as a general rule, such large fortunes will continue to be made as were formerly realized, but honestly think that capital invested here will give as good, if not a better return than in most other parts of the world.'

The three counties of which British Guiana is composed—Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, were formerly separate colonies. Including Indians, the population may amount to about a quarter of a million of souls. The government is representative, with a decided preponderance of the property 'interest'—far too much so to allow of high policy or liberal plans of reform. In addition to agriculture a brisk trade is carried on with various ports of the Atlantic and of Europe.

The colony has acquired a bad reputation for climate. It is not, however, so unhealthy as occasional travellers have represented. Strangers, here as elsewhere, must be cautious; but the catalogue of diseases is by no means formidable. Neuralgic affections are rare; intermittent fever and ague common, though not dangerous if promptly treated; violent attacks on the lungs are unknown; biliary disorders rare, as well as contagious complaints. On the whole, the country is not unfavourable to Europeans, if they will consent to live under the conditions imposed on them in all moist and warm atmospheres.

Dr. Dalton gives an impartial and encouraging account of the Christian missions in Guiana. The colony contains 39,787 members of the Church of England, with, as usual, a plethoric endowment for its ministers. The Scotch Church has a communion numbering a few less than 12,000; the Roman Catholics count themselves as 10,000; the Nonconformist denominations constitute a body of nearly 40,000 persons.

We have noticed the abundance of animal life throughout Guiana: we may now return to natural history, and remark upon some of its curious features. Sugar is the staple article of export—the *Saccharum* of the Latins, the *Acucar* of the Spanish, the *Assoncar* of the Portuguese, and the *Zukra* of the Arabic language. There are other plants, however, which produce substances of commercial value, or which assist in nourishing the people. Dr. Dalton gives a copious list—a rich catalogue of timber and other trees, of plants and flowers. His account of the insects exhibits a wonderful multitude as well as variety. The Creole women enclose glow-worms in light folds of gauze, which they twine with their dark ringlets, and thus appear as if adorned with wonderful gems. On fish, Dr. Dalton has a large collection of notes, as also on the shelled creatures, from turtles to crocodiles.

Formerly the country swarmed with snakes, but these have retired at the advance of civilization, so that they abound only in the uninhabited parts. Those which are without venom are—and the rule is general—the most formidable in their appearance. They are the boas and the colubers. A traveller once saw a combat between one of these reptiles and a huge alligator. The scaled creature was wrapped in the folds which his enemy twined about him; and the fight was long and doubtful, though the spectator was not curious enough to ascertain how it would end, for he shot them both. Of the venomous snakes, the chief, perhaps, is the rattlesnake, portentously named by science *Crotalus horridus*. The pale viper is another deadly reptile. There are several of a fearful aspect, which are perfectly harmless, like those of Borneo—as the long coral serpent, which depends, head downwards, from the branch of a tree. Frogs also abound in Guiana, where, in marshy places, the concert of their croaking may be heard as loudly as on the shores of the Caspian and the Volga, as Masius so pleasantly describes. ‘The large number of frogs here is not without some use,’ says our author; ‘they feed largely on insects and the young of small animals and reptiles, especially the rat tribes; so much so, indeed, that some species of frogs were actually carried from this country to Barbadoes, much to the annoyance of the islanders; but when the object of this novel species of immigration became known,

and the truth of it proved—namely, the use they were in clearing the “cane-pieces” of rats, they became general favourites, and their propagation was encouraged. It is well known to planters that in fields where there are many frogs the number of rats is small, and *vice versa*.’

Utile, a frog may be, but *dulce*, never. We quickly pass to birds, of which there have been four hundred and twenty-four species counted in British Guiana. ‘From the earliest streak of day to the latest sunbeams, the various winged families awaken to spend their happy hours, either soaring up to the bright blue sky, skimming over the glistening waters, or revelling in the leafy shade of the forest; and even when the shades of night rest on the earth, the downy goatsuckers and solemn owls dart silently about in pursuit of pleasure or business.’

Crimson, purple, brown, white, gold, green, blue, or variegated with glittering tints, these beautiful creatures may be seen crowded splendidly in the groves, or like flowers floating above the thickets. Various species of monkey, four or five kinds of bat, hedgehogs, racoons, polecats, and others; with dogs, jaguars, tapirs, and deer, constitute the limited orders of Guianian mammalia.

‘There is something to me very painful,’ remarks our author, ‘in the sight of an Indian dog; the wretched-looking half-starved animal is a small mongrel with upright ears and tail, which are seldom or never cut. It is rarely fed, and lives upon less food than, I believe, any animal on record. Yet such a dog will, if roused, hunt for hours, and make the forest ring again with its cries. If not successful in the chase of deer, labba, or acorns, it returns home panting, torn, and bleeding; but after a drink of water, lies down to sleep. No one would suspect, from seeing those lean dogs sitting like spectres on their bony haunches on the prow of some Indian corial, that they could possibly undergo such fatigue.’—Vol. ii. p. 459.

Dogs, we imagine, never thrive in hot or damp climates. In the warmer parts of China, and in Lower India, they are seldom found, except in a meagre shape, scarcely suggesting that they belong to the race which includes the great mastiff and the beautiful dog of Newfoundland.

And yet the harmonies of nature are as apparent here as in all other parts of the world. The Indian is like the dog that hunts with him—spare, poor, capable of fatigue, and satisfied with little nourishment. He makes his way through the forests in quest of game; he floats in his canoe over the bounding waters of the Amazon or the Orinoco; his movements are so quiet that he can glide close to the bird, as it sits on a low branch, and seize it with his hand, or steal towards the fish as it comes near the sunny surface of the stream, and transfix it with a

spear. The food thus collected accords, by a natural economy, with the wants of the Indian, and the capacities of the land. It consists of the flesh of small and common animals—fish, birds, even reptiles, the roots of the earth, and the fruits of the wild tree. Water is the usual beverage of the savages, except on feast-days, when they indulge in a fermented drink, as they sit in groups among their habitations, which are merely roofs upheld by poles, and thatched round.

One terrible law, unwritten, but sanctioned by immemorial custom, exists among this people; and, awful as it is, may have produced its good results. The code of an unorganized society, to be effectual, must be Draconic. When a person has been murdered, the relatives and friends assemble to discover the perpetrator, and a method of divination is pursued which often, of course, brings an innocent individual to an unmerited doom.

‘A pot is filled with certain leaves, and placed over a fire; when it begins to boil, they consider that on whichever side the scum falls first, it points out the quarter whence the murderer came. A consultation is therefore held, and the place is pointed out, and the individual whose death is to atone for that of the deceased. If he cannot be found, although he will be sought for years, any other member of his family will suffice. One of the nearest relations is charged with the execution of the direful deed. The “canayi,” or the avenger of blood, forthwith puts on a curiously wrought cap, takes up his weapons, and pursues his path in search of his victim. From the time of his leaving until his return home he is to abstain from meat, and lives upon what the forest supplies; nor is he allowed to speak with any he may meet on the road. Having made his way to the devoted place, and finding his victim there, he will lurk about for days and weeks till a favourable opportunity shall offer to perpetrate his revenge. If the victim pointed out be a man, he will shoot him through the back; and if he happens to fall dead to the ground, drag the corpse aside, and bury it in a shallow grave. The third night he goes to the grave, and presses a pointed stick through the corpse. If, on withdrawing the stick, he finds blood on the end of it, he tastes the blood in order to ward off any evil effects that might follow from the murder, returning home appeased, and apparently at ease. But if it happens that the wounded individual is able to return to his home, he charges his relatives to bury him, after his death, in some place where he cannot be found, and, having done so, he expires, not without great pain and fearful imprecations. The reason why the avenger of blood attacks his victim from behind is evident from the circumstance that the victim is always found armed, at least with a knife; and again, the reason why the victim desires to be buried where he cannot be found, is to punish the murderer for his deed, inasmuch as the belief prevails that if he tastes not of the blood, he must perish by madness. If a woman or child be the victim, the death is brought to pass in a different way. The individual is thrown down on the ground, the mouth forced open, and the

fangs of a venomous serpent run through the tongue. Before the poor creature can reach home the tongue becomes inflamed and swollen, and she is unable to tell who did the deed, and death is sure follow.'—Vol. i. pp. 83-85.

These gleanings, and our commentary on them, display the character of Mr. Dalton's book. It is a work constructed with skill, ranging over a series of varied topics—all entirely to the purpose, and claiming the merit of literary completeness as well as that of historical fidelity.

ART. VII.—*Autobiography of James Silk Buckingham, including his Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Speculations, Successes, and Failures, Faithfully and Frankly Narrated: Interspersed with Characteristic Sketches of Public Men with whom he has had Intercourse during a period of more than Fifty Years.* In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THESE volumes are light and pleasant reading which cannot fail to entertain, and, on some points, may be instructive to many. They do not fully realize the promise of their title-page, at least of its leading term, as a large portion of them partakes more of the character of a book of voyages or travels than of an autobiography. Nevertheless we have been much pleased with their perusal. What is strictly personal might have been condensed within narrower limits; but the style of the author is so easy and graceful, his narrative glides along so pleasantly, his observations are generally so sound, his temper is so amiable, and his self-complacency—of which the indications are sufficiently obvious—is so inoffensive, that we should scarcely be content to lose any portion of the work. What he says in his brief preface is strictly true, that the work is adapted to teach the humblest of its readers 'that there is no obscurity of birth, no privation of poverty, and no opposition, either of powerful individuals or still more powerful public bodies and governments, that may not be overcome by industry, integrity, zeal, and perseverance.'

Few men have seen so much of the world as Mr. Buckingham, or have mingled, on terms of easy familiarity, with so many and such extreme classes. He has encountered both penury and wealth in all their varieties, and has here furnished his readers with a frank narrative of his 'enterprises and speculations, successes and failures, personal intercourse with some of the very lowest classes of mankind, and of interviews, banquets, and enter-

tainments in the palaces of kings, princes, and potentates.' Mr. Buckingham was born at Flushing, in Cornwall, on the 25th of August, 1786. His parents were possessed of a moderate competency, obtained by his father in the merchant service. They were of the old school, he tells us, in politics, sentiments, and manners. His father died when he was young, leaving seven children, of which our author was the youngest. All the recollections of his early youth are agreeable, and his taste was speedily shown in nautical feats which awakened the astonishment of his seniors. In consequence of the high price of corn, the miners of Cornwall, 'a numerous and determined body,' roamed over the country demolishing grain stores, and demanding bread at the old peace prices. A body of these men, numbering between three and four hundred, visited Flushing, and their presence awakened serious apprehension. The time of their visit was most inopportune, as a cargo of grain was just then being stored in warehouses. Every person therefore apprehended an attack, and dreaded the consequences. Fortunately, one of the officers was sufficiently alive to the danger, and knew the best means of diverting it. The religious element was at the time rife in Cornwall. Mr. Wesley's ministry had exercised a powerful influence amongst the miners, and many of his disciples were included in the body which now threatened the town. What followed must be told in our author's own words :—

'A few boys about my own age and myself, taking courage from our companionship, and strongly stimulated by curiosity, went towards the warehouse where these captains were collected, and where the grain was being stored away, a body of the "tinnerns" being there remonstrating against the act. Captain Kempthorne, an old friend of my father's, and with whom I had always been a great favourite, seeing me in the group of boys, came to me, took me up in his arms, and planting me on one of the sacks of corn then leaning against the wall, bade me give out a hymn which he had often heard me do before—for I had nearly all Dr. Watts's collection by heart—and having an excellent voice, with some ear and great fondness for music, I was equally acquainted with the most popular of the hymn tunes. I asked him, "Which hymn?" He replied, "Any one will do; but be quick, and also pitch the tune." The captain then called out, "Silence, for a hymn!" and the "tinnerns," struck with the appeal, hushed their murmurs, and took off their hats and caps, as if attending worship. The first verse of the hymn was as follows; one of the most popular for its words and tune among all classes :—

'Salvation! oh! the joyful sound,
 'Tis music to our ears:
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.'

'As almost the whole body of the miners were at this period followers of Wesley, and many extremely devout, they joined in the simple melody of the hymn, verse by verse, as it was given out, and at its close again covered their heads and retired in peace, crossing the ferry to Falmouth in the boats that brought them over, and relieving all the villagers from any further apprehension.'—Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

Mr. Buckingham's early predilection was for the sea. We are not surprised at this. All his associations were favorable to it. He was surrounded by seamen, and his earliest recreations were of this order. 'Scarcely a day passed,' he says, 'except Sundays, when I was not on the water for two or three hours at least; sometimes with one or more companions, but as frequently alone. It was a great object of ambition with me to show them that I could handle a boat without the assistance of any one, though then between seven and eight years only.' On one of these occasions his boat capsized in a heavy squall, and he was rescued from the most imminent peril by some sailors from one of the nearest packets. It was hoped by his friends, and especially by his mother, that this incident would diminish his fondness for the sea, but they were disappointed. He steadily refused to enter the church, which his mother urged, and was ultimately permitted, in despair of his settling to anything else, to follow his inclination. One of his sisters was married to a Mr. Steele, who was master of the 'Lady Harriet,' a government packet, and it was arranged that the young lad should sail with him. It was expressly designed, says Mr. Buckingham, 'as was afterwards admitted to me, but then of course concealed, that he should exercise towards me the highest degree of rigour that the discipline of the service would admit.' Nothing, however, availed to eradicate his maritime propensities. He was resolved on a sailor's life, and with much reluctance, and many tears, his admirable mother yielded to his wishes. He performed three voyages to Lisbon, his narratives of which are amongst the most pleasing portions of his work. The third of these voyages was disastrous. We were at the time at war with France, and when off Cape Finisterre, the crew of the 'Lady Harriet,' on a dense fog clearing off, had the mortification to find themselves within gunshot range of a large French corvette. There was no alternative but submission, and our author and his shipmates were ultimately landed at Corunna, in Spain, which country was then in alliance with the French republic. Their accommodation was of the worst possible order. 'The men soon began to catch young dogs, cats, and even rats, and convert them into soups, stews, and ragouts, which were far from unpalatable, and which extreme hunger made most acceptable.' Mr. Buckingham fared better than his companions, and the secret is

disclosed in the following extract, which awakens a smile without inducing one unkindly feeling towards the author :—

‘For myself I was fortunate enough to be amply provided, not merely with abundance, but with even delicacies, from another source. The governor or superintendent of the prison had a handsome and dark-eyed young daughter about my own age—a little past ten years old—but in Spain girls at ten are as mature as English girls at sixteen. She occasionally attended the prisoners with their food, and conceived, as she afterwards confessed, a violent passion for me, which she found it impossible to control. I may observe that even in England I was considered to be a very handsome boy, and the charm of a clear complexion, rosy cheeks, light blue eyes, and light brown curly hair, so unusual in Spain, made me appear, it would seem, a perfect Adonis in her love-seeing eyes. She therefore revealed to me her inmost thoughts in her own impassioned language, which I had learnt during my voyages to Lisbon in conjunction with the Portuguese, and which I now sufficiently understood to comprehend every one of her burning phrases impressed as they often were by kisses of the most thrilling intensity. By her kind hand I was furnished at every meal with all the delicacies of her father’s table, of which she contrived to abstract some portion daily ; and with an ingenuity which left all my inventive powers far in the rear, she contrived twenty times a day to find some pretext for calling me out of the room for some pretended message or errand, to get a squeeze of the hand only if others were near, or if in any passage where we were not likely to be seen, a warm and fond embrace, by which she pressed me to her bosom as if never intending to relax her grasp, and kisses and tears rained in equal abundance.’—*Ib.* pp. 103, 104.

The fascinated girl devised a mode of escape, and offered to accompany the young English sailor, but though ‘scarcely less enamoured than herself,’ he had too much honour to accede to her proposal, and the authorities of Corunna finding the support of the prisoners burdensome, offered them liberty on condition of their proceeding by land to Oporto or Lisbon. This proposition was of course heartily welcomed by all the prisoners ; but to the enamoured señorita, ‘The tidings came like a death warrant, and its first announcement, which was made by myself, was met with a shriek and a swoon which called the members of the family to her relief. An explanation was demanded and it could not be refused. There was a little manifestation of anger on the part of the father, but much more of sympathy and pity on the part of the mother ; and in the end all was forgiven, as our separation was so near, and as no evil consequences were now likely to ensue.’

The journey to Lisbon taxed very sorely our author’s physical powers, and the scenes which he witnessed in the latter place, where several of his companions were ‘seized, handcuffed, and

dragged into boats' by English press-gangs, determined his abhorrence of a system against which he has never failed to protest.

'A few only escaped by concealment, among whom I fortunately happened to be one. In the midst of the struggle between the press-gang and our men, I ran into the first open doorway I saw,—mounted up stairs,—was met by two women of the labouring class,—and, speaking Portuguese pretty fluently, I explained that I was endeavouring to escape from the pressgang, the terrors of which they seemed to understand and feel, so that with many exclamations of sympathy and expressions of shame that such youths should be kidnapped and torn away by ruffians, they kept me concealed in bed in an upper attic for three days and nights, till the pressgang had scoured the locality and was not expected to return. To this incident, perhaps, I owe my early abhorrence of the system of impressment, which has continued with me through life. How compassionate are the women of all countries—and towards children and youths especially!—and how grateful did I feel for their protection!'—*Ib.* p. 132.

He subsequently returned to Flushing, and was ultimately persuaded by his sisters and his mother, whose health and spirits were greatly depressed, to relinquish the sea, at least during his parent's life. The question, therefore, again arose, what was to be his occupation? He eschewed the church, and it was arranged at length that he should be placed in a large bookselling and nautical instrument establishment at Devonport. Here he continued between three and four years, and entered freely into all the gaieties of the place. A great change, however, though but temporary, now took place in his views. He was about fifteen years of age, when having wandered into a church he heard a sermon preached on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. 'It took deep root,' he says, 'in my heart. . . . My repentance was most sincere; I determined to begin a new life, and applied myself with all practicable diligence to the abandonment of my old connexions and the formation of new.' He immediately applied himself to a course of extensive theological reading, rarely going to bed before midnight, and rising constantly at four o'clock. He thus secured about eight hours a day for reading. His favorite volume was the celebrated Treatise of Jonathan Edwards on the 'Will;' but much of his time was given to the writings of Bunyan, Baxter, Cotton Mather, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, and the older nonconformist divines. He became a Calvinist of the most rigid school, was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Isaiah Birt, and was on intimate terms with Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, and his son, the Rector of Stoke. 'I spent many evenings,' he tells us, 'with each in their libraries and family circles; was a frequent communicant at the churches of both; attended their private prayer-meetings and recital of religious

experiences, and was never more happy than when so engaged.' This state of things, however, did not last long. With the versatility which was characteristic, Mr. Buckingham's religious impressions soon began to decline, while the erroneous views he had formed tended to relax exertion, and to induce a neglect of those means, on which the energy and growth of religious life so habitually depend. The consequence was, that in the course of a few months he returned to nearly the same moral condition as that in which he was found when he entered the church in St. Aubyn-street. We are not surprised to learn that his passion for the sea now returned. His self-dissatisfaction would naturally prompt this, and some dispute having arisen between himself and his employer, he suddenly quitted his service and volunteered on board a man-of-war. Here, however, he did not long continue, and those who read what is recorded on pp. 152-158 of his first volume will not marvel at the fact. The brutality which characterized the discipline of the navy at this time is scarcely credible. The captains of our men-of-war were despots of the worst class, and the code which they administered was framed as with a design of fostering every ferocious and deadly passion. Our author witnessed two scenes, one of hanging and another of flogging, which thoroughly disgusted him with the profession. Speaking of the latter case, Mr. Buckingham reports, that after having received a dozen lashes at ten or twelve ships—six or eight more remaining to be visited—'the victim having several times fainted, and his voice having ceased either to give forth shrieks or groans, he was reported by the surgeon to be incapable of bearing any further infliction, and was ordered to be rowed ashore to the hospital, before reaching which he was discovered to be dead; and some declared that he had received the last heavy lashes on his body after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement.' One can scarcely believe that such things were enacted in this world of ours. They harmonize far better with our notions of Pandemonium,—nay, we do injustice probably to the fallen and apostate rebels who tenant that dreary region in imagining they could be guilty of such atrocities. Disgusted with what he had witnessed, Mr. Buckingham resolved to desert, consoling himself with the belief that, if caught, he might by suicide escape the fearful torture which would threaten him.

Happily he reached Flushing in safety, where he was received with all the 'tenderness of a younger son and favourite.' The attractions of the church having failed to wean him from the sea, those of the law were now tried. He was placed in the office of Mr. Tippet, where he remained about a year, and was 'petted, indulged, and coaxed by the greatest personal kindness.'

All, however, was vain. He recoiled from the law with still greater aversion than from the church, and passed the two following years in freedom from any fixed occupation. His indulgent mother, whose fondness does not appear to have been always discreetly shown, died about this period. Our author felt the loss deeply, but his susceptible heart was speedily engaged by the charms of Miss Elizabeth Jennings, of whom it is pleasing to hear him say, after fifty years of wedded life, that their presence is 'more essential to each other's happiness' than at any previous period.' At his mother's death the family property was vested in the hands of trustees for the joint benefit of himself and two unmarried sisters. It was to be divided equally between the three on his becoming of age, and was expected to supply an income of some hundreds to each. In the prospect of his marriage, however, it was deemed advisable that he should settle down to some fixed occupation, and after revolving various plans, it was finally arranged that he should establish a depôt at Falmouth for nautical and astronomical instruments, with marine charts, coupled with a printing-office and library. As it was not convenient for the trustees to advance the capital required, goods were ordered on credit, but before the time of payment arrived, one of the trustees having engaged in a large smuggling transaction which proved unsuccessful, the property on which Mr. Buckingham calculated was utterly lost, and he and his young wife were thrown penniless on the world. The first effect of this calamity was to paralyse his exertions, but he ultimately resolved to proceed to London, in the hope of obtaining an appointment in a West Indiaman sailing from that port, of which a brother of his wife was captain. For this purpose he left Falmouth and located himself in an humble garret in the metropolis, at a weekly rental of two shillings and sixpence. Finding that Captain Jennings was not expected from the West Indies for three months, he engaged himself as a printer, and from his weekly earnings of twelve or fourteen shillings contrived to remit five to his wife. Thinking he should fare better at Oxford he proceeded thither, and immediately obtained occupation at the Clarendon Press at higher wages, half of which he remitted to Cornwall. An amusing anecdote is recorded, which, whether literally correct or not, is in perfect keeping with the 'larks' current at the time amongst the gowmsmen.

'While working at the Clarendon Printing Office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect. Some of the gay young students of the university who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for corrections

when required; and when the sheet containing the *Marriage Service* was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place the letter *k*,—thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved—as the altered passage now read as follows:—the minister asking the bridegroom, “Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour her, and keep her in sickness and in health: and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?—To which the man shall answer, ‘I will.’” The same change was made in the question put to the bride.’—*Ib.* p. 206.

On his brother-in-law’s arrival in London he was appointed chief officer of his vessel at eight pounds a month, and the sketch given of his voyages throws an agreeable light on the condition, both physical and social, of the countries visited. During one of his residences in London he went to the Plough, in Carey-street, Lincoln’s-inn-fields, then kept by Gully, the most popular prize-fighter of the day, who had just beaten Gregson, the champion of England. Gully is described as ‘a tall handsome young man of about twenty-one years of age, his head fearfully battered, many cuts on his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his late triumph; he wore a little white apron before him after the manner of landlords, and served his visitors with whatever drink they required; while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles’ style of beauty, assisted in the most smiling and gracious manner her victorious husband and his visitors.’ Many years afterwards Mr. Gully was again met under circumstances so vastly different as to render his recognition difficult. He had left the ring and the public-house, and our author had exchanged a sea-faring life for that of Parliament. It was about the year 1832 when the present Earl Fitzwilliam, having attained his majority, a grand entertainment was given at Wortley House. On such occasions it was usual to invite the members for the three Ridings of Yorkshire, together with those of the boroughs within the county. Mr. Buckingham was present as member for Sheffield, and Mr. Gully as member for Pontefract.

‘At the head of the staircase,’ says Mr. Buckingham, ‘on entering the grand saloon, stood Earl Fitzwilliam to receive his guests, to each of whom he had something kind or complimentary to say; and as I had the pleasure of being personally known to his lordship before this visit, my reception was very cordial and gracious. There were already about two thousand persons assembled in their gayest apparel; with a blaze of diamonds and jewellery, especially on some of the elderly ladies, whose

natural beauty having departed, was sought to be replaced by artificial attractions, in which rouge, false hair, and other auxiliaries were used, to harmonize with an openness of neck and bosom that was anything but appropriate. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons—the central one, a fine, manly, athletic, yet well formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about eighteen and twenty years of age, dressed in plain green velvet, without a single ornament or jewel of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, and rich and abundant hair, as might make either of them a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus, of Medicis, or of Canova. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, “But who *are* they?—who *can* they be?” They received as much attention from Earl Fitzwilliam as any other of the guests, and this only heightened the curiosity to know from whence they came, as they were evidently “unknown to the county gentry.” At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his two daughters! He was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune, and most honourably it was believed, on the turf, being an excellent judge of horses,—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Hare Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbours. Such a contrast as this scene presented to that of Mr. Gully at the Plough public-house in Carey-street, Lincoln’s-inn-fields, five and twenty years before, or to myself working as a compositor in the Clarendon Printing Office at Oxford, and living in a garret at a rent of eighteen-pence a week, appeared to me sufficiently striking to justify this departure from the natural order of the narrative, and the anticipation of events as I have described them.’—Ib. pp. 246—248.

Our author’s narrative now greatly widens, and details with much minuteness the incidents that occurred during his nautical experience. Being appointed to the command of the ‘Scipio,’ he proceeded on his second voyage to Smyrna, touching as usual at Gibraltar and Malta. In the course of his voyage, when off the African coast, he met with a curious fact which cannot fail to interest the student of natural history. The wind having shifted, and blowing over the great Libyan and Numidian deserts, he was surprised one morning to see the vessels of the fleet which were a-head of him arrested in their course, till the whole convoy formed an almost straight line. Curiosity was naturally awakened, and the following brief extract explains the phenomenon :

‘On looking over the ship’s side there was seen a thick mass of brown matter, which it was difficult to sail through with all canvas spread, it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar, or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn up on deck

for inspection, but all we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odour. Sending the buckets deeper and deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs and wings, and half-putrid bodies, of brown locusts, in a less advanced stage of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface; and we concluded, of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same materials. Desirous of ascertaining the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the fore-topmast cross-trees with a glass, and sweeping the horizon a-head and on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north, and south, which presented one solid and unbroken mass of smooth brown surface, while to the west the open sea presented the deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was that some vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen, exhausted, into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them.'—Vol. ii. pp. 35, 36.

Having realized large profits by his adventures, and established a character which commanded general confidence, Mr. Buckingham now resolved to leave the sea and to commence business as a ship-owner and merchant at Malta, then the greatest mart of trade in the Mediterranean, and the general depôt for those goods which found their way into the continent in defiance of the decrees of Bonaparte. With this view he laid out his capital in the manner best fitted for the market of the island and obtained as much credit as he desired. Shipping the goods thus obtained on board the 'Gallant Schemer,' he accompanied them as passenger; but on making the island, the plague was found to be raging, and the passengers and crew were therefore forbidden to land. His property was consequently housed at Malta, whilst he himself proceeded to Smyrna, where his previous visits had secured him many friends. The result was disastrous to his hopes. His property was scattered or destroyed by fire, and in the end he tells us:—'I not only lost all the earnings of my profession as an officer and commander during a period of several years, but I became involved in heavy liabilities for goods obtained on credit in addition to those paid for with cash.' In this destitute condition he knew not what to do, and at length resolved to offer his services to Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. To that country, therefore, he immediately proceeded, and the account of his adventures will be read with considerable interest, not unmixed with improvement.

In Egypt he met with the travellers Burckhardt and Belzoni, of whom some interesting incidents are recorded. The former of

these having mentioned the sect of the Ismayles, Mr. Buckingham informs us :

‘ One of this sect came to Jedda during the present year, and performed all the rites and ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mecca, after which he returned to Jedda to re-embark for India. It happened, however, that he had run through all his means, and was unable, therefore, to proceed on his voyage ; when, with the ingenuity which is characteristic of the fakirs, or mendicant religious orders, of which he was one, he hit upon the following expedient to increase his resources. As a man of unquestioned piety, he obtained permission of the muezzin, or public crier of the principal mosque of Jedda, to accompany him to the galleries of the minaret, and assist with his fine voice in the invitation to prayer, which is given five times a day from all the mosques, in lieu of bells : these being held in abomination by Mohammedans—chiefly, I believe, because they are used by Christians ; just as *prudish* Protestants repudiate all use of the Crucifix, because it is so much used by the Catholics ; though the Cross ought to be equally regarded as a symbol of Christianity with both. The invitation to prayer is addressed with a solemn yet pleasing recitative, in the fine sonorous tones of the Arabic language ; and literally interpreted, is this : “ God is great ! God is great ! and Mohammed is the Messenger of God ! Come to prayer, come to prayer, for prayer is better than sleep ; ” and so on, enjoining devotion as a duty with which no other avocation should interfere. The Fakir, however, not content with this profession of faith and invitation to prayer, superadded a petition to the Prophet to send him two suits of garments, two horses well caparisoned, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses of gold. The people in the streets and bazaars below, hearing this novelty, gathered in crowds around the foot of the minaret, at each of the usual hours of prayer, till at last the whole town was in a commotion. It was remarked, too, that each day he increased the number of things prayed for ; till at last the most religious part of the community was scandalized at this unseemly exhibition. The man was accordingly taken before the Cadi, and questioned as to his conduct. He replied that it was perfectly orthodox : the Koran had declared that whoever should pray, even for temporal blessings, with a firm faith that they would be granted, should obtain them. “ Ask, and ye shall receive ; persevere, and it shall be granted to you. ” As a firm believer, therefore, in the truth of this doctrine, he had asked at first for what he actually needed, and no more. But perceiving that the Prophet delayed the grant, he thought it might arise from his too great humility in not trusting sufficiently to the Divine bounty, and therefore he went on gradually asking for more, being perfectly satisfied that in the end he should obtain all he wished. The Cadi said that the people generally were scandalized at all this ; to which the Fakir replied, it was because they were not true believers. An offer was then made to him by some of the wealthy merchants, that if he would desist from this course, they would furnish him to the extent of his first prayer at least. This he indignantly rejected ; saying that

by so doing he should call Mohammed a false prophet, and brand himself as a liar; because he fully believed he should have all he had asked for, and would not dishonour the bounty of the Prophet by taking less. The Cadi grew angry at this rejection, and began to talk of the prison or the bastinado; when the Fakir, seeing the matter taking a turn he little expected, agreed to accept the offer conditionally, namely, that when he was provided with two suits of garments, two well-caparisoned horses, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses, a certificate should be given that he had not compromised his claim from any doubt of its ultimate realization, but merely to meet the wishes of others whose faith was not so strong as his own. The bargain was struck; the Fakir was supplied with the stipulated articles, and returned to India, where he would no doubt exalt both the Prophet and himself, by declaring that his prayers, and faith, and perseverance had obtained him these agreeable proofs of Divine favour! —Ib. pp. 309-312.

Of Mr. Buckingham's adventures in British India we shall have a better opportunity of speaking when the subsequent volumes of his 'Autobiography' appear. At present it is enough to remark that they reveal a state of things which it is now difficult to realize. The groundless fears engendered by the selfishness of the East India Company are strikingly illustrated by his narrative. There is unquestionably much yet to be done in order to develop the vast resources of India, but so bright is the present compared with the past, that it is almost impossible to believe the reports which are made to us. Waiving the graver points of the case, we shall content ourselves with noticing a personal incident from which the lovers of the terrific will draw special delight. Mr. Buckingham had been dining with Colonel Hunt, at Salsette, a few miles from Bombay, and started in his palanquin at ten o'clock in the evening for that city. In the midst of a level plain he was suddenly left by his bearers, ten in number, who ran away from him with the utmost possible speed:—

'I was perfectly astonished,' he says, 'at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers

carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door; this is usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labour of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

'All I could do, therefore, was, in the shortest possible space of time to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting was horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slinked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter-of-an-hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved.'—Ib. pp. 352-355.

Here, for the present, we pause, and in leaving our author, take occasion to express the hope that he will not be tempted to enter into minute details in the subsequent portions of his narrative. The great events of his life, so far as the public are concerned, are yet untold, and he will be wise to despatch these within narrower proportionate limits than have been assigned to earlier and more private incidents. He must bear in mind that some things deeply interesting to himself will be viewed with indifference by the public. From the store-house of his experience many things may be selected which all will be glad to

know, and to these his narrative should be confined. There is enough yet untold to constitute a deeply interesting section of his work, but its value will be greatly diminished if its limits are extended beyond the absolute requirements of the case. To benefit the public rather than to gratify his own vanity should be the end steadily kept in view.

ART. VIII.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Management and Government of the College of Maynooth.* Parts I. and II. 1855.

THE annual grant to the College of Maynooth, and the endowment of the popish religion in Ireland, the principle of which it involves, threaten yet to be the 'great difficulty' of British governments as at present constituted, and in the words of the late Mr. Sheil, 'the grave of successive administrations.' One reason for this is, that the measure in question is both supported and opposed by different political parties, and on the most various grounds; and another is, that the repeal of the measure would by just inference involve alterations, so far more extensive in our ecclesiastical system, as to scare that large majority of our legislators, who are unprepared to do justice, and then to leave the interests and the progress of truth to its own expansive force, and to the providential care of its divine Author. By the act passed in the reign of Elizabeth (27 Eliz. c. 2) it was made penal to educate in the Romish faith at home, and not only so, but residents at a foreign seminary were on their return liable to a charge of high treason, while the heaviest pains and penalties were incurred by those who even supplied funds for such purposes.

In his speech from the throne, January 22nd, 1795, Earl Fitzwilliam, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, recommended to the consideration of the Irish Parliament the state of education in that kingdom, which had been but partial, and needed improvement. The ambiguity of the announcement was, however, explained in the debate by Mr. Grattan, who stated that 'a plan would be submitted for colleges for the education of Catholic clergy, who are now excluded from the Continent;' and consequently on the 24th of April, Mr. Secretary Pelham brought in a bill 'for the better education of persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic religion,' which does not appear

to have excited any discussion, and was read a third time May 8th, 1795, and passed.

The act, however, was not to endow, but to enable Roman Catholics to endow. It was to give power where none before existed, and to make lawful what was before unlawful. This is stated on the authority of the Duke of Wellington, who on the 28th of April, 1808, as reported in 'Cobbett's Debates,' vol. xi. page 89, said :—'The fact was, that when the Maynooth institution was first established, it was not intended that it should be maintained by the public purse. The memorial presented previously to the foundation of that establishment, *prayed for a charter in order that their funds might be better secured.*' The Duke (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) further stated, on the 5th of May in that year, that 'what he had asserted in a former debate, that the Catholics had originally proposed to support this institution, he had done *on the authority of the original memorial to Government, a copy of which had been furnished him by Dr. Troy.* This memorial was dated the 14th of January, 1794, and showed that the object in the contemplation of the Catholics at that time was *TO BE PERMITTED to establish the institution with their own funds.*' The fact is, that before the union of Great Britain with Ireland there were several grants made to charities by the Irish Parliament, of which that for Maynooth was one. These grants it was in the discretion of the Irish Parliament to increase, diminish, or take away. They were handed over to the Imperial Parliament, to be dealt with in the same manner, and subject to the same discretionary power. This power parliament has since exercised from year to year. Some grants even for Protestant purposes, existing before the Union, have been already discontinued without any violation of compact; for where no compact existed there could be no violation of a compact, and the grant to Maynooth College may also be discontinued. Indeed it is a very noticeable fact that the Irish legislature itself, only one year before the Union, absolutely refused to undertake the maintenance of the college. In that year the Trustees petitioned that parliament for a grant of eight thousand pounds for this purpose. The Irish House of Commons passed a bill in accordance with the petition, but the House of Lords threw it out by a majority of *twenty-five to one.* In the year of the Union, however, the sum of eight thousand pounds was granted for one year for the purposes specified. And this grant, somewhat enlarged in amount, was continued up to the year 1845, when Sir Robert Peel carried his bill for the endowment of Maynooth with twenty-six thousand a year from the consolidated fund.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this increased grant was

made in consideration of any right which could be claimed by the Irish people under the act of union. So far from this, the only reference of the kind contained in this act was to the following effect :—‘ That a sum not less than the sum which has been granted by the Parliament of Ireland, on the average of six years immediately preceeding the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1800, in premiums, for the internal encouragement of agriculture or manufactures, or for the maintaining institutions for pious and charitable purposes, shall be applied *for the period of twenty years after the Union*, to such local purposes in Ireland in such manner as the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall direct.’

So far from being a healing measure, which was doubtless contemplated by the characteristic policy of Sir Robert Peel, this act has proved to be the apple of discord flung between two parties, each of which is as indisposed to concession as Sir Robert was to the resolute assertion of great principles. The Romish Church founded upon it the hopes of that political supremacy, the cherishing of which is the only claim it has to its motto of *Semper eadem*—its only feature of perpetual identity ; for the mutability of its doctrine is sufficiently proved by its recent assertion of the preposterous figment of the Immaculate Conception. Vainly hoping that the people of England were as yielding in their principles as the statesman whose commercial policy crowned him with such general popularity, they pursued their under-ground siege operations against the fortifications of Protestantism until the blundering explosion of the papal aggression, while it did no mischief, indicated the whereabouts and the treacherous designs of the besiegers. Thenceforth, however, the Protestantism of England has been alike forewarned and forearmed. A restless and irritated suspicion has supplanted those more generous feelings which led the people of England to pass with acclamation the Catholic Relief Bill ; and not a few are disposed to retrace the steps which were then taken in what they consider a spirit of simple and incautious liberality. Every year has the annual grant to Maynooth revived a hot and bitter parliamentary contest ; and had the leading opponents possessed the *prestige* of more liberal opinions and wider and more comprehensive political and religious views, the Maynooth grant might possibly ere this have shared the fate of the Suttée and the Bread Tax, and these pages would have been retrospective rather than controversial.

At length, however, the aggregate opinion of a people who neither forget the history of their forefathers under the Stuarts, nor shut their eyes to the tendency of current events, has insisted on a commission to inquire into the management of the College

of Maynooth. Now, royal commissions are expensive luxuries ; and it is a matter of great importance that they, in common with some other legislative and administrative institutions, not oppressively fragrant just now in the nostrils of the public, should maintain an unquestioned reputation for genuineness and efficiency. We fear that the proceedings of the Maynooth commission, the records of which are before us, so far from answering these conditions, are calculated to give increased impetus to that movement—the offspring of a wide-spread and thoughtful dissatisfaction—which has recently set in as an overwhelming tide against the official management of our public affairs. Some notice must be taken of the constitution and the conduct of this commission, and here we will avail ourselves of the statements of Mr. Spooner in introducing his motion for the refusal of the grant to the House of Commons on the 1st of May last. He said :—

‘That there came into his possession, unsought for by him, some pages of the proof-sheets of evidence which had in some way or other got out of the possession of those who had them to correct. He had, therefore, seen the alterations which had been made in, not the first revision, not the revision of the shorthand-writer’s notes only, but a revision of the revise. It was known and admitted that this evidence was in the hands of the persons who gave it for weeks and for months together, and during that time consultations were held, the evidence was reviewed, and the result had been such as he would allude to more particularly by-and-by. He would first put it to any man at all accustomed to examine evidence whether the course taken by the commission was one calculated to elicit the truth. Their first step was to send out written queries and ask for written answers, thus giving the different professors an opportunity of uniting to give such evidence as would suit their own views ; in other words, laying the foundation for a conspiracy, which conspiracy no man used to evidence, and who had examined these books, could say had not been most ingeniously and completely carried out. Then again, Lord Harrowby was all along known to have been an advocate and approver of the present college, and no commissioner was sent there whose opinions were not known to be in favour of Maynooth. Undoubtedly, Lord Harrowby was not a man to allow himself to be influenced by his own opinions in such a case, but he (Mr. Spooner) thought some one ought to have been sent with his lordship who was opposed to the system. Dr. Twiss, he believed, was similarly inclined with the Earl of Harrowby, though no doubt as worthy of confidence as his lordship. He did say, however, that remembering the constitution of the commission, appointed as they were by a Government known to be favourable to this endowment, there was strong ground for suspicion.’

Mr. Spooner also declared upon evidence which he stated to the House, that the notes of the evidence had been placed for weeks and even months in the hands of the witnesses ; that

their amendments had exceeded all the bounds of ordinary revision ; and that in fact they had been placed in the hands of Dr. Cullen, through whom they had been transmitted to the see of Rome, and returned with the abridgments and omissions of the Papal council before they were sent to press. It is true that a letter from Lord Harrowby, the chairman of the commission, had been read in the House of Commons admitting the fact that the evidence had been sent to Rome, and condemning it as an irregularity, but still maintaining the substantial integrity of the evidence ; and these statements have been repeated by his lordship in the House of Peers. Mr. Spooner, however, persists in his original statement, that the evidence has been garbled, and is unworthy of the confidence of the House ; *et adhuc sub judice lis est*.

However this may be, the selection of the witnesses examined before the commission appears utterly destructive of all confidence in the report before us. Of these witnesses all were connected with the college with the exception of five, who having been instructed in it, had withdrawn to the communion of the Protestant Church of Ireland. Ten names of the latter class had been handed to the commissioners, but five of these excused themselves from attendance, and no effort was made to supply their places. Hence the bulk of the evidence was given by directly interested parties. It is true that it was given on oath, but the weight to be attached to this consideration may be justly estimated by the following *dictum* from one of their own established text-books (we mean Liguori), which is thus given with a minute reference by Mr. Spooner : 'These things being established, it is a certain and common opinion among all divines that, for a just cause, it is lawful to use equivocation in the propounded modes, and to confirm it with an oath.' Liguori's definition of a just cause was—'But a just cause is any honest end, in order to preserve a spiritual or temporal good.' It is manifest that this principle, received and acted upon as it undoubtedly was by the witnesses before the commissioners, totally invalidates their testimony, and renders entirely nugatory the following important sentence in the report :—'As to the results of the discipline of Maynooth, we have heard no imputation from any quarter against the moral character of the young men, and we have no reason to believe that their general conduct is other than irreproachable.'

In connexion with this subject, it is very worthy of notice that we rarely find a direct answer given to any essential question put to the authorities of the college. They are almost invariably answered by a hypothetical case ; and we cannot acquit the commissioners of a grave dereliction of their duty in permitting

this vague and unsatisfactory mode of reply, though, if the answers had been ever so distinct, our confidence in their veracity would be vastly diminished by the considerations we have just noticed. With respect, however, to the doctrine of allegiance, we are led to something like a conclusion by the following quotation from the evidence made by Mr. Dunlop in seconding the motion made by Mr. Spooner :—

‘In the evidence of Dr. Moriarty, in answer to the question—

“Are there no circumstances under which the Pope could release a citizen from his oath of allegiance?”

‘The reply was—

“Most emphatically I say, none. But as our greatest constitutional lawyers, and, as I think, our best theologians, hold that there are cases when the allegiance of the subject ceases, and when the Government of a country may be justly overthrown, I consider that the Pope is the fittest authority to decide in many cases whether such circumstances have arisen; in many cases he could not decide, and I firmly believe that in such cases he would not undertake to do so. In no case can he cause the allegiance of a subject to cease; his power in such a matter being simply declaratory, not enabling.”

‘The Pope could not make the allegiance to cease, but he could declare when circumstances existed which in themselves brought the allegiance to an end. All depended upon the value of the declaratory judgment of the Pope.’ And with reference to that question the answer was—

“Were we to consult the Holy See upon our allegiances or obedience to our temporal sovereign, and that an answer were given us, it ought to satisfy the consciences of Catholics, considering the maturity with which the Holy See proceeds, and considering also that we know it to be an authority divinely appointed and divinely assisted for our guidance in the way of salvation, and, consequently, in the path of duty. But as the Pope’s infallibility does not extend to particular cases, and as the decision might rest on allegations the truth of which some might doubt, I can conceive that, in certain circumstances, some might not be entirely satisfied, even though retaining all due reverence for the Holy See.”

‘And again he said it was a mistake to suppose that obedience to the Pope was limited to this matter, for Dr. Moriarty was asked the following question :—

“At the same time, if a man were disposed to transfer his allegiance, or to give it up, that decision of the Pope would enable him to give it up with a safe conscience, would it not?”

‘And the reply was—

“Yes; for a Catholic should feel his conscience at rest when acting in accordance with a decision of the Pope.”

It is painful to follow out in reflection these statements to those deductions to which they must inevitably lead a thoughtful and impartial mind. If this is the teaching of the College of

Maynooth, enforced as it must be by the indisputable authority of the Romish Church, its effect upon the characters of its *alumni* must be to degrade them from men into things; and worst of all, to leave them under the responsibilities, while it divests them of the powers of moral agents. But the mischief does not end here;—the college is a normal school of political and mental subserviency. The discipline which trains to a rational and loyal obedience is one thing, but that which leads to an abdication of the rights and functions of manhood, and of all the responsibilities of our social nature, is another, and one against which a civilized state is bound to protest as the seat and source of a pestilence destructive alike of constitutional freedom and moral progress. That the sense of political allegiance and duty, to say nothing of moral obligation, should be torpedied in the minds of a large and influential class of men under the paralysing dictum of a foreign priest and potentate, is a condition of things not likely to be patiently tolerated by a people who recognise the event of 1688 as a ‘glorious Revolution,’ still less by those who gratefully boast of the Gospel as a ‘perfect law of liberty.’ The cardinal evil is, no doubt, that the Romish Church, especially through the instrumentality of such an institution as Maynooth, entombs the Word of God, and puts its seal upon the sepulchre. Against this monstrous act of spiritual despotism, it is the present and urgent duty of that which, by contrast and without bigotry must be called the Christian world, to strive. The plenitude of God’s grace in the inspiration and boundless publicity of His Word has been supplanted by the frantic mock-inspiration of a sibyl who, sitting in his temple, tears it into shreds which her votaries cannot re-adjust and peruse. Would that we could add in the language of the poet—

‘Inconsulti abeunt sedemque odère Sibyllæ.’

‘Truth, indeed,’ says Milton, in ‘thoughts that breathe and words that burn,’ and which one day must come home to the business and bosoms of us all, — ‘Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on, but when He ascended and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time, ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them.’

This, we say, is the cardinal evil, but like all malignant disease, whether physical or moral, it spreads by the law of its nature, and entails extended and corresponding damage. Hence the priesthood educated at Maynooth in the principles of a monopoly—apparently a most uncultivated and neglected monopoly—of scriptural truth, which embraces the highest principles that lead to social elevation, go forth as the agents of ignorance, superstition, and servitude. The most virulent agitators of popular feeling in a nation the most easily excited to acts of thoughtless violence, and that in the turmoil of parliamentary elections and political crises have been the priests educated at the college of Maynooth. Nor have they confined themselves to a simply secular agitation, they have gone forth armed with the judicial terrors of their church, and as if in ridiculous caricature, they grasp the powers of the world to come. The apes of Alexander, they

‘ Assume the rod,
Affect to nod,
And seem to shake the spheres.’

The evidence touching the ethics of priestly interference in elections constitutes one of the most curious portions of the publication before us. Let the priests speak for themselves, as represented by the Rev. John O’Hanlon, one of the professors of Maynooth. In answer to the question whether a vote at a parliamentary election is a spiritual or temporal matter, he answers:—‘ Whether that vote be a purely temporal or also a spiritual matter, depends upon the question whether a Catholic is bound, under pain of sin, to promote by his vote the temporal furtherance and advancement of the Catholic Church.’ When interrogated as to whether it was the teaching of the college that the priest might withhold the sacraments from those of their congregations who voted in opposition to their wishes, he says:—‘ Absolutely speaking he would, because a priest is not only warranted but bound to withhold the sacraments from a man who is disposed to commit a mortal sin; and as the case may absolutely arise in which a person, by preferring one candidate to another, would exhibit that disposition, a case may consequently arise in which the priest would be not only warranted but bound to withhold the sacraments from a man, by reason of his preferring one candidate to another.’

Thus it appears, on the threshold of the argument, that a man may, by voting for a candidate whom he conscientiously believes to be the best, commit a mortal sin. If the reader has a taste for casuistry, he may ruminate on this problem with considerable relish. But as mortal sins are not absolute trifles, he may

be curious to know what constitutes them. Mr. O'Hanlon's subsequent evidence will throw some light upon this matter. He says—

‘The case can only occur where the superior fitness of one of the candidates is notable, decided, and undeniable . . . If his congregation be composed of persons as intelligent and as capable as himself of pronouncing on the relative fitness of the candidates, I should say that he ought not to refer to a particular man, but simply announce it to be their duty to vote for the party whom they conscientiously believe to be decidedly the best candidate; but if his congregation consist of simple uneducated ignorant people, who are totally incompetent to decide on the merits or qualifications of the candidates, I maintain, that the priest is warranted to call upon them to vote for a particular person, provided that this person's superior fitness is clear, decided, and unquestioned by the intelligent and enlightened portion of the community. It is the inalienable right and strict duty of the priest to remove the ignorance of his people, particularly in reference to those duties upon the performance of which the public good depends; it is his business to place them in a position in which they shall be able to discharge those duties properly.’

It must be manifest that this reasoning proceeds upon the principle that the relative merits and claims of candidates are not a matter of opinion on which all are competent to form a judgment, but an absolute matter of fact falling under the knowledge of certain individuals, but of which all without a given circumference are necessarily ignorant. Now where mortal sin is said to be involved, it becomes important to inquire what is the grand disqualifying circumstance which, as attaching to any individual, renders adhesion to him so guilty an act as to render it necessary for the priest to prevent or to punish it by the severest penal measures. The answer is obvious. If of two candidates A is an earnest Catholic and B an earnest Protestant, the duties and the powers of the priest are, according to this showing, clearly called into action, and the spiritual terrors wielded by the Church absolutely decide the election. Nor obviously has that fitness which depends upon intelligence and integrity anything whatever to do with the question, inasmuch as these attributes are found, and equally, perhaps, in the ranks of both the contending forces.

It would be easy to name eminent public men of the present day the most widely opposed in their ecclesiastical views, and whose intelligence and whose sincerity were never called in question by any sane person, but yet one of whom on the showing of Mr. O'Hanlon's evidence, entails a mortal sin on every individual whose adhesion he secures. But it seems natural to inquire, if one why not both? If it is in the power of Dr. M'Hale, why should it not be equally in the power of a Protestant bishop

or a dissenting minister to brandish the powers of the world to come in the faces of the electors, to excommunicate their opponents, and to constitute votes in their favour, means of grace and things necessary to salvation? Upon the principle thus put forth by the priesthood, every voter goes to the poll with his salvation in his hands;—the issue not depending upon his integrity, but on a condition alike independent of his intelligence and his will. It seems natural to inquire whether, if the Reform Bill sought however vainly, to frustrate the power of aristocratic nominators to impose candidates on constituencies, under severe secular pains and penalties, another Reform Bill is not necessary to protect even the honest voter from the threats of perdition; or, if that is impossible, to relieve him from the burden of a franchise, which imposes such terrible results upon his superstition and his fears. If a conscientious vote at an election is to involve constituents in the loss of their religious privileges, and in all the terrors and disgraces dependent upon open excommunication—that wound from the sword of the spirit, which no application can mollify, and no medicines can heal but the precarious nostrums of penance and absolution—it is high time that some other means of constituting a legislature should be devised than that of an independent popular choice. If the history of the world has shown that political despotism is mischievous and sanguinary, it is proved on far more indubitable evidence that spiritual despotism is infinitely more terrific. If the one has lashed the nation with whips, the other has scourged them with scorpions; and that with the additional curse that while the one has only tortured the physical sensibilities, the other at every blow has blasted and paralysed the faculties of the soul. It is the Man of Sin, that vexes our race into agony, compared with whom the Neros and Domitians are but teasing and temporary nuisances.

Before entering more specifically into an examination of the main results of that meagre and ill-selected evidence which fills the blue books before us, we must lay down in few words the great principles which regulate our judgment on this and on all similar cases. To endow any system of religious belief is on the part of the legislators, whether ecclesiastical or secular, to proclaim infallibility. This position may seem a bold one to those who have read and acquiesced in the twentieth of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which affirms ‘that the Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and hath authority in all controversies of faith.’ But it should never be forgotten that the founders of the Church of England had in view two directly opposite designs; the one to conciliate the papists, and the other to attract the nonconformists by the most liberal doctrinal concessions to both. It was a temporizing and a futile

scheme, the metal and the clay will never amalgamate, and the statue must eventually lie in fragments;—the clay crumbling under the touch of time, and the iron and the brass shattered by the hammers and the explosive forces of public opinion.

We have said that the endowment of a creed implies a claim to infallibility. We will adduce a few brief arguments in support of our position. By endowing a creed, the legislature imposes on all the subjects of a realm the necessity of contributing to its maintenance and promotion. But while laws are absolute, opinion is indefinite. The law, therefore, in such a case, has no correlation with opinion and belief, however momentous may be the subject, and however stringent the obligations and responsibilities of personal conviction. The rationale, therefore, of such an arrangement must be, that the dictates of individual conscience must be superseded by the claims of law, either by a compulsory maintenance of what is regarded as pernicious error, or by imposing a blind subserviency which sets aside altogether a thoughtful and conscientious belief. In either case the theory would seem to be that a secular legislature may exercise a sovereign control over the dictates of individual conscience in religious matters. This involves one of two alternatives; either that the claims of religion and of God are subordinate to those of the legislature, or that the legislature holding indisputably the truth of God is justified in an unlimited dictation to individual belief by a derivative and a co-ordinate right. The former of these conditions is implicitly surrendered at least by every government which regards the authority of God as superior to the authority of man; and the latter alternative, therefore, only remains to us, that the establishment, and consequently the compulsory enforcement of a creed necessarily implies the claim on the part of the legislature to an absolute infallibility at least as to all the essentials of religious faith and practice. It is upon this broad ground then that we oppose all religious establishments by the State, and so convinced are we of the mischief, whether more or less apparent, which they invariably produce, that we do not consider the particular form of belief established so essential as it is thought to be by many whom we hold in high respect. In all charity to conscientious opponents we firmly believe that any system which enforces a religious belief or practice upon men is the very thing personated by the Apostle of the Gentiles 'as the Man of Sin,' usurping the throne in the invisible temple, and destined to be smitten from it by the thunderbolts that herald the advent of Him who shall create all things new.

Under the shadow projected by these great prospective realities, we cannot but take a sombre view of the present con-

stitution of our legislature when we see it meddling with the ark whose mystic contents foreshadow the religious destinies of the world. Surely the men who venture on so sacred a mission should be purged with hyssop—should have their hands clean, and their bodies washed as with pure water. How far above the influences of this unsatisfying world; and this transient time, should be the souls of those who affect to influence the spiritual destinies of their fellow men, and to guide them in those paths which are to issue in an everlasting destiny; what superiority to the world should be expected from those who meddle—and that with the hand of legislative coercion—with the great dispensation which ‘reveals its vanity, rebukes its disorders, and foretells its destruction.’ How these conditions are satisfied by the present constitution of the British Legislature, which has undertaken these awful responsibilities, the reader may judge for himself.

These general principles acquire additional force by their application to the Catholic religion in general, and in particular to the College at Maynooth, which is its normal school in these realms. If there is any justice in them as applied to every form of religious belief, they gain a strange emphasis and momentum when brought to bear on that parent scheme of spiritual despotism which first employed, and which ever since has most stringently used, the weapons and the fetters of secular jurisdiction to enforce its arbitrary dictates. If a kind of theoretic slavery lurks beneath the assumed ‘toleration’ of the Protestant faith, with what feelings must we regard that undisguised thralldom which, lying at the basis of the papal economy, and proclaiming toleration not only as a crime but a blunder, makes the executioner its priest and the dungeon its temple. Its ecclesiastical annals have been the tale of human deterioration the history of intellects dwarfed beneath the standard of manhood by the cramping mechanism of spiritual law, and of souls parched by the closing and the poisoning of the divinely-opened sources of spiritual life. And if the votaries of a sceptical liberalism would feign regard history as an old almanack, let them look about upon the face of contemporary society; let them compare country with country, canton with canton, village with village, and they will find ignorance, debasement, and squalidity reigning as viceroys under the papal see; and intelligence, progression, commercial vigour, and morality thriving in the atmosphere even of the mere profession of Protestantism.

A most impressive illustration of the comparative influence of the Protestant and Romish religions on social morals, is to be found in the statistics of Mr. Hobart Seymour, from which we extract a comparative view of the number of legitimate and ille-

gitimate children born in one year in London, Paris, Brussels, Munich, and Vienna. The return is as follows :—

	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.
London	75,097	2,208
Paris	21,689	10,635
Brussels	3,448	1,835
Munich	1,786	1,702 (?)
Vienna	8,881	10,360 (!)

Let those misguided men who, in the words of the Bishop of London, 'have been led to the brink of the precipice,' look back at these facts before they take another step in advance.

But it is urged by the advocates of the grant, in the face of all these facts and arguments, that reasons of state policy justify the continuance of this endowment. We confess we find it hard to imagine what these reasons can be. The plea of the inability of the Irish Catholics to maintain this college cannot be sustained. The funds that they have raised of late years, not only for ecclesiastical purposes, but for those of political agitation, afford conclusive evidence on this point; in addition to which, from the testimony of the president of the college (Evidence, Part I. Appendix No. 8), that the payments made by students for their board, in the year preceding Sir Robert Peel's measure, amounted £2659 5s. 6d., independently of their entrance fees, which amounted to £535 3s. 3d. As little, we think, can it be pretended that the state maintenance of the college is required for the promotion of loyalty among the Catholic clergy of Ireland. The Rev. Daniel Leahy indicates pretty clearly the views inculcated at Maynooth touching allegiance to the sovereign. In answer to the question—

"Your general impression is that the duties of allegiance were not strongly enforced upon the students?" he replies, 'Yes, decidedly that is my opinion; not only was it my impression, but I take upon myself to say, that it was the general impression among the body of students that I was acquainted with. I beg to say, also, that there is an oath of allegiance put to the students a certain time after entering the house, and I was among a number that went out (I cannot say the precise number, one hundred or more) to take it; and when the oath was read in court, I distinctly gainsaid it. I could not in conscience, then, take that oath.'

"A certain number took the volume into their hands, did they not?" 'It was passed along their hands rapidly; perhaps there might not have been more than one half of them that touched it with their hands at all. They looked upon it more as a matter of form.' 'Did they kiss the book?' 'I think not, except some few of them—not the larger number of them, certainly not. I do not

know whether they were required to kiss the book at all even. I think not. I know I *did not* touch it, and was not required. I only speak of my own individual reservation of mind."

Again, in the evidence of Mr. Slattery, a Maynooth student, we find the following :—

"Are you aware that there is a special provision in the statutes which ought to be read twice a-year publicly, in these words, 'let the professor of dogmatic theology strenuously exert himself to impress upon his ~~class~~ that the allegiance which they owe to the Royal Majesty cannot be relaxed or annulled by any power or authority whatsoever?' 'I never heard of that statute previously to this moment. I know that the practice is not such.'"—Part ii. pp. 283.

As little again can the grant be justified on the ground of the excellence of the education communicated at the college. In proof of this, we need not go no further than the language of the Report as to the method in which English is taught. The Commissioners say—

'Once every month the students are called upon to write in the class-room, and during the hour of class, a short essay upon some subject proposed by the professor, to which each student signs his real name and a fictitious name. They are read over and corrected by the professor, who on a subsequent day calls upon the writers of such of them as he thinks highly of to read them aloud, whilst others, which he considers to show a marked deficiency, are publicly commented on by him, and their defects, *especially their defects in orthography*, pointed out to the writer, being designated by his fictitious name, that he may be made aware of his defects, and at the same time be spared the humiliation of a public exposure. . . Two lectures a-week are devoted during the first half of the year to instruction in grammar. This instruction is conveyed partly by lectures from the professor on the general principles of grammar, as applied specially to English grammar, but chiefly by requiring the class to answer in a specific portion of the text-book, Murray's Grammar. Five or six students at most, and sometimes not more than two or three, are called upon to answer during the hour of lecture, and although each student is expected to be prepared with the business of the lecture, it sometimes happens, owing to the number of the class, that a particular student is not examined in class more than once during the entire English course.'

This important but vexatious question is now afresh and fairly before the Legislature. The motion of Mr. Spooner was discussed in the House of Commons with great vigour and freedom, and not a few principles were ventilated with which it will do honourable members great good to become more familiarly acquainted. On Mr. Spooner's motion for withdrawing the endowment from Maynooth College, Mr. Scholefield moved

the following amendment—‘That the House resolve itself into a committee to consider all grants and endowments for ecclesiastical purposes, whether charged on the Consolidated Fund or annually voted by Parliament, with a view to their withdrawal, due regard being had to vested rights or interests.’ In the course of his address, he gave the following advice to Dissenters—‘He warned the Dissenters how they trusted to this section of the Church of England, for it was not more true to its instincts of hatred to the Roman-catholic Church than to its inveterate hostility to the right of private judgment everywhere. If this grant were to be removed—and he should not be sorry to see it removed—there was only one fair and honourable mode of doing it, and that was by sweeping away every analogous endowment in the country.’ More than one speaker, unknown in the ranks of nonconformity, proclaimed the truth which lies at the basis of all the whole question—namely, that the anomaly of a Protestant legislature endowing a Roman ecclesiastical college is only created to balance the other anomaly of the establishment of a faith and a church in a country, five-sixths of whose population are opposed to them.

These free exposures of the injustice and mischief of those institutions, to which this journal has so long offered a persistent opposition, cannot but be productive of good, though how far they may influence the decision of the House it is impossible to foresee. The debate has been adjourned, and will be resumed on an early day of the present month. Whatever may be its issue, there can be but one opinion respecting the Maynooth Report and the evidence published by order of the House—namely, that it is meagre, superficial and unsatisfactory to the last degree. It furnishes another example of that loose, temporizing, and jobbing style of administration which has recently excited throughout this land such an irresistible determination on reform as has never been witnessed in this country, since the exertion of that moral force in favour of the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, which carried the House of Lords by storm. Instructed by the historical issues of that measure, we trust that the people of England are now prepared to strike a surer and more decisive blow.

Brief Notices.

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Free Trade in Land; an Inquiry into the Social and Commercial Influence of the Laws of Succession, and the System of Entails as affecting the Land, the Farmer, and the Labourer. With Observations on the Transfer of Land. By James Beal. London: John Chapman.

MR. BEAL has been a diligent reader of much that has been written in modern days on the history and operations of our real property laws, and he has brought some practical experience in the commerce of land to the discussion of this important subject. He treats of the land laws historically; and practically of primogeniture and succession, entail and agriculture and rural labourers, small estates, and of the transfer of land and registration.

Under the first head too much has been attempted. The history of real property is the history of the people, through all the varying changes of servitude to freedom. A history of eighteen pages can be but a meagre and unintelligible production. Much more clear, intelligent, and useful, are the pages devoted to the present social aspects of the question of free trade in land. Mr. Beal has read impartially and well both sides, as argued by the ablest writers on the various points involved: and he contends, with much force and truth, that the land-laws of this country are at once the root, the cause, and the protection, of the major portion of the social evils with which we are afflicted, and demand far more than the corn-laws a public agitation in favour of their abolition.

He has not been deceived by the shallow arguments generally opposed by the landed interest to land-law reform. The earnestness with which the monopolists of the soil strive to keep the question to the narrow limits of mere conveyancing, and the skill with which technical difficulties are raised on this secondary point, clearly

show their desire to procrastinate discussions which must probe the deeper wounds of the social system. Mr. Beal's intelligence sees the chief seat of disease in the entail laws. The most remarkable sophistry exhibited by the author of 'Sophisms of Free-trade' was his own on the entail law, when he contended that it has long in substance been abolished; primogeniture making little practical difference in the distribution of property. Is it not astonishing that a learned lawyer, and a man of intelligence, could be so carried away in the heat of argument into oblivion of facts? He forgot, as well, the candid admission of the Lord Chief-Justice of England—then plain Sir John—that in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases estates are disposed of by will, but that the hundredth exactly covered the sore spot in the system. General Peyronnet Thompson, in his plain-spoken fashion, more truly described the end and aim of primogeniture, that £10,000 a year may be concentrated in the hands of the eldest son, to act as a battering ram for procuring a thousand for each of the others from the public pantry.

Mr. Beal has gathered in small compass a mass of important facts in proof of the social importance of a subdivision of the soil. On the question of the transfer of land, more facts would have been desirable for the information of those who have yet to learn the vast importance of the subject. He argues well against the hackneyed assertion of the monopolists, that registration would disclose family settlements indiscriminately. 'It is like arguing and voting against the ballot for the elector, and submitting to it at your club. In counties, everybody knows much of all existing settlements of large estates. The little more they might learn would not convert good into an evil.'

It would have added to the utility of the book had the author given references to his very numerous quotations.

Some Account of Mrs. Clarinda Singlehart. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' Post 8vo. pp. 305. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THE Author of 'Mary Powell' is subjecting her popularity to a severe test. Her pen is so prolific that one publication follows another with a rapidity which awakens doubt as to her giving due time to revision. It is scarcely within the limits of even superior ability to do full justice to itself in such frequent appearances. We have expressed this fear on former occasions, and now repeat it with the additional conviction which another volume begets. The present work is distinguished by great excellencies. These consist, not so much in a clever plot skilfully evolved as in detached sketches beautifully drawn, and which engage the interest and affection of every well-regulated mind. There is a quiet grace and harmonious blending of many admirable traits in her pictures, on which the mind rests with pleasure. The character of Mrs. Clarinda is drawn with great felicity, and some of the scenes in her unpretending life are amongst the chastest and most beautiful sketches in our language. Her emotions on discovering the letter which she had addressed to John Burrell, and which her brother, with his accustomed absence of mind, had failed to post,

are depicted with inimitable grace. At the time of the discovery the object of her early and intense affection was married to another, and that marriage was the consequence of the thoughtlessness of the brother whom she tenderly loved. 'She remained east half-recumbent on the ground, her arms listlessly resting on the trunk, the letters lying in her lap, a sensation at her heart as if a cord were tightly tied round it—the very image of despair.' It was a moment of intense suffering. There was a severe struggle within her. At one moment she resolved on addressing bitter words to her brother, but on hearing his footsteps she mentally exclaimed, 'God forgive me!' and 'tears, heaven's own dew, moistened her burning eyes.' The cloud passed away; her better nature triumphed, and she re-set herself, saddened indeed but yet resigned, to the discharge of her appropriate duties. Her portrait is inimitable. We love to gaze upon it. There is no shining, much less any glaring color; but the combination of many excellencies constitute a whole on which the eye loves to rest, and from which instruction as well as entertainment may be drawn. We have said thus much in simple justice, but we earnestly counsel the author not to sink into *commonplace*. She must not be content to repeat herself. She is capable of attaining much excellence, and nothing will prevent her doing so if she is just to herself.

The Outlines of Theology; or, the General Principles of Revealed Religion briefly stated. Designed for the use of Families and Students in Divinity. By the Rev. James Clark. Svo. Vol. I. pp. 431. London: Ward & Co.

THIS volume will scarcely meet the expectations excited by its title-page, nor should we wish to see it in extensive circulation amongst the second class specified. It is certainly not up to the requirements of the day, and would fail to exercise a healthy influence on the researches and views of 'Students in Divinity.' We question whether this class was much in the view of the author in the preparation of his work. The appearance of it gives an ambitious air to the performance which the *preface* does not justify. Speaking in the latter of the 'Outlines,' as having been originally delivered from the pulpit, Mr. Clark expresses the hope that 'they may be read in private with profit, especially by parents for the instruction of their children, and by all members of Christian churches.' This language correctly designates the province of the work, and for this it is well fitted. Clear in its style, distinct in the enunciation of its views, evangelical in its spirit, partaking largely of the excellencies of the older theology with a somewhat greater freedom than that theology sanctioned, it is well fitted to instruct and lead on the youthful mind into yet larger, more consecutive, and profound, views of God's economy than are prevalent amongst us. The present volume consists of three courses of lectures; the first devoted to the Necessity, Advantages, Evidences, and Authority of Revelation; the second to the Existence, Natural and Moral Attributes, the Decrees, Works, Government and Providence of God; and the third to the Original State of Man, his Fall, the Moral Law, the

Covenants, and the Abrogation of the Old Dispensation. Two other volumes are to follow—one containing the Doctrine of Christ and of the Holy Spirit; and the other the Doctrine of Conversion, of the Church, the Invisible World, and of a Future State. We do not stop to analyse this plan. It is clearly open to objections, some of which will probably occur to most readers. Viewing the present volume in reference to the more limited and unassuming provinces referred to in the preface, we cordially commend it to our readers. Without originality or profoundness, giving no indications of deep research or of subtle thought, destitute alike of scholarship and of genius, it may yet answer a useful purpose with a class too frequently overlooked. Whether such persons are likely to be attracted by this form of religious instruction is another question, on which we confess our doubts. If, however, they are induced to seek Mr. Clark's companionship, they will find him a pleasing guide, who is content to lead them in an easy if not a flowery path.

Geology: its Facts and its Fictions; or, the Modern Theories of Geologists Contrasted with the Ancient Records of the Creation and the Deluge. By W. Elfe Tayler. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 279. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

THIS work consists of two parts. The first contains an account of the leading facts of geology, and being subservient to what follows, it should be well studied by those who would fairly weigh the author's reasonings. The second part of the volume discusses the *theories* which geologists have founded on the acknowledged facts of the science, and attempts to show their inconsistency both with reason and with Scripture. Having been led to an examination of the subject of geology, Mr. Tayler has arrived at the conclusion, that whilst its facts are incontrovertible, the inferences deduced from them are in many cases very questionable, being, in his judgment, 'not only founded on data altogether uncertain and insufficient, but actually at variance with many of the phenomena of the earth's surface,' as described by some of the most celebrated geologists. We are not prepared to adopt all Mr. Tayler's views, but have no hesitation in saying that they are entitled to respectful and attentive consideration. The subject is a large one, and calls for much thought; and if it should turn out—as we suspect—that geologists have been too hasty and sweeping in their generalizations, we shall have but another illustration of an infirmity common to our race in all analogous cases. The difficulties which have been encountered in reconciling the *Mosaic* narrative with the teachings of geology give an importance to the matter which cannot be too highly estimated. As a contribution to the discussion of a grave subject we accept Mr. Tayler's volume with thanks, and give it a cordial introduction to our friends. We should be glad to see it answered by such a Christian geologist as the late Dr. Pye Smith.

The Mormon's Own Book; or, Mormonism tried by its own Standards—Reason and Scripture. By T. W. P. Taylder. Post 8vo. pp. 200. London: Partridge, Oakley, & Co.

THIS volume is dedicated to the Committee of the 'London City Mission,' and is a very opportune publication. The rise and progress of Mormonism are amongst the strangest facts of the day. We have been accustomed to regard it as so monstrously erroneous as to be unworthy of serious notice. It is, however, a *fact*, and calls for examination and exposure. 'It is time,' says Mr. Taylder, 'because of the vileness of the doctrines taught, because of the extent to which the contagion has spread, and because of the social evils as well as dark superstition involved, that the entire system should be fully and clearly exposed.' Some of our popular writers, among whom Mr. Mayhew is pre-eminent, have given a most unwarrantably favorable view of the system. How this has happened we do not stop to inquire. It is enough to note in terms of strong reprobation the attempts which have been made to conciliate public favor towards a system which combines some of the worst vices of Mohamedanism and Paganism with the phraseology and forms of Christianity. Mr. Taylder has undertaken what has long been needed—a thorough and sifting examination of this great heresy on the cardinal points of its pretensions to Divine authority, its materialism, its offices and institutions, and its morality. By a patient investigation of its laws, and of the publications of its advocates, he establishes against it the fearful charge of 'ministering to the desires of corrupt humanity,' and of giving fearful prominence to some of the worst evils to which society is liable. We recommend the volume to the careful perusal of our readers, and should be glad to see some portions of it printed in a cheap form for distribution amongst the poorer classes of the community. To expose the absurdity and wickedness of this heresy is one of the first obligations of the religious teachers of our day.

English, Past and Present. Five Lectures. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 202. London: Parker & Son.

MANY of our readers are probably acquainted with the author's previous volume 'On the Study of Words.' It has passed rapidly through several editions, and well merits the favor it has obtained. The present volume is distinguished by the same good qualities, and cannot fail to secure a like measure of public patronage. It is founded on a series of four lectures, delivered in the spring of last year to the pupils of King's College School, London. These lectures were subsequently enlarged and recast, and in this improved form were delivered to the pupils of the Training School, Winchester, and are now issued through the press in the hope of benefiting a yet larger class. 'I have supposed myself,' says Mr. Trench, 'addressing a body of young Englishmen, all with a fair amount of classical knowledge, not wholly unacquainted with modern languages, but not yet with any special designation as to their future work: having only as yet marked out to them the duty in general of living lives worthy of those who

have England for their native country, and English for their native tongue. To lead such through a more intimate knowledge of this into a greater love of that, has been a principal aim which I have set before myself throughout.' This 'aim' has been attained to an extent which is really gratifying,—displaying much diligence on the part of the author, a thorough knowledge of his subject, and an earnest solicitude to benefit his reader. The volume contains five lectures, which treat of the 'composite' character of the English language—its gains, its diminutions, the changes in the meaning of its words, and the alterations of its orthography. We cordially recommend it to the immediate and very careful perusal of all classes, more especially to those who have had the advantage of a superior education, and desire an accurate knowledge of our literature.

Human Anatomy Simplified, in a Course of Three Elementary Lectures. Addressed to Youth of both sexes. By John Sibree. With a Recommendatory Preface by James Ogilvy, M.D. Post 8vo. pp. 55. Coventry: G. & F. King. London: Whittaker & Co.

WE owe Mr. Sibree an apology for having so long omitted to notice this excellent publication. We know not how it has happened, but so it is; and we hasten to make all the reparation in our power. Our regret is the deeper as the publication is really a most serviceable one, very creditable to the author, and eminently conducive to an intelligent apprehension of some interesting and important facts. We learn from the author's preface, that the three lectures of which the volume consists were delivered to his congregation in Coventry, and that immediately afterwards he received 'applications from several of his youthful audience for recommendations of suitable books on the subjects which had been discussed.' These applications perplexed him, as he was unacquainted with any works which realized his own notion of what an elementary popular book on anatomy should be. He therefore wisely yielded to the earnest request of his auditors to prepare his lectures for publication, and the manner in which he has done this goes far to supply what was needed. 'The aim of the author,' he says, 'has been to master the subject thoroughly himself, and to so accommodate his style that ordinary readers may have no difficulty in understanding it.'

All needless technicalities have been avoided. The subject has been brought out of the obscurity in which it has hitherto existed, and the plain facts of the case, presented in easy and familiar language, are laid before the reader for his instruction and improvement. As there is a general prejudice against such treatises from unprofessional writers, Mr. Sibree has done wisely in prefixing a *Recommendatory Preface*, by Dr. Ogilvy. 'The following lectures,' says this gentleman, 'are well calculated to afford much information on the structure and functions of the different organs of the human frame. They are written in a remarkably clear, comprehensive, and accurate style; and are, moreover, interspersed with many useful practical hints as to the care of the body. A considerable amount of instruction is conveyed in a small compass; and much credit is due to the lecturer for the ability

displayed in the compilation.' To such a testimonial little need be added. The publication has our cordial approval, and such of our readers as give it an attentive perusal will find their advantage in the pleasures of augmented knowledge, and the more solid gain of improved health.

Letters of John Calvin. Compiled from the Original Manuscript and Edited with Historical Notes, by Dr. Jules Bonnet. Vol. I. Translated from the Latin and French Languages by David Constable. 10s. 6d. 8vo. pp. 459. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

WE take the earliest opportunity of announcing the appearance of this volume, which forms the first of four, designed to contain at least six hundred letters, the greater portion of which are now published for the first time. The importance of such a collection cannot be over-rated. 'Nothing,' says the translator, 'can exceed the interest of this correspondence, in which an epoch and a life of the most absorbing interest are reflected in a series of documents equally varied and genuine, and in which the familiar effusions of friendship are mingled with the more serious questions of theology, and with the heroic breathings of faith.' This correspondence commenced in May, 1528, and terminated in May, 1564. No future historian of the Reformation will fail to make much use of it as illustrating the character and history of the great events which he narrates. As we purpose noticing it at some length in a future article we shall content ourselves at present with simply reporting the appearance of the work.

Conversations on Geography; or, the Child's First Introduction to Where he is, What he is, and What else there is besides. By Viscountess Falmouth. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 512. London: Longman & Co.

THIS volume is addressed by Viscountess Falmouth to her children, 'for whose instruction and amusement' it has been prepared. It contains a large amount of information, is constructed in the dialogue form, and is as attractive to the young reader as its contents are useful. With few exceptions its statements are accurate, but occasionally errors are committed, which subsequent revision will readily correct. Amongst these we may specify a sentence on page 99 which affirms that the lower orders in Hungary 'are in a state of serfdom little better than slaves.' It is due to the illustrious exile yet resident amongst us to notify the fact, that though such was the former condition of the Hungarian people it is so no longer. To the honor of M. Kossuth and his compatriots, the great body of the Hungarian people were admitted within the pale of the constitution for which they so nobly struggled.

A Geographical Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures, including also Notices of the Chief Places and People mentioned in the Apocrypha. By the Rev. A. Arrowsmith, M.A. 8vo. pp. 379. London: Longman & Co.

THIS volume has been composed in the intervals of leisure afforded by illness. It puts out no claims to learning or originality, but is content

with simply aiming at accuracy and usefulness. An account is furnished 'of every place and people mentioned in holy writ,' with brief notices of their history, topography, and the condition of their inhabitants, drawn from various sources. The references of Scripture to the places mentioned are given, and constitute a very valuable feature of the work. Extensive reading, with much discrimination, and a thoroughly religious tone, are the leading characteristics of the volume, which will be found an invaluable book of reference to the biblical student, whether ministerial or not. Such a work has been long needed, and Mr. Arrowsmith's volume is worthy of a place in every theological library.

Histoire de France au Seizième Siècle. Renaissance. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot. 1855. [History of France in the Sixteenth Century. Renaissance. By J. Michelet.]

OF all the historians of France M. Michelet is the most popular among his countrymen. He is the representative of the present generation; combining German metaphysical views with French grace. With Englishmen, he scarcely will find the same favor; we do not like generalization to the same extent as our neighbours, and seek in history more for facts and their causes than for brilliant pictures and metaphysical productions. Still, Monsieur Michelet's *Introduction*, which is a most elaborate essay on the middle ages from the French point of view, is at once amusing and suggestive, the work of a deep thinker, who speaks out the truth even when it is contrary to his own political creed. We refer to the most remarkable passage (page 29) on centralization, which we scarcely expected from a Frenchman. 'Centralization,' says Monsieur Michelet, 'ruined France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries;' still he cannot refrain adding, 'It is doubtless once to be her force and salvation.' 'France was centralized,' he continues, 'to make disorder general; centralized to turn round with the giddiness of a madman, to extend the disaster and bankruptcy to all the nation; to be a prisoner with John, and an idiot with Charles VI. And royalty, even able and bold—Louis XI.—could not help it, as little as Marcel (the leader of the roused people). At the first attempt of a reform, he was abandoned by everybody; just as the Tribun had remained alone, thus remained the king in 1464. And why so? Because one and the other did not find men for their work; the character of the individuals was flattened in a miserable way; the moral springs were broken, their energy annihilated. When the king was to act as a king, he found himself to be a king in the void. Thus it happened that the abdication of the people in favour of centralization and royalty led to nothing but the impotence of royalty.'

What a pity that such teachings of history, which show the miserable result of centralization in every way, were, and *are* not more heeded by the French!

Printing: its Antecedents, Origin, History, and Results. By Adam Stark. 1s. pp. 122. London: Longman & Co. —This small volume forms Part LXXXII. of the Travellers Library, and within narrow limits, and at very trifling cost, it puts the reader into possession of much interesting information respecting the 'antecedents, origin, history, and results' of printing. The facts scattered through a large number of volumes have been collected by Mr. Stark, and are here presented in a condensed form, so as to meet the requirements and circumstances of a very numerous class. The volume is appropriate to the series, and will be found as instructive as it is entertaining.

Sermons by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II. Post 8vo. pp. 744. 6s. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. —The fourth volume of the 'Select Works' of Dr. Chalmers, containing fifty-four sermons, and including, with the preceding volume, all the sermons published by Dr. Chalmers himself, together with the one on Isaiah vii. 3-5, which was not published until after his death. Like its predecessors, the volume is printed closely with a clear and readable type. It is needless to say, that such a publication is a great boon to a numerous class whose limited means prevented their purchase of the former and more costly edition.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. IV. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 260. 2s. 6d. London: John W. Parker & Son. —The last issue of Mr. Bell's edition of the 'Father of English Poetry.' It contains the 'Canterbury Tales,' 'The Court of Love,' 'The Assembly of Foules,' 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' and 'The Flower and the Leaf.' Great pains have been taken with the text, and the introductory notices and notes will go far to render Chaucer better known to the reader than he has hitherto been. Extensive knowledge of our early literature is evinced, and every intelligent reader will be grateful to Mr. Bell for the service he has rendered to one of our classics. Though

the orthography and style of Chaucer will ever prevent his becoming generally popular, the lovers of English literature will highly prize an edition which throws so much light on the obscurities of one of our master writers.

The Sunday at Home. Part XII. April. London: The Religious Tract Society. —This cheap publication is eminently suited to its proposed end. It is printed in large clear type, its contents are of a diversified and interesting character, and its topics, though not exclusively theological, are yet pervaded by a decidedly religious tone. The pulpit department of the work is eminently useful. Its biographical notices of distinguished persons in the literary and religious world are more than commonly pleasing, whilst the anecdotes interspersed are well chosen and appropriate.

The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, written by himself. With a Supplement by Joseph Wyeth. Sixth edition. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 307. 3s. Manchester: Harrison & Son. —A new edition of a very instructive memoir, which has already been extensively circulated. The work has been carefully revised, and is now for the first time divided into chapters. Amongst the Society of Friends it has always been esteemed an interesting and very valuable autobiography, and we shall be glad to find that it obtains a place in the library of other Christians. Personally intimate with the leading members of the Quaker body, Mr. Ellwood's narrative throws considerable light on the persecutions they endured, and on the noble stand they made for what they deemed 'the true spirituality of the kingdom of Christ.'

Memoir of Old Humphrey; with Gleanings from his Portfolio in Prose and Verse. pp. 320. London: The Religious Tract Society. —The question has frequently been asked, 'Who is Old Humphrey?' The name has long been familiar to the public, and the Tract Society has done well in now dispelling the mystery which has hitherto surrounded it, by informing us that he was Mr. George Mogridge,

a native of Ashted, a suburb of Birmingham. He was born on the 17th of February, 1787, and died on the 2d of November last. The Tract Society made considerable use of his pen, and his productions issued from its depository were amongst the most entertaining and instructive of its publications. The present small volume will be read with considerable interest by a large class who have hitherto been ignorant of the personal incidents of his history.

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language; being an Attempt to Furnish an Improved Method of Teaching Grammar. (Abridged by the Author.) For the Use of Schools. By John Mulligan, A.M. London: Simpkin & Marshall & Co.—Mr. Mulligan has given a clear insight into the science of Grammar, and smoothed the way to its attainment. His 'Exposition' ought to be a class-book in our higher schools and colleges. It deserves the patronage of all who are engaged in the interesting though difficult work of teaching the English language.

Short Arguments about the Millennium; or, Plain Proofs for Plain Christians that the Coming of Christ will not be Pre-Millennial; that His Reign on Earth will not be Personal. A Book for the Times. By the Rev. Benjamin Charles Young. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 3s.—In this small volume of 200 pages we have a comprehensive view of the millennium question. Mr. Young, with much dexterity, disposes of the arguments of his antagonists, and vigorously maintains his post-millennial views. Though we cannot endorse all the opinions and shades of opinion advocated, yet we can bear testimony to the general character of the work as being in accordance with the Scriptures. There is a dogmatism and a harshness of phraseology in Mr. Young's style, which subsequent experience in authorship will no doubt correct.

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. Written for Young People. By Sarah

Farmer. London: Hamilton & Co.—This little volume contains a large amount of valuable information relating to the the geography and natural productions of the Friendly Islands. It is written in a lucid and attractive style. It gives a succinct history of these isles and their once degraded inhabitants, from the time when European intercourse commenced. It is well suited to awaken in young people an intelligent interest in Christian missions. Its maps and woodcuts are well executed.

Grammatical Exercises, on the Moods, Tenses, and Syntax of Attic Greek; with a Copious Vocabulary. For the Use of Schools. By James Fergusson, M.D., Rector of the West-end Academy, Aberdeen, &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 3s. 6d.—The Greek language is studied more extensively now than at any former period. It is therefore necessary that elementary books, and other facilities for the acquisition of that language, should be proportionably augmented. Precision is so much required in any preceptive work, that no other quality can atone for its absence. In this essential quality this work is defective.

Ten Lectures addressed to the Working Classes, delivered in the Lyceum, Sunderland. By Dissenting Ministers of various denominations. 12mo. London: Bimms & Goodwin.—A memento of a noble effort for the moral benefit of the working classes. The effort was attended with much success, if we may judge by the lectures now before us, and by the large audiences which were convened. Our space will not permit us to dilate on each lecture. They are all good; but the first by the Rev. R. W. McAll, entitled 'Chaos and Cosmos. The Great Artificer; or, God in Nature,' is a valuable contribution to the literature of Nonconformists. We have seldom met with so much sound scientific knowledge and so much clear theological truth compressed in so short a lecture.

The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope; as visited in 1851. By John Aiton, D.D. Third Edition. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh:

Fullarton & Co.—This work contains more valuable information than is to be found in some larger ones of greater pretensions. It is an interesting volume for the general reader, but for the Biblical student it will be exceedingly useful. Dr. Aiton visited many places mentioned in the Old and nearly all which are noticed in the New Testament. His descriptions are correct, clear, and concise.

The Redeemer's final Triumph; or, the Certainty and Glory of the Resurrection of the Just, at the coming of their Lord. A Series of Lectures on 1 Cor. xv. By Thomas Coleman. London: Snow. 2s.—Twelve expository sermons, plain and evangelical. All controversy is avoided. Here are no startling theories, profound thoughts, nor elaborate arguments.

The Anti-Sabbatarian Defenceless; or, the Sabbath established on the ruins of the Objections of its Enemies. By the Rev. J. G. Stewart. London: Nisbet & Co.—This little volume is an able defence of the Christian Sabbath. Its extensive circulation is calculated to correct the very lax notions which are entertained by some, and the lax conduct adopted by others.

Library of Biblical Literature, second volume (W. Freeman), sustains the character of the first. The papers are intelligently and carefully written, and are admirably adapted both to excite and gratify a taste for Biblical knowledge, while the price places them within the reach of multitudes who have not access to larger works. The subjects treated in this volume are—The Lake of Galilee, the Lost Tribes of Israel, the Catacombs, the Great Festivals of Jerusalem in the time of Herod the Great, and the Apostle Paul.—No one will deny to Dr. Cumming amazing facility of thought and speech. His works would almost form a library. One who speaks all he thinks, and prints all he speaks, must not be judged severely, *except for doing so.* In *Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament*—St. John, price 6s. (Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.), his admirers will find his well-known characteristics—a good

deal that is true, some things that are striking, with occasional inaccuracies, and an abundance of commonplaces.—At the risk of being deemed very carnal, we must confess to deep regret that so much ingenuity should have been spent on so baseless a theory as is expounded in *The Book of Esther, typical of the Kingdom of God*, by R. C. Morgan (Binns & Goodwin). The author, who says that his eyes have been opened to the book of Esther by the Spirit of God in answer to prayer, writes like a pious and sincere man; but this fact only increases our grief that he should have furnished another specimen of a class of publications that have done incalculable mischief to both the church and the world.—*Three Scriptural Lessons, &c., with Observations as to the mode of Teaching adopted by the late Rev. D. Gunn, of Christchurch, Hampshire; and Specimens of the Lessons prepared and taught by him, &c.* (Partridge, Oakey, & Co.) is part of the title of a little book which may furnish some useful hints to those engaged in Sunday-school instruction. The late Mr. Gunn, of Christchurch, was a remarkable man, and the schools under his care obtained a great and deserved celebrity, which was owing, we apprehend, more to his personal qualities than to any peculiarities of method. 'A similar method,' observes Dr. Harris, 'prevails, I suppose, in most well-conducted Bible classes. Nor could it be wisely adapted to our Sunday-schools without greatly increasing their efficiency.'—*The Missionary's Wife; a Memoir of Mrs. M. A. Henderson, of Demerara*, by her Husband, seventeen years a missionary in British Guiana (Snow), is an interesting account of an excellent and a devoted woman, especially suited to stimulate and encourage Sunday-school Teachers, to whom it is dedicated.—*Christian Thought on Life, in a Series of Discourses*, by Henry Giles, author of *Lectures and Essays* (W. Allan), contains much which, as '*thought*,' is vigorous and suggestive, but which, as '*Christian thought*,' is, in our view, seriously defective.

Review of the Month.

THE LIBERATION OF RELIGION SOCIETY HELD ITS ANNUAL MEETING ON THE 2ND. The Council assembled at Radley's Hotel, in the morning, and the Report which was presented by the Executive Committee was highly encouraging, and strongly confirmatory of the claims of the Society on the support of all British-voluntaries. As we were not quite friendly to the alteration made a short time since in the title of the association, we may be allowed now to say that what has occurred during the past year has gone far to remove our scruples. The Society is evidently making way amongst those who stood aloof from its earlier movements. We rejoice at the fact, and will not querulously advert to the misconceptions and idle charges to which it was then subject. It is enough that support is now rendered. It ought possibly to have been given earlier, but whether so or not, we congratulate the Society on its having conciliated many who formerly stood aloof, and we trust that the work of conversion will proceed at a rapidly increased rate. We do not, however, attribute the increased support obtained wholly to the alteration of the Society's title. This has no doubt done much in the way of affording an opportunity to those who were otherwise inclined to give in their adhesion. The Society has become more practical, and as such is better suited to engage general support. Equally faithful in the enunciation of general principles it takes more cognizance of the passing phases of the Church question, and the beneficial result is shown in the Oxford University Bill of last session, and in the present condition of the Church-Rate question. We strongly recommend to the attentive perusal of our friends those portions of the Committee's Report which refer to these two subjects.

We are glad to find that an *Electoral* Committee has been formed under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Morley, with the Rev. E. S. Pryce as secretary. These gentlemen are well known, and their appointment will be received by the whole Nonconformist body as an earnest of the right-minded and zealously practical course which will be pursued. 'If,' says the Report, 'the last general election enabled dissenters, with imperfect preparation, and without a central agency, to acquire unexpected political strength, another dissolution of Parliament, under more favourable auspices, ought to witness success on a far larger scale.' We have no doubt that it will do so. Immense efforts will be made to dislodge us from the position we have gained, but those efforts, if met by corresponding exertion, will not only fail to accomplish their object, but will serve still more effectually to disengage us from existing political alliances. There is one subject noticed at some length in the Society's Report to which we have elsewhere directed attention. We abstain consequently from noticing it here any further than to express our cordial concurrence with the views expressed in the following resolution, which was cordially adopted, that 'The

Council reiterates its objection to "ministers' money" levied for the support of the Irish Episcopalian Clergy, to the *Regium Donum* received by Irish Presbyterians, and to the endowment possessed by the Roman-catholic College at Maynooth. That having strenuously opposed the Act of 1845 for increasing the last-named endowment, not only as an application of public money to an ecclesiastical purpose, but as being intended to strengthen the Irish Church Establishment, it is still solicitous for the repeal of such Act, as evidently tending to hasten the withdrawal of State patronage and support from the Episcopal and all other religious communities in Ireland.

THE MARRIAGE LAW AMENDMENT BILL WAS READ A SECOND TIME ON THE 9TH, and we regret to report that it was carried by a very small majority—the numbers being 164 for, and 157 against it. Did we not know the force of pre-conceived opinions we should greatly marvel at the opposition it encountered. The arguments adduced by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Gladstone, and others, whilst strikingly illustrative of the tenacity with which erroneous views are retained, were so futile as to leave the substantial merits of the question untouched. In the department of Biblical interpretation, they utterly failed to establish even a *prima facie* case; whilst on all other grounds their reasonings were as destitute of force as their assertions were sweeping and rash. The 'splendid fallacies' of Mr. Gladstone could scarcely mislead a single hearer. Church authority rather than Scriptural rule was obviously present to his mind, and was in some cases so clearly uppermost as ought to have awakened suspicion. With so small a majority, we fear the bill has little chance of passing the Upper House this session, and in its failure we see another proof of the importance of imbuing the youthful mind with more accurate views of religious and social questions than have hitherto been prevalent. Mr. Spooner, we are glad to find, separated himself on this occasion from his ordinary associates, affirming that after having carefully examined the disputed passages in *Leviticus*, 'the best conclusion at which he could arrive was that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was not only not prohibited but was permitted by the law of God.' In this conclusion we perfectly agree with the honorable member for North Warwickshire, and trust that further ventilation of the question will win many converts from its present opponents. Whatever attempts may be made to mystify the subject, it is, in our view, one of the clearest and simplest in existence. Scripture does not prohibit, and social considerations powerfully urge, the alteration proposed. Ecclesiastical assumption may continue to oppose the change, but the good sense and sound feeling of the community will demand with growing strength that the restriction by the existing law on the natural liberty of mankind be removed.

SIR WILLIAM CLAY'S CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION BILL WAS READ A SECOND TIME ON THE 16TH. There was nothing specially interesting in the debate. Lord Palmerston's speech is the only one calling for remark, and to this we shall presently advert. The division (exclusive of tellers) was 217 for, and 189 against, the bill. The majority in its favor, therefore, was 28, which, under the circumstances,

may be regarded as a signal triumph. 'The announcement of the numbers,' says the 'Times' of the 17th, 'was received with great cheering by honorable members sitting upon the ministerial benches.' Last year, it will be remembered, the bill was thrown out on the second reading by an adverse majority of 27, and there has, therefore, been a clear gain of 55 votes. The majority of this year would have been larger but that several members arrived too late for the division, which occurred earlier than was expected. Nine who voted against the bill last session have supported it this year, amongst whom is Mr. Cardwell. Twelve members of the Government, including Sir R. Bethell, Sir B. Hall, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Horsman, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers and Mr. Vernon Smith voted for the bill; whilst five, including Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, voted against it. Several members of the Government also paired off in its favor, and the bill was supported by some Conservatives.

Lord Palmerston's speech, to which we have adverted, was indicative of the perplexities of his position rather than of strong personal conviction. It conveys the impression of a man acting under constraint, and seeking to make the best of what he deemed a bad case. The distinction drawn between contributing to the ministrations of religion and a support of the fabrics in which its services are conducted, displays a singular inaptitude to appreciate the force of conscientious objections. To our minds the distinction wears rather the appearance of an attempt to make out a case than of a conviction clearly and strongly held. His Lordship asserted again and again that the churches were *national property*, in which, of course, we are one with him, and he founded on this plea the liability of the public to support them. As *national institutions* we accord with this view; but when appropriated as they are universally to the worship of a sect, this character is merged, and to support the fabric is, to all intents and purposes, to support the worship maintained within it. We have imagined ourselves to be pretty well acquainted with the feeling of Dissenters on this subject, but we confess to an utter ignorance of what his lordship affirmed to be a 'well known fact, that many of them contribute 'cheerfully and without repugnance' to the rate under discussion. That many Dissenters deem it right to pay the tax when demanded we well know, but until this assurance we were ignorant of any such complacency as is alleged to be felt.

The most singular portion of this halting and very unsatisfactory speech was that which referred to the duty of the Government to take up the question. 'Many gentlemen,' remarked Lord Palmerston, 'say it is the duty of the Government to propose a measure;' and he added, 'I can only say that at the present moment, the Government have no proposal to make which can be added to the bill of my honorable friend, or which would be calculated to afford a satisfactory solution of the question.' Such a declaration is very marvellous. It would have been wise in the Premier, to say the least, to have abstained from uttering it. It was only last year that Lord John Russell in-

interrupted his present colleague, Mr. Vernon Smith, in the midst of his speech, by saying, 'We do propose to settle the question; we propose to settle it next session.' We know that the present Administration is nominally different from that of last year, but we are certainly surprised that Lord John Russell could feel at liberty to vote against Sir William Clay without even an attempt to vindicate himself from the charge of insincerity which the case suggests. The promises of statesmen are known to be broken reeds on which it is folly to rely, but it rarely happens that so simple and clear a case of tergiversation occurs. The position of the Ministry is the more discreditable since the pressing nature of the question has been admitted for many years. 'There is not a single question,' said Sir Robert Peel in 1835, 'excepting that of the Irish Church, which so much presses for an immediate practical settlement as this of church-rates.' These words were uttered twenty years ago, and yet our rulers are content to drift along the stream of events, unmindful of the obvious requirements of their position, and reckless of the consequences of delay.

The question is made an *open* one, for the simple reason that no member can secure his return for a large town who is not opposed to church-rates. The Government made use of the question on the hustings, and then attempt to defeat it in the House. We thank Lord Seymour for putting this fact plainly. It is well understood by the country, and will not be much longer endured. The bill is now probably safe in the Commons. We do not anticipate further opposition from the Government in that House, but what may be the fate of the measure in the Lords we cannot say. It were vain to predict, when a few weeks will solve the enigma. At any rate, it is due to the Upper House, and may be serviceable to the country, that the peers should have an opportunity of recording their judgment on a question in which the religious convictions of a large portion of the community are deeply interested. The Archbishop of Canterbury has moved in evident anticipation of the appearance of the bill amongst their lordships. Of his measure we say nothing more than that the time for its consideration is passed. Happily we are free from the necessity of accepting such a compromise.

THE FRIENDS OF UNIVERSITY REFORM AT CAMBRIDGE ARE NOT ANXIOUS THAT THE GOVERNMENT BILL SHOULD PASS THIS SESSION. As far as such a thing is possible, it is, not only as respects Dissenters but in regard to the general interests of the University, a reactionary measure. It is obviously hoped to settle the question of university reform on terms by which the objects of university reformers will be as much as possible defeated. As introduced, its effect was to continue the present powers of the Vice-Chancellor and of the Heads of Houses, and to admit Dissenters to the lower degrees only, denuded of their civil status and political advantages. Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, there is some probability that as respects the Heads of Houses the Government will have given way, while the titular rank proposed to be conferred on Dissenters has already *sub silentio* been extended to the higher degrees. To the existing arrange-

ments respecting the Vice-Chancellorship it is understood the Government are determined to adhere.

The vice of the Cambridge system has consisted in the adherence to the 'cycle,' by which the small and unrepented colleges command by their number almost the exclusive control over the affairs of the university. It was an obvious enough arrangement originally that each college should take its turn in nominations to office. It is an equally obvious improvement that when the lapse of centuries has definitely settled their relative merit, their duties should be proportioned to their proved capabilities. This the Cambridge reformers asked, and the bill does not quite defeat.

It will be remembered that when the Oxford bill was under discussion, the opposition to our claim was founded on the impossibility of admitting Dissenters to a share in the government of church institutions. To anything else, it was said, you are welcome; but this we cannot consistently concede. Mr. Walpole's successful *raid* upon us, just in our moment of triumph, proceeded on this express ground. It was found afterwards that in yielding to this representation we had really given up a great deal more. The M.A. degree is not only a title to share (as members of the Senate) in the government of the university, it qualifies its possessor for the headmastership of every public and grammar school in the kingdom. We might well waive for the present the assertion of a claim to government which can be of no practical value until our numbers suffice to enforce its concession; but it is quite another thing to abandon an honorable calling open to every young Dissenter of scholastic attainments whose path in life is before him. We are glad to understand that a vigorous struggle may be expected in the Commons—we are sure it will be vigorously supported in the country—to expunge this obnoxious provision from the Lords' bill.

We wish we could be satisfied with the proposed commission. It consists of liberal *names*; but some are too busy, and others are not busy enough, to influence its action. The leading spirit is Lord MONTEAGLE, than whom it is generally felt a worse choice could hardly be suggested.

THE MEASURES INTRODUCED INTO PARLIAMENT IN RELATION TO NATIONAL EDUCATION make but slow progress. Of the five bills now on the table of the House of Commons on this subject, one is the Lord Advocate's rejected bill of last year, in some points modified to disarm the hostility of religious parties. The object of this bill seems to be twofold: on the one hand, to destroy the ecclesiastical character of the present national system of education, by withdrawing the parochial schools from the control of the National Kirk; and on the other, to subject popular education to the superintendence of Government. That, in the present condition of the Church of Scotland, a large part of the population should desire the former of these changes is natural enough; but we regret that their ancient love for a national system of education should make them willing to supersede an ecclesiastical yoke only by a secular one. The bill was

read a second time on the 27th of April, by a majority of 210 to 171. Mr. Bruce immediately gave notice that, on the motion for going into committee, he should move that it be an instruction to divide the bill into two; one including all that relates to parochial schools, preserving their present ecclesiastical character; and the other providing for the institution of new and public schools, to be subjected to a secular board of education. The carrying of Mr. Bruce's motion would, of course, have fatally damaged the bill in the eyes of its principal supporters; it was negatived, however, by a majority of only eight votes—a majority so small that the bill is not now expected to make its way through the House, at least during the present session.

Of the English bills, that of Mr. Denison, providing for the schooling of the children of out-door paupers—a bill of which we have already expressed our general approbation—is the only one which has effected progress. Having been read a second time without opposition or debate, it went through committee on the 21st, with an amendment which removes the principal objection we entertained to it. It is likely to become the law of the land.

The second reading of Sir John Pakington's bill was fixed for the 3rd of May, when Mr. Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, moved that it be read that day six months. This was the more remarkable, not only on account of the political connexion of the right honorable gentleman, but on account more particularly of the close personal friendship which has for many years subsisted between him and Sir J. Pakington. Without endorsing every sentiment uttered by Mr. Henley, we can sincerely say that we sympathize in the general tenor of his views, and that we greatly rejoice to receive them from so unlooked-for and influential a quarter. The debate stands adjourned 'till after Whitsuntide.' In the meantime, neither Mr. Milner Gibson nor Lord J. Russell will venture a step further with their respective bills till they see what treatment the House bestows on that of their compeer. Rumors are afloat of a scheme for reading all the three bills a second time, and then referring them to a select committee; but we very much doubt whether the bill for secular education—for such is Mr. Gibson's—will get so far. The session, nevertheless, wears away, and but little space for effective work remains.

To this account of the bills before the House, it is proper to add, that one or two discreditable attempts have been made to obtain its consent to a greatly increased educational grant for the Committee of Privy Council without explanation;—attempts which the vigilance of some members has defeated. Some useful and important returns also have been ordered, on the motion of Mr. Hadfield.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO DISCOURAGE SUNDAY TRADING BY LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT is before the Commons. Lord Robert Grosvenor, Viscount Ebrington, and Mr. Montagu Chambers, have introduced a bill, consisting of sixteen clauses, 'to prevent trading on Sunday within the metropolitan police district and City of London, and the liberties thereof.' This description must be taken with some considerable modifications. The sale of medicines is:

not affected. Milk and cream may be sold before nine and after ten o'clock; newspapers after ten o'clock (a sop to the cheap weekly journals); fruit and cooked victuals before ten and after one o'clock; meat, poultry, fish, &c., before nine o'clock, from the 31st day of May to the 1st of October in each year. The delivery of these articles is to be considered equivalent to their sale. Barbers and hairdressers are not to keep open after ten A.M.; but publicans and beer-sellers may carry on their 'ordinary business' as at present. Masters are to be held responsible for servants acting under their orders. The first reading of the bill passed off very quietly; but on the second reading, May 3d, a sharp passage of words ensued. Some childish fears were expressed about 'riots and disturbances with the police;' and Mr. Duncombe was particularly pathetic on the sufferings to which the bill would subject the working classes, owing to the lateness of the hours when they received their wages. Seeing that, if pressed to a division, the House would not reject the bill, its opponents struggled to get it referred to a 'select committee.' The Home Secretary interfered to stave off this fate, and the bill was ordered to be 'committed' on the 13th of June. The inconsistencies and incompleteness of the measure were made much of by its opponents; to which it was fairly answered, that it was as good a bill as could be prepared at present; and we may add the hope, that all its faults, like those of youth, may be corrected by the kindly hand of time. The Marquis of Blandford did indeed expose, and in a nervous manner, one of the great deficiencies of the measure,—allowing the sale of strong drink from six to ten, P.M. Mr. H. Berkeley, M.P. for Bristol, has given notice of his intention to move, on the 5th of June, for a select committee to inquire into the Sunday Act of 1854; but this proposition, designed to please them, meets with little favor from the bulk of the retailers, who have a characteristic horror of parliamentary inquiries into the operations of their trade. A deputation, we perceive, had an interview with Sir George Grey, on the 17th ult., but the Minister discouraged the hope of the law being altered, or that any alteration, if made, would be in accordance with the wishes then expressed. Sir S. Bignold and Sir G. Goodman accompanied the deputation! The fact caused us sincere regret, and we trust that this connexion had its rise in circumstances entirely distinct from any sympathy with the sentiments and object of the deputation itself.

THE FORMATION OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION is unquestionably the great event in the domestic politics of the past month. It was inaugurated at a meeting at the London Tavern, on the 5th, summoned by a large body of requisitionists, comprising some of the leading firms of the city of London. Long before the hour of commencement the room and all its avenues were densely crowded, while the street for a considerable distance was rendered almost impassable by the multitude of gentlemen, including members of Parliament, who held tickets of admission, but who were unable to approach the entrance of the hotel. An application to the Lord Mayor for the use of the Guildhall was promptly granted, and large numbers repaired thither to a second meeting, over which Mr. Oliveira, M.P., presided, and at

which resolutions were passed similar to those which were carried at the principal meeting. The main object of the movement may be learnt from the first resolution. 'That the disasters to which the country has been subjected in the conduct of the present war are attributable to the inefficient and practically irresponsible management of the various departments of the State, and urgently demand a thorough change in the administrative system.' The Association has now issued its first address to the country, and from this its objects will be distinctly learned. The Administrative Reform Association is no mere war organization. It has abundant matters to deal with, which have no connexion with the war, and whether there be war or peace its work will be continued. The effect of this central movement has been electrically felt throughout the empire. Large and enthusiastic meetings have been, and are still being held in our principal cities and towns, marked by no party character, passing similar resolutions, and indicating all the appearances of an earnest but peaceful national rising. This great movement has been brought about, not directly by any popular feeling with respect to the war. This has not been its cause, but has only furnished it with an occasion. A long peace attended with commercial prosperity has induced a blind acquiescence in those deeply-seated defects of our political administration which the sudden eruption and the horrible disasters of war have revealed in all their magnitude. The whole body, however, of our fellow countrymen are now fairly aroused. The people of every party, condition, sex, and age, are rising in all the might of a peaceful and enlightened opinion to revolutionize the political administration of our country. And if we are not strangely deceived in our augury, this movement is, as regards many of our institutions apparently the most stable, the 'beginning of the end.' Supported by the convictions of the great body of the British people, this Association has the ball at its foot. Let it introduce its political principle into its own management, and enlist only men of character and talent in its service, and it will achieve results which will revive the fortunes and regenerate the political character of this country.

VARIOUS RELIGIOUS AND PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES HAVE RECENTLY HELD THEIR ANNIVERSARIES. We shall not enter into details, as their number precludes our doing so with anything like discrimination. We therefore content ourselves with reporting that these organizations display no symptom of exhaustion, and that the manner in which their proceedings are conducted bespeaks a gratifying improvement. There was a time when good taste was frequently offended, and much intemperance and acrimony were displayed on the platforms of our public meetings. We confess that we had our fears, and these were painful in proportion as we valued the religious ends which were sought. In our earlier days we witnessed instances of buffoonery wholly inappropriate to the gravity of such meetings, and have since been condemned to listen to ambitious displays in which the speaker was far more prominent than his theme. Such things, though they do not justify, form some excuse for the disparaging remarks in which the witling and the irreligious have

indulged. Happily there is a marked improvement taking place amongst us. Mere excitement is avoided; religious principle is more prominent; the real strength of such organizations is better seen; the heart of the Christian man is appealed to as the genuine source of Christian effort,—the legitimate dwelling of those graces from which alone consistent and permanent effort can arise. There is a striking and very gratifying contrast between the *speaking* of the present day and that of some twenty years since. There are, no doubt, exceptions. Imbecility will occasionally vapor, vanity will show itself, the little arts of little men may be detected, but for the most part the speeches now delivered are grave, earnest, and in many cases impassioned,—the pleadings of men who feel deeply interested in the object sought, and honestly seek to extend the like interest amongst others.

Most of the Societies to whose anniversaries we refer complain of the pressure of the times as affecting their treasurer's accounts; some of them, however, we are gratified to find adopt a different language, amongst which is the British and Foreign Bible Society,—that noble monument of an intelligent and earnest piety. One hundred and eighty-nine new auxiliary societies have been formed during the year, constituting a total of 3313. The receipts of the Society for general purposes are £64,878 7s. 3d., being £5221 18s. 7d. more than those of the preceding year. The receipts, we are told, are greater than those of any previous year excepting that of the Jubilee. The issues of the Society for the year are 1,450,876, and the total of its issues from its formation are 29,389,507. It is impossible to contemplate such a fact without a cheering conviction that much good must be done. The bread cast on the waters will be seen after many days. As we purpose next month offering some remarks on the manner in which our public meetings are conducted, we add nothing more at present.

IN CONNEXION WITH THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES OF THE MONTH, we must not omit to mention the opening of the Diorama in Regent's Park as a place of worship in connexion with the Baptist body. This event took place on the 1st inst., when two sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. William Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, and that in the evening by the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster. Of these two discourses it is impossible to speak too highly. It is enough to say that they were eminently appropriate to the occasion, and were alike honorable to the preachers and to the congregational body to which they belong. Mr. Brock's sermon was an admirable illustration of the harmony that may subsist between strong convictions and genuine catholicity. His views as a Baptist were clearly stated, yet no Pado-baptist could fail to be delighted with the spirit he evinced, or to regard with other than cordial acquiescence the brotherhood he tendered. Mr. Martin's sermon combined rare qualities, ministering at once to the edification and to the pleasure of his audience. But we are in no disposition to criticize. Our earnest desire is that the spirit of the two sermons may permanently dwell in the building where they were delivered.

It is scarcely needful to say that the religious public are indebted

to Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., for the appropriation of this building to the purposes of religious worship. At a cost of more than £18,000 it has been purchased and fitted up in its present style. The munificence evinced is beyond all praise. The example is worthy of universal imitation, and we shall be glad to find that other wealthy men follow it,—not, it may be, in the extent of the benefaction, but in the spirit which prompts it, and the mode in which it is displayed. The late Mr. Thomas Wilson was a noble instance of similar liberality, and his memory deserves on this account, as on many others, to be held in lasting veneration. Between the morning and evening services a large party assembled to dinner at the Fitzroy Rooms, New Road, where Sir Morton Peto presided. Referring to a similar meeting in 1848, when Bloomsbury Chapel was opened, he alluded to the intention he then expressed 'to leave one-third of the cost of the building to be defrayed' by the congregation; and reported that this debt had been extinguished. The chapel has been put in trust, and is now the property of the denomination. It is due to the honorable baronet to say that a moiety of the debt so left was discharged by himself, in addition to the two-thirds previously contributed. In the case of the Regent's Park Chapel, he stated his purpose in like manner to leave only one-third of the cost to be defrayed by the congregation. It is not often that it falls to our lot to report such munificence. We do it all honor, and cordially pray that the religious object contemplated may be fully realized.

The style of the chapel is Byzantine. It has a singularly novel appearance, as its architecture was necessarily regulated by its previous construction. The Diorama was erected in 1823, and cost £9000, including two houses in Park-square. The principal entrance is from the Park, where the architect has displayed singular good taste in availing himself of the space afforded. Three doors open from Park-square into a vestibule, from which two flights of stone steps lead into an inner hall. The pulpit is of Caen stone, octagon in plan, and behind it is the baptistry, lined with Minton's tiles. It is designedly left open as a standing witness of the views which are entertained on a much disputed topic. The chapel contains sittings for 750 adults on the ground floor, and 500 in the gallery. There are also 200 free seats, and 160 sittings for children. A large room for week evening services, capable of containing 200 persons, is attached. There are also ministers' and deacons' vestries, committee rooms, &c., and under the chapel are school rooms for about 500 children. The whole style of the building is exceedingly beautiful. There is everything to gratify a cultivated taste without any approach to display. It is eminently appropriate to the locality, and the entrance from Regent's Park is unparalleled in chapel architecture. The work has been executed under the direction of Mr. John Thomas, of Paddington, and reflects much credit on his good judgment and taste.

The Rev. W. Landells, late of Birmingham, has undertaken the ministerial labors of the place, and all who are concerned for the religious interests of the community will earnestly desire on his behalf the sustaining energy of Him to whose worship the place is

devoted. We can readily imagine that Mr. Landells' heart sometimes sinks within him at the thought of the responsibilities he has undertaken, but there is much to encourage and animate him, and we trust the time is not distant when he will rejoice in a success as marked as that which has attended his fellow-laborer at Bloomsbury Chapel.

THE NATION HAS RECENTLY BEEN DISGUSTED AT THE ATTEMPTS MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS to crush the honorable member for Aylesbury. There was a semblance of propriety in the first attack, though the manner in which it was made awakened universal indignation. Mr. Layard, no doubt, was guilty of some errors in his statements at the Liverpool dinner. These errors, however, were wholly beside the merits of the great question which he has been so instrumental in raising. It was proper that they should be rectified, and had the manner of doing it been temperate and *English*, the public would have gone with his assailants. But when the *red topists* and the military members of the House joined to clamor him down, the true character of the onslaught was seen. The effect produced out of doors was the very reverse of that which was contemplated. Men forgot the errors of the after dinner speech in the eagerness with which an interested clique sought to hunt down their victim. But the tactics of Mr. Layard's assailants have been as unskilful as their policy was selfish. Had they been wise they would have left him in the wrong; but in their solicitude to crush the man who exposed a vicious system, they overstepped the bounds of prudence, and have done for Mr. Layard what neither he nor his friends could have done for him. They have obliterated the recollection of his inaccuracy, and have placed him before the public in a position from which, with ordinary care on his own part, he can never be dislodged. We refer, of course, to what took place in the House on the 18th respecting Captain Christie, than which, excepting the previous attack already referred to, nothing more disgraceful has occurred in the recent doings of Parliament. 'The honorable gentlemen,' says the 'Times' of the 19th, 'who screamed and hooted at the member for Aylesbury with so much effect last night have, unconsciously no doubt, rendered him a great service. One or two more such field nights, and Mr. Layard is a martyr, with all the immunities of the class.' The conduct of Sir James Graham was specially reprehensible; indeed we know no words consistent with the amenities of life in which to express our estimate of his wrong doing. Anything more mean or contemptible we have never witnessed. We leave him with unaffected pity to the calm but terrible castigation which Mr. Layard's letter of the 19th, addressed to the editor of the 'Times,' inflicts. 'In his anxiety,' says the honorable member for Aylesbury, 'to screen himself, and to throw the odium of what has occurred upon me, Sir James Graham has not hesitated to state calmly and deliberately that which he ought to have known of his own knowledge to be absolutely false.'

ALL HOPES OF IMMEDIATE PEACE ARE ABANDONED. Lord Palmerston and his associates continue to talk of the Vienna Conference not having terminated, but their language is vague and their policy open

to grave suspicion. We were never sanguine of any good result from Lord John Russell's mission to Vienna; but the return of his lordship and the departure of the other negotiators from the Austrian capital have destroyed whatever expectations others may have entertained. We regret the issue, but are not surprised. The policy of Russia from the first was delusive and hollow. The object was to gain time, and by an appearance of moderation to prevent the German powers from taking part with France and England. The Russian envoy to the Frankfort Diet has now formally announced to the German States, that though the conferences have led to no definitive result, the Czar is prepared to adhere to the arrangement provisionally concluded on the first and second of the four points. This concession on the subject of the Principalities, and of the navigation of the Danube, embraces the main points of German interest, and is consequently adapted to prevent the German powers from taking part with Western Europe. So far, the Czar has played his cards skilfully. In the meantime the policy of Austria continues to be evasive and tortuous. Notwithstanding the rejection of her overtures, she is evidently unprepared to fulfil the conditions of the treaty of December the 2nd. Her words are with the allies, her deeds with Russia. Such has been her position from the commencement, and such it will continue to be so long as is possible. She is not in a condition to break with Russia. Her past misdeeds cripple her. To take an active part in the struggle which is pending would be to hazard the integrity of her empire, by arming against herself no inconsiderable portion of her subjects. We could find it in our hearts to pity her, did we not feel that her perplexity and humiliation are the natural results of her past misdoings. This state of things may well awaken serious apprehension. Were the allies prepared for the requirements of the crisis we should have no misgiving. But it is plain to demonstration that they are not. Our own ministers are feeble and vacillating,—the sworn advocates of cliqueship, destitute of genuine patriotism and of commanding statesmanship. It is impossible to read the proceedings of Parliament without feeling humiliated before the nations. Anything more jejune and spiritless, anything more unworthy of the memories of a great people, or less adapted to conduct a terrible conflict to a successful issue, cannot well be imagined. It is no relief to turn to most of the hostile debates which have occurred in either House. Lord Ellenborough's motion was evidently a mere party move, whilst the facility with which Mr. Milner Gibson consented to waive his motion awakens discreditable suspicions. If we are to have peace, let us know the conditions, however humiliating; but if the war is to be prosecuted, let us proceed with determination and earnestness. The two alternatives are before us, and our choice should be instantly made. On the 24th, a debate occurred on the following motion of Mr. Disraeli—'That this House, having seen with regret that the conferences of Vienna have not led to a termination of hostilities, feels it to be a duty to declare that it will continue to give every support to her Majesty in the prosecution of the war until her Majesty shall, in conjunction with her allies, obtain for this country a safe and honorable peace.' The discussion

which ensued gives coloring to much which has been whispered late. The object of the struggle, it is now alleged, is accomplished. Russia has been prevented from seizing on Turkey, and peace should therefore be concluded on the best terms that can be made. For much of this we dissent, but it is too late in the month to enter. The debate was continued until nearly two o'clock, and on the following day Mr. Disraeli's resolution was rejected by 319 to 219. A meeting of 203 members was held at the official residence of Lord Palmerston on the afternoon of the 24th, when we are told by 'Globe' that his 'explanations were considered most satisfactory, his refutation of the insinuations brought against the Government was most complete.' We do not expect any good thing from the debate. It bears a party character which might have been avoided if Mr. Layton's motion had had precedence. As a contest between Whigs and Conservatives, the country cares nothing about the matter.

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MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

THE Committee of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY address themselves in this appeal, with sentiments of sincere Christian affection, and not less of confidence in their expansive and generous sympathies, to all their fellow Christians, without distinction, who pray and labour for the extension of the Gospel among the heathen.

The Society has Missionaries in the East and West Indies, Ceylon, the West Coast of Africa, and France.

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Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Sir S. MORTON PETO, Bart., and by the Secretary at the Mission House, who will gladly supply any further information which may be needed.

By direction of the Committee,

FRED. TRESTRAIL,
Secretary.

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* See "Bengal as a Mission Field," by M. WYLIE, Esq., and "The Results of Missionary Labour in India." Published by W. H. Dalton, Cockspur Street.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

An Editorial Postscript which appeared in July last you were informed that the conduct of this Journal was about to pass into other and highly competent hands. When I learned that Dr. Harris is the individual who had consented to undertake the office, I feel that I am fully justifying the terms in which the eminent qualifications of the future Editor were characterized. The readers of the ECLECTIC will be deeply grieved to learn the cause to which we owe the disappointment of these expectations. This shall be stated in the following extract from a letter addressed by Dr. Harris to myself:—'I am grieved to decline the post which I had to fill; but I have reason to believe what I ought to have suspected, that in thinking of the ship I was overrating both my leisure and my health; and on returning from a short tour of considerable languor, the representations of my medical adviser corroborate my own notion that I am acting wisely in desisting from the undertaking.' In a word, the state of Dr. Harris's health has rendered it utterly impossible for him to undertake the labours and responsibilities, which I hoped had conclusively devolved upon his hands.

Assuming the duty thus unexpectedly thrown upon me, I wish to convey to you the intentions and the hopes with which my own mind is possessed. I am more anxious than ever to see the ECLECTIC REVIEW invested with that influence to which it is entitled, alike by its history and its present position. There never was a time when a manly advocacy of Scriptural truth and of civil and spiritual freedom was more cogently demanded of their supporters than it is at the present moment. The great social changes which have long been foreseen are now imminent. Systems hitherto thought secure are tottering to their fall; and it behoves us to see that the principles of truth shall not be buried even for a time beneath their ruins, but shall rise, a lasting structure, from them.

While the times demand the most fearless advocacy of those principles which survive both the shocks of controversy and the frailties of a vacillating and ignorant defence, there never was a time in which it was a more urgent duty of the conservators of those principles to speak the truth, to pour oil on the broken waters of strife, and to see to it that they do not, by their own rashness and intolerance, exacerbate the violence, while they break down the respect, of their opponents. The hour has never been so powerful as when it was passive and persecuted; and the world has ever more awed by the readiness of the Martyr to be offered up than by the smiting with the sword, and the invocation of fire from Heaven.

In these convictions it will be my aim to maintain in the conduct of this Journal those moral principles by which it has always been distinguished, consistently with cordial good-will to scientific opponents; satisfied as I am that neither of these can be sacrificed to the other without compromising the greatest and best of causes. This rule will be my guide on all topics, whether religious, educational, political, or literary; while on the subject which divides the two sections of congregational Dissenters, there will still be maintained that strict neutrality which has from the first been the constitutional policy of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Subservience to this main object, it is my earnest purpose to elevate the literary and scientific character of the work by enlisting the services of the ablest contributors whose assistance it is in power to obtain, and to make it in all respects adequate to the demands of an inquiring and advancing age. Its pages, therefore, will be marked by as much variety as is compatible with regard to usefulness; and a constant watch will be kept, not only on the literature of our own country, but also on the press, and especially the theological press, of Germany and America.

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British Army Dispatch, April 6, 1855.



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